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LADIES' HOME
THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN
JANUARY 1973

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'HAT MAKE WOMEN UNHAPPY

'LASTIC SURGERY FOR HIPS,
'HIGHS, STOMACH, ARMS

'ORKING WOMEN:
;EX GAMES BOSSES PLAY

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"OPENING CHAPTERS"
By Lee Radziwill
ENCHANTING
MEMORIES AND
PHOTOS OF HER
EARLY LIFE
WITH JACKIE

Lee Radziwill



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Ditto.
5 minutes each.

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1. Quick Mornay. Take a package of white sauce mix and make it according to directions. Stir in ½ cup shredded Swiss cheese, ½ t. grated lemon peel, 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice and a dash nutmeg. Stir until smooth. Only an expert could tell it's a short-cut.

2. Quick Hollandaise. Place 4 egg yolks, 2 to 3 Tb. fresh lemon juice, ¼ t. salt and a dash pepper in your blender. Turn to high speed and slowly add ½ cup melted butter or margarine (still bubbling hot) in a thin but steady stream. Classic on shrimp, vegetables, fish, eggs.

3. Quick Bordelaise. Make a pack age of brown gravy mix accordin to directions, reducing water by 1 cup. Add ⅓ cup red win 1 Tb. fresh lemo juice and 2 Tb. bu ter or margarin Superb on meat

4. Quick Bearnaise. Make Hollandaise like it says above. Then stir in 1 t. grated lemon peel, 1 t. snipped parsley, ¼ t. tarragon leaves. Heavenly on just about anything.

Want some more good short-cut recipes? We've got 'em. Just drop us a postcard.

Sunkist.



Golden Gate Scampi starts with Rice-A-Roni.

Prepare 1 pkg. Spanish Rice-A-Roni according to package directions. In a 2½ qt. casserole combine cooked Rice-A-Roni with 2 cans (4½ oz.) shrimp, 1 can (2 oz.) mushrooms, and ⅓ cup dry white wine. Bake for 20 minutes in 350° F. oven. Makes 4 to 6 servings. Delicious!



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Tenderthin egg noodles complete with a delightful sauce of rare Italian cheeses and herbs. Bravissimo!

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JANUARY
JOURNAL



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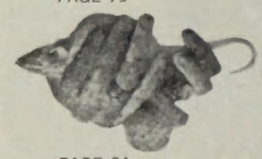
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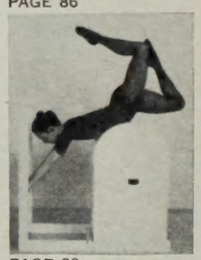
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EDITOR'S DIARY

BY JOHN MACK CARTER



Lee Radziwill and sister Jackie at the Onassis' fourth wedding anniversary party, which was held in New York recently.

Photograph by Oscar Abolafia

The Sisters. You see them in this issue as little girls—winsome, sunny, artless. Today, of course, they rank among the world's most glamorous women . . . Lee Radziwill and Jacqueline Onassis. The story behind Lee's reminiscences, *Opening Chapters,* starts with a luncheon—not with either of them, but with author Truman Capote.

It was Truman who first revealed that his good friend Lee Radziwill was about to star in a nostalgic film about her and her sister's early life in East Hampton—a project quickened by her return to Long Island last summer. Lee Radziwill is no stranger to acting (she did *Laura* on TV, you'll remember), and most of the summer was spent shooting footage of Lee and her two children, Antonin and Tina.

We wrote Lee a note and were invited to view some of her beautifully organized old scrapbooks, including letters, verse written by a very young Jacqueline Bouvier, and the charming early pictures shown in this issue of the JOURNAL. *Opening Chapters,* you may (correctly) suspect, is just a sampling. We'll have more of Lee Radziwill's memories in the future.

Out of Prison. In the September issue of the JOURNAL we announced the first-prize winner of our Women in Prison letter contest. ("What Parents Can Do to Keep Their Daughters Out of Trouble"). She was 38-year-old Jo Anne Moore, an inmate at the Federal Correctional Institution at Terminal Island, San Pedro, Calif. She had served four years of her 10-year sentence for bank robbery, was highly thought of at the prison—so much so that had been granted "school relea to attend California State Colle and she was up for parole.

When we informed Jo Anne t she had won the $300 prize, she t us that she was about to be mar to another paroled prisoner, La Summy. It looked like a story w a happy ending—until one morn we received in our mail a whole of copies of letters which indica that Jo Anne's parole was be held up. Reason: she had b charged with riding on a motorcy with her fiancé, instead of taking public bus out to the State Coll at Dominquez Hills, where she tended classes and worked for Dean of Student Affairs.

Most touching of the letters dressed to Norman W. Carlso the U.S. Bureau of Prisons was one from Jo Anne's fiancé, L Summy. Signers of other let were college professors, a judge, a large group of staffers and dents at California State Colleg

When I saw this imposing ple Jo Anne's behalf, I asked Co-M aging Editor Lenore Hershey, had directed the prison letter test, to write a letter for the JOUR expressing our confidence in M Moore. Less than two weeks la we received good news from Carlson of the Bureau of Prison Washington, D.C. Jo Anne Moo parole had been granted, and was released on October 6. She also married Larry Summy and t both intend to work, as a team, penal reform and more humanitarian rehabilitation systems.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

BY GENE SHALIT

The Outrage of Children's TV

I mean have you ever *watched* children's television on Saturday morning? Have you any idea what your children are looking at? At least 20 million youngsters swarm to their TV sets each Saturday, and I've been joining them, watching it all, on the three major networks (ABC, CBS, NBC), and Excedrin hasn't invented a number for the headache I've got. Parents and educators have had headaches, too. In fact one group of women became so upset, they set out to do something. They formed ACT–Action for Children's Television–and headed for Washington. Where the power is. Where the FCC is. In the past four years, the women of ACT have helped mobilize womanpower, manpower, public power. The FCC and the broadcasters have checked into children's TV and some of the most shameful shows have been dumped . . . conventions have been convened, studies released, decisions made . . . and Saturday shows are better. Better than terrible.

What Aroused Mothers?
Violence: Too much. *Commercials*: Too many. *Quality*: What quality?

How About Violence?
The networks have ordered violence killed, heh heh heh. Indeed, I haven't seen any violence this season, except an occasional squirrel punching a bunny in the nose.

Are Commercials in a Spot?
John O'Connor, N. Y. Times *critic*: "There are those who argue that TV commercials are educational. Presumably they teach the kiddies how to spot fraudulent types." *Harvard Business School study*: Even second graders displayed "concrete distrust of commercials, often based on experience with the advertised product." *U.C.L.A. study:* "Children today are more skeptical about the medium's content than similar age groups ten years ago. They have turned overtly hostile toward hard-sell commercials." *Theodore Jacobs, executive director of the Center of Study of Responsive Law*: "Advertisements directed at children are not only socially useless, but are positively destructive of values we want to encourage." Beginning in January, the networks will cut back from 12 to 9 commercial minutes in each hour–a 25 percent reduction (I'm such a mathematician). NBC, for instance, will limit commercials to 4½ minutes in each half hour. The women of ACT want *no commercials at all*, but they're just being naive. Have they any idea what it costs a network to put on a children's program? *Captain Kangaroo* costs CBS's children's department $15,000 an hour. (Compare that with NBC's adult *Today*, which costs $10,000 an hour.) A one-hour *National Geographic* special costs $350,000. Despite these figures, ACT not only demands *no* commercials to provide the money, it wants each network to *increase* its children's programing to 14 hours a week. CBS now carries 12 hours, NBC 8.5, ABC 8. Eliminate commercials? Surely ACT doesn't want the government to supply the money with the interference that that implies. Foundations? A long shot. Commercials should continue. But what is required is a sensible number of commercials–perhaps clustered, perhaps institutional instead of hard-sell–and the elimination of fraudulent claims, distorted promises, and outright lies. I admire ACT. It has marked up important accomplishments. Recently it helped to persuade three major drug companies to remove all vitamin commercials from children's TV. In 1970–the last year measured, according to the FCC–the three networks' gross income from children's programs was $75 million. CBS took *(continued*



This merry band of characters is a joy on Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids.

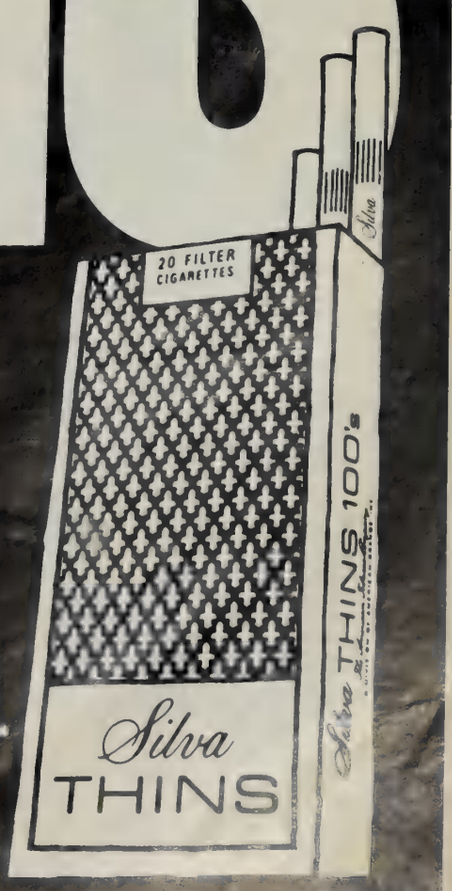


Carl Stokes, former mayor of Cleveland, raps on Talking with a Giant

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Think Silva Thins 100's. They have less "tar" than most Kings, 100's, menthols, non-filters.*

Menthol too.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

*According to the latest U.S. Government figures. Filter and Menthol: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report August, '72.

HOW TO BROIL LAMB CHOPS WITHOUT BROILING AWAY JUICES AND FLAVOR

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KITCHEN BOUQUET

All seasons worth

$40 million, ABC $20 million, and NBC $14 million. To attract that kind of money, the networks prepare programs to attract enough kids to be attractive enough to advertisers. Unfortunately, the programs are almost all dreadful.

What Kind of Shows Are They?
Animated cartoons. Of the 28 network programs on Saturday morning, 22 are cartoons! *Michael Eisner, ABC-VP*: "Our number-one responsibility is to entertain." *Theodore Jacobs*: "Television is the child's first teacher other than his parents. It gets more of his time and attention than his parents or schoolteachers do. Preschool children between the ages of three and five watch an average of 54 hours of television every week. The only activity that takes up more of their time is sleeping." How is this precious audience uplifted? To numbing nothings like *Hound Dog, Osmonds, Bewitched,* and *Archie.*

There are, thank goodness, exceptions. *Allen Ducovny, CBS-VP*: "Bill Cosby [*Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids*] is a teacher. He has a real commitment to children with a remarkable understanding for and an empathy with them. Being a showman, Cosby recognizes that you can't teach kids anything unless you've first got them watching and listening." Cosby's is one of this season's eight (out of 28) commendable Saturday programs. The others are *In the News* and *Children's Film Festival* (CBS); *Talking with a Giant* and *Sea Lab 2020* (NBC); and *H. R. Pufnstuf, Super Movie,* and *Kid Power* (ABC). The other 20 programs range from atrocious to zero. The worst is called *Runaround*, "starring" Paul Winchell, the ventriloquist who can throw his voice and should throw this quiz show after it. On a recent *Runaround*, Charles Nelson Reilly appeared dressed as a large rabbit—a costume that wouldn't make a two-year-old laugh—and said, "I'm going to see Hugh Hefner." That's children's programing?

Tell About the Good Shows.
The most significant program is also the shortest. It's *In the News*, three-minute public affairs segments shown eight times each Saturday morning. The film subjects are as diverse as litter in Oregon and the diplomatic reunion of China and Japan. . . . *Talking with a Giant* is a strong idea. Two children interview an adult (the so-called giant), which is fine when the guest is Notre Dame's president Theodore Hesburgh, but not so fine when the guest is less substantial, like George Plimpton. Still, a most useful program. . . . *Sea Lab 2020* is a sort of animated Jacques Cousteau series with a story line. The animation is primitive, and the plots have none of the what-happens-next tension of good storytelling, but the information is fascinating and the look into undersea life in the year 2020 makes the show an admirable success. . . . *Kid Power* (ABC) is a nifty version of Morrie Turner's comic strip, *Wee Pals*. It's amusing, the dialogue is realistic, and the lesson of each episode is clear and pleasantly presented.

Animation Draws Children.
Most youngsters are crazy about cartoons. They can be amusing, informative, and artistic. But Saturday's TV cartoons are largely lazy, flat, and as creaky as unoiled marionettes. Networks should hire creative animators who have the taste and inspiration to ignite a child's mind. Let the network VPs go to see *And Now for Something Completely Different*, a movie based on a British TV show, and then explain to me why that kind of stylish animation cannot be brought to America's children. Current network car-

(continued on page 68)



"Harold! Harold! Wake up! The clocks have stopped and the calendar's blank!"



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Tackle your marital problems one at a time, but keep moving in the right direction. Start by making a list of the points on which you and your spouse differ. Select the least serious problem and work toward immediate positive solutions—a good place to start is with your social and recreational life. Visit old friends, make new ones, go places, and do things. If you have financial worries, as most of us do, follow a budget. Make a few home improvements together—maybe nothing more than a window garden or a coat of paint. Then analyze the reasons for any sexual difficulties and take action to solve them. In most instances, it's really easier than you think. Each week choose a magazine article or a popular book on marriage, focus on one good idea, and put it into practice. If you devote even a moderate amount of effort to this plan, you'll find it surprisingly easy to adapt it to your own marriage problems. These are the sort of things Veronica and Josh did to solve their own marital difficulties. They succeeded.—The counselor in this case was Dr. Robert S. Hicks.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.,
Founder and Chairman of the Board of Trustees, The American Institute of Family Relations



CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Veronica was proud of her husband Josh's new career—so much so that he couldn't admit his own fear of failure. Instead, he simply quit talking to his wife.

Veronica talks first

"A month ago, I accidentally discovered that every penny of Josh's insurance is in his first wife's name," said 36-year-old Veronica, a buxom, blue-eyed blonde. Both Veronica and Josh had been married twice before, and in the early stages of a third marital venture they were already experiencing trouble.

"I was hunting for an airmail stamp when I stumbled across the insurance policies in Josh's desk. I also found out that he still carries a joint bank account with his second wife. It's hard to believe Josh loves me, when he has shown no interest in my financial security.

"When Josh and I were married last summer, I immediately named him the beneficiary of my insurance. I made a new will in his favor, cutting out my eighteen-year-old twin daughters, who are now on their own, and my nine-year-old son, who is in the custody of my second husband. Josh hasn't discussed his will with me, but I'm sure that his two grown children are his heirs.

"The other evening, I casually asked him to explain the terms of his will, and he blew up. I told him that if something should happen to him, I could be held legally responsible for his colossal debts—and I would need all the available facts to be able to cope. Josh called me a calculating bitch, stormed out of the room, and drove off to the building site where he is supervising the construction of a big shopping center. Shortly afterward, I dried my eyes and followed in my car.

"Josh and his boss were conferring with the client over a bottle of Scotch when I arrived. I suggested that the conference adjourn to our apartment. Josh said coldly that the tavern down the street would be more convenient and in an icy voice ordered me to run along. I was hurt and embarrassed, but I nodded and asked Josh what time I could expect him. In twenty minutes, he replied, and I left.

"It was almost dawn when Josh arrived home, sodden drunk, and collapsed on the sofa. In the morning I woke with a migraine headache, but I forced myself to go to work. My headache grew worse, and at lunchtime I went home. Josh was just leaving the apartment when I tottered in. The place was a shambles. Nowadays, Josh seems to think it's an affront to his male ego to help keep our place tidy.

"He wasn't at all sympathetic about my headache, although he used to be marvelously kind and understanding. He said I was a fool to work myself to death—Josh has an irrational dislike of my boss—and added that I ought to quit. Yet Josh knows that we need my earnings to pay our skyhigh rent and our debts.

"My present job is demanding, but I'm accustomed to hard work. Ever since my teens, I've worked as a bookkeeper-accountant. I received no alimony from my ex-husbands, both of whom were indigent.

"My first marriage was a calamity contracted for the usual reason—pregnancy. I was sixteen years old when my twin girls were born. My sixteen-year-old husband disappeared before I was discharged from the hospital. My parents were wonderful. They put me through business college and, for the most part, my daughters grew up in their home.

"My second husband wasn't much of an improvement. We stayed together for seven years while he wrote plays that never got produced. I bore my son and earned the family's livelihood. Then my husband met an older woman. She was unattractive, but rich enough to produce his plays, and he soon decided that he was in love with her.

"When I met Josh three years ago, I was in the midst of my second divorce and was operating my own small accountant's office. One evening Josh dropped in for help in making out his income tax return. I was attracted by his good looks, good manners, and genuineness. I spotted several exemptions he had overlooked, and he was impressed. He paid my fee in cash, counting out the modest sum from a very flat wallet. Then he swept me off to dinner in a high-priced restaurant and blithely settled that bill with a credit card.

"On that first date, Josh confided that his ambition was to become a professional architect, but that he'd been sidetracked into drafting. I investigated the California licensing laws, then offered to help Josh pass the state examinations. I persuaded him to cut down his hours at the drafting board and enroll in the necessary college courses. I also cosigned a substantial bank loan to cover his tuition costs.

"I coached him for a year, and we slept at his house or in my efficiency apartment. We hardly ever quarreled. On Sunday afternoons we took my son Greg to the zoo, to the beach, or to a movie. At that time, Josh acted as if he considered Greg a great kid; he now complains whenever the boy stays with us.

"Marriage was Josh's idea, not mine. After two failures I wasn't anxious to risk a third mistake. But a few months after Josh passed his examinations, his twenty-three-year-old son Jack arrived from the Midwest. Jack moved his family into Josh's house. Josh moved most of his gear into my apartment and began to insist that we make our arrangement legal. Eventually I decided that it was foolish to hold out.

"My efficiency apartment was too small for a married couple. I located a duplex near the beach, but the rent was so high that I felt obliged to change jobs. My present job pays well, but the hours are long and the work is far more taxing. I was willing to make the sacrifice to give Josh time to establish himself. I didn't realize he would deprive me of the satisfaction of hearing about his progress. He used to talk to me about his work; now he tells me nothing.

"On occasion, he deliberately misleads me. His son Jack has been living in Josh's house for thirteen months, rent free. Josh has promised to insist that his son pay rent, but he has yet to keep his word. Nearly every Sunday, if the weather is good, Jack and his family turn up at our beach home for a free meal. Last Sunday they brought along friends and I served a picnic lunch to six adults and seven children.

"My Greg, who spends weekends with us, was disappointed that I couldn't take him water skiing, and he acted up. But Josh had no right to smack him. When I protested, Josh yelled at me before the whole crowd, saying I was a poor mother with an undisciplined son.

"Before our marriage, Josh didn't put me down the way he does now. It was a rare night that we did not have intercourse. I've never met a man like him—he used to be fantastic in bed. Nowadays, unless I make the advances Josh and I are likely to skip sex. Consequently, on the few occasions Josh has approached me—usually when I was totally exhausted—I did my best to be responsive. Sometimes I have forced myself to make the advances and then have failed to arouse Josh. This was humiliating to us both. At other times I got so worn down by the effort that when Josh did become aroused I was out of the mood. I then felt obligated to fake a climax. It has been several months since we have shared really satisfying sex.

"Nevertheless, I do care about Josh. I'm not the kind of woman who was made to live an independent life. If I fail in this marriage, I don't know what will happen to me."

Josh talks next

"I don't want to fail my third time around and I'm determined not to," said 44-year-old Josh, a tall, attractive man with a firm jaw and troubled brown eyes. "Veronica is the only woman I have ever loved.

"She and I could make out okay if she would just stay out of my business. In the ten months of our marriage, Veronica has changed from a sweet, warmhearted girl into a bossy, sharp-tongued woman. I'm in a new profession, working with a new boss on a new project. I dread being dropped from the project, which would disappoint Veronica after all she has done for me. But I take care to hide my fears. She is always after me to tell her every detail of my work. I'd rather wait until I have something worthwhile to report.

"Veronica seems to think I have complete charge of the design department, and I've stupidly let her believe that. Actually, as the newest member of the group, I'm low man on the totem pole. Until recently I hadn't even met the client. But one evening I ran into my boss while I was showing the client around the construction site, and we were introduced. My boss produced a bottle of Scotch, and we all got to talking. For once it was easy for me to express myself. I had a perfect opportunity to discuss an alteration I had figured out to cut construction costs.

"But just as I started explaining my concept, Veronica came bustling in on us. She turned on the charm and my boss and the client were flattered. I wasn't. She *(continued)*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities.



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made me feel like a little boy tied to a wife's apron strings. I never did get back to discussing the possible alteration.

"After I left my boss and the client, I was so depressed that I dropped in at a bar, something I never used to do. By the time I got home, I was loaded. Lately I've been drinking too much, and I don't blame Veronica for complaining. But I'm under such a strain at work that when I leave the job I usually take a drink to relax. Then I picture Veronica waiting at home, ready to interrogate me, and I take another drink.

"Almost every evening, unless she is prostrated with a migraine headache, she cross-examines me about my work and then about her financial security. Again and again she has tried to pin me down about my will. To tell the truth, I have never made one. The thought of a will brings the thought of dying to my mind. I'd rather occupy myself with more pleasant matters. One of these days, if she just quits bugging me, I'll probably hunt up an attorney and have a will drawn up. Then I can ask advice about making her the beneficiary of my insurance.

"I didn't like Veronica rummaging through my desk several months ago. She went through all my papers and turned up a small joint bank account I still happen to hold with my second wife. It is beyond me why Veronica should be upset about a bank account that contains less than two hundred dollars. I would gladly close the account, but my second wife made most of the deposits, and I don't know her present whereabouts. The last I heard, she and a girlfriend were wandering around somewhere in the wilds of Central America.

"The less I think about either of my ex-wives the better I feel. As a boy I used to think that when I grew up I would marry a woman like my great-aunt Gerta. My parents were killed in a traffic accident when I was five years old, and I was adopted by my great-uncle Oscar, who was an architect. Aunt Gerta treated us royally. After supper she would clear the table, and he would read the paper or look over a stack of blueprints. I would watch and dream of the day I could follow in his footsteps.

"I quit college during my junior year to marry my first wife. Clara and I had nothing in common except youth. I was romantic; she was pretty and extravagant. Her sole interest in me was how much I could earn for her to squander. Fortunately, after the children were born, she fell for someone else and turned me loose. I signed over everything and escaped to California. For years I mailed her alimony checks, child-support checks, and emergency checks when she needed extra funds for the kids. After my son and daughter were grown, I learned that the money I had provided for their education had been spent on clothes for Clara.

"My second marriage was so brief it is hardly worth mentioning. I was acquainted with Ada just six weeks before we were married. She seemed like a nice kid, and I liked her parents. She lured me to the altar with vows of undying love and threats of suicide if I didn't marry her. In the six months we were married, we made love five times. After each of these dismal events, my bride jumped out of bed, ran to the bathroom, locked the door, and remained there until morning. She never explained herself, and I never requested an explanation. It's my belief that she was a latent homosexual who didn't want to disillusion her parents. She probably married me in an effort to become heterosexual and then lost the battle. At any rate, when she left me she was accompanied by a girl friend.

"Veronica means everything to me, yet I always seem to be fighting with her. I know my son Jack ought to be paying rent, but whenever I get up the nerve to talk to him, I remember how he went without as a child—because of a worthless mother and an absentee Dad. At this late date, a little spoiling from his old man won't hurt.

"Veronica is just as guilty of spoiling *her* son. We didn't need a two-bedroom duplex, but she was hell-bent on having enough room for Greg to stay with us on weekends. She competes with her ex-husband's present wife by showering Greg with things he doesn't need. She has mixed up the boy's loyalties.

"Veronica and I would have been better off in her efficiency apartment. Her office was close by and she kept her own hours. Nowadays she works too hard. I work hard, too. Sheer physical fatigue undoubtedly has something to do with our messed-up sexual relationship. We used to make out beautifully together, but somehow I don't feel confident of myself anymore. I can't help wondering if she has lost interest in me or there is someone else—maybe her boss. I've begged her to quit a job she claims to dislike, but she won't.

"Several months ago, she began sleeping in bed. She didn't think I knew, but of course I did. Her faking cooled my ardor. Ever since then, we make love only at a time of her choosing. I don't want to risk a rejection. Now when she fakes orgasm it's easier for me to accept, since I haven't forced the pretense on her.

(continued)

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Do You Dim the Lights to Hide Your Age?

Just when a woman reaches the age she feels most tenderly romantic, she often becomes a little self-conscious about her appearance. Little lines and a dry complexion reveal that she isn't as young as she used to be. So she turns the lights down low when the man in her life is present, hoping to preserve the illusion of earlier days and nights.

What a pity. If you're a woman who tries to hide the signs of an older-looking skin, instead of doing something importantly helpful to appear younger-looking, then it's surely time you knew the secret of a treasured fluid created by beauty researchers especially for women like you. This unique beauty blend, used faithfully by women in countries around the world, is known here in the United States as Oil of Olay. Dry, old-looking skin rapidly absorbs the remarkable fluid, containing rich natural oils and moisture that help restore the smoothness you probably never dared hope to see again.



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Join the youthful-looking women in countries around the world who make this treasured blend part of a faithful twice-daily beauty ritual. Apply Oil of Olay (you will find it at drugstores everywhere) lavishly each morning as a superb makeup base which doesn't allow cosmetics to discolor or streak. Again at bedtime. And at whatever other times a feeling of skin dryness signals the need for lovely, loving attention.

Beauty Hints

Even if you do not wear cosmetics during the day, don't forget your morning application of Oil of Olay. Smooth it on generously to give your complexion a moisty, misty glow. Leave your husband with pleasant memories to occur and reoccur during his working day.

* * *

Little lines around your eyes and mouth may be the first complexion signs to betray your age. These areas need and deserve extra attention. At night, after you've soothed Oil of Olay® over your face and neck, wait ten or fifteen minutes. Then gently pat additional beauty blend around the eyes and mouth. This little effort will be amply rewarded.

all seasons woman

"In spite of our problems, however, I know Veronica and I can pull our marriage together. We have too much going for us to lose each other."

The counselor's turn

"Experience is reputed to be a good teacher, but multiple marriages taught Veronica and Josh nothing," the counselor said. "The two were as hopelessly out of communication as a teen-age bride and groom trading insults in a petty quarrel.

"Nevertheless, the couple did have a great deal going for them. For one thing, they both wanted to salvage their marriage. They had sought professional advice at an early stage and were eager to accept it. Both regarded a third marital failure as a reflection on their own personalities. They also had common interests in music, art, and recreation, but they had considered themselves 'too busy' to pursue these unifying interests.

"In our discussions, we concentrated on their immediate problems. Veronica was overworked and consequently was chronically fatigued and cranky. At my suggestion, she transferred to a part-time job, got the extra rest she required, and also allayed Josh's unfounded jealousy of her boss. The drop in their earnings forced Josh to confront his son with a request for rent.

"Josh's over-indulgent attitude toward Jack sprang from the guilty feeling that he had cheated his son out of a decent childhood. But when he began to deal with Jack as an adult, their relationship profited and one source of marital friction was removed. Nowadays, Jack brings his family to the beach only on invitation.

"Perhaps Veronica did spoil Greg, but I saw no evidence of it. When Josh recognized the truth—that he was jealous of Greg—he curtailed his criticisms and became friendly with his stepson.

"Both Veronica and Josh were possessive, insecure people. During ou opening interviews, they re-establishe communication—always a primary ob jective of counseling—and learned t speak frankly to each other about the hidden doubts and fears. It then b came relatively simple for them to cle up many misunderstandings.

"Josh had foolishly misinterprete Veronica's natural interest in his bus ness affairs as bossiness. But Veroni was a trained bookkeeper-accounta with a talent for keeping an order home and a balanced checkbook. Whe Josh hired a lawyer to draw up a wi in Veronica's favor and name her th beneficiary of his insurance, she b came convinced of his love and co cern. They now have joint checki and savings accounts, which she kee in order. Once a week Josh helps tid the apartment, reminding himself th times have changed.

"When Veronica realized that Jo was worried about his professio abilities, she understood why he mig be sensitive about discussing his jo She cut down on her questions and, a result, he soon began to tell her mo Nowadays, if Josh gets upset at worl he is hot tempered and impatient disposition—he takes a long walk alo the beach before returning home. Th eliminates his need to take a drink relax. Sometimes Veronica spies Jo striding by and joins him; sometim he walks alone.

"When Veronica and Josh solv their other problems, their sexual di culties soon resolved themselves. V ronica's extra hours of rest made her more loving partner, and Josh's abs nence from drinking was even mo helpful to him. The couple are n launched on their third successful ye of marriage, and according to my la report from Josh, their sexual relatio ship couldn't be better." E



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By Dorothy Lambert Brightb

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For a change of pace here is a beautiful oval copied from an old Aubusson. It has the typical roses and scalloped border. It is available in three sizes.



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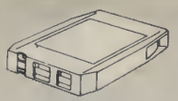
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Medicine Chest

Common sense treatment for "cold" symptoms... managing aches and pains... help for nasal congestion ...and the special problems of a child's cold.

Some cold facts about colds. It has been said if you do nothing for a cold it will last about a week. Although there is no specific treatment, you can do something to relieve the symptoms of a cold, which usually last 4 to 10 days.

The problem with a cold is: How do you get through its life span with less pain, sneezing, stuffy nose—the not infrequent discomforts of a cold?

A few tips on keeping as comfortable as possible are in order. There is no question that having a cold seems to drain your energy and leave you tired. If you pamper yourself and rest every chance you get, it is better than dragging through the day working at about 50% of your normal efficiency.

"Starving" a cold and other myths. Since you can't "starve" a cold, eat what appeals to you. Drink all the liquids you want, especially fruit juices, but remember you can't drown a cold.

The aches and pains of a cold. And there can be aches and pains. Everything seems to hurt. Your head throbs, your muscles ache and seem to weigh a ton. This is the time to take Excedrin®—The Extra-Strength Pain Reliever.™ One major hospital study and one major medical research study indicate that Excedrin is significantly more effective than the common aspirin tablet to relieve pain. Excedrin contains more pain reliever and more total strength than common aspirin. If you would like to try Excedrin, send your name, address and zip code to: MEDICINE CHEST, P.O. Box 2451, Baltimore, Maryland 21203. A free trial size sample of Excedrin will be sent to you

How to help restore free breathing during a cold. When nasal membranes swell, breathing becomes difficult and adds to the misery of a cold. Modern medicines can help to relieve this situation. For example, 4-Way® Nasal Spray contains not one, but three decongestants—more than any leading brand—which can help you breathe more freely in seconds. 4-Way Nasal Spray also contains an extra ingredient—antihistamine—to help relieve sniffles and sneezing. To help relieve congestion due to colds and "flu", there is 4-Way Nasal Spray. That's nothing to sneeze at!

What to do when children catch cold. They can't breathe comfortably, they sometimes ache all over, run a fever, and one look tells you they feel miserable. To help relieve all these symptoms there is a remedy called Congespirin®. Each tablet contains the recommended children's dose of aspirin (1¼ grains) to provide temporary relief of minor aches, pains and fever due to the common cold or "flu".

In addition each Congespirin Cold Tablet contains a nasal decongestant to help relieve stuffiness, sniffles and sneezing from colds. Depending on the child's age, you can give from one tablet at age three to four tablets at age ten or over. Congespirin Cold Tablets are easy to take because they are chewable and orange-flavored. Make a child more comfortable next time he catches a cold. But remember, keep Congespirin and all other medicines out of the reach of children.

Bristol-Myers Company hopes you have found this informative type of advertising both interesting and helpful.

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MEDICINE TODAY:

CANCER PROGRESS REPORT

BY DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

What are the latest methods of fighting the cancers that cause so mu suffering and tragedy? How close is science to developing a cure (or cures)? A progress report on the most recent medical findin

Is medicine making progress in the fight against cancer? If "progress" means a panacea, the answer probably is no. There are no miracle cancer cures in sight. Cancer is not one but many diseases, none of which yields to simple solutions. Ironically, doctors are achieving the best results in treating some of the rarest cancers. The major killers, such as lung cancer, are proving especially resistant.

Current research was reviewed in Los Angeles recently at the Seventh National Cancer Conference, cosponsored by the American Cancer Society and the U.S. National Cancer Institute (NCI). The meeting yielded these highlights:

Fight for life. The mainstay of cancer therapy is still surgical removal of the tumor, followed by use of X-rays and/or drug therapy to kill the remaining cancer cells. X-rays and drugs are being used more often and more aggressively than they were a decade ago. NCI officials say that survival rates have risen for cancer of the cervix and other female organs, as well as for malignancies of the brain, bladder, and thyroid.

Cancer of the pancreas—a disease that is virtually never found in time to be halted—shows no improved survival rate. Worse, pancreatic cancer is becoming so much more prevalent that University of Michigan cancer specialist Dr. H. Marvin Pollard calls it "a frightening epidemic." The cause is unknown.

Fateful choice. The operation women are said to fear most is a mastectomy—the removal of a cancerous breast.

Can X-ray therapy and drugs, minus surgery, provide an equivalent chance of survival? Absolutely not, answers surgeon Dr. Bernard Fisher of the University of Pittsburgh. What *is* undecided, he says, is which is better—partial or total removal of the breast? To find out, a comparative study has been started under his direction at 28 hospitals.

Breast cancer strikes 50,000 women each year. Dr. John Wolfe of Detroit and others have demonstrated that earlier diagnosis could double the present 5-year survival rate—from 4 or 5 women out of every 10 who are stricken to perhaps 9 out of every 10. To achieve this, Dr. W says, the cancer must be discove *before* it has grown large enough a woman to find it as a lump in breast. This early diagnosis can achieved through a special X- technique called mammogra which Dr. Wolfe has helped to velop. Mammographers at Hosp Insurance Plan clinics in New Y City report that they reduced br cancer deaths by two-thirds by ministering yearly examinati More impressive, HIP researc Sam Shapiro says that the survi rate was as high as 98 percent in group of women in whom the c cers were found and treated w the growths were still very smal

The task now is to make mam graphic examinations available large numbers of women. The ex inations might not be necessary fore age 40, even 50. They wo not have to be given more than a year. Mammography tests can tect cancers a year earlier than ot methods. A woman whose bre cancer is discovered early, by m mography, has doubled her chan of being alive 5 years later.

The NCI and the Cancer Soci are setting up 20 breast-screen clinics across the U.S. to evalu mammography's potential.

More than survival. Wilms' tu is a kidney disease that strikes children a year. Radiologist Giulio D'Angio of Memorial H pital in Manhattan says he can member when virtually all Wil patients died. By World War surgery had permitted 1 in 5 patie to survive. The use of post-operat X-rays raised this survival rate t percent in the 1940's; and the ac tion of drugs now permits an 80 cent survival rate.

While treating young Wilms' mor patients with X-rays can s lives, many boys are rendered ste by the rays. To prevent this, D'Angio now works closely with M morial Hospital surgeon Dr. Ph Exelby. Before Dr. D'Angio gi X-ray therapy, Dr. Exelby surgi ly removes one of the boy's testi from the scrotum and, incredib transplants it into one of his le safely outside the X-ray bea path. The testicle is later retur to its normal position.

he answers to some uestions frequently asked y our sponsors

you are considering sponsoring a child through the ristian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

What information will I receive about the child I nsor?
About two weeks after you become a sponsor, will receive a photograph of your child, a case ory, and a description of the Home or Project re your child is receiving help. You will also ive progress reports, and any additional infor- tion you may wish to request.

May I indicate the country, age, and sex of d I wish to sponsor?
Yes, we try to fulfill all requests, but as you can gine, sometimes this is difficult. Many sponsors w us to select a child for them from our emer- cy list.

Can I write directly to my child, and will I ive an answer?
Yes, to both questions. When you become a nsor you receive your child's mailing address. can write to your child, and the answer will be nslated by our staff overseas. (Many sponsors the foreign stamps they receive!)

When will I first hear from my child?
Just a few weeks after you become a sponsor, r child will write to you.

Why the "Christian" in Christian Children's d?
Because we are an organization staffed by ristian people who are committed to the task of ng children a chance to grow up in an atmos- re of love.

How do I make my sponsorship payments?
You may send your check monthly or annually. will receive a receipt, along with an identifi- on card and envelope for use when you make r next gift. Your contributions are tax uctible.

Is CCF independent or church operated?
Independent. CCF is incorporated as a non- fit organization, with a Board of Directors who t quarterly. We work closely with missionaries l denominations. No child is refused entrance Home because of creed; or race.

When was CCF started, and how large is it now?
1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in na. Today, over 150,000 children are being sted in 55 countries. However, we are not in- sted in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a lge between the American sponsor, and the d being helped overseas.

What benefits do the children receive from my ?
In general, children receive food, clothing, ter, medical care, education, school supplies— love. You will receive detailed information ording to the country where your child lives and type of Project.

How can I be sure that the money I give actually ches the child?
CCF keeps close check on all children through l offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes Projects are inspected by our staff. Each Home quired to submit an annual audited statement.

How long does a sponsorship last?
A sponsorship should be for at least one year. of course, we realize financial conditions can nge suddenly, and so you are free to cancel at time. A sponsorship may be carried for as as a person wishes.

May I sponsor a child for less than $12 a month, still receive the child's name, address and ure?
We cannot accept sponsorship for less than $12 onth, but you can become one of our contrib- rs. Your gifts—large or small—will help pro- e emergency medical care, buy milk for ndoned babies, or help care for unsponsored dren.

May two people share a sponsorship?
A. Yes, and please give both names and addresses of persons sharing the expense of a sponsorship.

Q. May groups sponsor a child?
A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans?
A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, serious illness of one or both parents, or parents just too poor to care for their children.

Q. Where do the children live who are being sponsored?
A. The child you sponsor may live in an orphanage, home for abandoned babies, school for the blind, hospital, nursing home, day care nursery or vocational training center. Or the child may be in one of our Family Helper Projects—a youngster with a widowed mother, impoverished parents or from a broken home. Your support will help keep the child with the family by helping supply food, clothing, school books, family guidance and a variety of services directed by a trained caseworker.

Q. How long do the children remain in the Home or Project?
A. This depends on the country but usually until they are 18. We do everything possible to see that they are equipped to make an adequate living before they go out on their own.

Q. Is it possible for sponsors to legally adopt the child they sponsor?
A. Many people want to take these needy children into their homes, but the majority of them cannot be legally adopted. In all cases it is necessary for the U. S. Immigration and State Welfare authorities to approve legal adoptions. CCF does not handle legal adoptions.

Q. May I visit my child?
A. Yes. Our Homes and Projects around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. Can my child visit me?
A. This decision must be left entirely with the superintendent. If allowed, all traveling expenses and responsibilities are assumed by the sponsor.

Q. Are my letters to the child censored?
A. Absolutely not. Your entire letter is given to the child along with a literal translation in the child's language.

Q. Which would you advise me to send? Packages or a money gift?
A. Money gifts save the cost of mailing a package and insure that the items you wish for your child will be the proper size. Also, goods purchased overseas generally cost less than similar items in the U.S., and avoid excessive duty.

Q. Should I always send a money gift through the Richmond Office?
A. Always! It would be extremely difficult for your child to cash a check or exchange currency. The total amount of your gift will be sent to the Home, along with your instructions for its use. This is a service provided for our sponsors, without any deduction for handling.

Q. Is CCF registered with any government agency?
A. Yes, CCF is registered with the U. S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.

Q. Where do I send my checks?
A. All contributions, whether sponsorship payments or money gifts for your child, should be sent to our Richmond Office and made payable to Christian Children's Fund.



Hunger is all she has ever known

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough to feed a family of six in India.

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal might be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only $12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

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☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____.
Send me child's name, story, address and picture.
I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.
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FANTASIES THAT MAKE YOU UNHAPPY

BY THEODORE I. RUBIN, M.D.

The Shangri-la Illusion, the Money Illusion, the Love Illusion, the Marriage Illusion, the Children Illusion, the Youth Fantasy, the Dependency Illusion—have you been caught in these unreality traps?

At various times in our lives, all of us have been or will be disillusioned. Moderate disillusionment puts us in a bad mood and leaves us with a general feeling of disappointment. Acute disillusionment generates more serious depression and self-hate, and can even lead to suicide.

While all men and women suffer from disillusionment, few know that their state of disappointment is the result of the breakdown of an illusion they themselves have manufactured. Disillusionment is never possible without fantasy—and the destructive strength of the disillusionment can never exceed the strength and energy that was used to create fantasy in the first place.

Everyone lives in two worlds: the real world (reality) and the superimposed world of illusion (fantasy). From childhood on, both men and women develop ideas and beliefs that are totally imaginary. Fantasies become a way of coping with pain, solving problems, or overcoming the difficulties that the real world presents. These fantasies magically allow their maker to escape from anxiety as well as reality—and the greater the need to escape, the more we cling to fantasy.

At first, fantasies seem harmless enough, but living in a fantasy world keeps a man or a woman from tapping the riches that reality has to offer. Dreaming of non-existent cake does not fill the stomach with real bread; the result is starvation.

No woman (or man) can go from a fantasy world into a real world without some disillusionment, but the resulting psychological harm can be greatly lessened if the individual will realize three things:

First, it is a tough struggle to separate fantasy from reality. But the struggle is totally worthwhile because it represents emotional growth and happiness.

Second, she must hold only herself responsible for her illusions—and, therefore, she alone can make the escape from the fantasy world in which she has put herself. Difficult as it may be, it is infinitely preferable for a person to remove herself from her fantasy world than to wait and have reality do it for her. Reality has a way of striking back when people are vulnerable—when they are ill-prepared for change.

Third, there are several illusions which are particularly common in our culture. These illusions have been passed on from parents, and through books, movies, TV, songs, etc. And each person who has learned them sustains them and passes them on to others. Familiarity with these principal illusions will enable you to help rid yourself of them before reality does it for you.

I will list and briefly describe some of the most common and most destructive illusions. There are illusions that are particularly prevalent to men, but I will not go into those. The fantasies I have named below, though common to both sexes, tend to be more harmful to women:

1. *The Shangri-la Illusion.* This is the fantasy that somewhere there is a paradise on earth, a problem-free, carefree, ever-joyous place in which one may live forever—if one can only find the key to the door. Victims of this illusion (and we *all* are, to some degree) believe that there is a society of beautiful people who live somewhere in constant excitement and joy, free from ordinary burdens that lesser people must endure. The key to such a "heaven on earth" is often thought to come with money, fame, power, or beauty.

In reality, no such place exists. Psychoanalysts know only too well the severity of problems that affect people from all walks of life, including people who—by American standards—have "made it." Indeed, "making it" often brings reality and vast disillusionment to people when they realize that after all, fame and fortune do not produce happiness, do not prevent aging or death. The simple fact is that life is tough for everyone.

2. *The Money Illusion.* I include here all the fantasies stemming from the belief that prestige, money, power, beauty, fame, etc., make for continued happiness and radically alter personal experiences. I do not underestimate the pleasures money money can buy, but I also know that there is a point beyond which money has little effect. Inner peace, self-acceptance, self-esteem and respect, resolution of inner conflicts, the happiness that comes from real involvement in one's areas of interests, the ability to relate fruitfully and constructively to others—all these important-for-living things—are simply not markedly advanced by money.

3. *The Love Illusion.* As I've said many times love is wonderful, but it is *not* the key or solution to the human difficulities that everyone must face. Our culture constantly promotes the love myth with songs, poems, and stories, but it remains just that—a myth. No matter how much in love you are, you will continue to have problems with yourself and your lover, with others, and with the world in general. Love makes it easier to face problems, but life remains difficult.

4. *The Marriage Illusion.* This illusion is particularly prevalent among very dependent women—women who lack a sense of identity, real self, and confidence. The fantasy here is that marriage will provide a woman with those qualities she lacks. In many cases, these women see marriage as the solution to all their problems—and as a means of attaining total security and safety in an otherwise dangerous world. To many women, marriage is further seen as the fulfillment of every childhood wish and fantasy: a substitute for imperfect parents; a life of endless peace, fascination, and pleasure; an end to frustration and feelings of emptiness and loneliness.

The degree to which a bride believes the marriage fantasy will determine the degree of her ensuing disillusionment—and rage—when she discovers that her beliefs were just illusions. Marriage can and does provide many satisfactions, but it is never a solution to personal problems—nor is it a substitute for needed personal growth, development, and self-fulfillment.

Nor is marriage an antidote for loneliness. Having a husband and children may lessen feelings of loneliness, but self-development and learning to like oneself enough to feel in good company when alone are much more constructive ways of overcoming loneliness. Too many women have the illusion that marriage, with love, ought to be instantly successful and complete. Such an expectation can lead to enormous disappointment and disaster.

5. *The Children Illusion.* Fantasies about children run rampant. They include claims that children—especially one's own—are brilliant, misunderstood, talented, beautiful, good natured, and devoted, as well as selfish, inconsiderate, insensitive, uncaring, etc. Children are some of these, all of these, and more. The point is that they are human and, like the adults they will someday be, they are full of human inconsistencies and confusions.

One prevalent, usually unconscious illusion is that children will never grow up and leave home—and that the family status quo will never change. There is another popular illusion that even though the children grow up and leave home, they will still maintain a childlike attachment and devotion to their parents. But children *do* grow up, lea home, and have families of their o —which then become their most i mediate concern. Parents who prepared for this evolutionary velopment and change are much b ter able to face the changes th come with middle age than th parents who harbor illusions. P ents who have no interests and volvements other than their child seem to age overnight when child grow up, leave home, and mar With the shattering of their "ch dren illusions," these parents f that all worthwhile things have s denly been taken from them.

6. *The Youth Fantasy.* Intellectu ly, we know that we are going grow older—and that beauty fade and health problems devel Yet despite this, some women consciously harbor the illusion everlasting youth. These women prey to all kinds of charlatans promise all kinds of youth tre ments. Some desperate women even engage in activities inapp priate to their health and age, act ties that may result in sickness death. Some women try to deny by dressing and acting like te agers. Women who cling to youth illusion hate themselves they grow older and often bec disturbed and depressed. In th continual quest for something t is no longer possible, these wom cheat themselves of realistic, ple urable activities that are more propriate to their particular age state of health.

7. *The Dependency Illusion.* Wo en are not naturally dependent helpless. They are not incapa illogical, highly emotional, or businesslike. These are false preju cial characteristics that have b attributed to women for so long t many women believe them. I've s highly competent, intelligent, potentially independent wom who, believing the "dependency i sion," spend their entire lives be dependent and unfulfilled.

All illusions—and there are m more—are the stuff that misery made of. "Busting illusions" i easy, because it involves motivat recognition, and struggle. Grow up isn't easy either, but it can re in greater happiness and can vent emotional difficulties—even aster. Therefore, let me close by viting you to become an "illus buster." I consider it one of prime keys to mental health.

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin swers questions on your perso marriage, family and emotio problems. The doctor is a u known psychoanalyst who practi in New York and is the autho Lisa and David *and* The Thin B by a Formerly Fat Psychiatrist. *new book is* Emergency Room Di *(Grosset & Dunlap, Inc.). If have questions for Dr. Rubin to swer in his column, please add them to him in care of Ladies' H Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., N York, N.Y. 10022. We regret t only letters selected for use in column can be answered.*

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7 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report August '72

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Douching vs. Norforms

"Please, let's go home."

6 PM: Before the party, you douche to stop internal odor. (What a mess!)

9 PM: Oh, oh. What's that unfresh feeling? All that trouble douching—and you can't even be sure how long it'll work. If only you could leave the party now.

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6 PM: You've used Norforms® The Internal Deodorant.™ (You just insert it—how easy!)

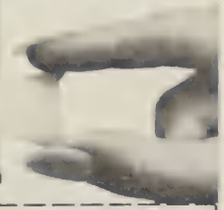
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PET JOURNAL

Webster defines "surrogate" as "a person appointed to act in place of another." We don't know who, if anyone, appointed the following in place of natural mothers—but we've heard no complaints from their adopted babies, all of whom appear to be thriving!

Motherly fathers. We've been ruled for some years by three generations of black and white *tom*cats. Yes, I said *tom* . . . and no, I'm not suggesting that toms can procreate. That would be a major miracle. What I'm writing about is only a minor miracle. King Mang, our original cat, prospered as lord of his fief, lone and powerful. During his third summer, however, we found him playing with a wild tiny black-and-white kitten who bore him a remarkable resemblance. With food and patience we eventually tamed Kitty-Junior. Mang and he became inseparable until Mang died and his crown was passed to Kitty-Junior, who ruled alone and in splendor for a year or more. Then one morning we found Kitty-Junior sitting in the garden beside a tiny black-and-white kitten, whose markings were almost identical to those of Kitty-Junior and King Mang. We were forced to conclude that each tom had carried, or guided, his little adopted son through the woods to our home (hopefully, with Mama cat's approval). This motherly behavior is hardly the norm for tomcats but who's to say a father's love is less ardent than a mother's?

Under the able tutelage of Kitty-Junior, the new crown prince flourished and father and son enjoyed a long life together. Now Pussy-Baby, cat number three, reigns alone but we are looking forward to another black-and-white princeling any day now.—*Mrs. Susan R. Treidel, Denver, Colo.*

Wrong number. Have you heard of the boxer who belongs to the Leon Minks family of Carmel, California? She delivered 8 puppies in a specially prepared bed—but not before she had carefully taken the receiver from a nearby telephone and placed it in the bed with her. There she kept it, protectively licking it as puppy after puppy arrived. It wasn't until they came upon a 9th puppy outdoors that Mr. and Mrs. Minks realized with shock and amusement that Bouncer had been substituting the telephone receiver for a missing pup. Firstborn and mother were reu Three days later when the Mi returned from taking all 9 pu have their tails docked, they that Bouncer had lovingly place telephone receiver in the cen her bed. They put the puppies bed and the receiver back o phone. . . . Bouncer retriev They put it back again. Bo counted noses, found one m and back went the receiver puppy box. Last heard from, B er was still playing mama t Bell's baby.—*Jean Burden, E Friskies' Research Digest.*

Water mater. There's a small i in our pond, and our Muscovy have chosen it as a hatchery sanctuary. Mama ducks One, and Three were patiently sitti full nests each awaiting mu blessed events. Mama One ha more than a dozen yellow puff early next day led them in clos mation across the pond. Mamas and Three looked on. Then M Two's eggs hatched and M Three was overcome with jealo she just couldn't (or wouldn't) She deserted her own nest joined Mama Two as she se with her fluffy fleet. We began apprehensive about Mama T Obviously she had no intention turning to her nest and was m vering in to kidnap (ducknap? of Mama Two's darlings.

Our son Terry rowed to the i and gathered the deserted egg put them on top of the water h turning them over each day be we'd heard that the mama duc that. After five days we heard coming from inside the unb shells. Little beaks began to through. We christened our 14 h the "Hot Shots." We played for a day or so, teaching them t then placed them near their n mother to rekindle her mot love—to no avail! She was co with her adopted family an jected the "Hot Shots," who ished with their mother, a 30-g water heater!—*Mrs. Lyn Keys T Magee, Miss.*

Send your anecdotes (500 wor less), along with your name, ad and telephone number, to: Pet nal, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 ington Ave., New York, N.Y. 1 Send pictures only if you don't them returned.

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GENERAL FOODS



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"The way she takes care of the kids, the house, a job and me—it's incredible. And look at her. She looks better than any of her friends. And they're all about the same age."

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You should eat right, get plenty of rest, exercise. And to make sure you get enough iron and vitamins, take Geritol every morning.

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Take care of yourself. Take Geritol.



BRINGING UP CHILDREN

BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

Why are almost 25 percent of American school children experiencin learning difficulties? This column—on reading problems and dyslexia is the first of a two-part series on academic underachievers.

Nearly all learning in school is based on the ability to read well, with good comprehension. "Reading retardation" is one of the most serious learning difficulties of grade-school children. When a child seems unable to learn to read, he cannot do well academically.

It is understandable that a child's difficulties in learning to read worry his parents, and that, consequently, they will make all sorts of well-meant but ultimately damaging efforts to get their child to read. Among the worst methods they employ is correcting every one of the child's mistakes without trying to understand his (or her) reasons for making them. Parental corrections, are usually felt by the child to be criticisms of his efforts and thus of himself—so he becomes increasingly discouraged about reading. Hating his parents' disapproval because of his inability to read, he ends up hating reading, hating himself, and hating those associated with his plight.

If parents and teachers were to realize the close connection between reading difficulties and emotional disturbance, they would be much more concerned about the child's emotional well-being. The connection between the two is clear, yet there is great reluctance to accept it and to plan accordingly.

In dealing with learning problems, the National Institute of Mental Health studied the entire school population of a typical average-sized town. By the fifth grade, more than 16 percent of the students—and many more boys than girls—were at least two years behind in reading achievement. The same children were re-tested in sixth grade, and very few of them had caught up; but the children whose reading had been adequate in the fifth grade continued to do well. The pattern of bad reader/good reader division remained remarkably stable with few crossovers, as confirmed by testing in the eighth grade. But by the eighth grade, most of the slow readers also showed serious social and emotional disturbance. Many had become delinquents; others were permanent truants.

The NIMH study thus clearly establishes the correlation between reading (or learning) retardation and emotional disturbance—a co lation substantiated by many s lar studies. The data do not per us to be sure which factor repres cause and which is effect; but f my own experience with poor le ers, I think that the emotional fa is definitely causal. While it m appear in some cases that diffic in school caused an emotional turbance, usually the difficulty brought the disturbance out into open and aggravated it. In m cases, the emotional problem just not as obvious at the ear ages, when less was expected of child, and so his impaired abilit cope was not recognized. In a yo child, emotional disturbances lead to intellectual blocking are ly easily overlooked. The dema of school reveal such problems aggravate them, thus creating ever-widening vicious circle.

Emotional disturbance is ad tedly an elusive concept. Coping it poses so many problems that ents and educators are eager willing to believe in almost any o reason for a child's reading diffi ties. Parents blame poor schools poor teaching; schools prefer blame the home situation. Since causes bitterness all round, par and schools have sought and fo causes for reading difficulty in sc thing for which nobody can blamed. It is at this point that t ries of neurological disturban failures in the brain which pre the child from learning to re prove very attractive.

The neurological bases on wh these reading difficulties are bla tend to fade in and out of fash The favorite term now is a suppo ly inborn impairment called lexia (Latin for "word blindnes first coined in the 17th cent when the sudden loss of rea ability in an adult (continu

Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, one of world's most distinguished c psychologists, recently retired 28 years as Professor of Psycho and Psychiatry at the Universit Chicago. He is Director of the S Shankman Orthogenic School chonically disturbed children, has written many books about dren—their psychological deve ment and proble ms.

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ROMPER ROOM

When's the last time your family got excited about meat loaf?



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What adds extra excitement to this dish is the choice B in B Mushrooms.

Tender, elegant mushrooms broiled at the peak of their flavor in pure, creamy-fresh butter. Then, packed in their own buttery broth, broth you add for extra moistness and flavor. Not "throw-away" salt water brine like most other mushrooms are packed in.

Now for the excitement.

B in B Beef Loaf Wellington

1 can (6 oz.) or 2 cans (3 oz.) B in B Sliced Mushrooms including broth
1-1/2 lbs. ground chuck
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1/4 cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper
1 cup packaged biscuit mix
1/8 teaspoon poultry seasoning

Drain mushrooms, save broth. Lightly mix together meat, mushrooms (save a few for garnish), 2 tablespoons mushroom broth, eggs, onion, green pepper, salt and pepper. Form into 10 x 8 1/2-inch loaf in shallow pan, at least 12 x 8 x 2 inches. Stir biscuit mix, poultry seasoning and 1/4 cup mushroom broth together to make soft dough. Roll into 12 x 8-inch piece. Cover top and sides of loaf with dough, saving bits of dough to make garnish. Arrange dough bits on top of loaf. Bake in 375° oven, 45 minutes. Lift loaf onto serving platter. Garnish with mushroom slices. Makes 4–5 servings.



Free Recipe Booklet. 32 pages of mushroom magic. For your copy, send label from any B in B Mushroom can with your name and address to B in B Mushrooms, Dept. LHJ173, P.O. Box 553, West Chester, Pa. 19380.

They're not just mushrooms. They're broiled in butter.

was described for the first time. Word blindness is a misleading term, however: misreadings attributed to dyslexia show clearly that the children in question can see quite well; their reading difficulties obviously have nothing to do with blindness. In fact, the disturbance called dyslexia usually occurs in adults and is characterized by the loss of an already well-developed reading ability—something quite different from difficulties experienced by children in learning to read.

Fortunately, in 1972 two authoritative studies directed themselves to the problem of clarifying dyslexia; one was sponsored by the National Academy of Education in the U.S., covered the whole field of reading, dealing incidentally with dyslexia; the other commissioned by Great Britain's Secretary of State for Education, was solely to investigate dyslexia. The findings of both studies are most critical of the concept of dyslexia, and deplore the unfortunate consequences that have resulted from widespread use of this inaccurate term.

The U.S. study reports that: *Even with teaching procedures and materials that succeed with most children, some few children, especially boys, do not readily learn to read to a minimal level of literacy. If no other explanation for the failure presents itself, such children are often labeled as "dyslexics." It is often assumed that their perceptual or neurological abnormalities inhibit their learning. It has usually turned out that these children, when put under the tutelage of a well-trained remedial teacher, respond readily to teaching techniques and materials that actually could have been applied in the child's normal classroom, but, for lack of resources for early diagnosis and effective treatment, were not.*

Such cases have led many to believe that there is really no such thing as dyslexia per se—that the term is an empty label for a child who does not learn to read simply because he has not been properly taught or properly motivated. To the extent that this view is correct (and we believe it to be at least partially correct), it would suggest that the primary effort to reduce the number of non-readers, or "dyslexics," should be directed toward improving the instructional procedures and techniques in the regular classroom.

This report notes the greater frequency of so-called dyslexia in boys, an imbalance that also holds true for many other learning difficulties during the early grades. These children for some reason or another find it difficult to cope with the classroom situation. Given the differences in their personalities and the nature of their disturbances, they respond in various ways to the demands made of them in class. The so-called dyslexic child does not respond to learning demands through disturbing behavior, but by his inability to pay attention. He resists the classroom procedures not so much because he hates school and learning, but because the demand to read activates an overwhelming resistance or anxiety in him.

Dyslexia has been ascribed to "minimal brain dysfunction"—a technical way of saying that the failure to function cannot be discovered through neurological examination, but is assumed to exist because of the presence of h havioral signs (such as an inability learn despite adequate intelligenc This is circular reasoning at its wor an unexplained phenomenon is " plained," without evidence, by ref ence to an otherwise unrecogniza dysfunction.

The British report goes beyond American in stressing that read difficulties are most often due to e tional factors. It recommends remed efforts designed to deal with emoti ally conditioned learning proble The British report also condemns dyslexia label as offering an excuse not providing the child with proper medial attention. The report c cludes:

While we acknowledge that it is p sible to separate a minority of childr with severe reading difficulty (and ten spelling, writing, and number pr lems) who fulfill some of the criteria "developed dyslexia," we are hi ly skeptical of the view that a s drome of "dyslexia" with a spec underlying cause and specific sym toms has been identified. Since the te "dyslexia" has recently been used very loosely and misleadingly, we th it would be better to adopt a more u ful descriptive term, such as "spec reading difficulties," to describe problem of a small group of child whose reading abilities are significan below the standards which their ab ties in other spheres would lead one expect.

Emotional problems vs. learning

Obviously there must be a cause causes for the wide variety of read difficulties which have been lumped gether and explained by dyslexia. neurological explanation itself gen ally holds very little water. Hav worked for more than 25 years w children of good intelligence wh massive learning difficulties cleared as their emotional problems were solved. I am firmly convinced of causal connection between emotio disturbance and academic trouble school failures in general and read retardation in particular. There much corroborating evidence involv children who are not conspicuou disturbed, but whose academic pr lems nevertheless reflect an emotic basis. A case has recently been no in which a child developed class symptoms of "dyslexia" in direct r to his developing anxiety about sch The boy had been eager to start f grade; but as the year progressed became increasingly strained and a ious. He started out with no read problems, and developed them in ex proportion to his increasing dislike school. At the beginning he had difficulty reading along with his fel first-graders, and recognized let with the best of them. By the end of first year, however, he had become able to differentiate many letter shar His inability to recognize letters co clearly be related to his level of anxi and dislike for school, not to any born disability.

The pressure to read words that personally offensive to the child greatly aggravate reading difficult as illustrated by the story of anot boy who spent his first years in orphanage and foster homes. The consistently misread *house* for

continued on pag



Can you see what's wrong with this corn?

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AMY VANDERBILT

Divorce, unannounced visitors, unusual wedding invitations, table manners—these are among the questions about today's life styles answered here by the first lady of etiquette.

Teetotalers

When I discovered that our dinner guests were teetotalers, should I have removed their wineglasses from the table? My husband and I had wine with dinner as is our custom.

No, you were right to leave the wineglasses. Frequently when wineglasses are placed on the table, water glasses are omitted, French fashion. You could have offered your guests something else in the wineglasses—water, milk, cider, iced tea, or cranberry juice.

Eating Continental Style

After a European trip I started eating in the Continental manner—keeping the fork in the left hand, the knife in the right—but my family hated it. So I figured out a way to avoid transferring the fork. I simply put my knife on the left side and use it in my left hand throughout the meal. Buttering bread isn't easy, but what do you think of that?

In many families—including mine—some members eat Continental fashion, some American fashion. Your family should be more tolerant. I suggest that you drop your invented method and follow either the Continental or the American style of eating in the accepted way.

Invitation to a House Guest

I am a widow and recently had as a houseguest a widow my own age. A woman we both know invited my guest for dinner but did not include me. Am I childish in feeling hurt that I was not invited?

The invitation certainly should have included you. This is a rule that has not changed, but many people are careless about it.

Salute to the Flag

What is the correct way to salute the American flag? Do only men place their hands over their hearts?

A civilian places either his hand or his hat, if he is wearing one, over his heart. It is quite correct for a woman also to place her hand over her heart if she wishes, or she may merely stand at attention during the salute to the flag. If a woman is gloved, indoors or out, she does not remove her gloves. A military man does not move his gloves to salute, althou a civilian man does.

Divorce

My first husband, Robert Smith, a I had two children. Several ye after he died, I married John Bro (no children), and after five ye we are now getting a divorce. H should I sign my name?

You may request the court to per you to return to the name of y first husband. This would seem s sible, as you have children by h Since you were a widow, if you return to the name of your for husband, there is no reason why cannot call yourself, socially, M Robert Smith. In business, howe you would undoubtedly be M Marilyn Smith, to conform v present-day procedure.

College Graduation

If my nephew sends me an nouncement of his college grad tion, must I send a gift or will a c suffice? If I get no announcem am I expected to send anything

In neither case is a gift necess Since you are closely related would seem natural to send a even though it may be a small with a note or card. If this is a h ship for you, however, certain card offering your congratulat would suffice.

Serving Rolls

How should rolls be served formal dinner?

There are two ways of handling

(continued on page

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes quest from readers and answers the this column as space permits.

Now ready for JOURNAL *rea Miss Vanderbilt's new boo "Large Parties" (open houses, versaries, house warmings, show Also "Letter Writing," "Engage and Wedding Etiquette," and "T Manners." Send 75¢ in coin for booklet to Miss Amy Vande Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 0688*



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RALPH NADER REPORTS

Eating contaminated fish can poison your system—sometimes fatally. And health experts are worried by the alarming rise in such "bad fish" incidents. What's happening, and what can be done about

Iowa's Agriculture Secretary, L. B. Liddy, said yesterday that tests on buffalo fish and carp at the Coralville Reservoir near Iowa City indicated dangerously high levels of dieldrin, a pesticide residue. The results, Mr. Liddy said, show that the fish are unsafe for human consumption. —*(UPI, October 8, 1972)*

Reports on fish that are unsafe to eat are published sporadically in the press. The warnings usually come too late, appearing as they do *after* contaminated fish have been sold to the public—and they are usually one-time alerts, with no assurances that hazardous fish in other areas are being detected or will be detected in the future. These reports are indicative of our negligence in confronting a major health problem: control of the quality of fish we eat.

For years public health officials have reported cases of poisoning caused by contaminated fish, some of which have resulted in deaths. The following incidents were brought to the attention of the Senate Commerce Committee in 1969:

- In 1963, unsanitary conditions in a plant processing smoked lake fish resulted in a major outbreak of botulism; nine persons died.
- In 1966, more than 250 cases of food poisoning were reported in one city; contaminated shrimp was identified as the cause.
- Infectious hepatitis was traced to shellfish in four different incidents reported since 1964.
- From 1957 to 1967, the U.S. Department of the Interior documented 28 outbreaks of contaminated fish poisoning—resulting in 16 deaths and nearly 1,500 cases of illness.

Less visible but equally lethal are fish contaminated by environmental pollution. High levels of mercury, arsenic, cadmium, and other toxic substances are being detected in fish caught in waters polluted by industrial and other contaminants. Scientists are becoming more concerned over the serious, long-range effects these and other substances may have on human health. In 1968-69, 1,000 coho salmon containing pesticides were seized in Lake Michigan fisheries. Fish contaminated by high levels of water pollution are a major problem for the public—as well as an economic problem for fishermen. One huge chemical company alone has dumped more than 200 pounds of mercury into Michigan's St. Clair river system over the last 20 years. Fish in that river complex are now highly dangerous for human consumption, and parts of the river have been placed off-limits for commercial fishing.

In many cases, we could be assured of safer fish products simply by cleaning up the plants in which they are prepared for market. How many people realize that there is no mandatory inspection of fish and fish processing plants? All we have is a voluntary inspection program operated by the U. S. Department of Commerce and paid for entirely by participating members of the fish industry.

Only about 25 percent of the domestically processed fish is inspected under this voluntary program, according to the Commerce Department.

Health experts consider fish to have even greater potential health hazards than meat, eggs, and poultry, all of which we do require inspection for. Fish spoil more quickly and are more susceptible to contaminants in their natural environments and in handling and processing.

For the past five years, Congress has been considering bills that would require the inspection of fish and fish processing plants. This legislation has consistently been defeated largely because of strong industry opposition and a decision by the Nixon administration to support a weak spot-check system rather than the full-time inspection proposed by Senator Philip A. Hart (D., Mich.) in the bill passed by the Senate Commerce Committee. (The full Senate passed that bill

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Ralph Nader is America's foremost consumer defender. He is credited with the passage of at least six major laws that imposed new Federal safety standards on cars, meat and poultry products, coal mining, gas pipelines, and radiation from electronic devices. In 1970 Nader founded the Public Interest Research Group which investigates and researches consumer issues. He is also a trustee of the Center for the Study of Responsive Law.

veakened form, but it was defeated n the House.)

The 1971 bill also included a pro-ision authorizing the government to top the harvesting of fish in waters hat are dangerously contaminated. This provision would have required he systematic testing of fish for evels of toxic substances. Such test-ng is the second major protection eeded to assure safe fish products. t is significant that it has been inde-endent researchers, not government r the industry, who have alerted us o major sources of contaminated sh. High levels of mercury in fish aught in the Great Lakes area were iscovered by a graduate student in he course of research on his doctoral hesis. A professor at the State Uni-ersity of New York at Bingham-on, Dr. Bruce McDuffie, started his rusade after he found mercury vhen he tested a can of tuna from is kitchen shelf. Tons of canned una and salmon were later recalled y the U. S. Food and Drug Admin-stration.

Until such time as Congress de-ides to take seriously the problem f contaminated fish, consumers hould take the following precau-ons:

1. Check all fish products (other han fresh fish) for the U. S. Depart-ient of Commerce inspection seal.

2. If there is no seal, Commerce)epartment spokesmen advise con-umers to assume that the product as not been inspected.

3. If fish products at your grocery tore are not inspected, ask your rocer why not, and request that he arry only inspected brands. If nough pressure is brought by con-umers through their retail grocers, he industry may view inspection in different light.

4. Urge your congressmen to sup-ort meaningful fish inspection leg-lation in this session of Congress. they oppose such legislation, ask or concrete reasons why.

Your representatives may argue hat spot checks are adequate. But orkers in the industry, as well as ost health officials, believe that nly the full-time presence of an in-ector whenever processing is un-er way will insure meaningful pro-ction. Arnold Mayer, representing he Amalgamated Meat Cutters and utcher Workmen of America, AFL-IO, has pointed out that one of the eaknesses of spot checking is that roducts may already be offered for ale in the supermarket by the time ealth hazards are found. "Mad hases after dangerous products, as ow occur, will continue—to the reat harm of consumers," Mayer as noted. "Only a fraction of the angerous product will eventually e recovered from consumer chan-els."

5. If you buy fish that contains oreign matter or is contaminated, iscolored, odorous, or whitish on he surface (indicating dehydra-on), write to J. R. Brooker, Acting hief, National Marine Fisheries ervice, Division of Fisheries Prod-cts Inspection, 1801 N. Moore St., rlington, Va. 22209. Send copies of our letter to the manufacturer and the Food Bureau, U. S. Food and rug Administration, Washington, . C.

END

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SYLVIA PORTER

SPENDING YOUR MONEY

Mutual Funds

Are there mutual funds which have consistently outperformed all others over the years?

It's a question asked over and over again—and so, finally, to get the answer, *FundScope*, a monthly magazine specializing in mutual funds, compared the performance records of all mutual funds in each of the 16 successive five-year periods of the past 20 years. (If you're wondering how they get 16 five-year periods during the last 20 years, here's how: 1952-1957 equals one five-year period; 1953-1958 equals the second five-year period, and so on. Add them up and they total 16!) Its findings, disclosed late last year, included the following: (1) *no* mutual fund was the top performer in each of the 16 five-year periods; (2) *no* mutual fund was in the top 10 percent of the performers in all 16 of the five-year periods; (3) in seven of the 16 five-year periods, however, three funds did make the top 10 per cent list; and in six of the five-year periods, five funds ranked in the top 10 percent; (4) 79 mutual funds were defined as generally above average for five-year growth results.

In sum, no single mutual fund has consistently outperformed all others. The answer is not that simple. What's just as fundamental, a past record is not a future record, and performance over the 20-year span of 1952-71—an era of generally rising stock prices—is certainly no guarantee of future performance.

Veteran's Rights

I know that a returning Vietnam veteran has certain rights when it comes to getting his former pre-service job back. Is there any deadline for applying for these benefits?

Yes! The deadline is 90 days after you return to civilian life.

Airlines and Compensation

Last year our daughter was bumped off a flight when she was returning home from college for the Christmas holidays. Apparently the airline had simply oversold that particular flight. Isn't she entitled to some kind of compensation for this inconvenience?

Yes, she is—with the amount of compensation ranging between $25 and $200 (depending on the value of the original ticket)—but *only* if the airline did not get your daughter to her destination at the airport via another flight within two hours of the time she was originally supposed to arrive.

Grading Beef

We think that now is a good time to buy a whole beef, or at least a side of beef. Can you provide a guide so I can tell what net amount of packaged meat we'll get after all the fat and waste have been cut away?

Yes. The guide is in the so-called yield grade, which tells you precisely what you want to know: how much trimmed, edible meat you'll get from a given carcass. The yield grades range from one through five and here's a rundown that shows you the number of pounds you can get from each grade in a 600-pound beef:

Grade	*Fat and Bone*	*Edible Meat*
1	108 lb.	492 lb.
2	135.6	464.4
3	163.2	436.8
4	190.8	409.2
5	218.4	381.6

The Dollar Then and Now

What is the 1939 dollar worth today?

Thirty-three cents. This means that the $1, which bought 100¢ of typical goods and services for a city family way back in 1939, buys 33¢ of similar goods and services today, in January 1973. But I must enter a protest to your question—even though I'm sure that what prompts it is your concern about our ever-continuing cost-of-living spiral. I think it's neurotic for Americans to refer continually to 1939 figures—the last year in a decade of world depression and of plunging prices, the threshold of a global, wildly inflationary war. 1939 was not only another era in another generation. 1939 was another world.

Comprehensive Health Services

I'm thinking about signing our family up with a Health Maintenance Organization. It's my impression that such prepaid groups tend to cost more than the fragmented health services we're now buying. However these plans usually boast about their "comprehensive" services. It's hard to believe they mean *(continued)*

Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.

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really comprehensive services—or do they?

While it depends where you live and what plan you join, you are absolutely on target in your overall skepticism. Here is a list of typical exclusions by typical HMO's:

Medical Services: Military service-connected disabilities; illness or injury arising out of employment; long-term psychiatric care; dental care, except oral surgery; cosmetic surgery; nuclear medicine or super-voltage X-ray treatment; kidney dialysis; organ transplants; use of hyperbaric oxygen chamber.

Hospital Services: Hospitalization for diagnostic studies only; Workmen's Compensation cases; conditions covered by Federal agencies; rest cures; custodial care; nonessential cosmetic surgery; blood and blood plasma; pregnancy.

Assigned-Risk Auto Insurance

Our son, aged 17, has the "Indianapolis 500 syndrome"—every time he gets behind the wheel he drives as if he's an auto racer. As a result, he has just been forced to resort to our state "assigned risk" automobile insurance plan. Will his plan include collision, comprehensive, and medical payments insurance?

No. Only a certain minimum of liability coverage.

Food Costs Here and Abroad

Every time we travel abroad, we're amazed at how inexpensive the fruits, vegetables, and other food items are. We never realized how high food costs in the U.S. really are until we saw the contrast. Just how badly does the U.S. come out in comparison with other nations?

We don't come out "badly": we come out *best in the world*—no matter what you think you saw. To document the point:

We in this country spend on average only 16¢ out of each after-tax dollar on food. Food costs in the U.S. are the lowest of any major nation in the world, in terms of the share of our paychecks that we must budget for food—which is the only truly valid comparison. In Japan and most countries of Western Europe, food takes more than 35¢ out of every consumer dollar; in the Soviet Union the share is more than 50¢; in India, it's 60¢.

And this also goes for many of the other basic necessities of life—including clothes and shelter. As a result, we have a larger share of the money we earn left to spend on goods and services (other than necessities) than people anywhere else in the world.

Working after 65

My mother will soon be 65 but she doesn't want to retire immediately. If she goes on working, will her earnings, which so far have been rising year after year, help to increase the amount of the Social Security benefit for which she will qualify when she does decide to retire?

Your mother's earnings and the Social Security contributions made in her later years will definitely affect her future benefits. In fact, she might not qualify for any Social Security benefits at all without working past age 65 if she does not already have the required number of "credits." A woman reaching 65 in 1973 needs a minimum of 4½ years of work under Social Security in order to get retirement benefits.

Buying a Car Abroad

Our family of six plans a motoring trip in Europe next spring. We want to pick up an automobile in Germany, drive it for a month or so in various countries, and ship it back with us. Will we be permitted to lump together our six $100 exemptions when we come through United States Customs? Is the 3 percent Customs duty levied on the purchase price of the car? Or is it levied on the amount the car is worth as it rolls off the ship—after a month or so of wear and tear?

Assuming, as you say, that the car is for your own personal use, has been acquired abroad in connection with your trip, and comes home on the same ship with you, you may make a joint declaration. Thus, you can use all your exemptions—$600 total—toward the value of the car. You declare the actual purchase price to the Customs officials.

However, the 3 percent Customs duty is applied only to what the Customs officer determines to be the "dutiable value" of the car. Note: A key point is that your car *must* meet all current motor vehicle safety and emission standards in effect in the U.S. at the time it was manufactured. If t car you buy meets these standards, will bear a permanently attached c tification label stating that it is compliance with U.S. motor vehi standards.

Tax-deductible Contributions

We are moving to a new house in a other state, and I'd like to give a truc load of used furniture, curtains, drap and similar household furnishings—n to mention old clothes—to our churc My question is: how should I hanc the value of these gifts for income t purposes, for there surely is a hu difference between what I'd get fro a used furniture or used clothes deal and what I'd have to pay to repla these things, even in their present co dition. I know I have to handle th correctly at the start. What is t guideline?

In general, the Treasury Departme considers the value of your charital contribution to your church to be wh you'd get from the used furniture a used clothes dealer, not what y would have to pay to replace the iten But in some cases taxpayers have be allowed to deduct what an ultima consumer would have to pay rath than the amounts they would get fr a dealer.

To illustrate: say a dealer would p you $250, and say your replaceme cost would be roughly $1,000. If y feel sure of yourself and aren't afra of a Treasury fight, give your items your church and prepare to take a d duction of $1,000. Otherwise, settle f $250.

EN

DENTISTS WANT TO SAVE TEETH, NOT PULL THEM.

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As you'd expect, many dentists recommend the PY-CO-PAY toothbrush. After all, it was designed to make it easier for you to brush right.



Use PY-CO-PAY twice a day. See your dentist twice a year.

DVERTISEMENT

When I was fat, I had to "act" happy. But at 128 pounds, I can be myself.

By Lorraine Marks—as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

T'S A kind of self-defense, laughing at your own fat. Like the water ballet I once took part at the Country Club. At 260 pounds, it was mpossible for me to sink *or* swim. If I dove un- er water, I bounced right back up again. So I nally rolled over on my back, stuck a rose in my outh, a tray of drinks in my hand and floated stardom amid a bevy of slender beauties.

Believe it or not, I weighed only 110 pounds my wedding. But in less than a year after the rth of my daughter, I had gained 50 pounds. nd it was up, up and away after that.

As the years rolled on, my family could see hat was happening to me, but not how it hap- ened. That's because I was a secret eater. I'd uy a chocolate cake for dinner but never take



Here I am, mimicking Sophie Tucker. In one way, I had a lot more to offer my audience: 260 pounds.

piece in front of anyone. Then, when everyone as in bed, I'd get up and, if half the cake was eft, I'd eat it. Next day, before my family got ome, I'd buy another cake just like it, eat half nd they'd all think I hadn't touched a crumb.

I attribute my eating to my parents' never llowing me to have sweets as a child. When I narried, I decided to eat what I wanted. Nerves nd emotions, of course, compounded the situa- ion. Yet my husband never insulted me. Once, owever, he did proposition me. "Lose some veight and I'll buy you a mink stole." I took im up on it and took off 50 pounds. But no ooner did I have the stole than I started to sneak eat again. I knew better, too, because I'm a Registered Nurse. I just continued to lie to myself and cover up with funny acts.



Isn't it great I look like this for my 25th wedding anniversary? It's the best gift I could give my husband.

The only place my clowning around didn't take was the golf course. Good thing, too, for in the end that's where I finally learned my lesson. You see, when the men were playing for fun, they wanted only slender girls as partners. When they were out to win, they took me on. I'd broken 100 more than once. Unfortunately, I won my reputation in men's golf shorts. Nothing else fit. That's what finally brought me down on the scale. I wanted to wear a skirt on the green.

Thank heavens I'd seen those Ayds® ads. Since everything else had failed, I thought maybe those reducing-plan candies might help kill my craving for sweets. When I bought my first box at the drugstore—the chocolate fudge kind—I learned from the list of ingredients on the outside of the package that Ayds contains vitamins and minerals, but no "filler" substances, like cellulose, and no drugs.

I started taking Ayds as directed: one or two before breakfast, then juice and an egg. Midmorning, I'd have Ayds and bouillon. That was my own idea. At lunch, Ayds, soup and salad. And at dinner, Ayds, then probably chicken, salad and milk. And Ayds anytime I woke up hungry in the middle of the night.

It took a lot of losing before people began to notice. But the Ayds plan worked, and I went down and down on the scale. The first 50 pounds actually took me six months to lose. After that, it came off faster because I think my stomach had shrunk.

Of course, I lost my fat roles in the Club's shows—like playing Tessie O'Shea and Sophie Tucker. But, thanks to the Ayds plan, I got my applause other ways—from my son, daughter, husband and a lot of new golf partners.

Incidentally, I'm not a new loser. My weight's been off a few years, but I still remember Ayds in case my scale and I have a showdown. After all, I don't want to have to go back to "acting" happy when it's so much nicer to be myself.

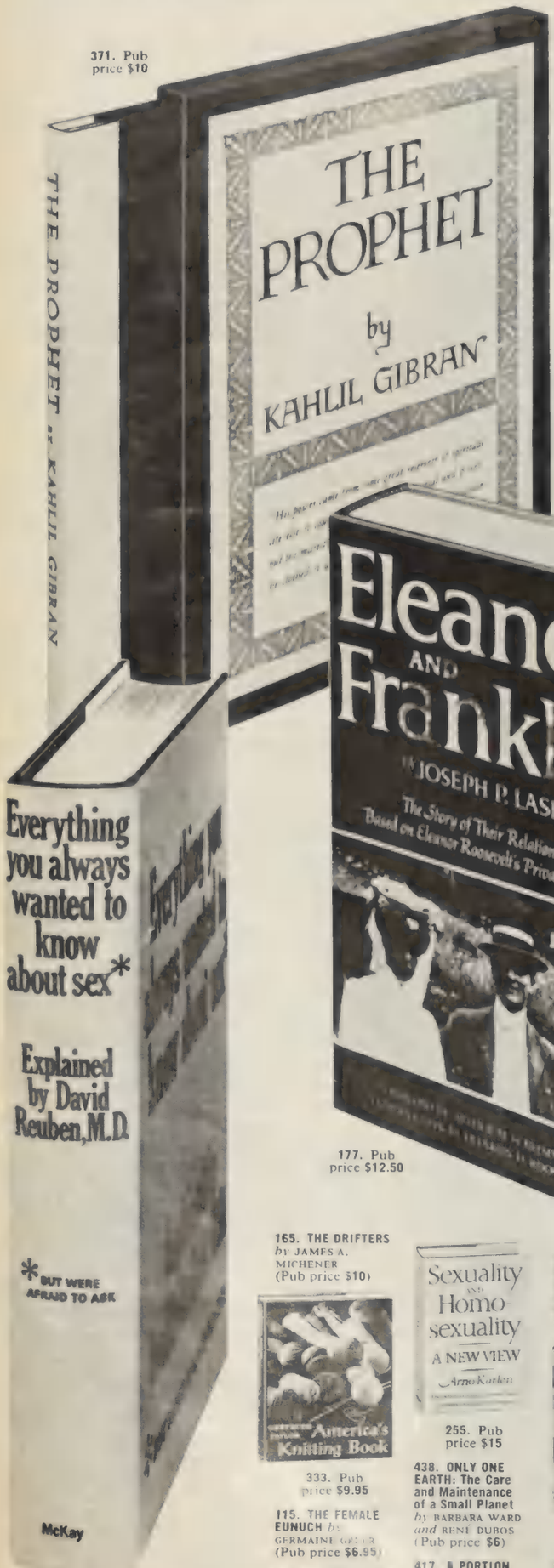
BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After
Height	5'4½"	5'4½"
Weight	260 lbs.	128 lbs.
Bust	46"	37"
Waist	44"	26"
Hips	app. 46"	34"
Dress	24½	8-10

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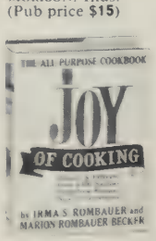
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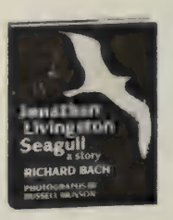
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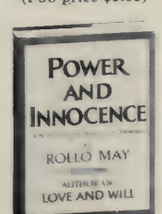


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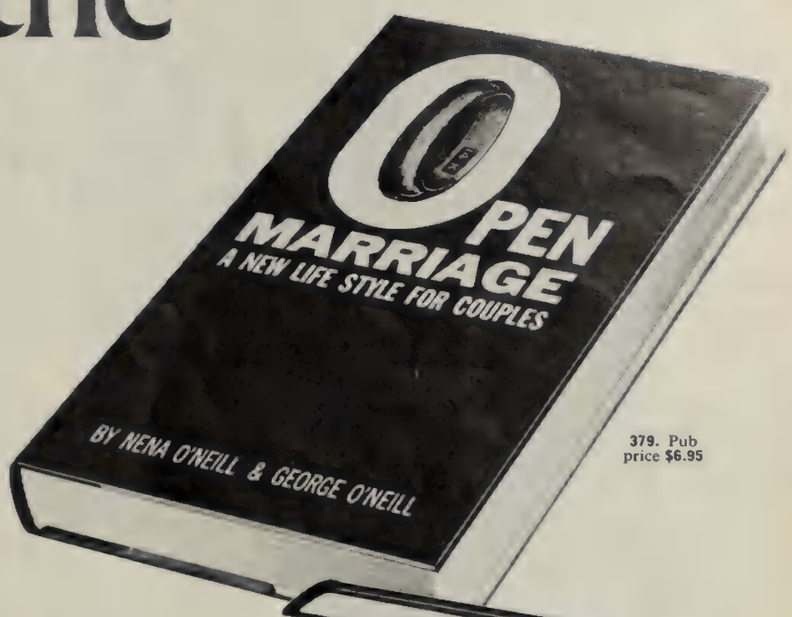
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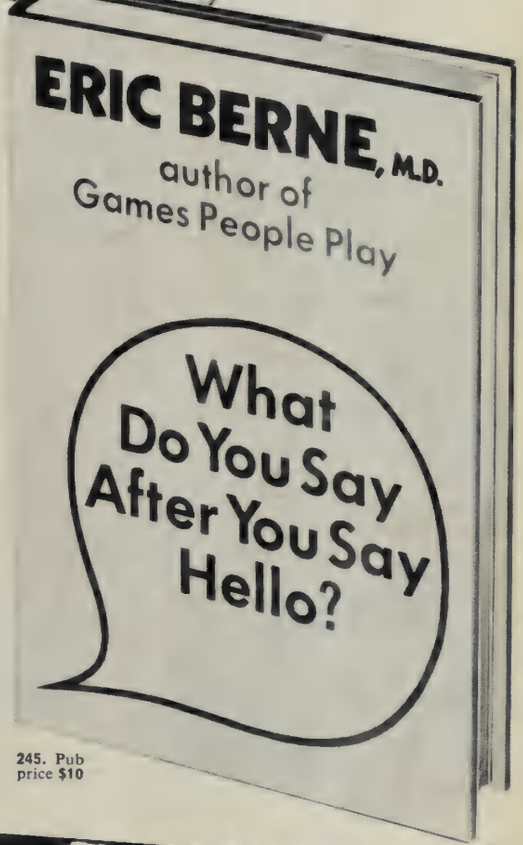
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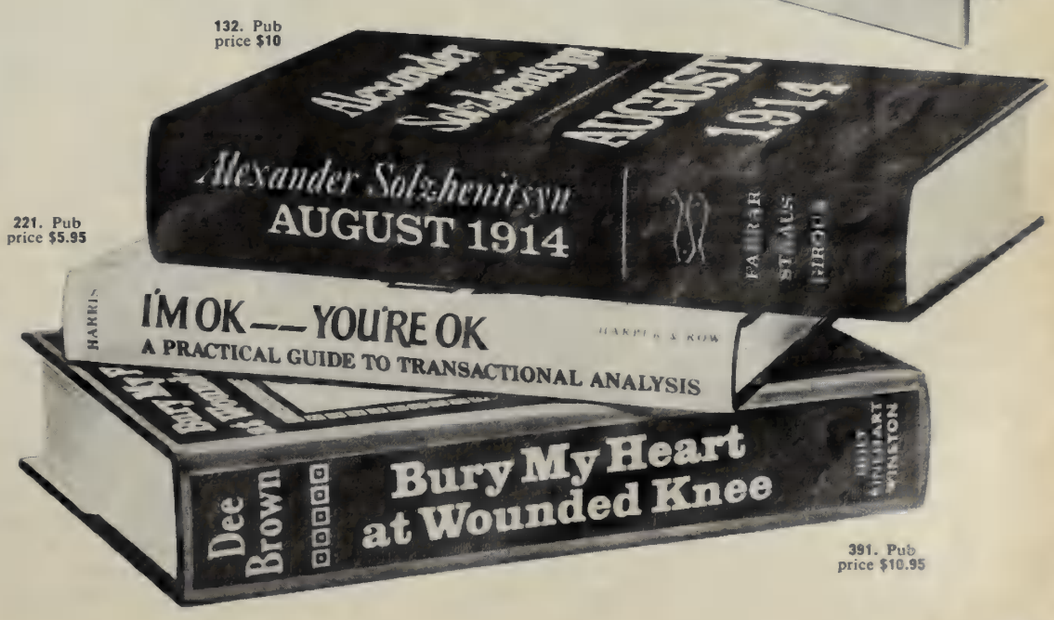
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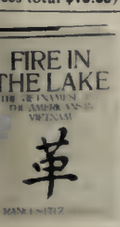
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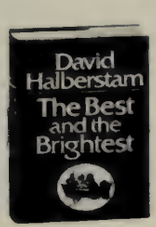
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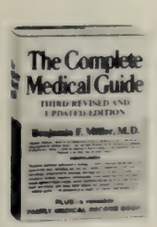
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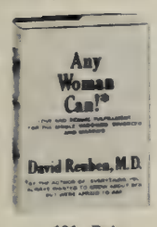


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THE WORKING WOMAN

BY LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

Must women who want to work endure bosses who want to play? Must the "sexual dimension" dominate every job situation involving men and women? Here, Letty Cottin Pogrebin separates fact from fantasy.

Why are we all so fascinated by the subject of sex on the job? Is it because at any time in our working lives, someone else's experience can suddenly happen to us?

As every working woman knows, sex has been used, abused, and accused of many things. Sure, some bosses extort sex in return for a promotion; sure, some women try to enhance their job status by making a sexual alliance with a corporate bigwig; and sure, some husbands use the specter of office sex as a scare tactic to discourage their wives from going back to work.

But the public in general has vastly exaggerated the clichés of the swinging career girl, the lecherous boss, and the orgiastic office Christmas party.

During 13 years in business, I never saw an orgy. And I have met more average working women who consider a job a job than frivolous husband-hunters who consider a job to be a cruise-ship mixer. Needless to say, sex is a big part of life. What I object to are the myths and misconceptions that make sex a special problem for working women. Take the following common axioms and you'll see what I mean:

When a man and woman work together they can't help having a sexual dimension to their relationship. It's only natural.

The words "only natural" are a red-flag cue that someone is trying to keep women firmly "in their place." Notice how the *vive la différence* men who emphasize and rejoice in our "femaleness" also use it to deny us employment!

- A Supreme Court justice interviewing law clerks wouldn't hire an attractive woman who was a law school honors graduate—because it would "look bad" when he and she had to work together late at night.
- A film distributor refused sales jobs to two experienced women because they would have to travel around the country with the men on the sales force. The employer was afraid the trips would involve more sex than selling.

As long as a woman is viewed primarily as a pretty face and a sexy body—instead of as a person with a brain and individual talents—people will continue to read sex into every male/female encounter. And women's job advancement will continue to suffer as the ever-present "sexual dimension" gets in the way of our fair and equitable treatment.

- "The men in my office see me as an object for sexual conquest," says an insurance adjustor. "None of them take me seriously when I try to talk business. They think I'm there to choose a bed partner rather than make a living."
- A Detroit blue-collar worker, a woman, is bewildered by a recent experience. "One of my co-workers and I were good friends both in and out of the plant. People couldn't believe that a man and woman could be just friends. Nasty rumors started about us and I lost my job—but my friend is still there. Why is it always the woman who pays?"
- "My boss is always teasing me or making suggestive comments," says a computer programmer. "I know he'll never promote me. He sees me as a potential mistress, not as a potential executive."
- An administrative assistant asks: "How can a man listen to my project report if he's focusing on my blouse buttons?"

In a case that epitomizes the sexual bind in which business women can find themselves, a courageous woman brought suit against an employer who had made it part of her job function to have sexual relations with him. The court ruled that sex could not be part of the "terms and conditions of employment" for a woman unless it also applied to all the men who worked in the firm. The idea of a man having to sleep with this male employer in order to keep his job put the problem in its proper perspective.

I don't believe that women are less sexual than men, but I do think we resent being treated solely as sex objects—especially when such treatment costs us money.

For every ten men who treat a woman as a sexual ornament around the office, there may be one woman who exploits her own sexual attractiveness for all it's worth. Because she flirts, teases, dresses provocatively, and seems savagely competitive with other women, we usually say she's asking for it. I suspect there's a more complex and compassionate interpretation. Such a woman is usually so lacking in self-esteem that she thinks her sexual allure is her only strength. Call a woman a "broad" and she'll act like one. Erode her self-confidence, notice her only when she arouses the male libido, and she's apt to believe that sexuality is the only barter she can trade on.

Women can sleep their way to the top of any business.

The underpinnings of this lie are even more infuriating than the lie itself. What it really suggests is that a woman couldn't possibly have achieved success by virtue of her superior ability and hard work. This assumption that women travel up the ladder of success by lying on their backs is demeaning at all levels of employment. But it becomes particularly fierce in the elite strata of big business, where a successful woman is a threat to male dominance of the top salary jobs.

I'm not saying that *no* woman has ever tried the bedroom route to the boardroom. But I do say that it's far from common, that it rarely works, and that no one has the right to put a woman down by attributing all her job triumphs to sexual trickery.

We can learn something from women who *did* buy this myth and tried to make it work for them:

- "I was looking for a Henry Higgins who could make me his Fair Lady," admits a public relations woman. "I fell in love with my boss' hero image and I expected all his business knowledge to rub off on me in bed. But it didn't happen that way. Close up, his image crumbled. I saw he was a scared phony. It set me back a lot. If that's what it's like at the top, who needs *it*!"
- A media buyer for an advertising agency talks about her affair with an account executive: "I wanted an exciting job with lots of responsibility, but I knew women could only go so far at our agency. So I had an affair with a man who had the kind of job I couldn't have myself. Behind the scenes I helped him make decisions and solve problems. Living vicariously was pretty frustrating. I began to wonder if he loved me or my secret contributions to his job. Finally, I realized that his power was mine on loan only for as long as the affair lasted. You can't sleep with power, or marry power; you have to get it on your own."
- "I was living with him at home and spying for him in the office," says an executive secretary about her ex-boss. "From the information I got for him on the secretarial grapevine, he was able to maneuver a major promotion for himself. But the deal was, when he moved up he had to keep his predecessor's secretary. So without a word he left me behind. I loved him and I didn't stay with him for what he could do for my career. But I've learned that sex on the job loses you dignity and doesn't gain you a damned thing."

Women who have consciously avoided the sexploitation game offer some cogent explanations:

- "Some men accuse me of being 'masculine' because of my hardheaded commitment to my career," explains an actress. "I found that they wanted to get into bed with me to cut me down to size—to make 'a woman' out of me. That's a pretty sick reason to make love."
- "I'm thirty, I'm single, and I'm not a virgin," confesses a business woman. "But I don't mix work and sex. It would diminish who I am and what I'm doing on this job."
- A copy editor takes the practical approach. "Getting involved with a man sexually could affect my bar gaining power. I would feel uptigh about asking for a raise if I wer sleeping with the guy I have to ask I know I'd shortchange myself rath er than have a confrontation."
- "I'm the only unmarried wom an in our school," says a youn teacher. "The principal intimate that he won't recommend renewal o my contract if I don't 'warm up' t him. The gym teacher hints he' make trouble for me in the teachers union if I keep putting him off. It' all so sordid and sneaky. I believe i having sex for pleasure and love- not for fear of reprisals."

These women are willing to qu their jobs rather than compromis their principles. Countless othe women say that the question of se has simply never come up in the work lives. And there are thousan more, married and single, for who sex belongs after marriage and on with one's husband—whether th woman works or not.

Marriage means less in the bus ness world. Married men and wome fool around more readily on the jo

Taken at face value, that stat ment should be patently absurd, b cause we each carry our standar with us wherever we go. Marria either means commitment and e clusivity or it doesn't. All of us kno that some people make *liaisons da gereuses* at a neighborhood part But when the same kind of peop get together at the water cooler it blamed on the corruptive influen of the business world. Nonsense.

I've never found it difficult to r ject a come-on. In my view, cheati in marriage is reprehensible for bo sexes and in all situations. Neverth less, I respect the testimony of ot ers who don't see things that way:

- A woman lawyer describes a r warding affair she had before s married: "I never hesitated abo getting involved. We were equa Neither of us were playing stat games and the sexual intimacy e hanced our working relationship the firm. We paid closer attention one another's feelings as well ideas. Now, when I feel sexual brations toward a man, I measu the risk. If its not an *enormous* traction, why should I compromi my marriage? If an affair ever we to appear irresistible, I would ha to think about whether I should st married at all."
- "At first I thought my affa would be therapy for a bad marria and an unsatisfying sex life," says nurse. "Now I see that I got involv with another man because I need an excuse to leave my husband."
- "I married young and I nev had sex *(continued on page 12)*

□ *Letty Cottin Pogrebin, 33, is auth wife, and mother of three. During her year business career, she rose from file cl to vice-president—and she wrote a best-s ing book:* How to Make It in a Man's Wor



Every season has days you can't–and shouldn't–forget

Remember the day when the snow felt so powdery you thought you could separate the flakes and count them?

Everyone was in a beautiful, giggly mood—especially you.

You were a confident bundle of energy. Being that supremely confident posed no problem because Tampax tampons were protecting you.

Your feelings about Tampax tampons are shared by many women just like you. That certainly must be why more women prefer them over other tampons. Internally worn Tampax tampons were designed to make your life easier, more comfortable. Removal is no problem. The withdrawal cord is chain stitched the entire length of the tampon for extra safety.

Best of all, Tampax tampons take away worry, take away embarrassment, take away your last reason for not joining in. No wonder you've put your trust in that Tampax tampon reputation.

Who'd stay home on a snow-day, a ski-day or any day? Certainly not you!



The internal protection more women trust TAMPAX

MADE ONLY BY
TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

A collection of special features from our readers, compiled by Evan Frances



Here's a family whose love of children runs deep. They have adopted some, sheltered others. In all, an inspiring testimonial to the future of family life in America.

"We knew right from the start we wanted children, so if it had been possible I'd probably have had a dozen. Since it wasn't, we took somebody else's dozen!" So explains Nancy Jean Jones, 37, wife of the Reverend William Jones, 40, Presbyterian minister of Dundalk, Md., a suburb of Baltimore. The dozen the Joneses have had changes from year to year, sometimes from month to month but there are three constants: two adopted children—David Lloyd, 13, Julia Ann, 9 . . . and a foster child, Anne Louise Charles or "Charlie," who recently celebrated her 16th birthday. The rest of the dozen are some 30 "shelter children," who have been placed temporarily with the Joneses over the past several years until the state can find a permanent home for them.

The Joneses—Nancy Jean Wittenberger, of French and German ancestry, and William Jones, of Scotch-Welsh strain (Nancy quips, "Bill's folks were too poor to afford a middle name")—met at Wilson Teacher's College, Washington, D.C. They were married soon after graduation and as Nancy puts it, "I went on to secretarial work and a Ph.T. (putting hubby through), while Bill earned his divinity degree at Union Theological in Richmond, Va."

Bill's first parish was in Manasses, Va., 30 miles south of D.C.; then they moved to Dundalk, where they've now lived for six years. It was in Dundalk the Joneses began to take in shelter children and as Nancy says, "the nest really filled up." After three childless years (a common problem, but especially sad and frustrating to this child-loving pair), they decided to adopt children—first David, and four years later, Julie.

The Joneses never made a secret of the adoption to anyone—in fact they started telling the children themselves about it as part of one of their bedtime stories. This story became such a favorite that the children would beg for it every night: "Mommy, please tell me where you got me." How do the children feel about being adopted? So obviously secure that when David was six, one of his friends went crying to his parents, "I want to be adopted like David Jones." Both he and Julie are proud "Mom and Dad chose us." In the case of Anne, who had been a shelter child, neither the Joneses nor Anne could bear the eventual parting, so they asked for her to be left with them under the state's new "Ma and Pa" program for foster children.

A "Ma and Pa" home is a normal home with couples who are willing to take in youngsters who cannot continue to live in their own homes because of serious family problems. Sometimes these are young persons from reform schools or detention centers. Hundreds of such youngsters—judged delinquent for causes such as running away from home (as in the case of Anne) or actual crime—have been so placed across the state.

Chief protagonist for this new type of home is Dr. Neil Solomon, Secretary of Health and Mental Hygiene for the state of Maryland, who convinced the state legislature to take juvenile offenders from under the jurisdiction of the Department of Correction and place them under his department, where focus is on rehabilitation rather than on incarceration. The program not only gives a child a chance to relate to the real world; it also costs a lot less (under $4,000 as compared to $10,000 a year per person in an institution). Thanks to that pilot program and the social consciousness of folks like the Joneses, there may be no need for a single reform school or detention center in all of Maryland within ten years!

When we asked recently what makes her so happy in her new home, Anne, a pretty, bouncy eleventh-grader at Patabsco High, answered, "I guess it's because we laugh a lot. It's the first time I've been in a home where there's no yelling or screaming. And it's the first time I've been able to really be myself."

The Joneses meet with other "Ma and Pa" parents once a month to discuss teen-age matters such as allowances (Anne gets $7 a week but it's spaced out during the week to prevent feast-and-famine behavior), separate telephone (the Jones' kids have one "or there'd be no parish business conducted on the phone—they're such gabbers"), curfews, dating, interference of natural parents, household-chore assignments, pay for babysitting (Anne is paid to sit for David and Julia at the same rate the Joneses would have to pay any other babysitter), etc.

Did David and Julie feel threatened by Anne's coming to be with them permanently? On the contrary: Julie begged to have Anne share her room, and Anne, given a choice of a bedroom of her own, preferred to share Julie's. That leaves a bedroom free for shelter children for whose temporary care, incidentally, the state provides $10 a day. Right now, the Joneses have such a "shelter" child, Christine, 14. And the three Jones children—David, Anne, and Julie, work to make the shelter child believe there can be a future for her (or him) just as there is now for them.

Are the Joneses rich that they can afford all these children? David Jones' salary is $8,860 a year, and his home is provided by his church. "Hardly munificent," says Nancy, "but the money's not important. Being a family is! What we lack financially we more than make up for with love." And speaking of love, it runs deep in the Jones family.

After each child's adoption, Nancy's whole family from Syracuse and Bill's from the D.C. area converged to welcome the newcomer. And when, in June of '72 the Joneses won permanent legal custody of Anne, back came the clan to rejoice.

Are there ever problems with the children? "Of course," says Reverend Jones, "or none of us would be human. This summer, during our vacation, when David, Anne, and Julie got out of hand, I upbraided them as I'd never done before, at least not to Anne. While I was laying down the law, I caught the most beatific look on Anne's face. I was nonplussed. Anne told Nancy later that she was absolutely delighted because then she knew she was really one of the family."

"One of the family," a phrase that probably says more for the future well-being of life in America than any other we know. We came away thinking if the world could keep up with the Joneses of Dundalk, Md., it could be a better place to live in.

COMPLAINT OF THE MONTH • Safety in Our Streets



"I've read about muggings and commiserated in my heart with the victims but now it has happened to me—on a dark street in my own *"safe"* hometown. If that street had been brightly lighted, I feel sure it wouldn't have happened. How can we get such proper lighting to help deter crime?" We asked one of our congressmen, Edward I. Koch (D., N.Y.) whom we knew had introduced a bill (H.R. 114022) to establish a "Federal light on crime program." That bill would mandate the spending of $30 million by the Federal government in each of the next three years for the installation of high-pressure sodium-type light in high-crime areas of cities. Says the congressman, "Because they virtually turn night into day, they undeniably help deter crime." After such installations, crime in Washington, D.C. dropped 31%; in Gary, Ind., 60%. (See before-and-after effect in photos, left.) Congress adjourned before the bill could be passed, so it is back in committee awaiting reintroduction. Write your representatives to support it and your senators to introduce a companion bill in the Senate. Also, write to the Street and Highway Lighting Bureau, 200 E. 42 St., N.Y.C. 10017, for a free brochure, "5 Reasons and 18 Ways to Improve *Your* Street Lighting."

Send us your complaints. We'll print those of general interest as we can. Write: Ladies' Home Journal, Complaint of the Month, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Today your husband left on a business trip.
You've finally got a chance to start
reading that new novel.
And somehow, tonight, you don't feel like
eating those leftovers.

It's a good day for Stouffer's.



Beef Pie. One of 35 Stouffer's Frozen Prepared Foods.



Stouffer's

BABY OF THE MONTH • Has Fun—Will Travel

Our most recent reckoning ranks Christopher second only to Michael in popular boys' names today. Most illustrious bearer of the name was Saint Christopher, patron saint of travelers, especially ferrymen. Legend has it he carried wayfarers over a bridgeless river, one of them a child who seemed a crushing weight and whom he chided, "Had I borne the whole world on my back, it could not have weighed heavier than thou." The child replied, "Marvel not, for thou hast borne upon thy back the world and Him who created it!"

Beatified a saint, Christopher was demoted in 1969 "for lack of factual evidence" but his stature is undiminished with baby-naming parents. Take, for example, our Baby of the Month, Christopher James Bernat, born November 8th, 1970, and adopted soon after by Bonnie and Ronald Bernat of East Moline, Ill., who two years before had adopted Chris' older brother, Jeffrey. Nor do we lack factual evidence about Chris' traveling proclivities: he prefers anything on wheels (cars, cycles, ferries) to cuddly toys or pets . . . and he's walked since before he was a year old.

Chris leaves nothing to chance, reports Bonnie: "He calls, 'Mommy, mommy, I'm crying,' just in case I hadn't noticed!"

Send us a picture of your baby up to two years old. (Keep a duplicate; we cannot return pictures.) We'll pick a winner and send you a framed enlargement. Write: Ladies' Home Journal, Baby of the Month, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.



PARTY OF THE MONTH • Round the World

Mary Lou Turner of Benson, Ariz., offers this ticket to see the world while you party in your own backyard:

"A number of couples here like to travel, but since time and tabs preclude exotic trips, we journey vicariously through parties—with food, costumes, music, art, dance, games, and customs indigenous to each foreign land, all of which we learn about from research, assigned by specific subject to each couple. So far we've traveled to India, Albania, Hungary, Greece, and France. Our most recent argosy was to Japan with invitations in Japanese." (Ed. Note—Mrs. T. enclosed one and it was a calligraphic delight.)

"For each of our dinners we contact libraries, extension divisions of Arizona University and Oklahoma State U., my alma mater. We've spent an evening in Paris savoring quiche lorraine and vintage wines, listening to Maurice Chevalier and Yves Montand records—dressed in our formal best. For our trip to India, we wore caste marks, veils, turbans, and saris. An Indian friend in Tucson taught me how but I didn't grasp the fine details of sari wrapping, and all night long our saris kept slipping. We finally resorted to those prosaic unthinkables—safety pins! As bells we'd hung from a patio fence tinkled gently in the southwest wind, we sampled curried dishes and fish cooked in buttermilk. A delicious meal!

"Many foreign recipes have become standard fare in our homes, we've built up a library of foreign cookbooks and travel posters, we've made friends of wonderfully interesting people in our quest for lore—librarians; U.N. delegates, newspaper and magazine editors to whom we've written; foreign students, faculty, and shop keepers whom we've buttonholed for information on our intended foreign country. Next on our agenda? A Hawaiian luau!"

What are your favorite party ideas? Tell us and we'll print them as space permits. Write Ladies' Home Journal, Party of the Month, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

SPARE-TIME MONEYMAKER • The Great Frame-up

A passel of pictures and grandchildren propelled two self-styled "antique nuts," Mrs. Marty Westfall and Mrs. Pearl Ellis of Carmi, Ill., into making "antique" frames. Their profitable "Pearl-Mar Gift Shop" happened because these proud grandmamas, one in her 50's, the other in her 60's, were determined, as they put it, "to have family-tree picture walls containing photographs of our grandparents, parents, ourselves, our children, and finally, our little darlings—the grandchildren—Pearl has nine and I've got six. To show off our families, we neeeded about 50 to 60 frames in various sizes." They scoured local antique shops with little success because their budget rebelled at the exorbitant prices—so the picture walls were all but forgotten.

Then one day, while browsing in a hobby shop, they saw several plastic frame molds replete with scrolls, florals, and cherubs—the ornamental flourishes that make real antiques so appealing and expensive. Marty reports, "Pearl must have had her fingers crossed—I know mine were—when we made our first purchase: one mold in each size plus 100 pounds of plaster, and, of course, a how-to-plaster-cast book. Then the experiments began. By the end of our first day we had made one frame from each mold. Then, after we decorated them to blend with our decor, they looked as lovely and authentic as the few real antique frames we had." Before long, the partners-in-plaster had their picture walls. That was just the beginning, however. As friends came into their homes to admire the "family tree," they asked for some frames. One friend in particular, an antique dealer, ordered 20 unfinished frames, which she lacquered, painted, gold-leafed, silver-rubbed for her customers and for local shops. The response brought in hundreds of orders.



"The time came when we felt limited by our molds. We needed new designs but they were non-existent. Then Pearl suggested we learn how to make our own molds. After many weeks of trial and error we mastered the technique, so now we can make frames no commercial house can furnish," Marty says proudly. Prices range from $2 to $8 for unfinished frames; $8 to $12 for finished ones.

Their first year's earnings totaled $2,150. Because this year promises to be even bigger, they've asked another grandmother, Elsie Harlow, to join them. (In the picture, from left, are Marty, Pearl, and Elsie.)

All the women agree: "It's not the extra money, it's doing something creative that make us feel so good! The days simply fly."

Are you a housewife who started a profitable business in your spare time? If you are, or know someone who is, write to: Spare-Time Moneymakers, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

WOMEN OF THE MONTH • The Pursuit of Happiness

Mrs. Mary Williams runs the "Community Clothes Closet" in Oakland, Calif. Everything in it is free, even Mrs. Williams' time and energy. When she's not at home mothering her children or working as a part-time playground attendant (to help support her family), she's in the "Closet," formerly in the YWCA, now in a school. Hats off to this truly dedicated volunteer!



Pam Waters could have been a fashion model, but chose, instead, to design buildings that contain elements to please the eyes and bodies of the people who pass by, into, up, and through them: glass portholes in elevator doors that reveal graphics as they soar; soft vinyl telephone booths; an undulating brick sidewalk that also includes swivel seats; ceramic murals that can be changed with the seasons (holly at Christmastime, flowers in the spring).

Pam is grateful to Mel Kaufman, who gave her free rein with his newest building in Manhattan, because he shares her belief that "A builder can give back to the community some of what he took away by making the ground floor area the public's welcome mat" . . . and her faith that "People will know we're doing something special to make them happy so they won't vandalize it."

Tell us about an outstanding woman in your town. Write Ladies' Home Journal, Women of the Month, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.





Shouldn't your next cigarette be True?

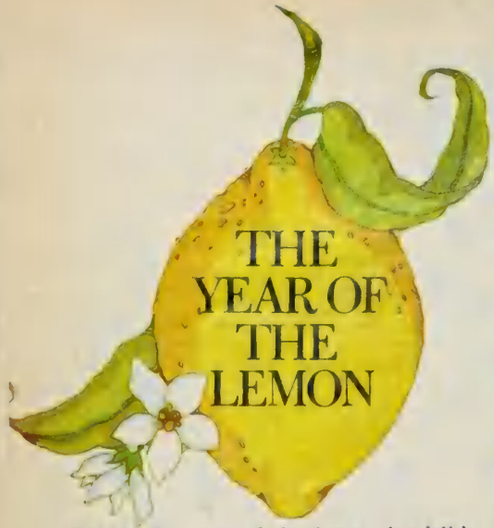
Of the twenty best-selling brands only one is lowest in both tar and nicotine. True is the one.

In fact, True (Regular and Menthol) is lower in both tar and nicotine than 98% of all other cigarettes sold. Think about it. Shouldn't your next cigarette be True?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

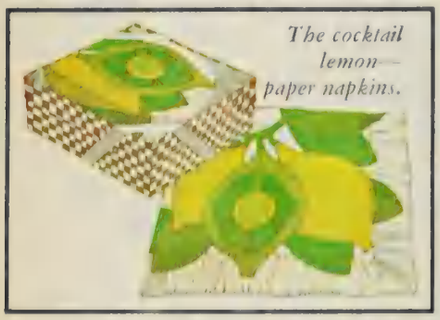
Regular: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine.
Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72.

© Lorillard 1972



THE YEAR OF THE LEMON

This is the year of the lemon landslide. Lemon is the color, the motif, the irresistible scent that is casting a glow on this year's proceedings. Wear it; decorate with it. Color a corner, a room, or even a whole house with it and let the sunshine pour in to brighten even the darkest days.



The cocktail lemon—paper napkins.



Lemon, lemon, burning bright—a variety of shapes and sizes.



Lemon Living—a sitting room/guest room enveloped in lemon. A ripe lemon rug runs wall to wall and then meets up with four yellow walls. The corduroy-covered sofas convert into beds, making this a place for pleasant dreams by night. Just to make sure no one misses the motif, there are old lemon prints on the walls and an Oriental bowlful of fresh lemons and ivy on the console.



The lemon look—a fresh color for fashion tops.



The lemon fork—makes a cup of tea more elegant.



A grove of lemons on a tray and matching glasses

Photographs by Tosh Matsumoto. Drawings by Marie Michal Simmon's Hide-A-Beds; Bloomcraft fabrics; Bigelow carpet; Tyndale lamps.



Cool the fever.

The miseries of a cold or the flu don't have to be that miserable. Take Bufferin®.

Bufferin's pain reliever not only starts going to those aches and pains twice as fast as plain aspirin, it also reduces the fever as effectively as any plain aspirin tablet. And Bufferin's special ingredients help prevent the stomach upset plain aspirin can cause.

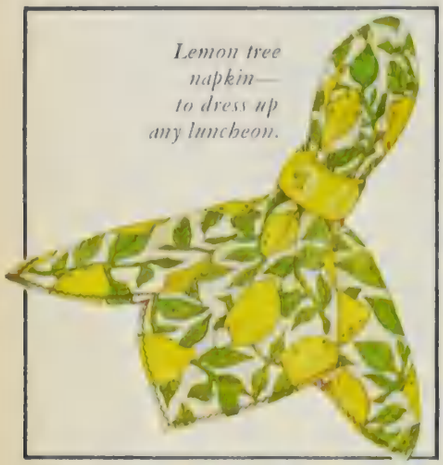
, Bristol-Myers Co.



Sculptured lemons atop a ceramic tureen—most appropriate for a lemon dessert.



The lemon cocktail napkin and coaster adds a special touch to the party.



Lemon tree napkin—to dress up any luncheon.



Lemons growing on fabric to cover a side chair.



There's nothing fresher than this textured lemon placemat.

The Luxurious Lemon—A lavishly lemon bedroom that is as cheerful as a summer garden. Lush flowers and fruit grow on the fabric-covered walls, curtains, and the yellow hooked rug underfoot. The sunny setting is a perfect backdrop for the painted furniture. A lemon lamp sheds even more light on the subject.



Greenbaum Bros. furniture; Bloomcraft fabric; Tyndale lamp.

If Colgate is just a kid's cavity fighter, how come Amy Vanderbilt won't brush with anything else?



Fresh breath is just good manners. And who should know that better than Amy Vanderbilt. That's why her toothpaste is Colgate. At a party, or at home with friends, Colgate helps keep her breath fresh and well-mannered.

Sure, Colgate is a great cavity fighter. In fact, only your dentist can give teeth a better fluoride treatment than Colgate with MFP. But clinical test results show it freshens breath as long as a leading mouthwash. Colgate has powerful breath-freshening ingredients. And a clean, brisk taste that says they're really working.

Next time you see that familiar red and white tube, think about what's in it for you. Amy Vanderbilt wouldn't think of brushing with anything else.



Colgate with MFP...the breath-freshening cavity fighter.

©1972, Colgate-Palmolive Company

Lemon shine



Citrus scent



Bracelets: the lemon twist



Lemons to dry by paper guest towels.





Lemon Bath—A dressing room/bath that is having a love affair with the lemon. Citrus soaps and scents, shampoos and other lemon potions are on hand to help start or end a beautiful day. The setting combines the splendor of richly damasked walls and velvety shag carpeting with the simplicity of wicker and straw. The flower arrangement is a happy blend of paper, plastic, and real dried pods.

Lemon seasoning—ceramic salt and pepper.



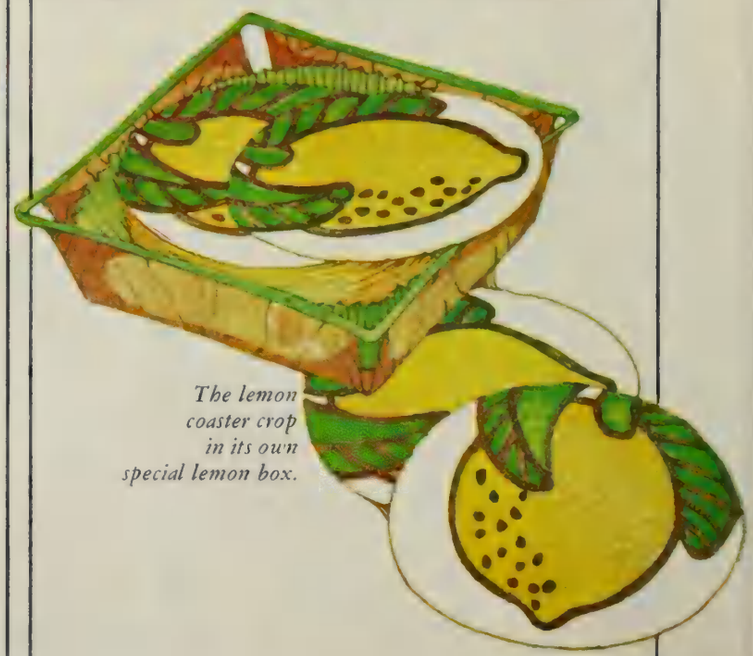
The lemon-covered sauceboat



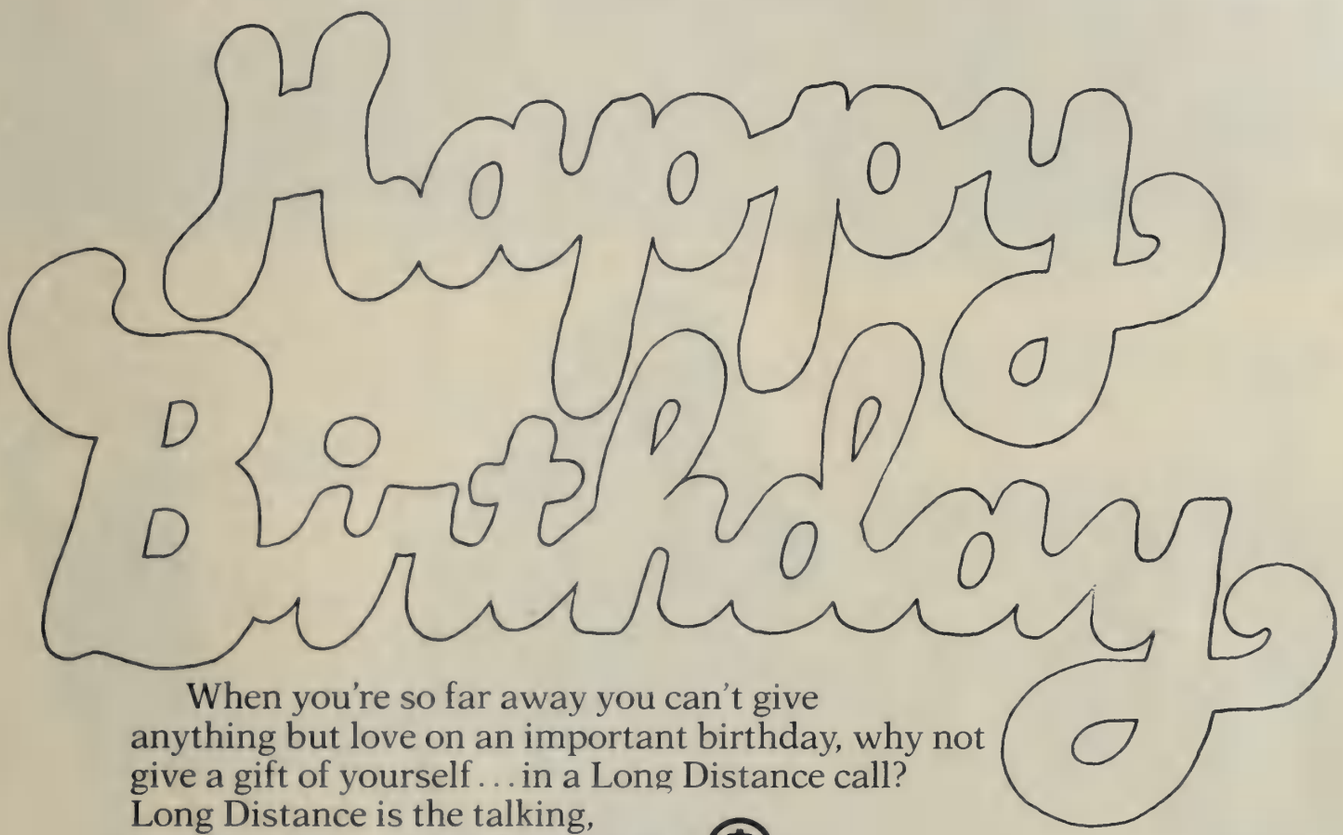
The lemon shave—for a smoother look.



The lemon coaster crop in its own special lemon box.



Sears' yellow wicker furniture, damask, towels, and rug.

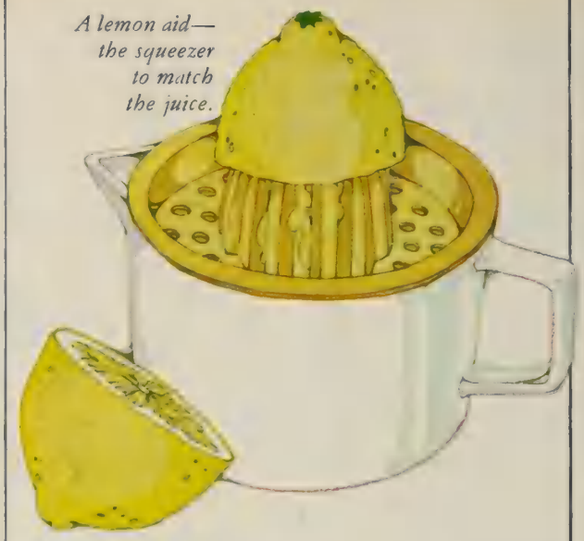


When you're so far away you can't give anything but love on an important birthday, why not give a gift of yourself . . . in a Long Distance call? Long Distance is the talking, laughing, loving birthday greeting.

Lemon labeling—buy them ready-cut, or cut your own.



A lemon aid—the squeezer to match the juice.





Lemon drops—compact and convenient.

Lemon à la mode—lemon lights up a cheerful kitchen corner that is both lovely to look at and pleasant to work in. The color of lemon crops up in the china, flatware, and in all the brightly painted furniture. The fruit itself is portrayed in pictures and in raffia. And then, of course, there's the real thing piled into baskets and jars to add flavor to every course from soup to dessert.



Lemon zest—a miniature grater that's handy in any kitchen.



The lemon coat—belted and pocketed for a new shape.



Shopping information on page 118

Thonet bentwood furniture; Lane Co. étagère.



During the 1890's, everybody wanted to know the secret of Mr. McLellan's prize-winning smoked hams. Even Mr. McLellan.



You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS.

Slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke.



Regular: 17 mg.''tar,''1.2 mg. nicotine—Menthol: 18 mg.''tar,''
1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'72

ing: The Surgeon General Has Determined
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Fashions: John Kloss for 499 Div. Kloss—Pruzan

Store bought.



1. Cheese cake, from the store.

2. Gingerbread, from a mix

3. Cherry tart, theirs.

4. Ice cream, from the sto

Home made.



1. Cheese cake, from the store. Top it. Like this: melt ½ cup butter or margarine with ½ cup sugar, 3 egg yolks, 1 t. grated lemon peel and ¼ cup fresh lemon juice. Stir over low heat until thick. Your cheese cake looks and tastes home made.

2. Gingerbread, from a mix. Make it. Then glaze it. Here's how: blend 2 cups confectioner's sugar with 1 t. grated lemon peel, 3 Tb. fresh lemon juice, and 1 Tb. warm water. Pour over warm gingerbread. Looks, tastes, smells fresh.

3. Cherry tart, yours. Use 6 store bought tart shells. Bake 'em. Fill 'em with cherry pie filling (right from the can) freshened with 1 t. grated lemon peel and 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice. Chill. Garnish with lemon slice. Very simple. Very special.

4. Ice cream, from the store. It can be elegant. Combine 1½ Tb. sugar and 2 t. cornstarch in a pan. Add ⅓ cup strong cold coffee, 1 Tb. coffee liqueur and 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice. Bring to boil. Reduce heat. Cook until thick and clear. Add ¼ t. vanilla and 2 Tb. blanched, slivered lemon peel. Pour over ice cream.

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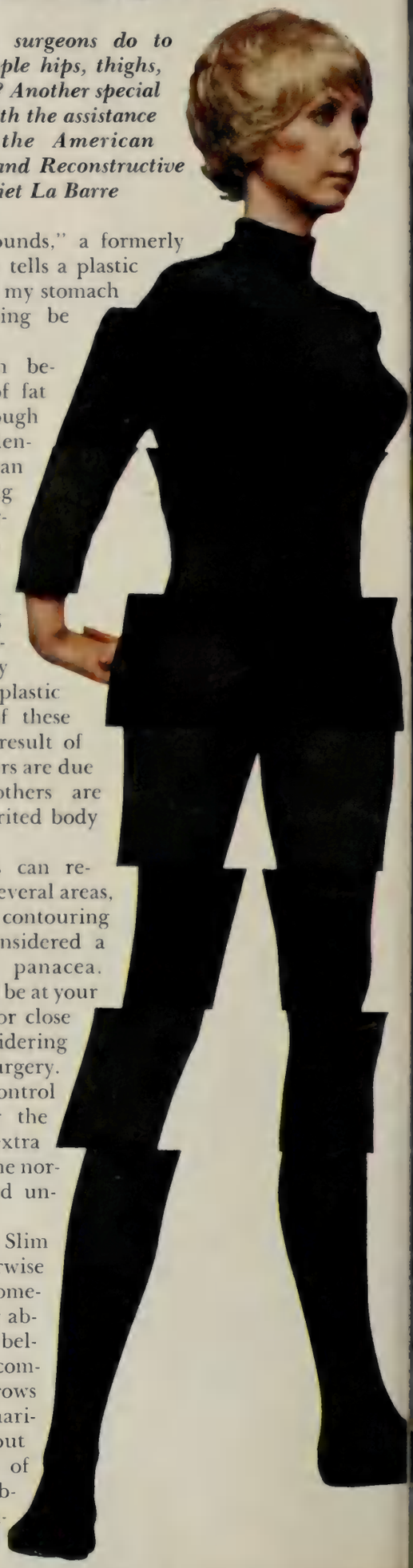
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BODY CONTOURING

What can plastic surgeons do to resculpture too-ample hips, thighs, stomach, and arms? Another special report prepared with the assistance of members of the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons. By Harriet La Barre



"I've lost forty pounds," a formerly overweight woman tells a plastic surgeon, "but now my stomach sags. Can something be done about it?"

Another woman bemoans the pads of fat on her hips, although she's otherwise slender. A third woman asks if her sagging thighs can be corrected surgically.

These complaints typify the body contouring problems that people—particularly women—bring to plastic surgeons. Some of these problems are the result of losing weight; others are due to aging; still others are caused by an inherited body build.

Plastic surgeons can reshape the body in several areas, but such body contouring should not be considered a weight-reducing panacea. Ideally, you should be at your optimum weight, or close to it, before considering body-contouring surgery. And you must control your weight after the operation, since extra weight will make the normal scars tight and unsightly.

The Abdomen: Slim women with otherwise attractive bodies sometimes have sagging abdomens. This "pot belly" is relatively common as a person grows older. It is not primarily a fat problem, but results from loss of muscle tone in the abdominal wall—principally *(continued)*

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because as people age they exercise less. When a person gains weight and then loses it, the result is also sagging, loopy skin folds in the abdomen, usually accompanied by skin rashes. Sometimes a woman develops a weak abdominal wall after pregnancy, and, even if she exercises properly, the muscle fibers fail to regain their former tone.

Patients request an abdomen "lift" for a variety of reasons: a desire to be more athletic, more attractive, to be able to move more easily, or to be more comfortable. Some people with pendulous abdomens have unsatisfactory sex lives because they feel physically unattractive. Formerly obese individuals request the operation simply because their sagging abdomens are a constant, irritating reminder of being fat.

The abdomen lift operation is called a lipectomy. With the patient under a general anesthetic, the plastic surgeon makes either horizontal or vertical incisions (depending on the problem) and removes the excess tissue and skin. If the patient has a malformed navel, the surgeon can make it more attractive by reducing or reshaping it. If the problem is a post-pregnancy loss of muscle tone, the surgeon may pleat the underlying, overly relaxed tissue of the muscular wall and remove the excess skin, thereby creating a neat, flat stomach.

This operation lasts from three hours (to correct a post-pregnancy "pot"), to four hours or more for a formerly obese person (removing up to 10 pounds of tissue and skin). The dressing is a tight bandage that usually goes completely around the body. In some cases a patient may wear an abdominal support for two months or more. The operation is a major one; post-operative pain, when present, can be controlled with medication. The hospital stay involves several days to a week or more, depending on the complexity of the procedure. Surgical costs range from $750 to $2500.

The scar in the post-pregnancy "pot belly" operation extends from hip to hip, just above the pubic hair line. The scar will pale considerably, but will always be perceptible. When the operation is performed on a formerly obese person, the incisions are far more extensive and the scars are thicker. These scars also fade but usually remain more noticeable. Formerly obese patients will be more physically comfortable, look better in their clothes, and be more active—but they cannot expect perfection.

Bulging hips and buttocks: A woman may be slender down to her waist, but often she has an unsightly cushion of fat on her hips and buttocks. It is simply the body build she inherited; neither diet nor exercise will remove it.

Surgical removal of this fat deposit usually entails a two- to three-hour operation. With the patient under a general anesthetic, the surgeon makes an incision curving from the seat crease up across the buttock toward the hip. He removes the excess tissue that forms the bulge and cuts off the overlapping skin. With the bulge gone, the upper buttock is flat.

Slack or heavy inner thighs: Hip and buttock problems vary; sometimes a woman has a fatty hip bulge and also slack or heavy inner thighs. Here, the surgeon will make somewhat different incisions so that he can also tighten or slenderize the inner thigh. In either case, the final scar runs along the seat crease, and curves out and up toward the hip.

While the scar in the seat crease is not conspicuous, the portion of the scar that curves up toward the hip is visible. It will fade somewhat in 6 months to a year, but it won't completely disappear. The woman who undergoes this operation must accept this scar in exchange for losing her fat bulge.

The operation is considered major: the patient usually stays in the hospital several days to a week for both types of lift described. She begins walking after two days, and can sit comfortably in about two weeks. Post-operative pain is moderate and controllable. Surgical costs range from $1000 to $2500.

Sagging or heavy inner thighs can also be corrected separately—to eliminate discomfort and skin rashes. With the patient under a general anesthetic, the surgeon makes an incision in the crease of the groin and around to the natural seat crease. He loosens the skin from the tissue on the leg's inner side down about an inch, removes excess tissue, then pulls the skin up taut and cuts out a half-moon of excess skin.

The patient remains in the hospital for several days to two weeks (or a week in the hospital and a week in bed at home), and walks stiffly at first. Very limited activity is recommended for the first three or four weeks. The operation is major, but post-operative pain is easily controlled. The scars, in the groin and seat crease, are less conspicuous, but not entirely hidden. Surgical fees range from $1000 to $2500.

Drooping buttocks can be corrected, with pleasing results. This condition can come from poor muscle tone, loss of weight, age, or a fat metabolism problem. In this two-hour-or-longer operation, with the patient under a general anesthetic, the surgeon makes an incision below the buttocks, in the seat crease. He then removes excessive skin and fat—giving the patient smaller, trimmer buttocks. The scar is in the seat crease. The hospital stay is approximately a week or less, and post-operative pain is moderate and controllable. Surgical costs range from $750 to $1500.

Upper arm problems can be corrected to some minor degree. Plastic surgeons generally refuse to perform a "slenderizing" operation on heavy upper arms, since the operation leaves an armpit-to-elbow scar that cannot be concealed. But women who have slender upper arms with inner surfaces that are sagging or wrinkled can have an operation that lifts and tightens the skin. However, a crescent-shaped scar is left in the armpit, and the scar can be seen when the arm is raised, so the woman must be willing to wear at least short sleeves.

This operation takes about half an hour and is done under a local or general anesthetic. The surgeon makes a two- to three-inch incision under the armpit, pulls the loose, sagging skin on the inner side of the arm up taut, then cuts off the crescent of extra skin. The patient leaves the hospital the next day, and the stitches are taken out two weeks later. The operation is minor and pain is moderate. Surgical costs range from $250 to $750.

In body contouring, as in any surgery, there is the risk of possible complications; among them drainage problems and possible separation of the wound. Since these operations generally involve fatty areas which aren't able to cope with bacteria as well as other tissues, the patient is more subject to infection.

Anyone contemplating body contouring should be aware that body incisions do not heal as well as facial incisions. Facial scars usually fade and become almost invisible. This is not true of body scars, particularly below the waist and on the extremities, where there is more tension on incisions.

Scars can often be made narrower by another operation—a "scar revision"—when the original healing is complete. Some surgeons charge for revisions, others include it in their initial fee; the patient should discuss this with the surgeon in advance.

People contemplating body contouring often ask the surgeon to show them photographs of people who have had similar operations—to get a realistic idea of what the final scars will be like. However, some surgeons do not believe in showing patients such photos. The patient may conclude from these pictures that her operation will be similarly successful; and this implied warranty could mislead the patient and prove embarrassing to the surgeon, since surgical results vary widely. **END**



"She belongs to so many *clubs . . ."*

AMY VANDERBILT

continued from page 34

The rolls are placed either in the f of the napkin (a very formal way) on the butter plate. It is quite accep ble for you to nibble on the rolls fore anything is served, if you w (but not before the invocation, if th is to be one).

Knitting During Meetings

Is it discourteous to knit or croc while listening to long reports in co mittee meetings?

If no one on the committee has brou handiwork like yours, I would certa ly ask if the others minded your do it during the proceedings. If an o side speaker is brought in, you sho not work, as it is frequently distract for a speaker to look at an audie and see knitting needles or croc hooks flying—even though he or knows that this work doesn't actua interfere with the listener's attenti

Bridal Shower

A widowed friend who has her o home is marrying a man who has b a bachelor for many years. Would i appropriate to give her a shower?

Because many of them have colle a lot of belongings, widows and di cées are not given showers. Should be given, it is usually limited to l gifts—just for the fun of it. You m suggest a joint shower for the wi and her fiancé. I know of one coupl similar circumstances who were gi a bottle shower. Friends brought tles of wine, liqueurs, champagne, the groom's favorite Scotch. A gro shower is fun, too, with every stretching his or her imaginatio find all kinds of interesting gour foods.

Calling Unannounced

Is it right for someone to stop by y home without first telephoning?

When I was young, my mother dressed and ready for unannou callers every afternoon by 4 o'cl Then it was unnecessary to ask if might visit—unless you were a wishing to call on a young lady. T it is different. There are few serv to tell unwanted callers, "Madan not at home." Intimate friends s times do drop in on one another announced, but even close neigh often do well to have an agreer that they phone before dropping have had many clergymen write t that this modern rule did not app them, and I have some letters fro older generation saying that pas calls are always welcome. But I yet to hear from a young homem saying the same thing. Even pas calls, it seems, are better made by pointment. But I'm willing to liste those who disagree.

Wedding Invitations

Have you ever heard of weddin vitations and announcements issued in the names of both the br and groom's parents?

This is a Latin custom and is not erally followed in this country. also used by some Jewish families by Mormons.

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OPENING CHAPTERS

continued from page 79

dangerous—it meant "sail at your own risk"; blue was "fair"; white was rare—and completely safe.

But I wanted red—it brought the mystery of being frightened. I wanted to be tossed and somersaulted in those colossal waves. I wanted to swim out to the farthest barrel and pray I would get in again—with excitement along the way. It was my sea—and because I loved it I thought of it as my friend. Just as you think a close friend won't hurt you, I trusted it: I always will. Everything else has changed—but not the ocean, the dunes, the sea grass, the iodine smell of seaweed, the sound of crashing waves, the feeling of freedom to walk, to breathe, and to imagine.

How fast the summers passed. It seemed it was yesterday, June 1st, that school was out at last. All our belongings were packed and heaped into a navy blue four-door Ford convertible for the great trip to East Hampton.

Imagine—our summer would be an uninterrupted three months! Not one day of returning to the city—unless I broke my braces! On the way out, the inevitable childhood question was asked at least a thousand times: "How much farther is it?" Smithtown was the halfway point. We were allowed to stop there for ice cream cones. My mother had usually been admonished by the police for speeding by the time we got there. When I heard their car whistle I was convinced it meant life imprisonment, and I would burst into tears as they approached our window.

After Smithtown (which no longer exists on the route), one started to recognize landmarks – the huge white stucco duck on the left, then Watermill, with the big duck farm on the right. Now one realized how flat the land really was, covered with potato fields, shingled houses with creaking porches set behind post and rail fences, soon to be covered with honeysuckle and rambling roses. Flies on banging screen doors would shortly be another sign that summer had begun.

Finally we were coming into East Hampton. We had just passed the veterinarian's house, where we spent a great deal of time, and I could see the traffic lights ahead.

We would turn right, and in three minutes I would be home, back on my bike and off to visit all my favorite haunts. I desperately wondered if anything could have changed. Nothing had. I felt it was waiting for me to return. There were no disappointments.

By now it was evening. I had to return and not really willingly unpack my summer wardrobe (though it was far better than school uniforms!). It didn't take long, as it consisted mainly of four pairs of shorts—one red, one blue, one white, and one gray. The latter was for special occasions. We also had four striped shirts and two pairs of sneakers. Everything would be well used by September. Of course, the less you have, the simpler your life is; mine was pretty simple—mostly concerned with eating triple-decker ice cream cones, frequently covered with chocolate sprinkles, swimming at The Maidstone Club, attempting to learn how to play tennis, but mainly enjoying the root beer and laughs between the lessons.

My sister was deeply involved in riding, which left me quite free—except when I was forced to ride our mean piebald pony called "Dancestep." One unforgettable day I was thrown three consecutive times trying to jump my first fence, which was the last thing in the world I wished to achieve. Each time my father, in his gabardine suit and black patent leather pumps, made me get back on, saying, "Lee, you cannot leave this ring without getting that pony over. If she knows you're scared of her she will always have her way with you." She always did, and I ended the day with a chipped front tooth and a hoofprint on my stomach.

The only fun part of riding for me was the various "Costume Classes" we would enter in summer horse shows. But the village fair was the high point. I could enter my dog—a Bouvier des Flandres called "Caprice"—in several important classes and take no risks with "Dancestep," who would pull a straw wagon. In between all these various events I would roll joyously down the hill at the village green, which I realized on my return after many years was merely a gentle slope. How strange it seems that one imagined everything, from houses to hills, as being so huge.

I suppose if I had never left I wouldn't have noticed so many differences. I would have taken every summer for granted and never have been haunted by sea smells and images of winding tar roads, our hideout, the irresistible visits to the haunted house—covered inside with broken glass, turned over tables, and blood (or so I imagined!). I might not have appreciated the beautiful sadness of autumn, when abandon was finished and the rules of school and the limits of city life began again.

Ridiculous but exciting

What fun it was—all the ridiculous, simple things we did! The excitement was tremendous. One day in August we made five dollars selling lemonade, but only because we became so desperate that we moved our stand into the middle of the road!

Why don't cars still have running boards that I can give my children rides on, or rumble seats like the one on my grandfather's polished maroon Stutz? I can still hear the noise when he pressed his foot down on the accelerator for five minutes before moving. Sometimes I felt embarrassed, but once we got going I was delightfully secure.

Maybe the best weekend was returning to East Hampton for Halloween—all the roadstands sold fat pumpkins and squash gourds. We were so busy scooping them out, cutting their faces, making their hats, and playing games like dunking for apples. Why was it such fun to gather polished chestnuts and be fascinated by the feel of their satin veneer?

Now it was fall and there would be no more trains to meet our father on—until next summer. No more rushing to put pennies on the track before the Cannonball from New York arrived on Friday evenings. Not until June—and that seemed an eternity away.

Picasso said, "When I was fourteen I knew I could draw like Michelangelo and I spent the rest of my life learning to draw like a child." I understand that so well, because in growing up we lose, and are forced to lose, all our originality, all our simplicity. That is why I look back with such love on "those precious golden days." **END**

WHAT'S HAPPENING

continued from page 10

toons could be called *And Now for Something Completely the Same.*

What can be done?

Don't think the executives haven't responded to the recent shelling. These men are not evil, after all. George Heinemann of NBC, Allen Ducovny (CBS) and Michael Eisner (ABC) don't get up each morning and rub their hands in gleeful anticipation of subverting the children of America. They are in a trap of their own—the trap of ratings and commerce. The solution is probably illegal, but who knows? I suggest that instead of competing for children, the three networks get together and *conspire to do good.* Let them answer some questions and do something about it: Why is there no artistic and graphic experimentation? Why are there no fine artists like Maurice Sendak and Tomi Ungerer and Edward Gorey and Arnold Lobel and David Levine drawing for television? Why is there no program based on the abundant children's literature of today's America where so much invigorating writing is being published? Why are there no compelling or endearing stories prepared for children by Isaac Bashevis Singer or Lloyd Alexander or Joan Aiken or John Updike? Why aren't Mel Brooks and S. J. Perelman and Woody Allen recruited to bring mad laughter to children? Why aren't the writers and artists of America mobilized for children's programs? How can there be hope for network children's programing if we hear this from ABC's Michael Eisner: "We need as much professionalism in children's programing as we do in other programing. Just because their parents are asleep doesn't mean we're going to give them junk"—and then see him reach out for writers who have been responsible for *The Partridge Family, The Courtship of Eddie's Father, Gidget,* and *Petticoat Junction.* The money paid for this hack work could be far better used—imagine the writers who might leap to the thrilling challenge of writing for children—a chance to have America's children captivated instead of captured.

If you want to act for better children's programing, you may want to contact ACT. You'll get a newsletter three or four times a year. There are groups all over the country. For information write to Peggy Charren, 46 Austin St., Newtonville, Massachusetts 02160. **END**

SNOW CAME LAST NIGHT

By Helen F. Dougher

Snow came last night. I woke to find
On iron fence and gate a kind
Of joy, a feathery, wild thing
That will take wing.

O magical, enchanting snow!
From other winters long ago,
Come traveling the starry way
Horses and sleigh

And children wearing sweaters bright
And bells that jingle in the night
And whiteness settling everywhere
Like angel's hair.

CHILDREN

continued from page 32

word *home.* Never having kn
home, he substituted for it the
that he *had* known—a house:
the teacher insisted on correcti
the boy substituted *hole* for *hou*
teacher had shown him that sh
view a house as an acceptable
tute for a home, although *he* ha
forced to be satisfied with it. Sc
tired even further, into a hole
he buried himself emotionally. F
ilar reasons, he was unable to
spell *love,* for which he regular
stituted *life.*

The boy's reading difficulties
this point, were restricted to a
substitution for a few offensive
the new words were relatively a
riate, started with the same lett
had as many syllables as the r
word. But his second substitu
life for *love,* was again not acce
the teacher. Soon he misread r
the few words already noted,
words that started with *h (h*
(love), m (mother), and so on.
misreadings became more cop
did the correction and criticis
the teacher. Eventually the yo
gave up reading altogether.
years of hard work and of acti
couraging him to substitute ac
words for unacceptable ones, be
boy could start to learn to rea

I believe that all such misr
or reversals of letters, have sou
chological reasons that seem
once we are able to discover t
rarely has much to do with th
larity of shapes in letters, as i
assumed for the typical revers
for *d* and other such cases. Tr
two letters are mirror images, b
also point toward opposite dire
one forward, the other ba
Hence they lend themselves ex
well to representing the wish to
a situation—the loss of a loved
one's place in the sibship, or w
else might be troubling a chil
Sometimes all that such revers
press is the need to look only ba
because of horror about what th
may have in store; or, on th
hand, a wish to look only forwa
cause the past has been so dis

Good reasons for his "mist

If we are serious about disc
the cause of reading difficult
child himself will help us. But v
begin with the assumption that
excellent reasons for his "mi
and we must be able to guess th
chological causes—because th
tries to hide these reasons from
and us through his inability to
we, through our ingenuity, ha
covered the reasons, only then
openly acknowledge them. O
discover what distresses the c
the degree that he cannot read.
well, we can help him to overc
problems.

Helping children with their
learning difficulties (includin
of those currently labeled "dys
has to begin with our accept
fact that whatever children d
do for good reasons. It is our
discover those reasons, and t
help the child to master the im
living that he has acted out thro
learning disability. Once the
is dealt with, he will be able to fu
and enjoy functioning.

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DIET '73

A DOCTOR'S COMPLETE SEASONAL PLAN FOR LOSING WEIGHT THIS YEAR—ALL YEAR!

BY MORTON B. GLENN, M.D.

There's a secret to successful dieting. The secret is learning what to eat rather than concentrating on what not to eat. That secret is one reason this diet is so successful. There are other reasons, of course: its variety will stave off boredom and inevitable transgression; it's practical because it respects the life-styles of most American women; and most important of all, *it really takes full advantage of the availability of seasonal foods!*

Why is that last reason so important? Because, despite the blessings of refrigeration and rapid shipping, most of us still eat largely on the basis of what's in season. It's obvious that tangerines are a winter fruit and peaches a summer fruit. What is not as obvious is that meats, fish, and vegetables also have a season. *"Season" refers not only to availability, but to price and to taste.* Strawberries, for example, cost less and taste better in summer.

Just as we don't dress the same in summer as we do in winter, so we need not diet the same way. Here I've outlined a Four-Season Basic Diet.

On this program you will probably lose extra weight the first week. This does not mean you will lose the same amount of weight each week. In fact, I call the third week of dieting "quitter's week," because most dieters reach a natural plateau about this time, but then recover to lose an average of two pounds per week. Do not quit—unless you are thin enough!

The Basic Four-Season Diet is shown below. You'll find the winter, summer, spring, and fall variations under the seasonal headings later on. Since, presumably, you will be starting to diet now, we'll begin our seasonal breakdown with the winter plan.

THE BASIC FOUR-SEASON DIET

Breakfast:
1 whole fruit or 4 oz. juice
Protein: 2 oz. cottage cheese or
1 egg or ¾ oz. hard cheese
Carbohydrate: 1 slice of bread
Beverage: Black coffee, tea, skim milk, etc.
(See seasonal charts for variations.)

Mid-morning:
If desired, tea (with lemon) or black coffee

Lunch:
4 oz. seasonal extra—low-calorie juice or clear soup
Protein: 3 oz. meat, fish, or poultry, or
2 eggs, or
1½ oz. hard cheese, or
4 to 6 oz. cottage, pot, or farmer cheese
Carbohydrate: 1 slice bread, or
½ cup vegetables, or
1 fruit
Salad: any quantity of salad greens dressed with lemon juice, tomato juice, or a low-calorie diet dressing (See seasonal chart for permitted variations.)
Beverage: Black coffee, tea (with lemon), skim milk, etc.

Mid-afternoon:
If desired, tea (with lemon), or black coffee, *and* 1 fruit

Dinner:
4 oz. seasonal extra low-calorie juice or clear soup
Protein: 6 oz. meat, fish, or poultry
Carbohydrate: 1 or 2 vegetables—each portion never to exceed ½ cup (try not to repeat the same vegetable two days in a row)
Salad: any quantity of raw vegetables (see seasonal chart) dressed with lemon juice, tomato juice, or low-calorie diet dressing
Dessert: 1 fruit or ¾ oz. hard cheese, or sugar-free dietetic gelatin or pudding
Beverage: Do not drink artificially sweetened soda *with* dinner; learn to give up having any sweets with dinner. Have a diet soda as a mid-afternoon or evening snack

Evening snack:
If desired, tea (with lemon) or black coffee, and 1 fruit or
¾ oz. hard cheese

Anytime:
One, but preferably two, 8-oz. glasses of skimmed milk or fat-free buttermilk. The basic dinner pattern is similar to the lunch pattern, but expanded. Dinner may be taken as either the mid-day meal or as the evening meal. If dinner is taken as the mid-day meal, then lunch is taken in the evening, and would be more appropriately called supper.

Note: When measuring liquids, remember that 8 fluid ounces equal 1 cup.

But before we get into the matter of what's best to eat at what season of the year, I want to say something special about that all-important meal of the day every season of the year—breakfast! Do I hear you say, "Oh, I can do without it—why should I waste calories when I don't have to?" Like all other nutritionists, I feel that breakfast is the one meal you *must* eat. Why? Because you're not saving calories by skipping breakfast.

Having breakfast is the surest way to prevent "hidden hunger." This is the hunger that builds up during the day—the hunger that is responsible for nibbling in the late afternoon, often to the extent that by the time dinner arrives you are too full to eat your regular meal. Keeping your blood sugar under control by spacing meals will result in better ability to control eating the extras. A breakfast of 200 calories makes a lot more sense than an unnecessary 500-calorie nibble later in the day. Eat breakfast. In fact, eat it within one hour of rising. The diet day that doesn't start right rarely ends right.

WINTER

Breakfast

Fruit. Winter is truly orange and grapefruit season. Start the day with 4 oz. fresh orange or grapefruit juice. Alternate this with a half grapefruit or a sliced orange.

Protein and Carbohydrate. This is a good time of the year to combine both these nutrients with a ½ cup of hot cereal. You can use an individual packet of one of the new instant hot cereals. Use with skim milk, and if you wish to sweeten, use an artificial sweetener. Alternate: A boiled egg and one slice of toast. Try thin sliced whole wheat bread for variety from the usual white breads.

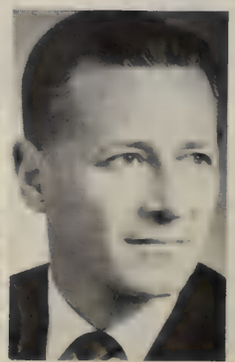
Beverage. Tea with lemon, black coffee, or try an 8 oz. glass of hot skimmed milk flavored with some coffee, or the new chocolate flavored (dietetic) skim milk powder.

Lunch

This is the perfect season for a hot soup. Use totally clear bouillon, consommé, or broth.

Protein and Carbohydrate. Winter is really turkey and beef season. There are fewer calories in turkey than in beef, so choose turkey more often, especially the white meat. Slice 3 oz. of turkey meat and serve with a ½ cup of cooked fresh vegetables. Broccoli, carrots, spinach, and cauliflower are especially in season. Or instead of the vegetable, have a ½ cup of artificially sweetened cranberry sauce. If you would prefer a hot but lighter lunch, make a cheese omelet on a non-stick pan, using 2 eggs and ½ oz. Cheddar cheese. Eat with a slice of toast.

Salads. Winter is a good time *(continued)*



Dr. Morton B. Glenn, one of America's foremost weight control specialists, is Chief of the Obesity Clinic, Knickerbocker Hospital, New York City, and Assistant Professor of Clinical Medicine at New York University's College of Medicine.

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Tide has agreed with washer makers to supply Tide coupons packed by them and to feature their washers in Tide advertising.

The makers of 18 washers pack Tide coupons in every top-loading automatic.

to experiment with new combinations: raw broccoli and mushrooms. Or if you have a plain omelet make a spinach salad and add ½ oz. of Swiss cheese.
Beverage. Tea with lemon or black coffee.

Dinner
Begin with a hot, clear soup. Try making a cabbage soup, but leave out one vegetable from the vegetables to be served with the main course.
Main Course. Though this is pork season, limit your use to lean portions only. Concentrate on turkey and lean beef. And oysters are still in season.
Vegetable. Brussels sprouts and winter squash are particularly good vegetables at this time. With your turkey try replacing one of your vegetables with ½ cup unsweetened cranberry sauce.
Salads. In the winter, there is considerable variation in fresh vegetables from one area to another. Try cauliflower buds and fresh carrot sticks.

AVAILABLE WINTER FOODS

Meat and Other Proteins	*Vegetables*	*Fruits*
Turkey	Broccoli	Cranberries
Beef	Brussels-sprouts	Grapefruit
Pork (very lean)	Cabbage	Oranges
	Carrots	Tangerines
Eggs	Spinach	Persimmons
Cheese	Winter Squash	Apples
	Cauliflower	Pears
		Bananas

SPRING

Breakfast
Fruit. Start with a ½ cup of diced fresh pineapple or half grapefruit. Early spring is a good season for grapefruit. Later in the spring, start with half a small cantaloupe.
Protein and Carbohydrate. Scramble an egg on a non-stick pan and eat with a slice of toast. On Sunday morning, try a mushroom omelet. Mix ½ cup diced fresh mushrooms with one egg, and make in a non-stick skillet.
Beverage. Tea with lemon or black coffee.

Lunch
Have your choice of a clear soup or 4 oz. of tomato or clam juice.
Protein and Carbohydrate. This is the season for veal, chicken, and fish (especially whitefish, cod, and sole). THESE ARE THE LOWEST CALORIE MAIN COURSES. The more you rely on these three items instead of beef or lamb, the more weight you will lose! Use 3 oz. of any of these items with either a slice of bread or as a hot plate with ½ cup of cooked asparagus or collards. Or poach two eggs and put on a bed of cooked fresh spinach for a dieter's Egg Florentine. Or have a melted cheese sandwich, using 1½ oz. hard cheese. Make it into a diet pizza by adding sliced tomato with oregano.
Salad. Endive and watercress are plentiful in spring. Use a diet dressing with a tomato juice base. You can make it yourself buying one of the packaged dry dressings, to which you would normally add vinegar and oil; but instead of oil, add tomato juice.
Beverage. Tea with lemon, black coffee, or skim milk.

Dinner
Start with 4 oz. of tomato juice or clear soup.
Main course. In the spring, the first thing that always comes to mind is lamb, but like beef, lamb is one of the higher calorie main courses. You can eat lamb but less often. A much lower-calorie main course is veal. Choose most of your main courses from veal, chicken, or fish.
Vegetable. Spring and summer probably offer the largest variety of vegetables, including spring green beans, broccoli, and carrots. Artichokes are also a welcome vegetable change at this time of year.
Salad. Try a salad of raw green beans mixed with endive, watercress, and spinach. Dress with lemon juice, tomato juice or a low-calorie diet dressing. *Note:* use a low-calorie diet dressing only once a day.
Dessert. Use pineapple (fresh, of course) and grapefruit until the summer fruit and melons become available in the late spring. One-half cup of rhubarb will add more variety to the dessert list.

AVAILABLE SPRING FOODS

Meat and Other Proteins	*Vegetables*	*Fruit*
Lamb	Artichokes	Pineapple
Veal	Asparagus	Rhubarb
Chicken	Mushrooms	Grapefruit
Fish: whitefish, cod, sole	Carrots	Apples
Eggs	Green Beans	Strawberries
Cheese	Broccoli	
	Collards	
	Endive	
	Spinach	
	Watercress	

SUMMER

Breakfast
Fruit. Start with a 2-inch wedge melon, half of a small cantaloupe or a cup of fresh berries. If you are having cereal for breakfast, serve the berries with it.
Protein and Carbohydrate. Cold cereals are best for hot summer morning. Use an individual package, add skim milk, and artificial sweeteners, if desired. Instead of starting the meal with a fruit, add it to the cereal. Use a slice fresh peach, or a ½ cup of fresh strawberries or blueberries. Another good breakfast protein is hard cheese. Take ¾ oz. of any cheese you cut with a knife—Swiss, Gruyère, American, etc.—with a slice of toast.
Beverage. The usual tea with lemon and black coffee, iced if you wish.

Mid-Morning Snack
Restrict yourself to clear, non-caloric liquids only, in any quantity, hot or cold. Stay away from even raw vegetables at this time.

Lunch
Use a cold soup—but the clear type only. Frozen consommé or cold jellied madrilene make a good change of pace.
Protein and Carbohydrate. On a ho

, cold chicken (3 oz.) with cold
h cucumbers and radishes, together
h a slice of toast, is a good midday
n course. Fish surrounded by to-
to wedges and two rectangles of
lba toast also suits the warm weath-
vell. And, of course, a most refresh-
summer dish is 4 to 6 oz. of fresh
tage cheese with a half cantaloupe
strips of honeydew melon. If you
e the fruit with the cottage cheese,
the toast.
ads. Summer salad greens are abun-
t and excellent fillers. Combine
r salad to make it part of your main
rse by adding 1 oz. of chicken, 1
d-boiled egg, and ½ oz. of hard
ese. Add a diet dressing and it's a
reshing Summer Chef's Salad.
erage. Iced tea or iced coffee, or
ke a fresh limeade or lemonade
h artificial sweetening.

d-Afternoon Snack
n't be Spartan! Take a snack. It will
p to control extra "tasting" when
are preparing dinner. Have a fresh
it . . . a glass of skim milk . . . or nib-
raw fresh vegetables!

ner
rt dinner in the summer with a cold
ear, of course) soup. . . . Or instead
having a 6-oz. main course portion,
e a 4-oz. main course and start with
-oz. portion of cold fish.
in course. Use chicken and fish
stly. For outdoor barbecueing, re-
mber that fish and chicken can be
rbecued as well as beef—and are
er in calories.
getable. Peas and summer squash are especially good, but do not eat peas more often than three times a week: too many calories!
Salad. Almost all salad greens are available. Try different combinations of these, dressed with lemon juice, tomato juice, or a diet dressing.
Desserts. Melons, berries, peaches, and apricots, are all in season.

In the summer a good replacement for fruit is a 4 oz. serving of ice milk, but give up one glass of milk in addition to giving up the fruit.

Evening Snack
Have a fresh fruit serving, or take a second glass of skim milk.

AVAILABLE SUMMER FOODS

Meat and Other Proteins	*Vegetables*	*Fruits*
Chicken	All salad greens	Apricots
Fish: trout, salmon	Peppers	Blueberries
Cheese	Tomatoes	Melons
Eggs	Summer squash	Nectarines
	Celery	Peaches
	Cucumbers	Straw-berries
	Radishes	

FALL

Breakfast:
Fruit. Fall is apple and pear season. Start the day with a ½ cup of cold applesauce (with cinnamon and artificial sweetener). Or start with a baked pear or apple cooked with a flavored, non-caloric diet soda to sweeten.
Protein and Carbohydrate. Put 2 oz. cottage cheese on a slice of wholewheat bread and bake in oven. Or poach an egg lightly and serve on a slice of toast.
Beverage. Tea with lemon or black coffee. Use artificial sweeteners only.

Lunch
Start with 4 oz. of tomato juice, or on cooler days, a cup of hot clear broth.
Protein and Carbohydrate. Shellfish are in season in the fall. Try 3 oz. of dill-seasoned shrimp or crabmeat stuffed into a scooped-out tomato, served with one slice of crisp toast. Or take 3 oz. of broiled beef with one slice of bread or omit the bread and heat ½ a cup of last night's left-over vegetable. Incidentally, beets are an excellent autumn diet vegetable. For a low-calorie, vitamin-rich bonus, try boiled beet tops. Or bake 1½ oz. hard cheese with a ½ cup of eggplant. Turkey is also an abundant fall food. Have an open turkey sandwich with one slice of bread if you are having lunch out. Instead of mayonnaise, "wet" the sandwich with a few slices of tomato. Another good idea is to have a Dieter's Chef Salad: loads of fresh salad greens, 1 oz. of turkey, 1 hard-boiled egg, and ½ oz. of Swiss cheese slivers.
Salads. Salad greens *are* in season in the fall, along with peppers and cucumbers. When it comes to salad, use in any quantity, and any vegetable as long as it is raw. Dress with tomato juice, lemon juice, or a low-calorie diet dressing.
Beverage. Tea with lemon, black coffee or skim milk.

Dinner
You may have a clear soup or 4 oz. of tomato or unsweetened cranberry juice.
Main course. For the dieter, fall is the season for shellfish, turkey, and beef. The lowest amount of calories are in shellfish, turkey has a moderate number, and beef has the most (even the leaner cuts). Concentrate on shellfish and turkey. Some of the lean game foods are also in season now.
Vegetable. Eggplant, onions, peppers, and pumpkins are in season.
Salads. Celery is especially tasty at this time of the year.
Desserts. Restrict dessert to one fruit. Watch the size. If they are very large, eat only half as a full portion.
Beverage. Tea with lemon or black coffee with artificial sweetener.

AVAILABLE FALL FOODS

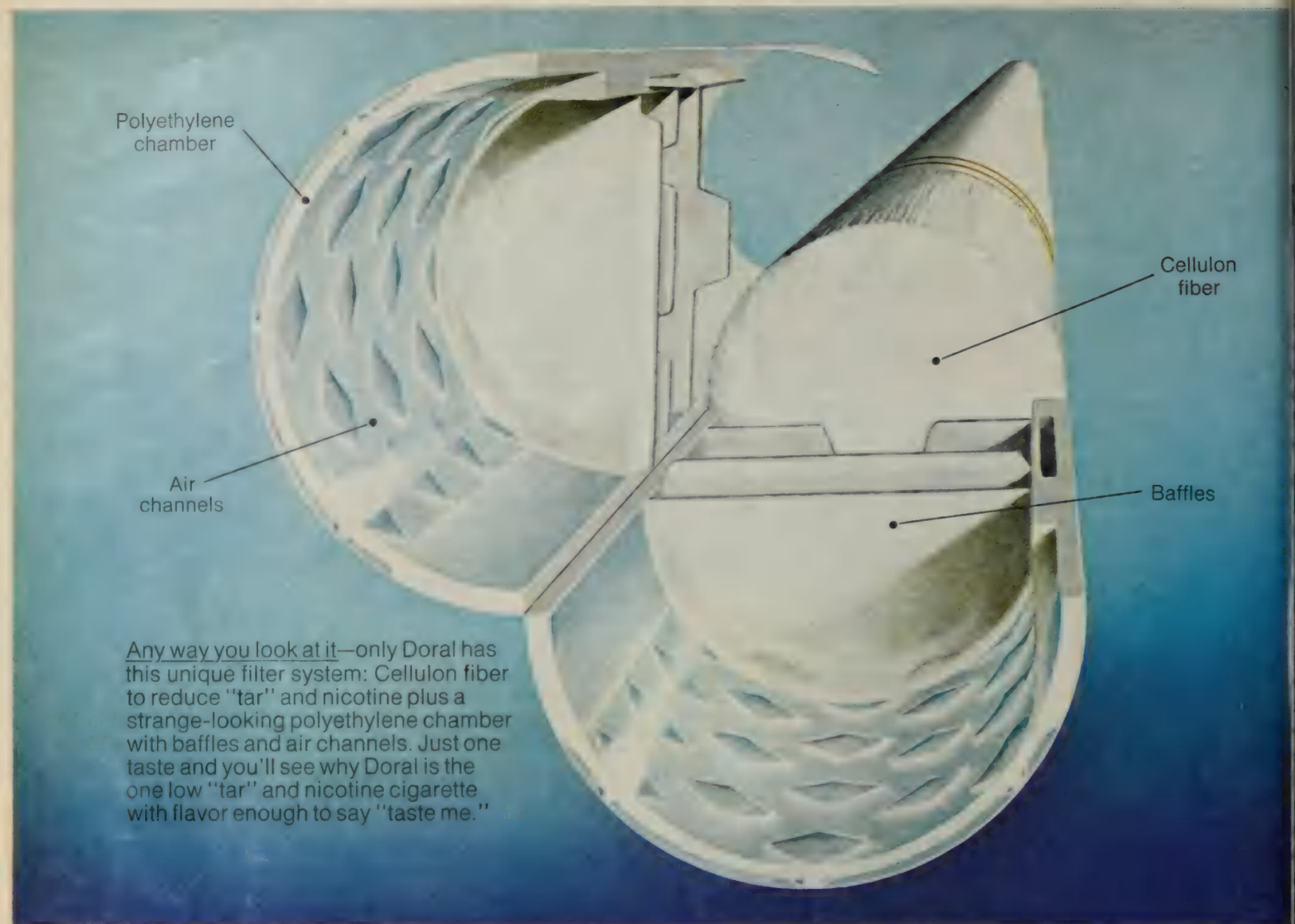
Meat and Other Proteins	*Vegetables*	*Fruits*
Beef	All Salad greens	Apples
Game hen	Beets	Fresh figs
Shellfish	Celery	Pears
Eggs	Eggplant	Plums
Cheese	Cucumber	
	Onions	
	Peppers	

RULES FOR ALL SEASONS

1. Choose fish, shellfish, poultry, and veal instead of beef or lamb. Never use goose or duck.
2. Never fry foods. Never use butter, oil, or margarine in cooking. Broil or bake all meat on a rack so fat drops off. Baste meats with consommé, tomato juice, or marinate in lemon juice. Use a non-stick frying pan only for omelets.

(continued on page 128)





Any way you look at it—only Doral has this unique filter system: Cellulon fiber to reduce "tar" and nicotine plus a strange-looking polyethylene chamber with baffles and air channels. Just one taste and you'll see why Doral is the one low "tar" and nicotine cigarette with flavor enough to say "taste me."

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"I swear you can really taste me."

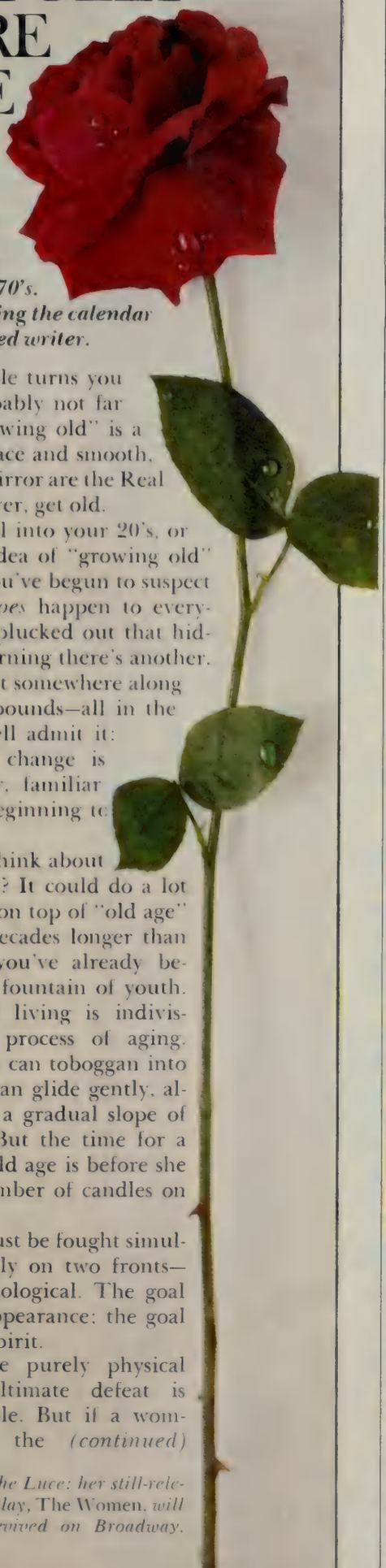


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GROWING OLD BEAUTIFULLY BY CLARE BOOTHE LUCE



…u can toboggan into old … before 50—or you can …e gently down a gradual …pe of the years into your 70's. … the time to begin cheating the calendar …ow, says this distinguished writer.

…the subject of this article turns you …off, your teens are probably not far …ind you. For you, "growing old" is a …note concept. The soft face and smooth, …n body you see in your mirror are the Real …. You will never, no never, get old.

…But perhaps you are well into your 20's, or …n 30's, and while the idea of "growing old" …sn't exactly grab you, you've begun to suspect …t it's something that *does* happen to every…ly. Only last week you plucked out that hid…as gray hair, and this morning there's another. …d your scales tell you that somewhere along …line you've put on 7 pounds—all in the …ong places. Might as well admit it: …he subtle, unfavorable change is …ing place in that dear, familiar …age in the mirror. It's beginning to …k more like mother.

…What good can it do to think about …h a disagreeable subject? It could do a lot …good. It could keep you on top of "old age" …, three, or even four decades longer than …ther or grandma. As you've already be…n to realize, there is no fountain of youth. …e biological process of living is indivis…e from the biological process of aging. …t you have a choice. You can toboggan into …age before 50, or you can glide gently, al…st imperceptibly, down a gradual slope of …years into your 70's. But the time for a …man to begin cheating old age is before she …gins cheating on the number of candles on …birthday cake.

…The battle against age must be fought simul…eously and unremittingly on two fronts—…physical and the psychological. The goal …he first is a youthful appearance: the goal …he second, a youthful spirit.



On the purely physical plane, ultimate defeat is inescapable. But if a woman has the *(continued)*

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will, she can preserve a youthful figure and the illusion of a fresh, youthful face for an extraordinary number of years. In the past few decades, thousands of articles and hundreds of books have been written, telling us how to go about it. What all this flood of advice comes down to, quite simply, is three do-it-yourself plans: exercise, diet, and personal hygiene. At any age, these are the foundation stones of physical beauty and health. The regularly exercised, properly fed, well-groomed and cared-for body remains wonderfully resistant to those physical diminishments and infirmities that we associate with age. Far more than heredity, these three plans account for why many women in their 50's look younger than their grandmothers at 35. By actual physiological criteria, they *are* younger.

Marlene Dietrich, curvaceous and slim in her black silk tights, still draws wolf whistles from her audiences. Alexis Smith, 50, and Ruby Keeler, 62, recently headlined long-run Broadway musicals. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, 43, maintains a well-exercised, almost girlish body—arrow-slim and erect on water skis or on horseback. Similarly, Mrs. William Paley, Gloria Vanderbilt, magazine editor Diana Vreeland, and Gloria Guinness, who enjoy world-wide reputations for beauty and chic, all have one thing in common—youthful figures. Granted, they are all women of means. But money never melted fat from any woman's hips. These women owe their model dimensions to regular exercise and control of their appetites.

Personal hygiene includes regular medical and dental consultation. (Our teeth, dentists now tell us, were meant to last a lifetime. They decay and are lost for one reason only—neglect.) As for cleanliness, no one needs to be told that plenty of soap and water are the greatest beauty aids ever invented.

The well-fought battle for a slim figure can be won indefinitely. You can stay spry and reasonably active as long as you live. The battle to maintain a youthful face is a different question. The biological clock ticks away, however slowly. Eventually the facial muscles weaken, the skin loses its elasticity and "time's little mice," the wrinkles come. Then not even the most artfully applied cosmetics, not even candlelight or moonlight, can conceal the fact that you are "getting on." (The plastic surgeon can perform small miracles on drooping eyelids, wattled cheeks and chins, but the results are temporary; the reprieve is never followed by a pardon from the Governor of All Life.)

Instant aging

But just as the clothes you wear will conceal or accentuate your figure's best points, so will what you put on your face make it look younger and prettier or older and plainer. I am talking about emotions, not cosmetics.

You can prove to yourself the instant aging effect that certain negative emotions have on your face by acting them out in front of your mirror. Look sullen, petulant, suspicious, cruel. These emotions, even when feigned, instantly furrow the brows, narrow the eyes, and create hard lines and prunish wrinkles around the mouth. Make facial expressions of bitterness, anger, and hate. Watch them twist and deform your features almost beyond recognition. Look cynical, critical, anxious, or fearful and you look years older. Have a good whack at looking "bored stiff," and no matter how whatever vivacity or charm your features possess suddenly evaporate. You probably will not be able to burst into angry or self-pitying tears in front of your mirror. That's too bad, because crying plays the worst havoc of all with a woman's face and form. (If you can manage to cry, try whining and complaining.) It is well known that a man can't bear to see the woman he loves cry. This is probably less because he can't bear for her to be unhappy than because swollen eyelids, a red and leaking nose, mottled cheeks, a drooping mouth, bent head, and sagging shoulders make her look so old and ugly.

Now try this final experiment in front of your mirror. Set your face in



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FIRE LOG

By Lenore Eversole Fisher

Deep in my hearth, burns summer's
Cool and sweet green shade;
Here are consumed the last soft whispers
Of my oaken glade;
Please, no resentful smouldering,
Burn brilliantly, my tree,
And crackle just to bring your leafy
Laughter back to me.

of these negative, aging emotions, try to apply makeup. You will find it is extraordinarily difficult to do nd, what's worse, makeup does not e you look the least bit prettier. netics help the face that helps .

ging is a biological process. But the at which we age is a psychosomatic ess. The effects of the mind and the ions upon the body, and vice versa, ircular. We feel old, we act old. We old, we look old. And then round round—we feel older, we act older. Maintaining a youthful attitude rd life can help us to delay for a time many of the biological pro- s of deterioration.

hat are the mental, emotional, and tual attitudes that we commonly ciate with youth? We tend to think youth is gay and full of laughter. th, we say, is curious, interested, open-minded toward people and es, ideas and things. Youth wants e where the action is, and it wants of the action. Youth is involved, mitted, dedicated. It spends and es itself freely. Youth is willing to great risks for what it desires or ves in. Youth is creative. But e all, youth lives in the present. is youth's real wisdom. Nothing be accomplished yesterday, which one, or tomorrow, which never es. (When tomorrow comes, it is y.) We can act only in the "now" ent. *Carpe diem*—seize the day.

The Real You

he Real You, the ever-changing is the person who is feeling, think- and doing *now*. Bring the past into eternal present only to guide your ons, or when, in some dark moment, need to be cheered by happy mem- s. Bring the thought of the future your mind only when it spurs you ction now. (This is the difference ween planning and day-dreaming.) here are young people—even chil- —who are habitually morose, un- ginative, selfish, cowardly, pessi- ic, or cynical. We find such youths tractive; we pity and shun them. have also known older people se attitudes toward life are views end to associate with chronological h. We find such men and women ensely attractive. We call them ung at heart." We say that they "refused to grow old." And if e people happen to be creative as as spry, cheerful, and alert, we ire them enormously.

gatha Christie wrote her 80th best r at age 80. (She has since written more.) Grandma Moses, who be- to paint late in life, was famous at nd remained prolific until the age 0. "I ain't done bad," she said, "for old lady." Israel's Golda Meir, 74. India's Indira Gandhi, 55, are firm- uiding the destinies of their crisis- nations. Senator Margaret Chase th, 75, was until the recent election of America's hardest working and t respected legislators. And, at 82, e Kennedy's unquenchably coura- is spirit keeps her active and happi- bsorbed in many fruitful activities. iologists, psychologists, and geron- gists have long been aware of the terious psychosomatic effect that individual's attitudes toward age have on her body. Now there is a awareness that social attitudes, ecially family attitudes, can also affect a person's aging process. Remember what an awful time Mom had when she went through menopause? It meant, she said, that she was now an old woman. After that, she "let herself go." Come to think of it, that's when she began to gain weight. Strange, too, how Dad so suddenly became old and drawn (and cranky and depressed) after his retirement. Retirement based on age often produces the same syndrome in men that menopause produces in women. It marks the hour when society has decreed that they are "old and useless."

In fighting the battle for psychological youth, you must fight within yourself and outside yourself, against others and for others. You must treat those who are "growing old" the way you would wish to be treated at their age.

This does not mean you should say things like, "You are looking younger every day," or "You haven't aged a bit since I saw you ten years ago." Such fatuous remarks will only remind people that you are really thinking the opposite. Treating old people in a way that makes them feel younger means encouraging them to be active, mentally and physically. It means doing things not only *for* them, but *with* them.

You *can* grow old, and you can help others to grow old, without anyone noticing—or minding. ■■■





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Opening Chapters

Lee Radziwill

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lee Radziwill is the younger of two sisters who were the adored and adoring daughters of John Vernou Bouvier III and Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss. Lee, whose destiny would encompass many careers and the title of Princess, and Jacqueline, who would one day be First Lady, grew up in the 1930's. The early part of their childhood was spent together at East Hampton, N.Y., where the sea, family activities, and sisterly affection combined to create an ambience of enchantment and charm. In this exclusive* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL *preview of her childhood reminiscences, Lee Radziwill writes of those precious days.*

"You Can't Go Home Again"—but no one can take your memories and feelings away from you.

Everything was so simple then. Complication, confusion, wounds, suffering hadn't entered our lives. That's why I like to recall those days, because of the carefreeness I once knew. I still feel total freedom here—in tune with the ocean and this part of the world, which is rapidly changing. Every wave is the same; every wave is different. It's a kind of infinity.

"To every thing there is a season and a time to every purpose under the heaven." Those years were "a time to laugh."

As one grows older, time passes faster. But then my only concern was would tomorrow be a red-flag day or a blue-flag day. Red was the most *(text continued on page 68)*

Copyright © 1972 by Lee Bouvier Radziwill

TURN THE PAGE FOR PICTURES FROM LEE RADZIWILL'S PRIVATE ALBUM.

Opening Chapters
Lee Radziwill



I must admit I can't remember this photograph (right), but I like the beige lace I'm lying on, and my sister looks content that I arrived in the world.

I love this photograph (below) of my father and mother (far right) arriving at the tennis matches in East Hampton. It seems to me he wore a gabardine suit every day of every summer. His boutonniere is missing, which is unusual. The boutonniere represents the Society of the Cincinnati, which is composed of descendants of officers who served in the American Revolution. The first Bouvier came to America to serve in the Revolutionary War with the French general Rochambeau. I thought my mother always looked lovely. She still does.







We won a "Costume Class" dressed as farmers (below). The competition couldn't have been much since the idea doesn't seem particularly original, but you see Jackie holding the silver cup. I think I must have remained front-toothless longer than any child in history!



This is possibly my favorite picture (left). I know exactly how I feel! Will this monumental wave overcome me completely—or might I survive? I look forward to it with trepidation. Difficult for a stone to move quickly in any case!

This is the dreadful "Dancestep," the pony that almost did me in (right). As usual I looked pretty pleased, but I can see that Jackie is a bit disgusted with my attitude and has probably realized by now that I will definitely not be a success in the horse world.



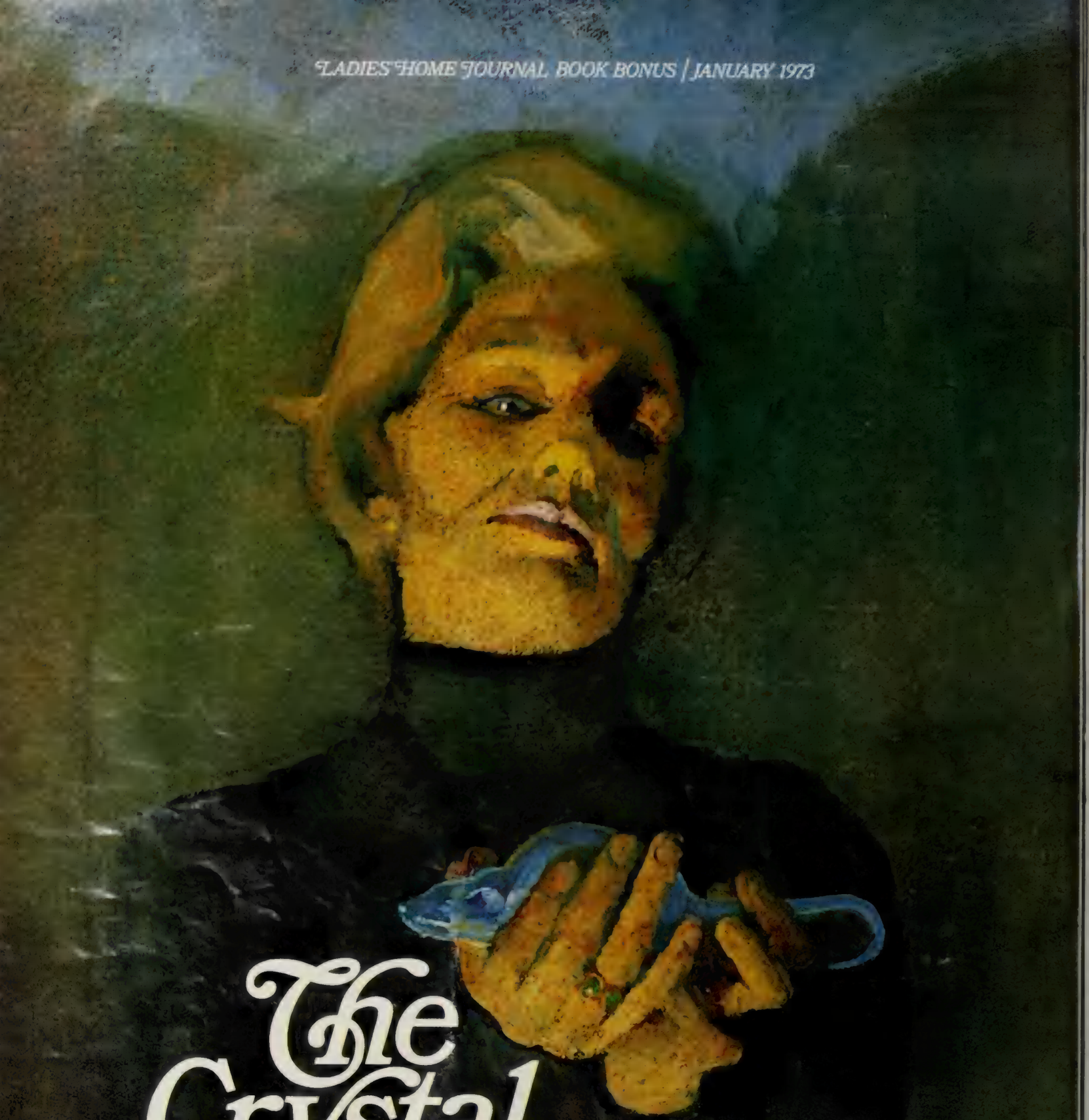
Spring had arrived and we were out in our matching "musical dresses." I remember they were green linen—and I loved the rickrack. I'm sure I didn't enjoy wearing the gloves. We always had a dog. In fact, I think we went through every breed. By now I had finally learned to tie my shoelaces by myself, but Hans is covering them, looking longingly to be let off his leash.



Central Park was a large part of our winter lives. It was obviously at its best for us when it snowed and we could rocket down hat I thought were very steep slopes. Snow was the *only* good thing about winter. I remember how much I hated wearing those oppy "leggings"—and how I looked forward to a longer length of leg! I think my hat could have been more becoming, but it as obviously chosen for its suitability to my age. However, I look quite pleased.



LADIES' HOME JOURNAL BOOK BONUS | JANUARY 1973



The Crystal Mouse

BY BABS H. DEAL

Sara's frightened thoughts ran through her mind like a mouse in a maze, like her crystal mouse, come real in a world of unreality. She was alone in a dark tower, and of all the unknown terrors that confronted her, the most fearful was her anguished journey to the past.

PART I

Sara had never thought she would outlive Howard. She had never considered such a thing could happen. But it had.

"It's such a pity young Howie couldn't get here," Betty Jane, her sister-in-law, said. "I'll never understand why he had to go so far away to live. Or why you and Howard ever came down here, for that matter."

"Now, now. None of that," Jack said. He was Howard's brother.

"Or why you wouldn't bring him home," Betty Jane went on. "Nobody should be buried in Florida. It doesn't seem right."

"It is something we decided," Sara said.

"Then you are going to stay?" Betty Jane said.

"Of course I'm going to stay," Sara said impatiently. "We bought the apartment. There is nothing at . . . home. We sold it all."

"You could get an apartment there," Betty Jane said stubbornly.

"I don't want an apartment there," Sara said.

Betty Jane subsided, leaving Sara to her headache. She wondered why she always had a headache after the worst was over. It never came in time to incapacitate her for the terrible things she wanted to avoid doing.

When she had seen Howard lying there on the carpet and cried out to him, she had realized he wouldn't answer her. Not about anything ever again. She had stood looking at him for what seemed a long time. Then she had gone out and found the caretaker. "My husband," she'd said. "I think he's had a heart attack."

Then there had been the doctor and the ambulance and the phone calls to Howie in New Zealand and Jack in Minnesota, and the lawyer, and the bank. And the funeral home. She had done everything the way Howard had told her it would have to be done if the time ever came. She hadn't had to think at all. Then suddenly it had been late in the afternoon and Jack and Betty Jane's plane not due to arrive until that night. The little apartment house where she and Howard were staying until they could get completely moved into the new condominium was empty. She had stood in the center of the room and looked around her. "But what do I do now, Howard?" she had said softly out loud. "What is it I do now?"

It was only today, after the funeral, when Jack and Betty Jane were there, filling the small apartment with their voices and grief, that it occurred to her that now she could drink all the coffee she wanted.

"I'd like some coffee," Sara said.

"It really isn't good for you, is it?" Betty Jane said.

"No. Not according to Howard and the doctor."

Betty Jane looked at her. "I really don't know who's going to look after you now," she said.

Sara looked back at her. "God?" she said.

That shut Betty Jane up.

This was the cottage in which she and Howard had spent the winters for more years than she could remember. It was a pleasant enough arrangement for a two-month stay, but it was obviously a place for transients. Now, with so many of their personal things already moved into the new condominium, it had been something just this side of a motel room.

"I think I'll stay in the new apartment tonight," Sara said. "You did say you had to catch the plane back today, didn't you? I don't want to stay here alone. It would be better in the new place."

"We were still hoping you'd change your mind and come on back to Minneapolis with us," Betty Jane said. "Just for a week or so."

Sara shook her head. "I've got to get used to being alone."

"But is the new apartment in any shape to stay in?"

"Oh, yes. The basic furniture's there. No curtains, but that hardly matters that many floors up, does it?"

"I guess not," Betty Jane said doubtfully.

"It's so strange," Sara said. "You'd think this happened because of all the strain of moving. But, of course, it didn't. Howard insisted we hire someone to do every bit of it. Because of my heart."

Her in-laws looked at her uneasily.

"He was just sitting there," Sara said. "Having a drink and looking at the TV guide."

"Don't think about it," Jack said. "It doesn't help."

"I really feel as though you shouldn't have tried to make the trip," Sara said. "It's going to be miserable flying half the night."

"Don't be ridiculous, Sara," Betty Jane said. "I just wish you'd come back with us. I'd stay here with you, but I have to teach."

"I know," Sara said. "I told you I'll be all right."

"I wish you'd stay here though," Betty Jane said. "You don't even have your TV in over there."

Sara felt sorry for her in-laws. They'd never been close, either to her or Howard, and she knew they'd be relieved to get on that flight to the Midwest tonight. She wondered suddenly if they'd been expecting to get anything in the will. But surely they knew Howard better than that.

"Is there anything of Howard's you'd like to have, Jack?" she said. "Besides the watch and studs. He wanted you to have those."

"Oh, no, no, Sara," Jack said. "I didn't expect even that."

It occurred to her that Jack was really a nice man. She just didn't know him very well. She didn't, at the moment, seem to know anybody very well. The thought startled her. Of course I do, she told herself. But she really didn't know who there was. Her family were all long since dead. These two people sitting here were what was left of Howard's. Her son and his wife were half a world away in a ridiculous land she didn't even want to visit. There had been Moira, but she was dead too.

"The building people at the condominium take care of everything. I'm very lucky I have a place like that to go to," Sara said.

She knew she was. Howard had bought the condominium before the first stake had been driven into the ground. It was all a part of his plan for making things work in their declining years. During the previous year they had watched the building going up on the outlying key. Howard's final retirement had given them more time than they'd ever had together, but it had been filled with the move, with the necessary business transactions: selling the Minneapolis house, transferring funds, shopping for the things they'd need for the new place, selling the old things there wouldn't be any room for in the new one.

Howard had been very good about what he'd let her keep—the few really good pieces of furniture and all her crystal collection. She had started the collection years ago when Howard was away on the West Coast, and it had never failed to give her pleasure. At first the objects had been small, but later, when there had been more money, Howard had given her some really good Steuben. There was a lot of it now, and she had been happy to see that the new apartment had a wall of built-in bookcases that would house it. The crystal was already over there, still packed in excelsior, waiting to be placed on the new white shelves. Maybe tonight (continued on page 111)

It was 35 minutes past 2 a.m.—the really bad time—when she heard the strange tinkling sound



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When Doris Day's husband died suddenly, almost five years ago, she could find neither his will nor the financial records she needed badly. Then, to her consternation, Doris learned that she was $450,000 in debt. Here she explains why this happened to her—and how prudent wives can avoid falling into the same trap. By Ronnie Cowan



Doris Day: "My Most Costly Mistake As A Wife"



Contracts, investments, wills, deeds, money, lawyers—motion-picture and TV star Doris Day never concerned herself with such bothersome business details. Her husband of 17 years, Martin Melcher, took care of them. Besides, thought Doris, all those financial and legal goings-on were for men only. It wasn't a woman's place to butt in, to ask questions, to make a nuisance of herself. So even when she did have a question or suggestion, she kept quiet about it.

Then, on April 19, 1968, Marty Melcher suddenly died. Even before Doris had a chance to recover from the shock of his death, she was forced to take a hard look at her own financial affairs. What she found appalled her. She couldn't find Marty's will, his business correspondence, any deeds—and, most startling of all, the Internal Revenue Service notified her that she owed almost half-a-million dollars in back taxes.

What had happened? Where was her money and why was she so deep in debt? Doris did not have the answers, and neither did her grown son Terry Melcher. It has taken them most of the intervening years to straighten out her financial mess.

What happened to Doris Day could happen to any wife—and often does. Although she rarely gives interviews, Doris agreed to talk to JOURNAL readers about her most costly mistake as a wife. Perhaps by talking about her own experiences, she feels that she may keep other wives from making the same mistakes.

Doris' U-shaped white ranch house is surrounded by colorful flowers, fruit trees, and a black wrought iron fence.

I rang the doorbell. It was answered by Doris and a herd of excited dogs: Daisy, a collie; Rudy, a dachshund; Muffy, a brown poodle; and Tigre and Bambi—breeds unknown. Laughing, Doris calmed the dogs and said, "Hi, come on in. Before we sit down, would you like a tour of the house?"

We began in the kitchen, which workmen were busily remodeling.

"Hi, Pat! Hi, Kenny," she called to the carpenters. "How's it going?"

"We're getting there, Doris," Pat replied. "Is this where you want the door?"

"Perfect," she smiled. "Keep up the good work, fellas!"

The entire dialogue sounded like a cue for a musical number.

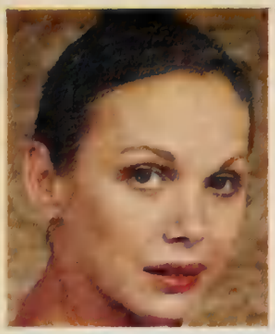
As we moved on to the other rooms, Doris said, "Pat and Kenny are marvelous. I have coffee with them each morning in the garage. The kitchen is in such a state that Nana (Doris' mother) has rigged up a temporary kitchen in a back room; you know, hot plate, water cooler, some dishes." (Her son Terry, Nana, and a housekeeper live with Doris.)

The tour ended in the living room, where Doris curled up in an easy chair. For the first time since she had answered the doorbell, I had a chance to look at her in repose. She wore her blonde, sun-streaked hair in a ponytail. Her outfit matched the colors of the interior of the house: yellow shirt, orange Bermuda shorts, and white knee socks. The figure: taller and slimmer than one would imagine. The face: no makeup, freckled, almost unlined. Prettier than one would imagine.

Doris Day looked and sounded like her usual cheery self. Yet I'd been told she'd changed. That Marty's death and the ensuing problems had turned her into a new Doris Day.

"If you mean have I changed as a person, the answer is no," she said. "But I do feel that I have matured—and because *(continued on page 127)*

Photograph at left by Jerry Abramowitz. Photograph above by Julian Wasser



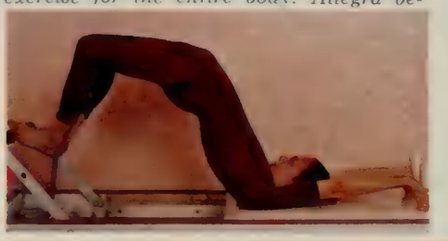




Allegra Kent, a principal ballerina with the famous New York City Ballet, has been dancing since age 9. At 35, she is a cool, lissome beauty. Staying in shape for Allegra means regular visits to the gym at Henri Bendel's. The small, mirrored studio is run by Kathy Grant, a dancer and a disciple of German gymnast Joe Pilates. The Pilates system includes exercises to develop body control and strength on specially devised exercise devices. Above: On The Barrel, a soft plastic device, Allegra lies on her back, holding rungs and slowly raising legs. Next, the reverse position done lying on the stomach. Both exercises are designed to strengthen and stretch the lower spine as well as the stomach and neck muscles.



On The Apparatus, another Pilates device. Allegra does the "semi-circle," an exercise for the entire body: Allegra begins on her back and pushes up from her thighs. Her feet push against a spring bar. Then, with pelvis lifted, she lowers herself to the horizontal.





Model Naomi Sims stays fit with regular visits to "Body Works," a studio supervised by dance teacher Frank Wagner. The exercises, called Isolations, are based on dance techniques and are designed to focus on, articulate, and eventually control each area of the body.





Naomi, shown here working on her stomach muscles, starts the Controlled Basic Sit-Up.



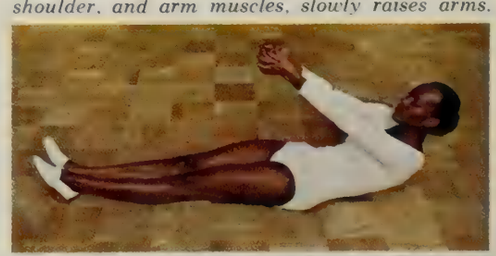
With head lifted, Naomi contracts her chest, shoulder, and arm muscles, slowly raises arms.



In a continuing movement Naomi sits up, curves forward, and holds her ankles for eight counts.



Returning to an upright position she clasps hands and locks elbows, keeping legs straight.



With arms outstretched and hands still clasped she uncurls her body, slowly returns to floor.



Ann Cullen spends two hours a week swinging from trapezes and rings. She's a shapely 42-year-old ex-model who works out at The Gym run by Gary Novickij. Gary's theory is that vigorous exercise is the best route to physical fitness.



Ann lowers herself from seated position on trapeze bar, arching her back and extending arms.



The reverse of above exercise done face up. Both excellent for balancing and strengthening back.



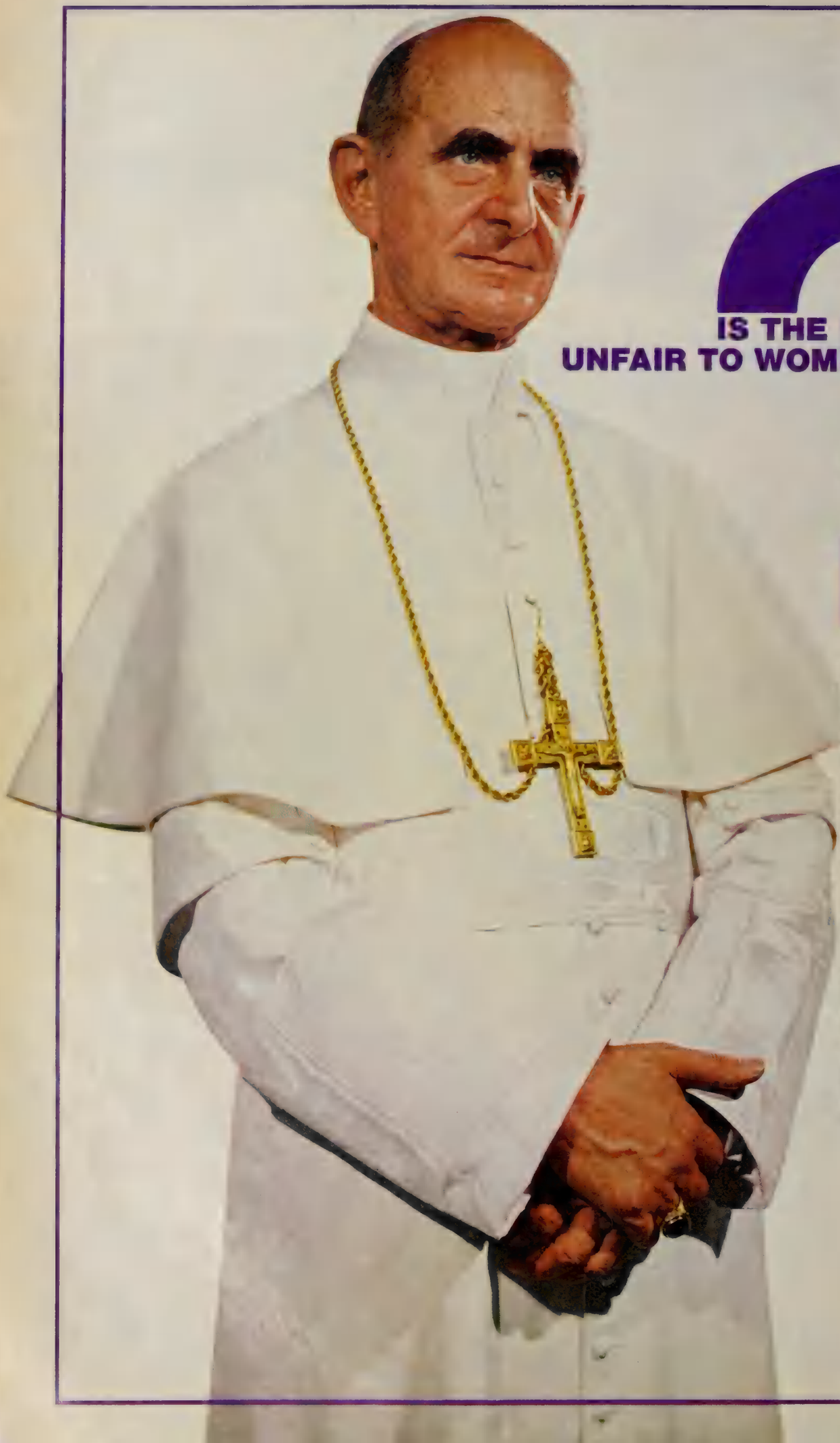
Gym clients get some of their most strenuous workouts on the rings. In the photograph at the left, Ann begins with an inverted hang. She is suspended by her hands with her knees bent, a position that is excellent for improving posture, balance, and circulation. Center: Another hanging exercise, this time from the arms with body doubled over in a partial summersault. Right: With toes hugging the ropes, Ann swings from the rings, stretching full-length, in a relaxing motion.

Photographs by Jerry Abramowitz

Shaping Up With the Experts

TIPS FROM NEW YORK'S TOP EXERCISE STUDIOS

If getting back into shape was last year's New Year's Resolution, and you're still making promises to yourself, it may be time to take matters out of your own hands and put them into someone else's . . . someone like an exercise expert. Enroll in a class. Work out at a gym or join an exercise studio. Doing sit-ups on the bedroom floor may work for a lucky and highly motivated minority, but the rest of us mortals can use a little outside discipline. In New York, and other metropolitan areas—where exercise studios are proliferating—some of the trimmest and best-looking women regularly clap whatever else they're doing for one or more hours a week and slip into their leotards. We dropped in at three different N.Y. studios recently where we photographed three active women going through their paces. Each of the studios, as you'll see from the accompanying captions, has a somewhat different approach to shaping up—ranging from the more restrained exercises demonstrated by Naomi Sims in the big picture and at left, to the frankly gymnastic exercises shown at top by Ann Cullen. Despite these different approaches, the women had similar responses. They have all become exercise addicts. They look and feel fantastic! By Sally Ohre, Beauty Editor.



IS THE POPE UNFAIR TO WOMEN?

SHOULD H RESIGN?

On September 24, 1972, Pope Paul VI issued an encyclical that sustained the "venerable tradition" denying Roman Catholic women the right to be ordained priests. Controversy immediately arose. Many Catholics, especially women, were sharply critical. One of the most outspoken critics was Sister Margaret Brennan, president of the U.S. Leadership Conference of Women Religious, who called the papal decre "narrow" and biased solely toward men. Other Catholics defended the Pope's statement, insisting that it had been misconstrued.

In the midst of the furor the JOURNAL assigned Catholic writer John O'Connor to conduct a national survey of prominent U.S. Catholics. He asked two questions: 1. Do you think the Pope is unfair to women? 2. Should the Pope resign now that he is 75—the age at which he has suggested that other bishops retire?










:her Hesburgh | Eunice Shriver | Carroll O'Connor | Mayor Gribbs | Florence Henderson | Archbishop Byrne | Irene Dunne | Cardinal Flahiff

ther Theodore Hesburgh, C.S.C., presi-t of the University of Notre Dame and mer chairman of the President's Commis-n on Civil Rights.

. No, I don't think the Pope is being un-

I'd say the Pope certainly could do o much more for women. He should etire now."
—Eunice Kennedy Shriver

; he's just reflecting a long tradition in the arch that is not going to last forever. This is iously the last cry of the old regime. But it onsistent with this Pope—whom I like very ch. He's made more changes in the structure he Church than any pope in 400 years. His el has opened things up. He's not clob-ed a single theologian, though some may e needed it, and that used to be a papal in-or sport. He needs a long look. As a person s great. I've talked to him and seen him nge his mind 180°, even on sticky stuff. But style comes through badly: he comes ough as worried. Women, I believe, are the oility of the Church: they're holier than n, better than men, and I think God loves m more. They need a new role—and they're ng to get it. It's coming.

. If I were the Pope I'd resign. But that's to him. Seventy-five is a good time to retire, few do it in any field.

ter Elizabeth McAlister, Religious Sa-d Heart of Mary. With the Reverend Philip rigan and others, Sister Elizabeth is one of "Harrisburg Seven"—peace activists who e tried last spring on charges of conspiring raid draft boards, bomb U.S. government

If you knew Pope Paul as I do, you vould recognize that he has no un-airness in his mind or heart toward nyone."—Archbishop Byrne

ting tunnels, and kidnap Presidential ad-r Henry Kissinger. That case ended in a strial, but Sister Elizabeth was convicted of uggling letters into Lewisburg Federal Pen-ntiary, for which she faces a prison sentence up to 30 years.

1. This is not the question for me. For me question is: do you expect moral leader-p from bishops and popes? That's not why y're chosen; they're chosen because they considered good administrators. It is un-listic to expect them to be moral leaders, en the context within which they operate l which they have inherited. People seek moral leadership other than in their bishops. I know I don't seek it from Cardinal Cooke. I seek it in a community of persons who search the Gospels. And then I attempt to be a doer of the word.

2. Should the Pope retire? So he retires and is replaced by someone more like him than himself! We had a happy, beautiful accident in Pope John XXIII—in him the Holy Spirit was "right on." When the people of God gather to select the pope as a moral leader, then the question has some meaning. But with the bishops gathering to elect a pope for whatever reason they have, well, it just doesn't matter. Not to the people I talk to. Maybe I talk to the wrong people. But young couples who have to face a decision on birth control don't listen to

"Asking if the Pope is unfair to women is like asking if the KKK is unfair to blacks."
—Professor Mary Daly

the Pope. Nor do young people who are faced with how they should be toward one another. They turn elsewhere. I have nothing against Pope Paul. But the Holy Spirit is alive and well. And we don't have to be hung up on the institution and the structure.

George Cardinal Flahiff, Archbishop of Winnipeg, Canada, and former president of the Canadian Catholic Conference.

1. I think the question should not be asked. The Pope's encyclical had to do with the reform of minor orders after six years of research. It only treated women obliquely. It permitted laymen a minimum part. The role of women in the Church is a whole new question—they are starting to emerge in the world and in the Church. They can, under certain circumstances, still distribute Holy Communion, and still read the lesson at Mass. But permanent installation has not been granted—yet. The Holy Father is thinking about all of this, I am sure.

2. No comment.

Eunice Kennedy Shriver, wife of 1972 vice-presidential candidate Sargent Shriver.

1. I don't know if I'd say the Pope was unfair, but certainly he could do much more for women. Were Christ here today He'd be in the front of the women's rights movement—He'd be pushing. I believe Mary, His mother, was an aggressive woman. I'm thinking of the miracle at Cana and of her appearances to poor children at Guadeloupe, Fatima, and Lourdes, when, on behalf of all mankind, she begged them to pray for peace. I think the Church ought to be much more representative of all people, including women. Women should be

"Christ didn't retire until he was crucified. If the Pope is Christ's vicar, then he should continue in his office until he is called to do otherwise by Christ."—Danny Thomas

represented at the highest levels in the Church—women from all countries.

2. Yes, I think by 75 you are replaceable. I think of the great work done by men past 70, such as Pope John, Adenauer, and De Gaulle, but then I think, too, of the terribly great burden of the office. It takes the creativity and dynamism of younger men, their energy to travel and to make contacts, to bear up under the load. My own brother's presidency of three years was terribly burdensome. How much more for those up in years to hold high office! The Pope should retire now.

Margaret Mealey, executive director, National Conference of the Catholic Laity, Washington, D. C.

1. Unfair to women? No. At the recent audience of the Pontifical Commission of the Council of the Laity [in the Vatican], Pope Paul told us that one of our major focuses was the participation of women in the life of the world and the life of the Church. This shows me that he is interested in the study and research of the Council, and in its recommendations on how women may become more effective in the Church. He is open to their aspirations in the Church.

2. Retire? This is a personal decision for him. It's not for me to say. If a person feels he is not finished with his work, is still competent, capable, has the physical ability—and the option to stay on—then he should have the right to exercise that option. It is really up to the Pope personally.

"The statement . . . only confirms that the Church is a sexist institution. It's spiritual suicide for women to remain in the Church."
—Linda Barufaldi

Carroll O'Connor, actor ("Archie Bunker" on TV's *All in the Family*).

1. Is the Pope unfair to women regarding the priesthood? I suppose only Catholic women can answer that meaningfully. Do non-Catholic women really *(continued on page 129)*



1

Cherry Cream Pie. Whip this up in no time at all from a frozen pie shell and a no-cook custard filling.



2

Butterscotch-Apple Pie. The graham cracker crumb crust is filled with butterscotch pudding and applesauce.



3

Grasshopper Pie. The chocolate pie shell and peppermint-flavored custard filling are both made from scratch.

Double Boston Cream Pie. Layers of home-made sponge cake are split, then layered with cream pie filling.

4



THE CREAM PIE QUESTION

There are cream pies—and then there are cream pies. The Boston Cream Pie, for instance, is not a pie at all but a custard-filled layer cake. To add to the semantic confusion, the true cream pie is just as apt to be referred to as custard pie. But the one thing all these lush caloric confections have in common is a creamy filling that makes them impossible to resist. We've whipped up four of our favorite cream pies, including a cherry, butterscotch-apple, and a peppermint-flavored grasshopper pie. Some are made from scratch, others from ready prepared ingredients. Choose according to your inclinations and available time. Recipes on page 104. By Margaret Happel, Food Editor. Photographs by Arthur Beck



Sausage-Stuffed Apples

City Chicken

Chicken Pie



THE FANNIE FARMER COOKBOOK

JOURNAL COOKBOOK OF THE MONTH NO. 75 IN A SERIES

At a time when our national landscape shifts with the blink of an eye (or the sweep of a bulldozer), it is reassuring to see an old landmark survive. *The Fannie Farmer Cookbook*, a fixture in American households for more than three-quarters of a century, has not only survived, it is positively flourishing. It has just appeared in a new and revised eleventh edition (Little, Brown, $7.95). Still basically a collection of the down-to-earth recipes Fannie Farmer compiled as director of the famous Boston Cooking School, the book also reflects recent changes in American eating habits and tastes. Next to Fannie's chicken stock recipe, for instance, is a newer one for Greek lemon soup. But despite these welcome concessions to the times, the book remains the no-nonsense guide that has made it a bible for over three generations of cooks. Below, an oven full of Fannie's goodies. Recipes on page 100

Photograph by Charles Gold

JANUARY

Poppy Cannon's Meal-a-Day Menus

1. January, sign of Capricorn—tenacity and perseverance. For these birthday children and the New Year, bake Perseverance Pie. Fill a 9-inch unbaked pie shell with mincemeat blended with ¼ cup Scotch. Bake 30 minutes and serve with Scotch-spiked hard sauce too!

Beef Soup with Seasoned Croutons
Roast Chicken with Herb Gravy
Green Beans ☐ Roast Potatoes
Perseverance Pie ☐ Scotch Hard Sauce

2. A custard-like dessert, Natillas, is served in most Latin countries at this holiday time. The modern shortcut . . . just cover an unopened can of sweetened condensed milk with water. Simmer, making sure the water does not boil away. For a dark caramelized custard, simmer 3 (yes, three) hours. Cool and open.

Margaritas ☐ Green Olives
Roast Pork Loin ☐ Tomato Chili Sauce
Red-Green Pepper Sauté ☐ Noodles
Natillas ☐ Almond Cookies

3. Egg whites left over? Place each in an ice cube compartment. Freeze. Then remove, bag, and label. Thaw in refrigerator when needed. Fresh as fresh—even for meringues.

Corn and Clam Chowder (can)
Baked Ham ☐ Spinach Soufflé
Braised Onions ☐ Scalloped Potatoes
Meringue Shells with Ice Cream

4. Latest way with broccoli (now in season): not cooked, but tiny fresh sprigs in vinaigrette dressing as a winter salad. Thrifty note . . . save the stems, slice, and cook as a separate vegetable on another day.

Minestrone with Chopped Parsley
Lasagne with Eggplant
Broccoli Sprig Salad Vinaigrette
Ricotto-Chocolate Parfait

5. Twelfth Night. The time to "undecorate" the holiday tree, and some folk say to even burn it to drive out the spirit of winter. So have a new twist on an old theme—"an untrim the tree party."

Crabmeat Quiche
Blanquette of Poultry ☐ Almond Rice
Stuffed Mushrooms
Buttered Celery
Lemon Snow Pudding ☐ Vanilla Wafers

6. Feast of the Epiphany—significant in the Greek Church, for it is said the Magi arrived with their gifts of gold and rare spices to honor the Christ child.

Olive, Watercress, Cauliflower Salad
Broiled Lamp Chops ☐ Spaetzle
Asparagus (frozen) ☐ Carrots
Spice Cake with Honey Filling

7. A leftist movement in the culinary world? Yes! Left-handed people have a hard time cooking. Potato peelers, corkscrews, even scissors are just not designed for them. But now the Aristera Organization in Westport, Conn. have the matter in hand . . . so to speak . . . with specially designed kitchen tools.

Cream of Celery Soup with Chives
Doubleburgers ☐ Blue Cheese Sauce
French Fries ☐ Tiny Peas
Fruit-Layered Gelatin Dessert

8. The individual snack puddings are an especially welcome addition to any lunchbox. And there's variety enough to keep any hungry man from getting bored.

Flask of Tomato Soup
Tuna Salad on Whole Wheat Bread
Snack Pudding ☐ Milk

9. Soul of soul food is pork. Now a leaner, meatier special-fed pig provides for more protein and much less fat. So . . . more nutrition, less fat and less calories!

Endive-Cheese Salad ☐ Lemon Dressing
Skillet Pork Chops ☐ Red Wine Gravy
Mashed Squash ☐ Sliced Beans
Peach-Pear Compote ☐ Brownies

10. Mushrooms have sometimes been known as "the poor man's meat." Add a package of the new Farm Rich flash-frozen mushrooms to a skillet of buttery-fried onions, and there's a fragrance that almost resembles that of good red meat.

Green Pea Soup ☐ Walnut Garnish
Cream Chipped Beef on Baked Potatoes
Skillet-Fried Mushrooms with Onions
Open Face Apple Pie (can)

11. Consider the parsnip. So neglected but so sweet in flavor—especially after the first frosts. Cook them same way as carrots. Then mash, beating in butter, salt, pepper, and most important, nutmeg.

Baked Stuffed Clams
Pot Roast with Nut-Raisin Stuffing
Mashed Parsnips ☐ Zucchini (frozen)
Three-Flavored Sherbet

12. Shades of the Thirties . . . hot chocolate for all special occasions. Still bliss when the latest mix (from Swiss Miss) contains mini marshmallows that float and melt on top.

Onion Soup (can)
Hot Dogs Wrapped in Bacon
Coconut Layer Cake (frozen)
Cocoa with Mini Marshmallows

13. Luscious avocado recipe: Halve 3 avocados, lengthwise. Remove the seed. Mix 2 cups diced cooked shrimp with 1 can cream of shrimp soup and ¼ cup sherry. Fill avocados and bake at 350° for 15 minutes.

Hot Avocado and Shrimp
Turkey Curry ☐ Rice Ring
Chutney and Almond Sambals
Fresh Pineapple Dessert

14. There's no doubt that chocolate is number one flavor favorite. Betty Crocker has a new Snackin'Cake mix. What else should the flavor be but . . . chocolate chip?

Orange and Grapefruit Sections
London Broil ☐ Mushroom Gravy
Parslied Limas ☐ Leaf Spinach
Vanilla Ice Cream ☐ Snackin' Cake

15. Pumpkin pie season is almost over. Hurry to make and bake one. Serve with Spoon Mallow . . . a topping from Kraft. Add finely chopped crystallized ginger.

Sherried Consommé
Corned Beef Hash with Eggs
Danish Vegetables ☐ Green Beans
Pumpkin Pie ☐ Spoon Mallow Topping

16. Brunch is the meal of the week. There's time to prepare, relish, and enjoy good food. For starters try Party Tyme's Snow Bird . . . brandied, hot, and milky. Complete with cinnamon stirrers.

Brandied Snow Birds
Herbed Omelet ☐ Crisp Bacon
Crescent Rolls ☐ Preserves ☐ Coffee

17. How do you approximate crème fraîche in America? It's the perennial question from returning Francophiles. Here's the answer—blend one-third sour cream to two-thirds whipped heavy cream.

Country Pâté with Crusty Bread
Stuffed Lamb Shoulder
Carrot and Fennel Melange
Winter Pears with Crème Fraîche

18. Best winter salad we know of . . . thin slices of oranges and red onion on a bed of watercress. Lemon juice vinaigrette over all.

Roast Duck with Olives
Mushrooms ☐ Mashed Squash
Orange-Onion Salad Vinaigrette
Banana Soufflé ☐ Rum Sauce

19. Many of this year's crop of cookbooks are based on American food. A scholarly bibliography of the earliest American Cookery Books (1742-1860) by Eleanor Lowenstein is a must for any serious collector . . . from American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

Pepper Pot Soup
Baked Virginia Ham
Succotash ☐ Cheese-Grit Soufflé
Pecan Pie with Cream

20. It's been said too often. Yet it must be said again. It's budget all the way on the weekly shopping expedition. The situation is helped by four new products from Betty Crocker—all to glamorize a can of tuna.

Hot Buttery Tomato Juice
Tuna Noodle Dinner
Peas and Carrots (frozen)
Lemon Meringue Pie (mix)

21. Flower of the month according to *Old Farmers' Almanac* is the clove-scented carnation. In German the word *nelken* means both the flower and the spice. Use with caution; a little goes a long way.

Herring and Onion in Wine Sauce
Sauerbraten ☐ Ginger-Clove Gravy
Red Cabbage ☐ Potato Dumplings
Apple Streusel Pie

22. Potatoes are a good honest food that take some knowing . . . old and new, floury and waxy, for roasting, baking, and boiling. Start your connoisseurship with an appetizer of hot waxy potato slices and hot garlic sausage. Toss with vinaigrette.

Potato-Sausage Vinaigrette
Chicken Cutlets ☐ Braised Leeks
Baked Eggplant ☐ Green Salad
Applesauce Parfait ☐ Cookies

23. Hunt's enters the dinner entree market with a line of products designed to enhance oven-baked chicken. The result is a complete one-dish meal. We like Chicken Western.

Fresh Vegetable Relishes
Skillet Western (pkg.)
Spinach-Bacon Salad ☐ Caesar Dressing
Ambrosia with Coconut

24. Did you know that the flavor of any "sweet" vegetable such as corn, peas, and green beans is really improved by adding as much sugar as salt to the cooking water.

Crabmeat Cocktail
Rolled Stuffed Flank Steak
Sliced Green Beans ☐ Potato Puffs
Ice Cream Roll

25. There is a difference between yams and sweet potatoes. Louisianians tell us yams are more golden in color, more moist, and sweeter.

Cream of Shrimp Soup
Barbecued Spare Ribs
Baked Yams ☐ Collard Greens
Lattice Top Blueberry Pie (can)

26. Yogurt is filled with vitamins. It's said that yogurt fans live to a ripe old age. But these aren't the only reasons Dannon's new Elberta Peach Yogurt is good. The flavor is terrific!

Chunky Vegetable Soup
Broiled Fish Steaks ☐ Herbed Rice
Snow Peas, Celery, and Water Chestnuts
Melon Balls ☐ Peach Yogurt Topping

27. What are pulses and legumes? The technical words for every variety of peas and beans, dried and fresh.

Black Bean Soup with Lemon
Lamb Kebabs ☐ Kasha
Broiled Onions and Tomatoes
Compote of Dried Fruits

28. Tastes in pre-dinner drinks are moving increasingly toward the lighter, somewhat bitter, European aperitifs. Julius Wile is importing Picon and Suze to join ranks with the proven Raphael vermouth.

Aperitifs ☐ Salted Almonds
Cheese Soufflé ☐ Lobster Sauce
Buttered Peas ☐ Spinach
Chocolate Cake

29. Microwave cooking continues to gain hold. An accessory considered essential by many is a device to "brown" steaks, burgers, and such in the oven. Look for it in the Litton-Atherton models.

Chicken Consommé
Minute Steaks ☐ Hash Browns
Buttered Corn ☐ Cauliflower
Individual Cherry Tarts (frozen)

30. Instant dinner for the working wife! Bring home a pre-cooked chicken. Slather with equal parts butter and bourbon. Heat 20 minutes at 400°. Wrap in foil first!

Bouillon on the Rocks
Bourbon-Buttered Chicken
Vegetables Parisienne (frozen)
Banana Sundaes

31. Winter squash is as hard as a rock. Cleave open and then dice in 1-inch squares with a Chinese chopper. Simmer soft before removing skin. Mash with salt, pepper, *and* molasses.

Cream of Mushroom Soup
Pan-Fried Liver with Parsley
Winter Squash ☐ Beets
Soft Swirl Vanilla Pudding (pkg.)



Tasty pieces of chicken and two chicken stocks make Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup M'm! M'm! Chickeny!

Look for the label with the chicken that says M'm! M'm! Chickeny! and discover for yourself how good Chicken Noodle Soup can be. Campbell's gives you tasty pieces of chicken and not one but *two* chicken stocks—one for richness, one for flavor. All that and enriched golden egg noodles, too! Treat your family to America's favorite Chicken Noodle Soup. Campbell's. M'm! M'm! Chickeny!

So-so.



1. Meatballs, your favorite recipe.

2. Packaged hamburger dinner.

3. Meat loaf, any basic rec

4. Hamburger patties.

Not so so-so.



1. **Meatballs, your favorite recipe.** Make 'em like you usually do. Then arrange on a bed of rice. Top with canned brown gravy. Sprinkle with 2 Tb. coarse grated lemon peel, 2 Tb. chopped parsley and 1 clove garlic, crushed. The lemon parsley topping is a knock-out.

2. **Packaged hamburger dinner.** Make it in your skillet according to directions, adding ½ t. grated lemon peel and 1½ Tb. fresh lemon juice. Lemon freshens, improves the flavor.

3. **Meat loaf, any basic recipe.** Try glazing it: take an 8 oz. jar apricot preserves, blend in 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice. Brush on meat loaf while it's cooking. 10 minutes before it's done, decorate with lemon slices. Brush with glaze. Finish baking.

amburger patties.
's how to give 'em a
fresh taste. To
hamburger,
1 t. coarsely
d lemon
2 Tb.
n
, 1 t.
ned
and pepper
ste. Shape into
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Sunkist

FANNIE FARMER COOKBOOK

continued from page 95

SAUSAGE-STUFFED APPLES (pictured)

Cook together 15 minutes

1 lb. sausage meat
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 Tb. chopped onion

Stir with a fork. Core and stuff with the sausage

8 firm baking apples.

Put in a baking dish and sprinkle with

Brown sugar.

On each apple put a strip of

Bacon.

Bake at 350° until the apples are soft (about 40 minutes). Serves 8.

CITY CHICKEN (pictured)

1 lb. lean veal
1 lb. lean pork

Have the meat cut in 1½-inch cubes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in flour to coat evenly.

Beat an egg just enough to blend evenly. Add 2 tablespoons water or oil (for attractive browning). Put bread or cracker crumbs on a piece of wax paper, then dip the meat cubes in the egg mixture, carefully covering the entire surface. Roll in crumbs and set on a piece of wax paper. If convenient, prepare ½ hour before frying, and chill. Coating will be less likely to slip off.

Alternate cubes of veal and pork on skewers, 4 or 5 cubes to each.

Sauté in butter, bacon fat, or other shortening until well browned. Add ½ cup water to the pan, cover closely, and cook until tender. Serves 6.

CHICKEN PIE (pictured)

Follow the recipe for Chicken Fricassee (below) without browning the chicken. Before making the sauce, remove the skin and bones from the pieces of chicken. Put the chicken in a baking dish not more than 3 inches deep. Add cooked vegetables, if you like, and pour the sauce over the chicken. Cool to room temperature but do not chill.

Roll out Plain Pastry (recipe below). Cut a piece to fit the top of the dish, make cuts in it to let out the steam as the pie bakes, and lay it over the pie. Or cover the pie with crisscross strips of pastry. Bake extra pastry in rounds or diamonds to serve with second helpings or to decorate crust as pictured.

Bake 10 minutes at 450°. Reduce the heat to 350° and bake 15 minutes longer. Serves 6.

CHICKEN FRICASSEE

Melt in a deep pan

¼ cup fat

Add

5 lb. stewing chicken, cut for fricassee

Brown the pieces evenly on all sides, adding more fat if necessary. Add

Boiling water to cover
½ small onion, sliced
Few stalks or tops celery
1 small carrot, sliced
Bay leaf
3 peppercorns or ⅛ tsp. pepper

Cover and let simmer over low heat.

After the chicken has cooked 45 minutes, add

2 tsp. salt

Cover and continue cooking until the chicken is tender when tried with a fork (another 45 minutes). Remove from the heat and let stand until the fat collects on the surface. Spoon off the fat and set it aside. Remove the chicken and keep it warm.

Melt

¼ cup chicken fat

Blend in

¼ cup flour

Add slowly, stirring constantly

2 cups chicken broth or broth and milk or cream

Heat to the boiling point, stirring so that it will thicken evenly. Season to taste with

Salt and pepper and a few drops of Worcestershire or lemon juice, if liked.

Pour some of the sauce over the chicken and pass the rest in a bowl. Serves 6.

PLAIN PASTRY

Measure accurately until you can judge by the "feel." Work very quickly and with a light touch. Beginning cooks can be too conscientious about pastry making and blend it so thoroughly that the layers of shortening and flour cannot separate into tender sheets.

Sift into a mixing bowl

2 cups pastry flour or 1¾ cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt

Add

⅔ cup vegetable shortening or lard or ⅓ cup lard and ⅓ cup butter

Mix (cut in) with a pastry blender, a blending fork, or two knives (one in each hand) until the mixture is in even bits about the size of peas.

Put in a cup

⅓ cup ice water

Sprinkle it over the flour by tablespoonfuls, stirring it in with a fork until just enough has been added so that you can pat the dough lightly into a ball (flours vary, so you may not need all the water). Handle the dough as little as possible and do not knead it.

Wrap the dough in wax paper or foil and chill it. Enough for a 9-inch two-crust pie or a one-crust pie and some tarts.

POACHED CHICKEN OR TURKEY BREASTS (pictured)

Bone and skin chicken or turkey breasts. Cut chicken breasts in halves; turkey breasts, in serving-size pieces. Put in a heavy pan and cover with chicken broth, homemade or canned. Simmer, covered, until tender (½ hour or more). Drain, reserving the chicken broth and keep warm.

Using the reserved broth, make Mushroom Velouté Sauce (recipe below).

Place the chicken on a platter and coat with the sauce of your choice. For an attractive touch, use a heatproof platter and brown the chicken lightly under the broiler.

Garnish with bits of pimiento, truffle, or with a light sprinkling of paprika or chopped parsley. Arrange around the platter small browned potatoes and a colorful vegetable, such as peas, or whole carrots, or whole green beans. Pass extra sauce to spoon over the chicken. Serves 6.

VELOUTÉ SAUCE

Many famous sauces are actually Velouté Sauce with special seasoning added. Strong chicken broth makes all the difference.

Melt

2 Tb. butter

Add

3 Tb. flour
¼ tsp. salt
Few grains pepper

Blend well. Add slowly, stirring constantly

1 cup reserved chicken broth

Bring to the boiling point and boil 2 minutes. Add

⅓ cup cream

Makes about 1 cup.

MUSHROOM VELOUTÉ: Add ¼ cup sliced mushroom caps to Velouté Sauce. Cook 5 minutes. Season.

STUFFED TURBANS OF FISH (pictured)

If you do not have muffin rings, use large cupcake tins.

Trim into neat pieces

4 fish fillets, sole or flounder

Coil inside 8 buttered muffin rings placed in a buttered pan.

Put in a pan

¾ cup chopped mushroom stems
Few drops onion juice
3 Tb. butter

Cook 1 minute. Stir in

¼ cup flour

Add gradually, stirring constantly

½ cup crab meat

Stir until the mixture boils. Add

Chopped soft part of 12 oysters or ½ cup crab meat

Season to taste with

salt, pepper, cayenne, and mace.

Fill the fish-lined muffin rings with the mixture, cover with foil and bake 20 minutes at 375°. Remove the foil and sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs.

Melt 1 tablespoon butter for ½ cup crumbs. Add the crumbs and stir lightly with a fork until the crumbs are well coated.

Bake until the crumbs are brown. Slip from the rings to a hot platter. Serves 8.

BEEF À LA MODE (pictured)

This famous dish is a glorified pot roast. The beef should weigh 4 or 5 pounds (a smaller piece is apt to dry out too much). Have it trimmed, rolled, larded, and tied firmly to make a compact piece that will cook evenly. The pan for pot-roasting should be a deep, heavy one with a tight cover.

Put in a deep glass or pottery bowl

4-lb. piece of rump or round

Add

1 Tb. salt
½ tsp. pepper
1 Tb. mixed pickling spices
3 onions, sliced
3 carrots, sliced
3 sprigs parsley
2 bay leaves
1½ cups red wine

Cover and refrigerate 12 to 24 hours.

Remove the meat and pat dry with a paper towel. Strain the liquid and set aside.

Mix

2 Tb. flour
2 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. sugar (to help browning)

Pat into the surface of the meat.

Heat a deep, heavy pan over high heat, greasing lightly if the beef is very lean. Put in the meat and brown it thoroughly on all sides.

When the meat is a dark, rich brown (this may take 30 minutes or longer), put a low rack under it so that it will not stick to the pan. Add the saved wine mixture.

Cover, lower the heat, and cook very slowly until the meat is fork-tender (3 to 4 hours). Add a little additional liquid from time to time as it cooks away, but never have more than 1 inch of liquid.

When the meat is tender, remove from the pan. Pour the liquid into bowl and skim off as much of the fat possible. Put the meat and the liq back into the pan and cook very slo 20 minutes longer, spooning the gr over the meat. Taste, and add

Salt (if necessary).

Do not thicken the gravy—it should thin and dark.

Serve with tiny whole carrots and ions cooked separately but added to dish long enough to heat thorough Serves 10 to 12.

MEAT LOAF

This basic recipe is a standard fixt in most families. The variations many, and it can be served hot or c on numerous occasions.

Mix

1 egg, slightly beaten
2 tsp. salt
¾ cup water or milk
1 cup soft bread crumbs
2 Tb. minced onion or dried onion soup mix or flakes
2 lb. lean ground beef, chuck or round

Taste and season more highly if like. Pat into a greased loaf pa shape in a roll, and place in a sha baking pan.

Over the top lay

4 strips bacon, if meat is lean

Bake 1 hour at 350°. Serve hot with mato or Mushroom sauce (below) serve cold with pepper relish or sauce. Serves 6 to 8.

To shorten the baking time: bak 3-inch muffin pans. Top with b squares. Bake at 400° about 25 min

To use leftovers: add as part of meat chopped cooked ham, beef, l chicken, or turkey. Add up to 1 cooked peas, diced carrots, or o cooked vegetables.

To vary: In place of milk or water, canned tomatoes, gravy, undil canned soup (mushroom, celery, to to or vegetable), or ½ cup catsup ½ cup water.

For added flavor, add up to ½ grated cheese, chopped ripe or g olives, chopped parsley, chopped mientos, or chopped celery, both s and leaves.

Season to taste with Worcesters or hot pepper sauce or a pinch thyme, and/or basil or other herbs

In place of bread crumbs, use 2 rice flakes.

TOMATO SAUCE

Melt until brown

2 Tb. butter

Stir in

2 Tb. flour

Add slowly

1 cup tomato juice or tomato juice cockt or strained cooked or canned tomatoe

Cook and stir over low heat until t

Season to taste with

Salt and pepper
Onion salt
Oregano or nutmeg

Makes about 1 cup.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

A good mushroom sauce is gravy t with sliced sautéed mushrooms.

Melt

3 Tb. butter

Add

½ lb. mushrooms, sliced

Cook 5 minutes. Stir in

3 Tb. flour
Few drops onion juice

Cook 5 minutes over low heat. gradually, stirring constantly

1 cup cream

Season with

1 tsp. beef extract
Salt and paprika

Makes 1½ to 2 cups.

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Waldorf Crown Salad

2 3oz. pkgs. strawberry flavored gelatin
2 c. boiling water
1½ c. cold water
1 c. cubed apples
½ c. thinly sliced celery
¼ c. chopped walnuts

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water; stir in cold water. Chill until thickened; fold in remaining ingredients. Pour into 5-cup ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold, surround with lettuce. Fill center with Regal Dressing; garnish with fresh

Regal Dressing

1½ c. Kraft Miniature Marshmallows
1 c. dairy sour cream
½ c. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing

Combine ingredients; mix well. 6 to 8 servings.

KRAFT





30-MINUTE MENU

Guests for dinner? Here's a fast and elegant offering:

• The Ham Steaks: Preheat oven to 375°. Sauté 8 strips of bacon to half-cooked stage. Cut a 1-inch-thick fully cooked ham steak into four serving-sized rounds. Wrap two strips of bacon around each round and fasten with wooden picks. Place in single layer in pan. Bake 20 minutes.

• The Boston Brown Bread. Open a can of brown bread and cut in generous slices. Wrap in foil and place in oven with ham.

• Raisin Sauce for Ham: Place 2 Tb. of drained, prepared horseradish in a small saucepan. Stir in 2 Tbs. cornstarch, ½ tsp. dry mustard, then a 10-oz. jar of red currant jelly and a ½ cup of golden raisins. Heat over medium heat. Stir constantly, until mixture comes to a boil for one minute. Remove from heat and cover. Pour over ham rounds just before bringing to the table.

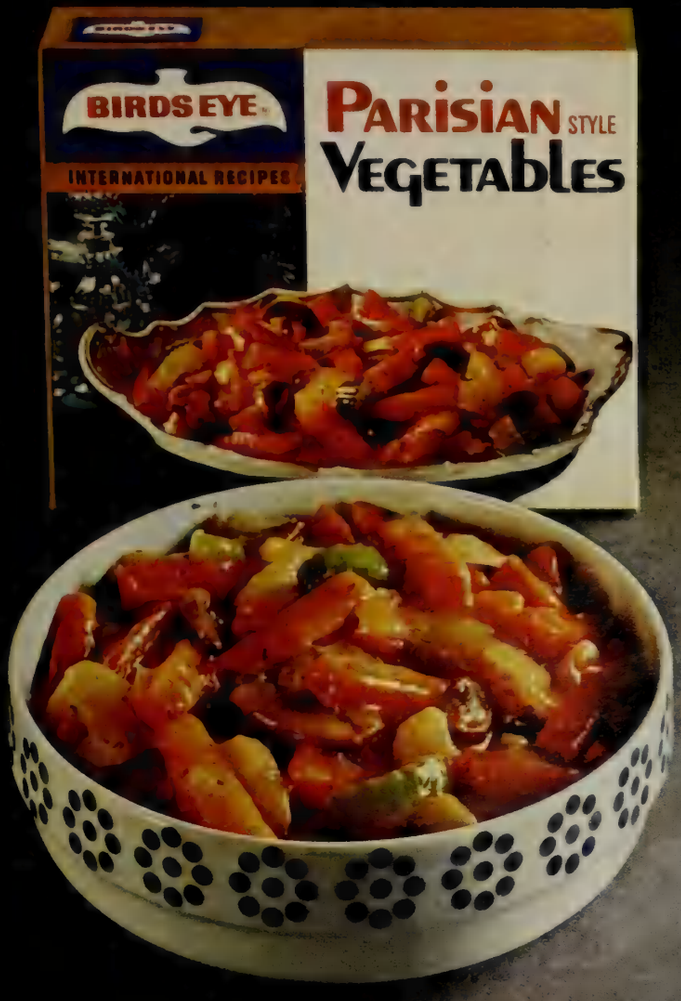
• Creamed Onions and Celery: Combine 1 cup sliced celery, 2 (9-oz.) packages of frozen onions in cream sauce, dash nutmeg. Cook according to package directions.

• The Lobster Salad: Arrange 2 (14-oz.) cans of large green asparagus spears on a platter lined with Boston lettuce. Top with 2 (5-oz.) cans of drained lobster meat, or a 9¼-oz. can of tuna. Combine 1 cup of dairy sour cream, ½ cup (2 oz.) blue cheese and 2 Tb. of capers in a small bowl. Spoon over lobster.

• Coffee Chestnut Sundae: Just before dessert time scoop coffee ice cream into sherbet glasses. Top each scoop with a mound of whipped cream. Add bottled brandied chestnuts in heavy syrup.

Photograph by Michael O'Neill

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We make it here but it tastes like there

worcestershire a chicken tonight

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Baked Chicken Normandy
3-pound chicken, cut into 8 pieces
1 can (5½ fl. oz.) apple juice
2 teaspoons Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt

Arrange chicken, skin side up, in a baking dish. Brown in a preheated very hot oven (500°F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Drain fat. Combine remaining ingredients; pour over chicken. Cover; reduce oven heat to moderate (350°F.) and bake 45 minutes longer. Garnish with spiced apple rings or fresh apple wedges, if desired. Serves 4.



For 77 other things to worcestershire, write for free recipe book to Lea & Perrins, Dept. C-11, Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410.

and tuna, burgers, clams or paté tomorrow.

Tuna Rarebit à la Perrins
2 cans (10¾ oz. each) condensed Cheddar cheese soup
¾ cup beer
1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
2 tablespoons Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce
2 cans (7 oz. each) tuna fish, drained and flaked

In a medium saucepan combine soup, beer, cheese and Worcestershire sauce. Cook and stir until mixture begins to bubble and cheese is melted. Blend in tuna. Serve over toast points, garnished with paprika, if desired. Serves 8.

English Wimpy on a Bun
1½ pounds ground lean beef
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
¼ cup minced onion
2 tablespoons Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon Tabasco pepper sauce
6 hamburger buns, split

In a large skillet cook and stir beef until just browned, about 5 minutes. Stir in Original Worcestershire Sauce, salt and Tabasco. Cover and simmer 5 minutes. Serve over hamburger buns. Serves 6.

Down Eastern Clam Dip
1 can (10½ oz.) minced clams, drained
½ cup dairy sour cream
2 teaspoons Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce

In a small bowl combine all ingredients; blend and chill. Serve with crackers or chips. Yield: 1 cup.

Worcestered Liver Paté
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 cup minced onion
1 pound chicken livers
2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
2 teaspoons Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce
1 teaspoon salt

In a large skillet heat oil. Add minced onion; saute 5 minutes. Add livers; saute about 8 minutes. Cool slightly. Place in jar of electric blender, about 1/3 at a time; blend until smooth. Stir in remaining ingredients. Chill. Yield: about

THE CREAM PIE QUESTION

continued from page 93

Our custard pie story is a cooking lesson in three easy steps . . . four steps if you consider Boston Cream Pie a pie.

STEP 1.
This is "as easy as pie." *The shells* are frozen pie shells that need to be baked and cooled, or they are made from cookie crumbs patted into place and chilled. *The fillings* are creamy instant pudding and dessert mixes. *Flavorings and decorations* are from prepared canned pie fillings. Just stir in or spoon over the top of the pie.

CHERRY CREAM PIE (pictured)

Pastry shell:
¼ tsp. ground allspice
2 Tb. superfine sugar
1 egg white
1 (9-in.) frozen pastry shell
Filling:
1 (3½-oz.) pkg. vanilla whipped-dessert mix
1 cup milk
½ tsp. ground allspice
1 cup heavy cream
1 (21-oz.) can cherry pie filling
1 cup chopped walnuts

Bake pastry shell: Stir allspice into sugar. Beat egg white until foamy, stir in sugar mixture, then brush over inside of frozen pastry shell. Bake shell according to package directions. Cool.
Make filling: In deep bowl combine whipped-dessert mix and ½ cup of the milk. Beat with rotary beater or electric mixer at high speed for 1 minute. At low speed blend in remaining ½ cup milk and the allspice; whip at high speed 2 minutes. Beat heavy cream until stiff. Fold into whipped dessert.

Set aside 2 tablespoons of the cherry pie filling for decorating pie. Fold remaining filling and chopped walnuts into dessert-cream mixture, and pour into shell. Refrigerate at least 1 hour.

Just before serving pie, spoon saved pie filling over top. Serves 6 to 8.

BLUEBERRY CREAM PIE

Pastry shell:
1 egg white
2 Tb. superfine sugar
1 (9-in.) frozen pastry shell
1 Tb. sweet sherry
Filling:
1 (21-oz.) can blueberry pie filling
2 cups milk
2 (3¾-oz.) pkgs. vanilla instant pudding
1½ cups dairy sour cream
⅓ cup sweet sherry
½ tsp. almond extract
¼ cup toasted slivered almonds

Bake pastry shell: Beat egg white until foamy, stir in sugar, then brush over inside of frozen pastry shell. Bake shell according to package directions. Cool in pan on wire rack. When cool, brush with sweet sherry.
Make filling: Spoon half of the blueberry pie filling in an even layer in cooled pie shell. (Set remaining aside.)

Pour milk into a bowl, add instant pudding, and beat with rotary beater at low speed for 1 minute. Fold in sour cream until blended, then 2 tablespoons of the sweet sherry and the almond extract. Pour over blueberry layer. Refrigerate pie for at least 1 hour to set.

Combine in electric blender saved blueberry pie filling with remaining sweet sherry. Blend 1 minute.

Just before serving, top with toasted slivered almonds. Serve sherry-blueberry sauce separately. Serves 6 to 8.

HAWAIIAN CREAM PIE

1 (12¾-oz.) pkg. coconut cream pie mix
1 (4½-oz.) can toasted sweetened coconut
2 Tb. sugar
½ cup butter or margarine melted
1 (8¼-oz.) can crushed pineapple in syrup
3 bananas
1 Tb. lemon juice
3 cups cold milk
1 Tb. grated lemon rind
¾ tsp. nutmeg

Make crust: In small bowl co graham cracker crumbs for crus package of coconut cream pie mi the toasted coconut and sugar well mixed. Mix in melted but margarine until crumbs are e moistened. Press evenly over b and sides of a 9-inch pie plat frigerate while preparing filling.
Make filling: Drain crushed pine saving syrup in a small bowl. Sli nanas into pineapple syrup; add juice. Make coconut filling from age with milk, 2 teaspoons of the lemon rind, and ½ teaspoon of th meg, following package directior 2 tablespoons crushed pineapple fold remaining into filling. Layer two thirds of the banana slices i tom of prepared crumb crust. To pineapple filling mixture, spre evenly. Refrigerate at least 1 hou frigerate remaining banana slice saved crushed pineapple.
When ready to serve: Make tc from package according to packa rections, adding remaining 1 tea grated lemon rind and ¼ teaspoo meg. Arrange saved banana around edge of pie, then make a saved pineapple, and mound topp center. Serves 6 to 8.

STEP 2
These pies are slightly more so cated. *The shells* are "made scratch" ingredients. While th quire little shaping, they must be and cooled. *The fillings* are pu and pie mixes made creamier by ing with light cream and egg *The decoration* is whipped cream

BUTTERSCOTCH-APPLE PIE (picture

Graham-cracker crust:
1½ cups graham-cracker crumbs
⅓ cup sugar
¾ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. ground cloves
⅓ cup melted butter or margarine
Butterscotch-a filling:
2 (3¼-oz.) p butterscotc pudding an filling
1 cup light c
3 cups apple
½ tsp. cinna
¼ tsp. cloves
1 cup heavy
½ cup peanu brittle

Make graham-cracker crust: In a bowl combine graham-cracker cr sugar, cinnamon, and cloves an well. Mix in melted butter or n rine, until crumbs are evenly ened. Press evenly over bottom ar of a 9-inch pie plate. Bake at 35 10 minutes. Cool.
Make filling: In heavy medium pan combine pudding and pie and cream. Stir until smooth, the applesauce, cinnamon, and Cook, over medium heat, stirrin stantly until mixture comes to boil. Pour into graham-cracker

Cool to room temperature, th frigerate 3 hours. Whip heavy c spoon in mounds around edge of f and sprinkle with peanut br Serves 6 to 8.

PECAN-LEMON LAYER PIE

1 (9½ to 11-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix
Pecan layer:
2 Tb. butter or regular margarine
⅓ cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg
¼ cup light corn syrup
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
½ tsp. grated lemon rind
¼ tsp. salt
½ cup chopp pecans
⅓ cup chopp dates
Lemon layer:
2 (3⅝-oz.) pl lemon pudd and pie filli
½ cup light b sugar
3 egg yolks
3 cups light c
½ cup water
1 cup heavy c

(continued on page

(ADVERTISEMENT—PART OF A FICTIONALIZED SERIES)

"Snow Ghost Pie"

A tale told to Hershey's



I remember when I was a boy, we had this handyman who shovelled our snow in the winter.

Now he wasn't your ordinary handyman, no sir. He was a cunning old devil. He was in direct contact with leprechauns, witches... trolls... and ghosts.

We kids didn't know whether to be scared of the handyman, or laugh at him. Mostly I guess we were scared.

Now one day I got snowed in from school and I hung around while my grandmother did her baking. Round noontime she poured the creamy chocolate middle into a pie crust, and when the smell of that chocolate hit me, I swear I nearly fainted from hunger.

She stuck it out on the windowsill to cool and I saw the handyman stop shovelling snow and give that pie a long, slow look. Then I saw his nose twitch as he got a whiff of the chocolate and sort of got pulled toward the pie like it was magic.

My grandmother was no fool and she said, "Hands off that pie. It's for dinner."

Well the handyman and I hung around the pie awhile. It had a golden crust and fluffy whipped cream on top but what really got to us was the chocolate middle. It was the kind of middle that melts in your mouth and warms you from the inside out.

The handyman stared at the pie and looked like he couldn't stand it any longer. He leaned over me, real tall, and he said, "Sonny, I know a *snow* ghost who lives in a snowbank who *has* to have a piece of that pie."

I was about to ask what kind of ghost lives in a snowbank and eats pie when Grandma whipped her pie right out from under our noses and hid it away.

The handyman grabbed me and whispered, "Lissen, when your grandma ain't lookin' get a *big* piece of that pie for the snow ghost, because snow ghosts are mighty big ghosts."

I said I couldn't do that.

He said, "If y'do, the snow ghost will fix it so it keeps on snowin' and you'll get outta school."

I said I still couldn't do it.

He said, "If you don't do it for *me*, the snow ghost'll come out of his snowbank and ask you *himself*."

I said I'd do it.

Sure enough, Grandma thought I'd stolen the piece of pie for myself. She wouldn't believe it was for a ghost. She made me open my mouth wide, and she looked inside to see if there was any chocolate in there. And then she said she believed me. But she said she didn't believe in the snow ghost, not on your life.

Funny thing is, it snowed for a whole week after that and I got out of so much school I got bored.

And next time Grandma made her chocolate pie, she made the whipped cream on top look just like a snow ghost. And when she served it at dinner, there was already a big piece missing.

Only Grandma and I knew why.

To this day, when my wife makes Grandma's recipe for Snow Ghost Pie, we leave a piece for the ghost.

Just in case.

Snow Ghost Pie tastes as good today as it did when Grandma baked it back in '33.

Snow Ghost Cocoa Cream Pie

- 1 9-in. baked pastry shell or crumb crust
- ½ cup Hershey's Cocoa
- 1¼ cups sugar
- ⅓ cup cornstarch
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 3 cups milk
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla
- Sweetened whipped cream

Combine cocoa, sugar, salt and cornstarch in a medium saucepan. Gradually blend milk into dry ingredients, stirring until smooth. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until filling boils; boil 1 minute. Remove from heat; blend in butter and vanilla. Pour into pie crust. Carefully press plastic wrap directly onto pie filling. Cool; chill 3 to 4 hours. Garnish with whipped cream.



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4 Seasons Woman

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The most astonishin







Above, ancient elephant bo
jacketed with plaster for s
to a museum. Below, Sto
tools, painstakingly shapec
rough stones by chipping.



SHARPENED WITH FINELY WORKED STONE SCRAPERS

- Written by F. Clark Howell.
- Actual book size: 8½" x 11". • 200 pages.
- Over 200 illustrations, photos and maps, many in full color.

, Homo sapiens, were
" pictured to be. Anything
ould do, Neanderthalers could
unters and toolmakers who prob-
ge. They had pondered the nature of
u felt the first primitive stirrings of religion.

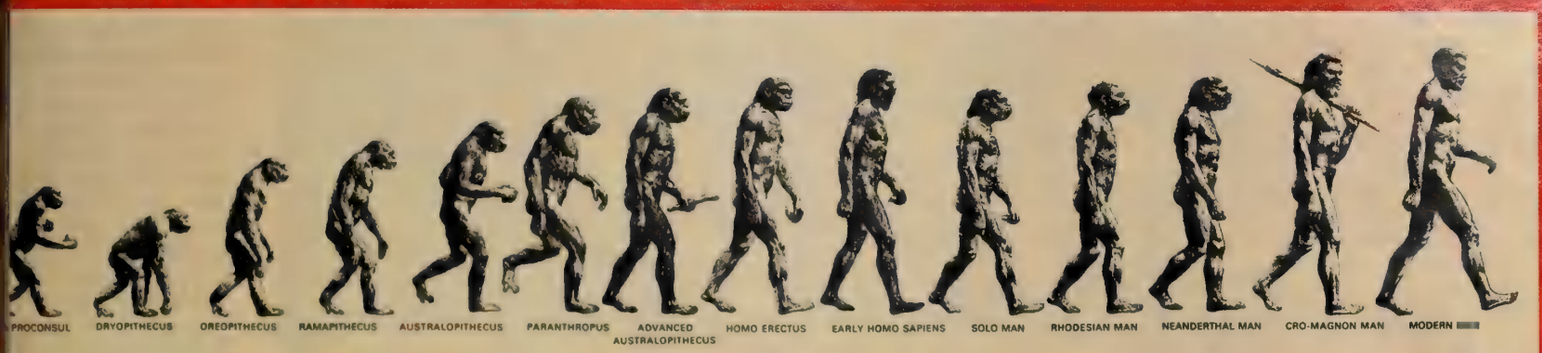
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An African Bushman, member of a society that has not changed in centuries, pauses during his long hunt.



Professor Francois Bordes probes for fossils at Combe Grenal, in France.

tective story in history—
the unearthing of EARLY MAN



ollow his progress from tree-dweller to space-traveler
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you know that our human ancestors of 70 million rs ago looked more like squirrels than people? That famous "Piltdown man" was a deliberate hoax that led scientists for 40 years? That the early history of human species has a 10-million-year gap about ch almost nothing is known? That modern science diagnose arthritis in a 44,000-year-old skeleton? t is dozens of fascinating discoveries like these that ke the development of man the greatest drama the ld has ever witnessed. Here is the birth of all our ory, our art, our religion, our civilization. Here you emerging all those qualities that made us what we today . . . that enabled us to descend from the trees reach for the stars.

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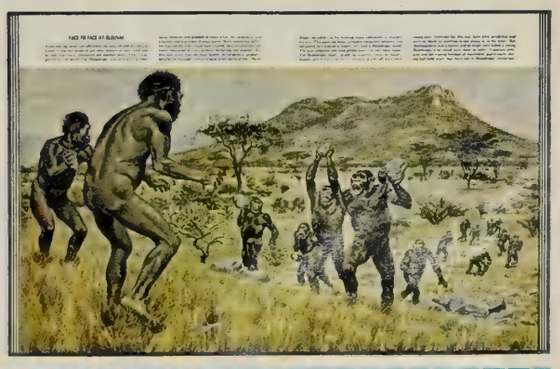
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A Stone Age ax is used by experimenter to study its wear patterns.



Cro-Magnon man is correctly depicted as being tall and robust.



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THE CREAM PIE QUESTION

continued from page 104

Prepare pie crust mix according to package directions, roll out, and fit into a 9-inch pie plate. Preheat oven to 400°.

Make pecan layer: In small bowl with electric mixer or rotary beater, beat butter or margarine until smooth. Beat in brown sugar until light, then beat in the egg, corn syrup, vanilla extract, grated lemon rind, and salt until well blended. Mix in the chopped pecans and dates. Pour mixture into unbaked pastry shell. Bake at 400° for 25 minutes or until filling is firm and crust is golden. Set pie plate on wire rack to cool.

Make lemon layer: In medium saucepan combine lemon pudding and pie filling and light brown sugar. Blend in egg yolks, then stir in 3 cups light cream and ½ cup water until smooth. Cook, over medium heat, stirring constantly until mixture comes to a boil. Pour into a bowl, cover surface with waxed paper or plastic wrap, and cool at room temperature.

Pour over pecan layer, then refrigerate 2½ hours or until firm enough to cut.

To serve: Whip heavy cream until stiff and swirl over top of lemon layer. Sprinkle with additional chopped pecans if you wish. Serves 6 to 8.

MAPLE-RAISIN CREAM PIE

1 (9½ to 11-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix

Meringues:
2 egg whites
⅛ tsp. cream of tartar
3 Tb. sugar

Filling:
1 (3-oz.) pkgs. egg custard mix
2 cups light cream
2 egg yolks
1 cup golden raisins
½ cup maple or maple-blended syrup
¼ cup finely chopped crystallized ginger
1 cup heavy cream

Prepare pie crust mix, roll out, and fit into a 9-inch pie plate; bake according to package directions. Cool in pie plate on wire rack.

Reset oven to 350°, and make *meringues:* In medium bowl combine egg whites and cream of tartar. With rotary beater or electric mixer, beat until foamy, then beat in sugar 1 tablespoon at a time, until mixture stands in stiff peaks. Spoon 4 or 5 mounds onto a sheet of heavy brown paper on a cookie sheet. Bake 10–15 minutes or until golden. Cool on paper on wire rack. When ready to serve pie, remove with spatula and place on pie.

Make filling: In heavy medium saucepan combine egg custard mix and cream until smooth, then blend in egg yolks. Cook according to package directions until thick. Remove from heat and stir in raisins, maple syrup, and ginger. Pour into a bowl and cover surface with plastic wrap. Cool at room temperature until no longer warm.

Beat heavy cream until stiff. Gently fold into custard mixture just until blended. Pour into cooled pastry shell. Refrigerate 3–4 hours or until firm enough to cut.

To serve: Top with the meringues. Serves 6 to 8.

STEP 3

Here is the traditional custard pie. *The shells* are pastry crusts—shaped, crimped, and baked. *The filling* is classic . . . a cornstarch-cream base cooked and then placed over boiling water, while egg yolks are added. The pie filling is lightened by folding in whipped cream, which is also used as decoration.

GRASSHOPPER PIE (pictured)

Chocolate shell:
½ cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces
3 cups toasted rice cereal

Filling:
¾ cup sugar
3 Tb. cornstarch
¼ tsp. salt
1¾ cups milk
3 egg yolks
½ tsp. peppermint extract
1 cup heavy cream
Few drops green food coloring

Make shell: In top of a double boiler over hot water melt ½ cup semisweet chocolate pieces. Add rice cereal and stir gently until cereal is evenly coated. Pour mixture into a well buttered 9-inch pie plate, then spread evenly over bottom, side, and rim. Refrigerate.

Make filling: In heavy medium saucepan combine sugar, cornstarch, and salt. Stir in milk until mixture is smooth. Cook, over medium heat, stirring constantly until mixture thickens and comes to a boil. Boil 1 minute. Remove from heat. In small bowl beat egg yolks slightly. Stir in about ½ cup hot cornstarch mixture, then stir all back into remaining mixture in saucepan. Return to heat and cook, stirring constantly, 2 minutes longer. Stir in peppermint extract. Pour into a bowl and cover surface with plastic wrap. Cool at room temperature.

Beat heavy cream until stiff, and tint green with three or four drops food coloring. Gently fold, just until blended, into cornstarch mixture. Pour into chocolate shell. Refrigerate 2½ hours. Serves 6 to 8.

STEP 4

Boston Cream Pie is called a pie, because the sponge cakes were originally baked in pie plates and the custard filling is really a pie filling.

DOUBLE BOSTON CREAM PIE (pictur

Sponge cake:
1¾ cups sifted cake flour
2 tsp. double-acting baking powder
½ tsp. salt
8 eggs
1¾ cups superfine sugar
1½ tsp. grated orange rind
1½ tsp. vanilla extract

Filling:
½ cup sugar
¼ cup all-purpose flour
1½ cups milk
4 egg yolks
1 tsp. vanilla extract
½ tsp. grated orange rind
½ cup heavy

Glaze:
3 Tb. light cre
1 (1-oz.) squa unsweetened chocolate
2 Tb. butter or margarine
¾ cup confect ers' sugar

Line 4 ungreased 9- layer cake pans with w paper. Preheat oven to Sift flour then measure again with baking po and salt onto waxed p

Separate eggs, pla whites in large bowl yolks in medium bowl. electric mixer or ro beater beat egg yolks light in color, then beat cup of the sugar, 1 t spoon at a time until ture is very thick and fl Next beat in orange rin vanilla extract.

Wash beaters, then egg whites until foamy. in remaining 1 cup of s 1 tablespoon at a time, mixture is no longer s when pinched in fin Blend by folding egg mixture into egg white ture. Then sift ¼ flour ture over and fold in until no dry flour app Repeat until all flour ture is used.

Pour into prepared Bake at 350° for 20 t minutes.

Make filling: In a me saucepan combine sugar flour, then stir in milk smooth. Cook, over me heat, stirring until mix thickens and boils. B minute. Remove from In small bowl beat egg slightly. Stir in about ½ hot milk mixture, then all back into remaining ture in saucepan. Retu heat and cook, stirring stantly, 2 minutes lo Stir in vanilla extract grated orange rind. Pour into a l and cover surface with plastic w Cool at room temperature.

Beat heavy cream until stiff and into filling until blended. Refrige

When ready to finish cake *glaze:* In small saucepan heat cr Stir in chocolate and butter an stand until melted. Stir in confec ers' sugar until smooth.

To finish cake, spread 3 layers filling, dividing evenly. Stack the la and top with fourth layer. Pou spread glaze over top, allowing it t down side. Decorate with choc curls, if you wish. Serves 10 to 12.



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3 Seasons Woman

RYSTAL MOUSE

ued from page 85

pack it. It would fill the hours edtime.

condominium was called The It was twelve stories high, g starkly back from a strip of The landscaping still looked raw w but there was a swimming d there were parking facilities ath the building. It was very , but a second high-rise was due next to it within the foresee- ure. At any rate there was now ate occupancy. She and Howard nned to finish moving in this

hought of the building was com- to her. There would be a door- d other people around her. It 't be like this isolated cottage ck of cottages that were some- rented, sometimes not. There be a resident nurse and there be social rooms and shuffle- nd the pool, and people laugh- ying, enjoying a new kind of

insisted on driving Jack and Jane to the airport, though they luctant to let her. It was sunset he drove slowly back into town. kness fell she began to drive pidly, anxious to get back to the apartment and the job of mov-

in the driveway of the small cot- e felt tired suddenly, depleted funeral and the responsibility of nd Betty Jane. She longed for a th and bed. She unlocked her owly, glad she had left the lamps e crossed the room and turned TV, but the sudden blast of was worse than the silence. She d it off and stood indecisively middle of the room. She was al- orry not to be on the plane flying with Jack and Betty Jane.

could hear the clock ticking in tchen, the hum of the refriger- nd the occasional clunk from the tank. She crossed the room and up the phone book, idly flipping h the pages. Surely there was ne she could call to come for cof- t no one came to mind. She put the phone book and went briskly kitchen, emptied and rinsed the ot and put it into the cardboard ontaining her robe and night- She added cups and saucers, cof- d spoons, and the few things re- ng in the refrigerator. She stood ntly in the middle of the room, ing. Then she took a bottle of from the cabinet, and, impul- a carton of cigarettes from the le table. She hadn't smoked in but it seemed to her they should luded in the night's emergency She turned out the lights and the door and got into her car.

town of Cape Haze was in the of its evening rush hour as resi- and tourists went out to early r. Sara drove through the stream ffic. To her left the city marina were reflected in the still waters bay, and for a moment she con- d stopping and having dinner marina restaurant. Then she h of coming back to the car alone, and drove on.

e across the bridge to the key the g was easier. There was a straight



stretch and then the small shopping circle with its lights and the sound of rock music from a bar. She drove off the circle and across a humpbacked bridge and dropped suddenly into darkness and silence. Tall casuarina trees nodded at her from the roadside; stars, no longer outshone by neon, sprang into being in the sky.

She rounded a curve, hit the straightaway, and increased her speed. She passed a shack that sold fishing gear, its lone light raying into the darkness, making shadowy shapes of the lines and poles; she saw the gleam of beer cans raised in the dim light. Everything seemed strange and somehow threatening to her, but ahead she saw the lights of the towering condominium.

The building looked just as she had imagined it: solid, big, comforting in the night. The twelve stories stretched skyward with a red warning light on top to ward off airplanes. A row of lights stretched up the outside of the building in a fine unwavering line from bottom floor to top. A line of round-globed lights lit up the approach to the entry, banishing darkness. She turned, almost happily, into the drive.

The night watchman came outside at the sound of her car. He wore the comforting garb of the lawman, a peaked cap, serviceable blue shirt and pants, a pistol in a holster on his fat hip. He was gray-haired and red-faced *(continued)*

and very ordinary and familiar.

"Why, good evening, Mrs. Hillstrom," he said. "Didn't expect you out here tonight. I'm real sorry to hear about Mr. Hillstrom. Real sorry."

"I wanted to come on out for the night, Mr. Bishop," she said. "I didn't want to stay in the old apartment."

"Well . . . sure, fine," he said. "Do you remember the number of your parking slot?"

"It's the same as the apartment, isn't it?" she said. "Twelve B?"

"That's right," he said. "Just drive on in here and up the ramp."

She drove into the parking entrance. There were lights here too, dots of brightness in the midst of gray concrete. The ramp went upward around arched supports, blank walls facing one at each turning. She had seen movies of the inside of parking ramps. They had not been cheerful movies. What is the matter with me? she thought. I seem to keep having bad thoughts. But then, of course, *it is the day of Howard's funeral.* The sentence had no reality for her. She didn't believe it. What she believed was the stark gray of the parking ramp, and the strange and frightening fact that there was not one single car anywhere in the vast subterranean space.

She drove on, up and around, beginning to feel as though she were on some celestial escalator from which there was no escape. Then her lights flashed onto 12 B and she parked the car. For a moment she sat staring at the blank wall in front of her, then she hurriedly looked into the back seat. There was only her cardboard box of supplies, a discarded Coke bottle, and a battered city map.

At the lighted doorway near the parking slot she could see the night watchman standing inside holding a bunch of keys. She went to the door and he let her into a carpeted hallway with a bank of elevators. He took the box, punched the elevator button and rode up with her, holding her carton gingerly in front of him. She stared at the buttons and wondered what would happen if she pushed Emergency.

The doors slid open with a whisper and they stepped into the gray-carpeted hallway; the walls were a lighter gray, with lights running the length of the silent closed corridor. The watchman marched to the door at the end marked 12 B in discreet black letters. He put her box down inside the door. "The air conditioning is on," he said. "If you need anything, just buzz on the intercom."

"Thank you, Mr. Bishop," she said. She wanted to ask him to wait while she checked the apartment, but she realized that would sound silly. For a moment she left the door open between herself and the comforting presence of Mr. Bishop's back at the elevator. Then he went through the sliding doors and was gone, and she quickly locked and shut her door and fastened the chain against the empty corridor.

She put her box on the kitchen table and made a quick inspection of the apartment, including the closets. Then she walked across the empty expanse of living-room carpet and looked out the window at her exclusive and expensive view. The apartment faced the Gulf of Mexico. In the light of the globed lamps that ringed the empty swimming pool below her she could see the edge of surf, pounding regularly onto the strip of beach that edged the landscaped grounds of the building.

She turned from the window and went briskly into the kitchen to plug in her coffeepot. While it thunked cheerfully she went into the bedroom and put sheets on her twin bed. Except for the mechanical company of the electrical appliances the apartment was very still, and in the act of plumping her pillow a disturbing thought came to her. She could see in her mind's eye the building as she had driven toward it, and she realized that the line of lights from top to bottom that had seemed so cheerful was nothing more than the lights from the elevator shafts.

She stood staring down at the blue roses on her pillow slip, a frozen feeling in the pit of her stomach, and thought of her solitary light streaking out of the apartment into the empty night. "There weren't any cars in the parking space either," she said aloud, and the sound of her voice seemed to echo through the building around her. A twelve-story building, designed for sixty-five families, and housing herself and a night watchman twelve empty, spacious stories below.

"This is silly," Sara said. She finished making the bed and forced herself to cross the bedroom, to go into the kitchen and make a cheese sandwich. She sat down at her new kitchen table and ate the sandwich and drank the coffee, opened her cigarettes and lit one. It tasted strong and harsh and strange, but immeasurably comforting. So much for you, Howard, she thought. She had a momentary pang of guilt and almost said out loud, *I'm sorry, Howard.*

She left the kitchen light on and went into the living room. It was a pretty room, with a soft gray carpet, shades darker than the walls. The sofa and chairs, a nice blue, were already in place near the windows. Her beautiful antique dining table was in its alcove with the ladderback chairs around it. The draperies would be a muted print of blues and greens. She had wanted pink, but Howard couldn't stand pink.

She went to the largest packing case and began to try to unfasten the stapling bands around it and broke a fingernail. She sat down on the carpet and stared at it, feeling tears welling up behind her eyes. Don't start crying, Sara, she told herself. She got up and rummaged through Howard's neat tool drawer until she found a wire clipper and opened the crate with a feeling of triumph.

The crystal had all been neatly packed by the moving people. She plunged her hands recklessly into the excelsior and took out the first piece. It was her crystal mouse, her oldest and smallest piece, which she had personally packed on top. He was delicate and cunning, pointed ears iridescent, curling tail a thin coil of fragility over his haunches. She took him carefully across the room and placed him in the exact center of the middle shelf where he sat looking back at her from a solitude as immense as her own.

She remembered the day she had first seen him, poised on a piece of black velvet in the window of Dayton's department store in Minneapolis. He had been all alone there too, a small, gleaming extravagance she had fallen in love with as she stood on a cold blustery street wrapped in the first fur coat Howard had ever given her. A fur coat she hated.

"I didn't know I hated that coat," she said now to the mouse. "I had no idea before this moment that that was the reason I had to buy you."

She worked steadily for what seemed a long time. Piece after piece of crystal came up from the depths of excelsior and took its place on the shelves; the swan and the unicorn, the giraffe and the twin gazelles, the Viking ship in full sail against the wind, the ugly frog, and the lovely singing sword.

When the two boxes were empty Sara glanced at her watch, feeling she had earned her bed. The small jeweled hands pointed unbelievably to 9:09. She held her wrist to her ear. The watch was running. Maybe it stopped for just a while, she thought. She sat on the edge of her bed, turned the radio dial; when the announcer came on he told her it was 8:15 in Dallas. Her watch hadn't stopped. It was just that time was running slow now, would probably run slow from now on. She realized then that she was listening—listening for the sound, above the murmuring radio, of cars coming in, of someone coming home.



"How could you possibly smell gas, Doris? We have an all-electric kitchen."

She laughed at herself with th
ization. She couldn't possibly
them this far from the ground.
dred people could have come h
The Triton for the night and she
never have known it. She sat
new blue couch and looked out
Gulf of Mexico, wondering who
the floors below was looking out
same wide scene of sea and nigh
tiptoed to the window and peere
There were no lights below he
the glow from the globes by the

The front windows of the livin
were really doors, sliding glass
leading onto the balcony. She
the round handle and the door
noiselessly on its new runner
jumped back, startled. Was it p
these doors didn't lock? She exa
the catch in the dim light from o
There was a thumb lock, but it
been on. She pushed the door ba
stepped out. To the right there w
other balcony, dark and shadowy
good hundred feet away. To t
there was only the corner of the
ing. Two balconies to the fron
two apartments, and no light fr
other one.

She walked to the railing and
down. Far below the empty pool
up at her like a rectangular ey
leaned out and down. No ligh
from any window to shine o
space. She stood still, her hand
ping the railing, and listened.
were no sounds in the silenc
strained her ears and somethin
to her, a faint murmur. Perhaps
from the apartment next doo
people had come in and gone
while she worked and were now
in the darkness. She nodded h
and went back inside, carefully p
the latch up on the sliding do
would take a human fly to get o
balcony, but she locked it anywa

It was only after she'd turne
into the apartment that she r
the murmur of voices came fr
own radio, left on in the bedroo
went to the bathroom, determi
take a long, luxurious bath. Wh
tub filled she got her gown an
from the cardboard box and s
the largest, fluffiest white towel
cupboard. She undressed slowly
last moment turning to look at h
in the full-length mirror on th
room door.

For a moment she was startled
image of herself. She had been
terribly old and used up and th
invulnerable to fate. The body
mirror wasn't that old. She had
had a good figure, even though
never made anything of it. In fa
body was embarrassingly good
breasts, still firm, narrow wai
hips. The original firmness of
had drooped slightly with the
but it wasn't the body of an old w
The sight of it annoyed her. Wo
fifty should not have bodies
would want to look at. The idea
faintly obscene to her. She
quickly from her reflection and s
into her tub.

She leaned back, prepared t
the water wash over her, relaxi
tensions of the day, and clos
eyes.

There was a sudden sound. H
opened, focused in a shortsighte
on the water faucets. She was awa
her body had tightened *(cont*



Basic set (1½, 2½ qt. saucepans; 5 qt. Dutch oven; 10" skillet) shown in Harvest.

The craftsman's touch.

It's basic: there's a touch of the craftsman in us all.

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6 Green Giant frozen Vegetable Casseroles



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32-874

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into a knot of apprehension. The sound of the radio still murmured from the adjoining bedroom. But it had been something else that she had heard. She couldn't place the direction from which it had come.

She tensed and waited, but the sound didn't come again. It had been very slight and so momentary it was unidentifiable. It was probably a sound normal to daily life, a sound she should have been able to place and ignore instantly. Except that she couldn't. She realized that she was holding herself perfectly still in the tub and that she had ceased to breathe.

In that moment of bodily stasis her mind began to throw up images she hadn't known were there. The first was of some forgotten newspaper story of an ax murderer. He had killed, and killed again, and he had in desperation finally scrawled on the wall above a victim, in the victim's own blood, a plea for help: PLEASE STOP ME. The second image was from a TV play: a man had thrown a radio into the tub with his intended victim and electrocuted him.

Sara let her breath out slowly. The bathroom door was open and she willed herself to turn around and look at the opening, but she couldn't do it. Instead she picked up the soap and bathed herself as thoroughly as possible. It was a ritual, done in haste and fear and mindless panic, but with a primitive impulse behind it. She stepped out of the tub and toweled herself dry and slipped into her robe.

She stepped quietly to the door and peered around it. The bedroom looked just as it had before, the bed lamp cozily on, the bed turned cozily down, the radio singing country music. She crossed the room and went into the hall, into the kitchen, into the pantry. She came back out and looked around the living room. Then she steeled herself and opened all the closets. In a last gesture of foolishness and fear she looked under the beds.

There was nothing but silence. She went to the bathroom and unstopped the tub. Above the gurgling of water she heard the sound again and knew what it was: the air conditioning changing pitch as the thermostat regulated it.

The relief was so sudden it sapped her, and she began to tremble, long shuddering tremors vying with long shuddering breaths. "Good heavens," she said aloud. Then in a familiar gesture of self-comfort she grasped her right wrist with her left hand. I wonder why I do it she thought, it's just a child sucking its thumb.

Moira, her best friend, had sat o French provincial sofa one day a lion years ago and said, crossing legs and lighting a cigarette. "darling, you're developing a tic, hang onto your wrist like a swi saving himself from drowning. It n you look a little desperate."

Moira had never looked despera her life. She had been so tall and and self-possessed, her hazel eyes suring the world and finding it war but refusing to be disconcerte Moira were here now she would "Well, dear, we've looked everyw haven't we? And, unfortunately, wasn't even anything under the So all we can do is have a tod fo bod and make the best of being al

Moira had often shocked a l people, including Howard. Many things she said would have sho Sara, if someone else had said t But Moira had always occupied a cial place in her life, giving her a t perhaps, of what she herself n have been if she had been differe

Thinking of Moira made Sara better. She let go of her wrist, into the living room, and stared a intercom box. All I have to do thought, is punch a button and Bishop will answer me and come up in the elevator if I need him

She picked up a magazine brought with her, slid into bed looked at the advertisements of a beautiful things for all the beau people. She wasn't one of the beau people; but she had managed, bec of Howard, to have most of the be ful things. As on other occasion loneliness she listed them in her n trying to recall the joy they brought at the time of acquiring feeling of safety and solidity they always given her. She thought o nice home in Minneapolis and ren bered with love the Christmases o pearls, the sapphires, the ruby brac

She woke with a start to find the lamp shining in her eyes. She swit it off, falling into sleep without n ing the gap she'd left in her Christ present list where the fur coat ha rived. Her mind gave her instead crystal mouse and she drifted a into sleep thinking of his glittering

Something woke her suddenly she sat up, startled, until she rea it had been the magazine sliding of bed onto the floor. She looked at watch. The hands pointed to 2:30 She felt abused, thinking she surely have slept longer than

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hirty was not a good time to
in the night. She had read some-
that most crimes were com-
l between the hours of 11 and 2,
at didn't make her feel better.
30, which was close to dawn, one
feel safe; 2:30 was the middle of
ght.

a lay rigid and listened to the
ess around her. The other occu-
of the building must have come
by now. She thought of them,
ng restlessly or soundly, snoring,
ling nonsense in their beds
d her. There might be children
One might wake and call for
hing in the night, as Howie used
ll, Howie was a grown man now,
in New Zealand with a pretty
hippie wife with long hair and
eet and a mind of her own. She
ht about them, with their own
living Down Under in a world
uldn't imagine.

could see the hall light shining
er room across the expanse of
. She wondered what she'd done
er package of cigarettes. She got
luctantly and padded into the
kitchen where she found them.
andered through the apartment,
ng on a cigarette, coming finally
balcony doors. She opened them
ent out into the night.

looked out and down. There was
e empty, lighted pool, the dark,
Gulf, the dark, empty building
d her. She finished her cigarette
rned toward her balcony doors,
d by the fear she'd shut them
d her and was locked onto the
y. It would be so typical of her,
rd would say. There would be no
ck in at all.

ourse she hadn't closed the door.
gh the glass she could see her
l shining in the hallway light,
ing itself back and forth from
to figure. Standing there, look-
, she imagined herself walking
the living room and someone
ing her from the balcony. She
y slid the doors open, slipped
gh, and locked them behind her.
stood there, just inside the door,
gan to cry, because she knew, in
f the fact that her mind was tell-
r that it was stupid, that she was
to have to search the apartment
I just won't do it, she told her-
ll go back to bed. But she knew
ould, and she did, though the
was cursory. Still, she made it
lsively and with pounding heart.

had always hated the times
Howard had had to be out of
n business, had always been ner-
nd frightened in the house alone.
ng had ever kept her from mak-
t silly search through the night-
ouse.

all nonsense," Howard would
You don't really expect to find
ng. What would you do if you

had come now to the crux of the
. She was behaving exactly as
d would have expected her to
. She wasn't coping. Howard
lways been convinced that she
't cope; that Sara didn't and
't exist without him; that she
capable of decision, action, even
ply being, without him to direct
was as some sort of challenge to
d that she made herself still her
which was pounding too loudly.

She sank gratefully into sleep, but her dreams betrayed her. In sleep, Sara Hillstrom tossed and moaned softly, not coping, just as Howard would have said.

The sun woke her, streaming through the uncurtained windows, dazzling in its early-morning brilliance, holding promise and excitement, and the eternal recurring miracle of Again. Sara sat up, stretched, yawned, smiled. She had the exact feeling she'd had on Saturday mornings during school days, knowing there was a new, full day ahead with nothing onerous to spoil it.

She was shocked at her joy and groped for images of proper sadness to exculpate herself. Then she gave up. I'm going to treat myself to breakfast out, she thought.

She had always loved to eat breakfast out. It gave her a marvelous feeling, compounded in equal parts of luxury and licentiousness, as though she were rich and pampered, and as though she had come to a staid restaurant from some exciting and sinful romping with the mark of it still on her. She'd never had such a sinful romping, but the possibility of it always sat with her at breakfast out.

The whole apartment seemed to have changed subtly. The gray of the rugs seemed exactly right for the Florida sun, the lightness of the walls perfectly attuned to the stripes of *(continued)*

Pick a natural breakfast from the Florida grapefruit tree.



Make breakfast quick, delicious and nutritious—with tree-ripened white or pink grapefruit from Florida, the best, naturally. It's juicy. It's meaty. Rich in natural Vitamin C. It's almost a meal in itself. Yet it helps you shape up.



With lean bacon: a breakfast to lean on. Sprinkle halves with sugar and a little cinnamon or nutmeg, a dab of butter. Broil 5 to 10 minutes and top with bacon strips. Strawberries, cherries and coconut make great toppings, too.

On the half-shell, sweetened naturally. Grapefruit short and sweet. Half and section, top with a tablespoon of natural honey and sprinkle with cinnamon.

A low calorie day "starts top o' the morning." Have it sweet. But keep it low. Diet-type jams or jellies top off a half grapefruit nicely. It's a natural breakfast for the growing shape-up crowd.

Shape up with grapefruit from Florida.

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sunlight coming in the rooms. On her shelves the crystal gleamed, glittered, glistened. She crossed to it and put her hand gently on her crystal mouse.

Surprisingly, the corridor looked no different by daylight. It was still a long, muted hallway of soft light and closed doors. She walked down it in silence and entered the soundless elevator, remembering to push the button for the garage. The doors slid open, and she went through the glass door into the parking area.

For a moment she stood there, puzzled. She could see her car, sitting in front of 12 B just as she had left it, but it was still the only car visible. A sense of foreboding nibbled at the edges of her morning mood, but she pushed it away, telling herself she had a hollow feeling in her chest simply because she was hungry.

The winding turns leading out of the garage seemed shorter, perhaps because she could see the square of light beckoning from the bottom of the last turn. She exited into sunlight and braked the car. There was no one in sight.

As though summoned, a young man wearing white slacks, a blue-and-white striped shirt, and sneakers appeared around the side of the building. He looked startled at the sight of her, and walked toward the car, frowning.

"Who are you?" he said, when he reached the window.

"Why, I'm Mrs. Hillstrom in 12 B," said Sara.

"You mean you're living here?"

"Yes," she said. "May I ask who you are?"

The young man smiled. "Sorry," he said. "You startled me. I didn't know any . . . I'm Theo Snyder, the builder's representative. When did you move in?"

There was something about his manner that put Sara off. She felt as though he were quizzing her and that, on the contrary, she should have been quizzing him. "We began moving in a week or so ago," she said.

"Then you spent last night here?"

"Yes, Mr. Snyder."

"Well . . . glad to have you," he said, backing away from the car. "I have a temporary office just inside. Should you hear of anyone else interested in one of our condominiums . . ." The smile grew wider, seemed artificial.

She drove away quickly, leaving him standing at the entrance of the building looking after her. He was not like Mr. Bishop. There was nothing reassuring in his manner.

She was aware that the pristine emotion with which she had greeted the day was evaporating rapidly as she drove toward the shopping circle. The place she chose for breakfast was as bright and cheerful as she could have wished. She sat in a booth and sniffed at the good smells in the air. One of the pretty waitresses filled her coffee cup; she wanted to ask for fried eggs, but prudence and habit made her order soft-boiled. She did make her own small gesture toward sin by having scrapple.

Somewhere behind her two people were having a quarrel. The voices were low and the words indistinguishable, but the tone was unmistakable. There was a male voice: firm, serious, explanatory—furious. Then the female: nervous, ragged, defensive—sad. Then a silence, and the same thing all over again. That is never going to happen to me again, Sara thought. I am never going to be lectured during my breakfast by Howard.

Moira had always said she wouldn't put up with that no matter what. She was her own person, and no man would ever tell her what to do. You paid for freedom from loneliness by losing your self-respect. But self-respect, Moira said, won hands down. Loneliness she could live with. But if you've never experienced its opposite how can you know loneliness? Sara thought.

The other customers were leaving the restaurant by the time Sara had read the paper, and she knew she should go, but she wasn't sure yet what she was going to do with her day. She got up, paid her check, and went outside to her car. She sat there for a few moments, then drove toward the old apartment to finish packing.

She tried to keep her mind on the mechanics of driving, because she knew she didn't dare look at the enormous emptiness of this new day. There had to be something; someone waiting somewhere in the next moment, day, week. Otherwise no one would go on eating and drinking and driving an automobile from one place to another. One couldn't face a future containing nothing but the mechanics of life. How could any human being, even Sara Hillstrom, have lived fifty years and not have anything in store for that next moment, week, month?

This morning the day had seemed full of possibilities. What had she thought of then? The promise of a day without school to be filled with anything at all? When you are young anything is possible. But she had used up the possibilities; she had married and borne a son and run a house. The husband and son and house were gone. Only the boxes were left.

There were shadows on the shallow front porch of the cottage and she put the key in the lock with a comfortable feeling of familiarity and went into the dark living room. She sat at her little desk and made a purposeful list of all the things she had to do: call the television people and the telephone company and order the newspaper. There was very little left in the apartment to pack; it all fitted into two large boxes. Then she allowed herself to look at her watch: it was not quite noon.

She decided to have lunch at the marina restaurant. The restaurant was on the second floor, a glass-walled eyrie, from which there was a marvelous view of the bay and harbor. She was seated and eventually a waiter paused at her table and asked her if she'd like a drink before lunch. "Why, yes," she said, finally, reluctantly. "Perhaps so."

The waiter, a young man with long sideburns, waited impatiently, slouched on one foot. Her mind rejected Howard's bourbon, Moira's martini, various concoctions favored by friends. Then she remembered an advertisement she'd seen in a magazine. "A Bacardi?" she said.

He went away with no indication of surprise, so she presumed she'd said it right. As soon as the glass arrived, looking just as it had in the advertisement, she sipped at it tentatively. It tasted rather nasty but interesting. She must keep her mind on how interesting everything could be. She sipped doggedly at the drink and oddly enough she began to feel rather nice, cozy. She quickly sat upright. This is why people drink, she thought, and I do not really like it. She raised her hand imperiously and the waiter miraculously appeared and took her order for the seaboat salad.

"Why, Sara Hillstrom," a voice behind her said. She jumped, almost knocking her water glass over, and turned to see a woman whom, for the moment, she didn't recognize.

"Sara?" the woman, tall, emaciated, and tiredly elegant, said. "Don't you remember me?"

Sara's mind dropped back and she thought, Mary Appleby? Surely not. But yes, it is.

"Why, hello, Mary," she said. "Sit down. What are you doing in Cape Haze?"

Mary, eyes darting around the room and zeroing in on the waiter, said "Let me order us an after-luncheon drink. You haven't changed at all, Sara. You never will. It cheers me up, dear. It really does. You don't even *look* different."

The drinks came and Mary raised a martini on the rocks at her. Sara lifted her fresh Bacardi and blurted out, "Howard died this week."

Mary had a little trouble negotiating the gulp of martini; she put the glass down, and said, "Oh, dear."

"I'm sorry," Sara said.

"*You're* sorry? Good Lord, Sara, sorry. That's the way it should go."

"Well, I blurted it out like that," Sara. "I . . . you know . . . didn't you asking about him."

"We're getting to that age, aren we?" Mary said sadly. "You never ask any more. If it isn't death, it's vorce or dissolution."

"How have you been, Mary?" said.

"I'm fine, darling," Mary said. always fine. I'm between husbands I'd say through with husbands you'd know I didn't mean it. I have. I just like men around."

Yes, Sara thought. You always "They like you too," she said.

"Not really," Mary said. "knows I could never have kept around forever the way you did ard." She finished her drink. "What you doing, dear? Where do you

Sara was relieved to have some definite to talk about. Mary Appas always, made her feel self-conscious naïve, and dumb.

"We'd just bought a new condo ium," she said. "I moved in last n

"Which one, dear?"

"The Triton," Sara said, "on Key." She felt, for the first time, tain pride in her expensive addre

"The Triton?" Mary said. "I isn't open yet."

"Oh yes it is," Sara said. "I there."

"But how strange," Mary sai have a friend, Connie Gresham, owns one of the apartments there went off to Europe just a week ag cause she said nobody had mov and she wasn't about to until she some company."

The feeling of uneasiness in S stomach turned into a small, tight "I'm there," she said.

Mary shrugged. "Oh, well," she brightly. "That was a week ago. I pose people have moved in in the r time."

I want to cry, Sara thought, won't. "It's really a beautiful p she said.

"I know," Mary said. "It's than my apartment. But I s couldn't bear the bother of *owning* thing. Cecil—my last husband—w to buy me one, but I said, No, pre just sign this little thingy that you're liable for the rent foreve I'll take that."

Mary's face was undergoing a s transformation as she felt the effe her new drink. Finally she reach hand across the table and patted S arm. "Sara, dammit," she said, a a moment her voice carried a r and conviction Sara had never hea it before. "I *am* sorry about Ho I simply can't *say* things like tha

"I know," Sara said.

"I want to buy you another drin

"No thanks, Mary," Sara said. hardly touched this one."

An ugly look crossed the groomed face. "Do you think I'm c ing too much? That would be jus you, Sara. Good Lord, it even us bother you if somebody skipped s and went to the lake for the aftern

Sara wondered what Mary woul if she told her that it really h bothered her at all, that she'd wished somebody had wanted her to the lake with them. But she



"You mean you'd rather go bowling than stay here and see a free dance recital?"

Mary wouldn't believe her. Or just get up and go.

a realized she didn't want Mary up and go, even though she'd really liked her and could see no ility of any future friendship de- ng from this chance encounter. e was a voice, a human presence afternoon sunlight, and when she e silence would come back.

ary," she said, in a voice she was bright, "I will have another di, after all."

ell, goody," Mary said.

ou know, Mary," Sara said shyly, uite realizing the artifice with she could bring forth that shy- "You really look just fabulous. always did. I can hardly believe en . . . well . . ." She laughed de- tingly ". . . all those years since in old Mr. Riemer's math class."

d, don't mention that old fool," said. "I thought for sure he'd me senior year, and what would e done? I'd failed at that fancy l they'd tried to keep me in. If I t been able to pass at home I'd have gotten to college and Otis ."

had been Mary's first husband, e'd been rich, as had been two of her subsequent three. The one who hadn't been rich had l like Paul Newman.

a was actually handling Mary by, that feared and admired girl r youth, who always knew the thing to say, whose skirts always beautifully, whose remarks al- made the boys laugh.

was fun, in the old days—Minne- s," she said.

ere must have been a betraying alness in her voice. Mary put her glass and looked at her with grown a little hard.

never thought you liked it," she

ell, I was always shy," Sara said. ary looked restless. Her eyes nar- l. She smiled, that ancient smile periority and brutality. "Well, you s had Moira to speak up for you," aid.

e words brought a terrible pang to s heart. It was much worse than g Mary about Howard. "Moira's too," she said.

didn't know that," Mary said.

a stood up then, seeing Mary in a hard light. Mary was a drunken oman, wasting the day drinking inis, bringing to a casual luncheon the old thoughts, reactions, mem- of two long-dead girls. Sara and no longer existed as high-school ts in the land of the lakes and the ence of life. They were just two women at a lonely table in too sunlight.

have to go," Sara said. "I have ppointment."

ary looked up at her, startled. l, call me, Sara," she said. "I'm at Twin Towers on Sombre Key. Call She laughed. "The name's Carrol. y Carrol."

es," Sara said. "I will, Mary. nks for the drinks."

ra felt close to tears again and they were because she was think- *But you're no good to me. You're od at all.* She went quickly down tairs and drove out of the marina was over the bridge and on the way to the condominium without con-



No one has to tell you how great pizza tastes. Especially when you make it with Chef Boy-ar-dee®, the world's most popular pizza mix.

Just thinking about the freshly baked dough, the rich pizza sauce and tangy cheese is enough to make anyone hungry.

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You can make German Pizza by adding sliced knockwurst and sauerkraut (rinsed and drained). Then sprinkle generously with caraway seeds.

Polynesian Pizza: Top with chopped cooked ham and green pepper (browned together in a skillet) and small pineapple chunks.



Indian Pizza: Begin by adding ¼ to ½ teaspoon of curry powder (according to taste) to the pizza sauce, then top in the last five minutes of baking with chopped cooked (or canned) chicken and chopped green pepper. Sprinkle on nuts and raisins.

Chef Boy-ar-dee. The world's most popular pizza mix.

FAMILY FOOD IDEAS

scious thought. She didn't stop in the shopping circle. She was on her way home, the place to escape Mary Appleby and her superior smile, the place to escape the fact that no one saved you. Nothing did.

But as she rounded the turn and saw the great tower of concrete she knew that even the word home had no meaning any more. A phrase portending disaster came back to her, suddenly; it ran through her mind like a frightened mouse in a maze, like her crystal mouse come real into a world unreal in its reality: *Childe Roland to the dark tower came.*

Sara didn't see anyone around the building, though there were two cars and a service truck parked near the front entrance. Mr. Bishop was sitting at the desk in the lobby, tipped back in his chair, reading a paperback.

"Good afternoon," she said. "I didn't realize you were here in the daytime, too."

"Well'm, I won't be," he said. "But right now I'm doing two shifts. There's really not enough for two of us to do."

"Mr. Bishop," Sara said. "How many families are living in this building?"

"Well, now," he said, "I don't know exactly how many of these apartments are sold. Quite a few, I take it, from what Mr. Snyder tells me."

"I mean how many *(continued)*

Fleischmann's Margarine helps make many of your favorite foods up to 69% lower in saturated fat.

Now serve your family delicious meals significantly lower in saturated fat and cholesterol, simply by using Fleischmann's Margarine instead of butter. Fleischmann's is high in liquid corn oil, and low in saturated fat. And it contains no cholesterol...absolutely none. Prepared and served with Fleischmann's, many of your family's favorite meals can be lower in saturated fat.



Fleischmann's Margarine
It makes sensible eating delicious.

"Yessum," he said.

It was a relief to have it said. It was much better to know it was true than to believe that she was imagining an improbable situation. "Well," she said. "I'd thought that, but it seemed unlikely to me. So I thought I'd ask."

He seemed vastly relieved at her tone. "It's just one of them unlikely situations," he said. "Another week or two and we'll have so many people in here you'll be falling all over one another and arguing about who's going to use the social rooms."

"I'm sure we will, Mr. Bishop," she said.

She went across the sun-dappled lobby to the elevator, feeling stoic and prepared, but the corridor, when she stepped into its gray and whiteness, seemed longer and quieter and emptier than ever.

The two packing cases still awaited her and she looked at them gratefully. She wandered into her bedroom and picked up the magazine she'd been reading before and lay down on her twin bed and was immediately asleep.

She woke in surprise to a darkening apartment. It was those drinks, she thought. I never sleep in the daytime. She went gratefully to her packing crates. The first one she opened was filled with all the miscellaneous things they hadn't been able to discard. She wondered why they hadn't, because nothing in the box was beautiful or useful or even relevant. All the items in it depressed her. She closed it and opened the box that contained Howard's things. She had expected it to be the one to depress her. Howard had packed his crate himself, and she knew it tained another, smaller box, filled items he'd put away in it years ea

There were a few books. Th Howard never read much, he liked and again to dip into an old p anthology he'd kept from college he had had a one-volume Shakesp a dictionary, and a battered co *Huckleberry Finn*. Automatically took the books into the bedroom put them on his bedside table, bu thought of them lying there, untou unread, was dreadful. She realize was holding her wrist again. She them back to the living room an them on the bottom shelf with her tal. But they didn't look right the

"I don't know what to do with th she said aloud. The sound of her voice filled her with self-pity. She an impulse to throw the books ag the wall, or even over the balcony ing, but she left them on the shel went back to the box. She let he look at her watch then. It was 9 o'

A wayward corner of her mind *It's still too early to get scared.* Sh swered it indignantly: *But tonigh not going to be scared.* She shi and searched deeper in the crate. ing out Howard's college degree; gold-lettered oak service plaques his firm citing him for superior manship—and, from the bottom small flat box.

She sat for a long time turning the few items the box contained. of them were anything she would imagined Howard keeping. They all so unlike him that they see

people have moved in, Mr. Bishop?"

"Well, there's two ladies moved in before going on their European travels," he said slowly. "And Mr. Carter. He's due to retire up north and will be . . ."

"I'm the only person who's actually living here now. Isn't that right?"

Journal Shopping Center

THE YEAR OF THE LEMON

PAGE 52: Sketches. Lemon cocktail paper napkins by Party House. Lemon burning lemon-scented, lemon-yellow candles by Lemon. Lemon hugger—a fuzzy, fleecy, bow-tied vest with white sweater trim, $8, by Sally Gee. Lemon sticker—Grand Colonial pattern, sterling silver lemon fork by Wallace. Lemon grove—plastic tray and tumblers by Stotter. Photograph: Sultan pattern, style P 6280, color 102, stretched on walls and Shah pattern, style P 6349, color 102, covering pillows, both 48" wide cottons, $4 yd. by Bloomcraft. Westbury Bite-A-Beds, 50½" long, about $400 ea. in corduroy, by Simmons. Stainless steel and glass console table, and bronze and glass table, by Bruetton Industries, Inc. Lamps with mimosa yellow glass bases and white pleated vinyl shades, style 7559 (on console table), $65, and style 7534, $60, both by Tyndale, Inc. Serena-Miranda 100% nylon carpet in palette yellow, $10.95 sq. yd. by Bigelow. Old accessory pieces from David Weiss Importers*.

PAGE 54: Sketches. Lemon sculpture—atop an Italian ceramic box by Carbone (the artist took poetic license and changed the russet ribbon to turquoise), $57.50, may be ordered from Mayhew, 509 Park Ave., N.Y.C. Lemon harvest—linen napkin by Hallie St. Mary. Lemon throne—Orlando pattern, 48" wide cotton, shown on the cushion, by Woodson Wallpapers Inc.* Lemon place—mat of abaca fiber by B. C. Products. Lemon coasting—paper napkins and coasters by Sopps. **Photograph:** Les Fleurs chintz, stretched on walls and made into curtains, 40" wide, 50/50 blend of cotton and Dacron polyester, approx. $4 yd., by Bloomcraft. Armoire, lamp table, and Chippendale style armchairs, all in yellow finish, from Greenbaum Bros. Paterson. F. J. Cuenca pattern #216, yellow and white Portuguese wool needlepoint rug, from A. Morahian Co.*, 239 E. 60th St., N.Y.C. Ceramic floor tiles, style RV 522, from Country Floors, 300 E. 61st St., N.Y.C. Mimosa yellow glass lamp, style 8792, with pleated vinyl shade, $60, by Tyndale, Inc. White ceramic basket-weave planter, with unglazed white ceramic liner, $38.50, from Mayhew, 509 Park Ave., N.Y.C. Stevens-Utica Country Gingham pattern blanket, 100% acrylic, with nylon twill binding, by J. P. Stevens. French porcelain bird and Derby boat cooler (holding flowers), are old pieces from David Weiss Importers*.

PAGE 56: Sketches. Lemon shine—Everynight Lemon Shampoo, 8 oz., $1.40, by Helene Curtis. Lemon fragrant—Wild Lemon Cologne Mist, 4¾ oz., $3.25, by Revlon. Lemon twists—yellow plastic bangle bracelets, tipped and banded in silver, $8 and $9 ea., by Sergio Aversa for Amada. Lemon thirsty—paper guest towels by Party House. Lemon season—ceramic salt and pepper shakers on tray, $7.50. Lemon sauce—ceramic lemon sauce boat, ladle, and tray, also $7.50, can be ordered from Mayhew, 509 Park Ave., N.Y.C. Lemon smooth—Lady Sure Touch Shaver, $1.29, by Gillette. Lemon crop—a basket of paper coasters by Domain. **Photograph:** Ming Dragon pattern, cotton damask, stretched on walls and made into table skirt, #80857, 54" wide, with Scotchgard finish, $8 yd. Cloud Supreme DuPont nylon bath carpet, in lemon yellow, from $17.88 for a 4' x 6' rug to $66.88 for an 8' x 10' size. Five-tier yellow willow stand with cabinet (we removed the legs and hung this piece on the wall), 25½" x 8½" x 50" high, $22.69. Ming pattern bath towel (hung on cabinet door), $2.49. Yellow and white Portrait Rose bath towels, $3.49 ea. Cloudburst bath, hand, and guest towels, $4.12, $1.88 and $1.12 ea., all merchandise from Sears, Roebuck & Co. Bamboo ladies' desk (used as a table), chair, mirror with shelves, rosewood wash stand, Pinxton pitcher, soap dish, and toothbrush box, Chinese pillow vase and large porcelain jar with cover, are old pieces from David Weiss Importers.* Yellow ceramic monkey eating banana, $78.50, from Mayhew, 509 Park Ave., N.Y.C. Beauty and grooming aids on wicker shelf. Lemon Up Shampoo, 10 oz., $1.50, by Toni; on table, Lemon soaps from the Garden Soap Collection of six assorted fruit scents, $7.50, by Borghese, and California Fresh Fruit Bubble Bath in lemon-shaped capsules, $3.95 box, by Max Factor; on shelves around mirror, apothecary jars containing Soothing Lemon Bath Crystals, 16 oz., $10, by Borghese, Fresh Lemon Body Soaps, $1.25 ea., Fresh Lemon Glossy Powder, 5 oz., $3.75, Fresh Lemon Cleansing Lotion, 6 oz., $2.75, and 12 oz., $4.50, all by Love, and Wild Lemon Body Powder, 8 oz., $3.75, by Revlon; on dressing table, a Basket of Naté (includes Friction Lotion, Moisture Massage, Talc, Bath Bubbles, 8 Savonettes), $7.50, and Bath Powder, 9 oz., $3, by Jean Naté.

PAGE 58: Sketches. Lemon label—gift tags by Gallery Five. Lemon aid—a plastic reamer with container to catch juice. Lemon squeeze—a stainless lemon slice squeezer. Lemon zest—a stainless lemon rind grater, all three items found in housewares departments. Lemon dry—an all weather, drawstring-waisted shirtcoat with two high patch pockets and a flared skirt, a Stan Herman Lifestyle 70's Design. **Photograph:** Wall-covering, Atomic Flowers, a giant sunflower on white vinyl, by Lenox Wallpaper Corp.* Bentwood rocking chair, style #2825, 21" x 40" x 43" high, about $136, and costumer, 74" high, about $64, by Thonet Industries, Inc. Etagère, style 3159-47, in lemon yellow, by The Lane Co. Lemon slice hand-painted pottery salad plates, $2 ea., mugs, $2.50 ea., bowl, $6.50, and double relish dish, $8.50, will be available in May from B. Altman & Co., Fifth Ave. at 34th St., N.Y.C. Yellow tureen decorated with lemons and oranges, with ladle and platter, $27.50, from Mayhew, 509 Park Ave., N.Y.C. Heller's Max I, stack plastic dinnerware, $45 a set for six, and Max II stack cups with saucers, $10 a set of six. Bistro flatware with yellow handles, $7.50 a 5-pc. place setting. 12" skillet, $18.50; 5 qt. casserole, $20; 2½ qt. casserole, $20; and 1½ qt. rectangular baking dish, $14.50, are all from Bonniers, Inc., 605 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. Visionette clock with battery powered transistor movement, 10" x 10½" x 2", $20, by Seth Thomas. Ink and watercolor drawing of lemons in a basket, by Kiki framed with gingham mat and white bamboo frame, $30, from Art Adventures Unlimited, 816 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

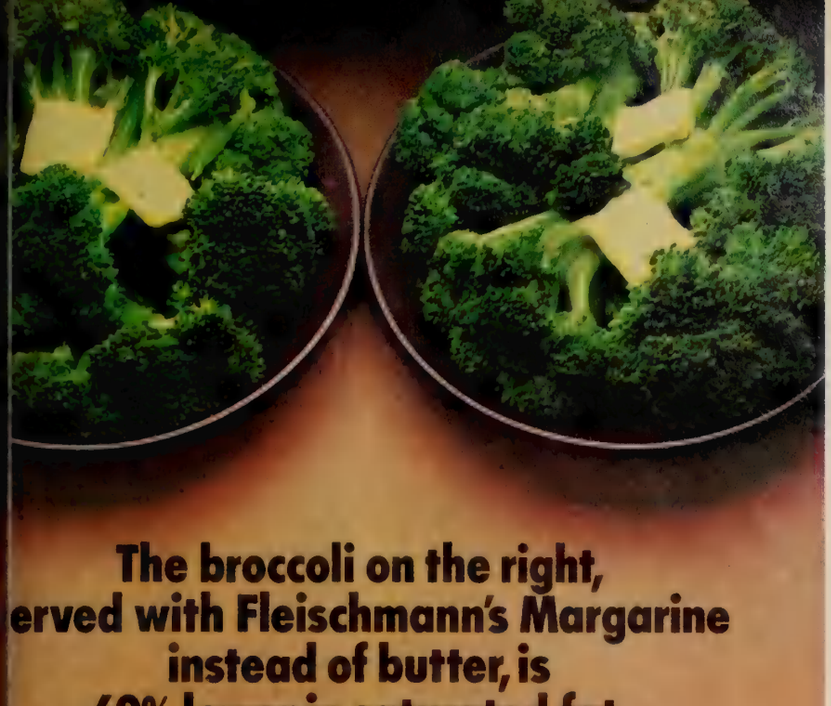
*available through decorators.



The Chicken Kiev on the right, made with Fleischmann's Margarine instead of butter, is 53% lower in saturated fat.

CHICKEN KIEV Pound 8 large pieces boned chicken breasts very thin. 1-1/2 tbsp. Fleischmann's Margarine in center of each breast. Combine 4 chives, 1 tsp. salt and 1/8 tsp. pepper; sprinkle over margarine. Roll e breast and overlap sides so that margarine mixture is completely encl the flesh will adhere. Beat 4 egg whites and 2 tbsp. milk together. R chicken in bread crumbs, then in egg white mixture and again in bre crumbs; coat well. Refrigerate at least 20 minutes. Deep fry in hot (37 corn oil until well browned, 8 to 10 minutes. Drain well. Serve hot. Makes 8 servings.

Fleischmann's Margarine
It makes sensible eating delicious.



The broccoli on the right, erved with Fleischmann's Margarine instead of butter, is 69% lower in saturated fat.

OCCOLI Buy 1 bunch dark green, firm broccoli, with no trace of yellow. se well in cool water and cut off stalk bottoms and leaves. Separate into werettes. If stems are thick, quarter lengthwise up to flowerettes. Stand werettes up in small saucepan. Cover stems with water. Add 1 tsp. salt. ing to boil and cook about 10 min. or until tender crisp. Drain well and serve topped with 2 tbsp. Fleischmann's Margarine. 4 servings.

Fleischmann's Margarine
It makes sensible eating delicious.

"Well, good," he said. "Everything else all right?"

"Oh, yes. Everything's fine."

"Well, just buzz if you need anything."

Still she stood there, close beside the mechanical comfort of the intercom, trying to recapture and place the sound she'd heard. She moved very slowly around the packing cases and stood where she had been when she first heard it. It had come from her left, from the other side of the living-room wall, the wall of the adjoining apartment. She hadn't been in the other apartment so she wasn't sure which of its rooms backed onto her living room. If it was the kitchen, the sound of the refrigerator cutting off or on would seem plausible. She gave a small whimper. She knew, in spite of all her sensible rationalizations, that the sound hadn't been mechanical. It had been a woman's laugh. A small laugh, half-secretive, half-smothered, but a laugh.

Her heart had begun to pound again, but she made herself cross the room and lean her ear against the blank, betraying wall. Although she stood there for what seemed a long time the only sound she could hear was the sound of her own breathing.

"I won't, I won't," she said, and flung herself away from the wall. She walked across the room and noisily dragged the boxes to the hall closet. She wrestled the boxes in and slammed the door.

She enjoyed the resounding noise, comforted by her own temerity, before she began to tremble. She realized she'd bitten down on the inside of her lower lip until it was bleeding. She forced her mind away from the empty apartment next door and the boxes. She even tried to recover her feeling of shock and suspicion at finding the book of poems, but she knew it was no use. You couldn't care about ugly human emotions like jealousy when you were terrified.

And she was terrified. She was shaking, her heart pounding, her mouth dry. All right, she told herself. You're scared. But the door is locked and the windows are locked. Or are they?

It amazed her that she hadn't thought of that before, and she began methodically to check the windows. A part of herself looked on and knew it was nonsense, another part instructed her in haste, prudence, and method. The windows were all locked.

She sat down at the table and tried to think. In the first place, why should she be afraid of a woman laughing? Only because she was laughing in a place where no one should be. Where, according to Mr. Bishop, no one was.

But she *had* heard laughter so there must be some explanation. She did not believe in psychic phenomenon; and even if there were such a thing it wouldn't occur in a brand-new modern condominium. Ghosts didn't haunt a place that still smelled of new plaster and paint and was empty of former life. If the laugh was not that of a ghost, could it be in her own head? It was unlikely. She wasn't that imaginative. If her mind wasn't exactly deep it wasn't filled with fantasies either.

No, someone had laughed. That left many possibilities. The *(continued)*

brious, something someone else collected for him, to frighten Sara n it was too late for her to know t to do about it.

here was a stack of letters from ie, dating all the way back to camp prep school. She had never thought ard had kept any letter of Howie's. two of them always seemed to had such difficulty communicating ny way. There was a snapshot of elf in a bathing suit, taken the first they'd come to Florida. It wasn't a good picture, she thought, ning at it. There was the old Swiss y knife they'd bought in Jamaica year he'd won the company trip, there was the set of silver-backed hes she'd given him for their tenth ding anniversary—she'd always sused he'd lost them on a business

e sat there, staring at the things e box with an intense unhappiness. you suppose, she thought, that ard really loved us all the time?

here was one other item in the box she picked it up tentatively, as gh it might explode in her face. It a book of poetry, a small leatherd volume of Edna St. Vincent lay's sonnets. Scrawled on the endr in French were the words *jour et A'voir*. She stared at the wl, thinking, that looks like Moira's dwriting. How ridiculous!

he remembered times in the past n she'd thought crazy things like , found theater stubs and imagined ward had taken someone else somere before she remembered they'd n the play themselves, having ugly and useless suspicions that made life a silly hell and accomplished nothing. She slammed the things all back into the box, rose to her feet—and froze in horror.

There was a sound from the apartment next door.

For a moment she couldn't move. Then, without knowing she'd done it, she had stumbled across the opened boxes and reached the intercom on the wall. She unfroze to find her hand hovering over the button in mindless panic. She pushed it. For a long, horrible moment nothing happened. Then Mr. Bishop's voice, earthy, matter-of-fact, came through the tinny distortion of the intercom, "Yes, Mrs. Hillstrom?"

Immediately she felt silly. What could she possibly say to the man? Would you please come up, I heard a noise? She remembered her panic at the sound of the air conditioner changing pitch last night. This was probably some everyday sound she wasn't accustomed to yet.

"Mrs. Hillstrom?" Mr. Bishop said again.

"Mr. Bishop," she said, fighting to keep her voice level, "I was wondering when you're going to fill the pool."

She could hear the relief in his voice. "Well, now," he said happily, "isn't that funny? I just talked to Mr. Snyder about that today and he said he thought we should fill it now. In fact, I've called the pool men to come tomorrow."

She could hear her own breathing, rapid and shallow, and tried not to breathe into the intercom. "How nice," she said.

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lady traveling in Europe could have come back unannounced. A new tenant could have moved in—but Mr. Bishop would have mentioned those things. No, it had to be someone illicit. And that was the reason she was afraid. She went back to the living room and stood for a long time listening, but there was only the sighing of her own appliances, keeping her world at the acceptable level needed for luxurious life.

Her heart had slowed, she was breathing almost normally. She suddenly remembered the sherry. She found the unfamiliar bottle and selected a pretty glass. The activity made her feel better and she went back to the living room and sat in a chair with her ankles crossed primly and sipped at the sherry as though she were attending a party.

Suddenly an explanation, bright and ripping as sunlight, occurred to her. Mr. Theodore Snyder, that strange and upsetting young man, wearing his sneakers and sideburns and pretending to be in authority, was probably using the empty apartment as a place of assignation. That was just the sort of thing such a young man might do. The thought left her with a feeling of cheerful indignation.

Ten o'clock. Sara took the magazine and her cigarettes and got into bed, determined to buy something new to read for tomorrow night. After a while she looked up; the dressing table was opposite the foot of the bed so that she could see herself in the tilted mirror, a long, dim object under the sheets. There was something corpselike about that swaddled body. She threw the sheets back and hastily went to move the dressing table and mirror down the wall, opposite the empty twin bed.

She sank back into bed, panting, picked up her magazine and read doggedly on. Her mind registered the words but not the sense. The radio murmured on the table. She turned it off, realizing that she was listening again. She had been listening all the time, listening for some sound from next door. She lay on her pillows, listening. After a while she began to hear the sound of her own heart beating again.

She got up and put on her robe and slippers. She felt better in the robe, less vulnerable. She felt good enough to go into the living room and turn on the light and stand looking at her shelves of crystal. The pieces on the shelf seemed out of line and she stooped to rearrange the gazelles. Her hand wasn't steady and she clinked one of them against the other. She set it down quickly, looking in horror to see if she had chipped one of the delicate ears. It seemed all right but she ran her hand carefully over it, feeling for a crack.

Then she heard a second sound from the apartment next door. Not a movement, not a closing door, something far stranger, and more terrifying. It was a subtle clinking, almost an echo of the sound the gazelles had made.

Her heart stopped. She knew it stopped, because when it began to beat again there was a sharp pain under her breast. For the first time since Howard had died she remembered that it had been *her* heart that bore the scar. Dr. Richmond had discovered it in a routine examination, and he had told her that at some time, unknown, unremarked by her, she had had a coronary, which meant she could, and probably would, have another.

Only she hadn't. And Howard had.

But I'm not having one now, she thought. I'm just scared out of my wits. And for no reason. They were pouring a drink in there. There is nothing in the world frightening about somebody pouring a drink.

She straightened up slowly and went to the inner wall and listened, but heard nothing. She tiptoed toward the intercom and stood with one finger poised over it for a long moment before turning away. She couldn't call Mr. Bishop again. It was 11:45. She went determinedly to the kitchen for the sherry bottle. She poured some wine into the sticky glass. "They're drinking," she said. "I'll drink too."

With a shock she realized how warming the sherry was. It gave her a momentary false flush of courage. The scared, trembling woman vanished and was replaced by normal, indignant Sara Hillstrom. If anyone was next door disturbing her rest it was because they were breaking a law. She'd simply go and knock and tell them to go away.

She felt emboldened by the idea. But she knew, underneath her Dutch courage and artificial calm, that this was not a situation where you told the carousing people next door to calm down the party. She'd only heard a smothered laugh and a clink of crystal. She didn't want to let herself remember that. Her body, needing any kind of action, propelled her to the front door where she took the chain off the hook, turned the knob, and stepped into the hall.

The hallway gave her momentary pause. It looked unnaturally quiet, unnaturally lit. But she kept on, purposefully, approaching the door next door.

She knocked. At the last moment, some of her resolution departed and the knock, instead of sounding loud and peremptory, seemed scared and apologetic. She tried it again almost immediately. Then she waited.

Nothing happened except that she began to have a cold feeling in the middle of her back. She knocked again, more loudly. To her horror, the door swung softly open and inward under her hand.

She was trapped in a moment of complete paralysis. The feeling in the middle of her back had seemed to denote someone or something staring at her from the door of a silently opening elevator; the apartment in front of her might denote anything. The horror of what might lie behind overcame the horror of going forward. She went through the open door.

She took two tentative steps into the entry and paused. The apartment was completely dark. There was only a faint gleam from the front windows. Something propelled her forward and she went on, finding herself in the middle of the living room, darkness and silence around her. In front of her was the patch of light from the outside and she could discern through the glass doors an empty balcony.

Sara felt herself to be a beating, pulsing animal in the midst of emptiness and silence. She wanted to admonish her heart and blood and breath and glands to stop making all those loud and unnecessary noises that would surely rouse something, someone, in that empty place. She tried to direct her ears outward to hear if there were any other animal bodies making strained and straining noises to keep themselves alive in space, but all she could hear was her own traitorous breath and blood.

The room seemed to be completely empty, smelling faintly of paint and plaster. She could feel the carpet under her feet. But there was no furniture in the room. It was as empty as the hallway.

She moved gently and quietly sideways until she came to the kitchen door. She saw the bulk of the refrigerator beside the sink. It was silent, silent, as only a refrigerator that has never been plugged in can be. The sink was silent too, no drip of water, no gurglings from the drainpipe.

For a long moment she stood still again, listening. There was a faint sound, ghostly, unconnected with anything until it stopped with a small bump and she realized it had been the front door, which she had left open, swinging closed behind her.

She was committed now. She was in here, alone with whatever or whoever was making those mysterious sounds. Then she swayed against the wall and felt the first gasp of unbearable terror—because it was possible somebody had come in behind her and that the door hadn't swung to of its own accord.

She knew this wasn't true. From where she was leaning she could see the sweep of the living room and th was no one in it. No one could h entered and hidden away in the moment she had peered into kitchen. Unless they were standin the entry by the intercom, just ou sight around the entry archway.

The thought was so terrible th was nothing to do but look. She t the three necessary steps across floor and looked. There was noth there.

What she wanted to do was s down on the carpet, fold herself in ball, and crouch there, safe, at le from what she might see. After a w she became aware of another so beside that of her shallow breath and racing blood. It was another rhy mic sound and for that reason di frighten her; she recognized it as watch, ticking away, more regula and competently than her heart, felt grateful to it. It was a friend, t ing her that time was, is, would be. sound from a normal world gave courage in the empty darkness, she was able to think more coheren There were still the bedrooms and bathroom. And the closets. She k that she couldn't possibly look into closets without turning on a light. thought of the reason she had c into this place, and had a sudden ture of opening a closet door to fi guilty couple, naked and terrified terrified as she was.

This struck her as funny, and tur the world back into a place in wh she could survive. She walked ac the room and flicked the light swi flooding the room with light, show up its emptiness.

She knew immediately that she the only person in the apartment. she looked anyway. Into the em kitchen, in the storage closet, in two bedrooms, the bathroom, and the closets. It was the emptiest plac the universe. There was nothing th not even the dust of time.

She found that, rather than re she was experiencing a faint anx ance. She had wanted to find someb in this apartment, no matter how generate. They would have at l been human beings in this ridicul honeycomb of steel and concrete, so one besides herself to breathe and gle and beat with the insistence of ing flesh.

She went through the empty ro turning out the lights. She went to door and opened it and went into empty hall. She walked toward own door and opened that, and knew least the comforting smells of hu occupancy: tobacco smoke and the gering odor of coffee. She closed door and bolted it and attached chain.

Only then, standing with her bac her rooms and her empty glass do she realized she'd left her apartm with the door unlocked, that anyth or anyone could have come in while was prowling next door.

She leaned her head against white panels of the closed and loc door and allowed herself to cry. cried because she knew that she been longing for the humanness even a murderer or a thief. And t now a human being behind her in tiny living space was the thing feared most in the world.

She turned her wet face and loo



"Well, if you were in a hurry, you shouldn't have ordered snails."

he comfort of the callbox on the
l. She thought of solid, ridiculous
Bishop reading his paperback, so
away in the subterranean depths
ow that a hand could grasp and
ther her before he could answer
intercom, much less lumber to the
ator and come to her rescue.
he turned in resignation and began
now familiar search of the too-fa-
iar rooms—the balcony silent and
d, the kitchen with its monsters of
l and chrome and hidden plumbing,
bedrooms—under the beds, of
rse – the bathroom – behind the
wer curtain, the closets.
Nobody here but you, Sara. Nobody
e but you.

e sat down on the edge of her rum-
d bed and the enormity of what she
l done swept over her—the fact of
t fearless, then fearful, sojourn
n the hall. It had been madness. A
mentary falling into the trap of for-
fulness that awaits us all.
s long as she stayed here, locked in
l lulled by the miracles of modern
, she was safe. It was herself she
l to fear, fleeing heedlessly into
pty hallways and apartments, leav-
doors open and unlocked, opening
ed doors, pushing into hidden
ms.
lere was the comfort and bulk of
niture and appliance, the coziness
bedside lamp and radio, the tele-
ne standing mute but sentient in-
its hall alcove. She had only to
k it up and call. Call Howie far
y in a crazy country, call Betty
e and Jack in Minneapolis, call
ry Appleby Carrol at the Twin
wers, call the police, the fire depart-
nt, the F.B.I. Call anyone and utter
word: Help. Communicate and
eive. The insubstantial wafer of
.
Except that the phone hadn't been
nected yet. The phone company
l said, "Sometime this week." Nev-
heless she walked toward it, staring
it as though it were a monster
uching in her alcove. My God, she
ught, what if it should *ring?*
With a feeling of despair she picked
up and heard, with a thrill of sur-
se and joy, the steady humming of
dial tone. They'd turned it on after
She *could* call.
She looked at her watch. It was 1
lock now, too late to call anyone
hout a reason. And to whisper
elp" is never any reason. Shame-
edly, and with a touch of self-irony,
looked up the number and dialed
Dial-A-Prayer. The line clicked,
mmed, faltered, and a cheerful me-
nical voice said, "The number you
ve reached is not in service at this
e. This is a recorded announce-
nt."
She began to laugh, gasping at the
surdity of everything. She put the
eiver back on the hook and told
rself that she'd better make a cup of
a. When she got to the kitchen she
alized that there wasn't any tea in
e apartment, but she decided to have
ffee.
She took her cup into the living room
d sat in the big chair, staring blindly
the crystal animals, animated into
tic life by all the lights she'd left on.
vas looking into Howard's things, she
ld herself. I wasn't afraid when I
ard the laugh. I wasn't thinking of
ything that could have frightened

When our men come home from the sea, you can hear their women laugh again.

As the sun becomes a raspberry smear in the sky, they sail home to their weathered shingle cottages to sit by a fire, have a little grog and maybe a steaming bowl of clam chowder. It's funny, considering the search for clams was what took them away in the first place.

These men fish our company fleet miles out in the ocean where the best clam beds lie fathoms below. We'd never let them start out in a nor'easter, but there are tranquil mornings that suddenly explode into violent storms. Sometimes the men come back without a ship.

Why do they do it? Because it's the best way to get chowder clams. And we won't settle for less than the best. This streak of Yankee cussedness was inherited from our founder, Captain Fred Snow. A long time ago, he started making chowder with clams brought up dripping and alive and tasting of the deep, the best Kennebec Maine potatoes and lots of creamy milk and butter. He sold the chowder from a storm-chewed shack down in the dunes of Pine Point, Maine.

The past clings like barnacles. The Captain's chowder was simple and honest and so good he couldn't make enough. One day he stumbled across a deserted canning plant and decided to can the now-famous chowder. (Of course, he knew that canned milk and butter could never taste as fresh as the real thing, so he canned a chowder concentrate; and you add the milk and butter.) The business got bigger and bigger, but even today, not much has changed. The family's still in the business. And the business is still in Pine Point.

As Maine goes, so goes the nation. Here in New England, people buy more Snow's Clam Chowder than any other kind. And like their ancestral clipper captains, they eat it as a main course. Probably because we put so many clams in it. Which makes it very hearty.

So one of these days when the trees begin to wither and a chill hangs heavy in the sky, pick up a can of our clam chowder. It's a delicious way to welcome your man home from work.



Snow's Clam Chowder.
There's a streak
of Yankee cussedness
in every can.

me. She knew she was reluctant to pursue this reconstruction of events. What if she followed it through and the laughter came again? What if she moved to touch her crystal treasures and heard the strange clinking again?

She looked at her watch. It was 2:35. The really bad time. The dreadful time. But close to reprieve. Two more hours. One could breathe, at four, because the world would be getting ready to begin again. Anyone could stand anything for two hours. And tomorrow? Tomorrow, she'd move back to her old cottage. Tomorrow she'd give up this castle of empty boxes and go home.

This thought was so happy and unexpected Sara hugged herself. She didn't *have* to stay. She'd sell the thing and live somewhere else on the proceeds. She'd go back to a place where people came and went but where, always, some of them were visible.

It was nearing 3 o'clock now. She was really in very good shape. The night was drawing rapidly to an end. She had ascertained that there was nothing next door. Soon the sun would come up over the water outside. The day would begin in all its myriad ways. All the people of the world would be up and out and doing. And she could leave the dark tower and never, never come back to it.

She went calmly to *(continued)*

her bedroom, turning off lights. She gave only token obeisance to the crystal creatures; she gave only token obeisance to the locks and bars. She turned off the bedside lamp and slid beneath the covers. It will soon be four, she told her doubtful mind. At 4 o'clock the milkman and the paper boy come. At 4 o'clock the sun remembers us.

Images came and went behind her eyes, but none were strong enough to inhibit slumber. She fell, like Icarus, toward eternal morning.

Someone was building a scaffold. Sara kept trying to tell them that no scaffold need be 12 stories high; but they kept on adding planks until it towered above an empty plain. The higher it grew the louder the hammering became until, with a start, she opened her eyes and saw sunlight on the floor. Someone was knocking at her door.

"Just a minute, please. Just a minute," she called querulously.

"Mrs. Hillstrom?" Mr. Bishop's drawl came through the door. "I'm real sorry if I waked you, but I rang up and rang up, and there wasn't no answer. I was beginning to wonder if maybe there was something wrong."

She squinted at her watch. Good heavens. It was 11 o'clock. She didn't know when she'd ever slept so late. "I'm sorry," she said.

"Well, no'm. *I'm* sorry. But these fellows, they got here with your belongings and I didn't hardly know what to do about it. I figured you'd want them brought up."

She slid back the chain and opened the door. Mr. Bishop stood there stolidly, with the two moving men behind him. They came in, carrying the television set, and she pointed wordlessly at the spot by the fireplace where the cable came through. They put the set down and went away for her boxes.

She felt completely disoriented. She remembered that she wasn't going to stay here, but she could hardly tell them to turn around and take the things back to the other place. She just stood, barefooted in the middle of the floor, and let them walk around her.

When they had gone, she shut the door, put the chain back and stood staring at her television set. It made the whole apartment seem more normal, having that blank eye there. She went to put her coffee on and stubbed her toe on a kitchen chair. Tears of pain and anger came to her eyes, brought on as much by the thought of having overslept as by the pain. But that made no sense, because there really wasn't anything she had to do.

Obviously it was too late to go out to breakfast. It would have to be lunch. But first she would drive to the old apartment and tell Mr. Carter that she was going to move back in. It all seemed dreadfully complicated. She couldn't imagine how or when she'd get everything put back. But she knew one thing: she would spend the night there tonight; she'd had enough of this place. She opened one of the new boxes and took some things from it, added them to the clothing she'd taken from her dresser drawer, and packed an overnight bag. She unplugged the radio and put it in the box with the coffeepot and the rest of the carton of cigarettes and the bottle of sherry.

If I get this much back over there today I'll feel better, she thought. Then I can go and have lunch and stay as long as I want, knowing what I'm going home to afterwards.

This morning the parking space didn't seem half as formidable, though her car was still the one lonely object in its depths. She carried her things to it, put them in and turned the key in the ignition with a feeling of triumph, driving out of the grounds and onto the highway with the exhilaration of a child escaping from school. She drove over the bridge, where the water sparkled in midday delight, to her own shaded street.

There seemed to be an unusual number of cars in the parking lot. She parked in the visitors' area and went briskly toward Mr. Carter's cottage.

"Why, hello, Mrs. Hillstrom," Mr. Carter said, "Did them fellows get your things out there all right?"

"Mr. Carter," she said. "No. Yes. mean they got it all there fine."

"Forgot to leave both your keys, th it?" he said.

"Well, that's just it." She smiled him. "I won't be needing to turn t keys in. I'm going to move back."

A look of consternation crossed M Carter's face. "Huh?" he said inel gantly.

"I want to move back. After all, I paid up for the rest of this week. And

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to stay here. I don't like it out at all, Mr. Carter. This has got- be home to me. I'm going to sell ew apartment."

ell, Mrs. Hillstrom. . . ." He d embarrassed. "Of course, I real- hat legally you got me about the f this week. The truth is I rented apartment. I rented it yesterday after you told me them boys d pick up the last of your stuff to- The folks are coming in tonight. They want it for the whole summer, and I ain't got another thing. Every one of my transient units are rented for at least a month ahead. Course, when one falls empty . . . Mrs. Hillstrom?"

It was terrible. The possibility of not being able to move back into the apartment hadn't occurred to her. She stood frozen on Mr. Carter's sunny doorstep, wanting to scream, to hit him, to make him disappear completely along with the words he'd said.

Because it was fate, the thing she'd been thinking about last night. She was doomed to that place. After the initial thrill of horror, she realized that she'd known it all along.

"Mrs. Hillstrom," Mr. Carter was saying again. "Look, I'm sorry. We just got to work something out."

She fumbled in her bag and handed him the remaining key. Then she turned and ran awkwardly to her car where, under the intermittent shadows of the oak tree, she gave in to a flood of tears.

Afterwards she felt better. She blew her nose and dabbed ineffectually at her face. She sat for a moment before starting the car, taking stock. Mr. Carter hadn't pronounced her death sentence. He'd merely said he'd rented the old apartment, and in all honesty she had to admit it was not such a great apartment.

Sara started her car and drove away again from a part of her life. She began to consider places for lunch. When you know the worst the only thing you can do is think about something else. She decided to browse through the shopping center near The Triton. She might as well learn about the stores and restaurants nearest it.

She chose a restaurant with care, one where the people going in looked well-dressed, happy, and festive. It was cool inside, and crowded. The maître d' came toward her and asked if she had a reservation. When she shook her head he asked if she'd mind waiting in the bar for a few moments. She did mind, but she followed him meekly.

She sipped her Scotch and thought that it tasted scorched, a strange thing for whiskey. To her left she saw the elbow and back of an elderly gentleman; glancing to the right, a bright young face smiled at her. She smiled back.

The girl looked very young, but who could tell any more? She was pretty, with blonde curls escaping from a topknot, and deep blue eyes. "Hello," she said.

"Hello," said Sara.

The girl was wearing a tie-dye vest and skirt, pink and green and gray; she didn't seem to have anything on under it, but she did wear a long string of beads over it.

She reminded Sara of Ely, Howie's wife. For that reason she didn't turn away immediately, but said, "That's an awfully pretty outfit you have on."

"Well, thanks," the girl said. "Just for that I'll stand the next round. Drink up."

"Oh, no thanks," Sara said, looking dubiously at her half-full glass.

"Oh, sure," the girl said. "Come on. Drinking lunch is always fun." The bartender set two new ones in front of them.

The girl smiled. "You live here?" she said. "Or just visiting?"

"Oh, I live here," Sara said.

"Me too," the girl said. "At least for the present. My name's Sara."

"How very odd," Sara said. "Mine is too."

"How marvelous," the girl said. "I love things like that."

Sara smiled. The girl was so disingenuous, so fresh and childlike, in spite of her provocative clothes and aura of worldliness. She wanted suddenly to communicate with her, understand something about Howie and Ely and all the strange new children she half-feared.

The girl was chattering away beside her. "I love this bar," she was saying. "It's about the only place in this town I do like."

"You don't like Cape Haze?" Sara said.

"No. But I've had a bad time here. I'm getting my second divorce. This town is swamped with divorcées and widows. They tear men *(continued)*

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then, and more friendly toward her. They went out of the dark bar into a brilliantly sunlit street. Sara wanted only to go away quickly now, to drink coffee alone in the drugstore across the street, make a shopping list and buy groceries, but the girl seemed reluctant to go about her own business. "You haven't told me a thing about yourself," she said. "I'm going to buy you a present for being so patient with me and I want you to tell me about you."

"There's nothing to tell," Sara said. "I've lived a very normal, uneventful life."

"Nobody lives that," the girl said. "Come on, the place I want to go is just across the street."

Sara didn't know how to get out of it. She followed the bright creature across the hot pavement. The girl seemed to twinkle across the street like a brilliant bird. "Come on, now," she said. "Right around the corner. And you still haven't said a word about yourself. Are you here with your husband?"

"He's dead," Sara said flatly.

"Oh, I'm sorry," the girl said. "I'm very sorry. Particularly as you think it worked. Do you live alone?"

"Yes," Sara said.

"I know. In one of those dreadful condominiums. Right?"

"Right," Sara said tersely.

"Which one?"

"The Triton." She was beginning to feel annoyed.

"Do many people live there?" the girl said.

"No."

"I thought not," said the other Sara. "It must be awfully lonely. You mu come over and see me sometime. I got a wonderful beach cottage at t Midnight Beach, all paid for by M Ex."

They were standing in front of record shop. "Come on," the girl sai and held the door open for her. "I wa to buy you a record."

"A record?" Sara said.

"A record," the girl said. "But fir I have to tell you my final secret. I become a Jesus freak."

"A what?" Sara said.

"That means I dig Jesus," the gi said. "It's supposed to be a real ne sort of thing. But the awful truth that it's really my old Baptist inher tance coming back to save me from t devil."

Oh dear. Sara thought. This chi isn't right in the head. It isn't just t drinking . . .

"No, dear Sara," the girl said. "I not crazy. I just face facts. What once were always comes back to cla us, no matter how far we think we escaped." She picked up an albu paid for it, and thrust it into Sar hand.

"There you are," she said briskly. little present from me to you." S walked rapidly out of the door a down the street without another wo

Sara stood staring down at the bum in her hand: JESUS CHRI SUPERSTAR. The drugstore w only a few doors away and she hurri toward it, glancing up and down t street as she went. But young Sara h vanished.

THE CRYSTAL MOUSE *continued*

to bits like maenads. So you end up with gun-shy men and frantic ladies." She looked at Sara. "You don't look frantic," she said.

She should have seen me last night, Sara thought. "I'm a little past the age for that," she said.

The girl appraised her carefully. "Oh no you're not."

But I want to be, Sara thought. "Well, it can be a lonely town," she said.

The girl's eyes turned somber. "Oh, yes," she said. "Yes indeedy."

The next two hours became a hazy vagueness in Sara's mind, so that later, drinking coffee in the drugstore before doing the grocery shopping, she wasn't at all sure that everything had happened the way she thought. The glasses of Scotch seemed to keep getting refilled and everything seemed to assume unusual proportions. Words became portentous, thoughts clear and well-defined. Everything had a sense of great rightness and understanding.

Eventually they moved to a table and had lunch. Small Sara turned out to be not as young as she had thought. "I missed the mod scene and the hip culture," she said. She had been born in a small town in the Midwest, to parents who were farmers. She'd gone to a teacher's college, and there she'd found out that she could sing. She'd got work with a small combo in a neighborhood joint and she'd fallen in love with the piano player and quit school and married him.

"As they say," she told Sara, "it was a bummer. All the way. But by the time the marriage fell apart I had learned a few things. I married somebody with a lot of money the second time. The trouble is I fell in love with him." She laughed. "That's why I'm sitting out this divorce in sunny Cape Haze."

"But why didn't it work out?" Sara said finally, after the girl's loving and somewhat drunken description of her second husband.

The girl stared at her, a frown between her eyes. "Does it ever?" she said.

"Of course it does." Sara said automatically.

The girl sat there, shaking her head. "Who are you kidding, lady?" she said finally.

"It did for me," Sara said.

"Did it?" the girl said.

Sara felt a flash of anger. But she realized she had put herself in a ridiculous position. She should never have started drinking with a stranger in a bar. She knew that she could not let this sort of thing start happening to her out of loneliness.

"I'm sorry," the girl said suddenly. "I'm never much on tact. But it's true that the male-female relationship doesn't make it. You learn to enjoy what you can and put up with the rest. Or you don't. I can't. I've never learned to give in. I guess it works if you can do that."

The statement sounded so much like Moira that Sara felt reassured. This was just a girl like Moira after all, who had made the mistake of getting married twice. She felt better about her

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The whole incident had been so atyp-
l there was nothing she could com-
re it to. The girl had seemed bright
d amusing and pleasant, a reminder
youth and all the good things in life.
was only in the record shop that
nething had happened, that some
guely threatening aura had seemed
emanate from her.

Sara wondered if she had imagined
e whole thing. Because, she told her-
f, I *am* becoming imaginative. It has
do with being alone. I am going to
l Mary Appleby tonight, or one of
e bridge clubs. I can't go on sitting
ound thinking peculiar things. But
at girl *had* been peculiar. There was
point in trying to blame that on
rself. She was a real girl with real
oblems and those problems had made
r peculiar. But it needn't concern
, Sara thought.

She looked down at the album. She
pposed she could play it in the com-
unity room of the condominium.
e'd have to ask Mr. Bishop. Think-
g of his fat, placid face, she remem-
red that the TV cable people were
pposed to come. She went to a phone
oth in the back of the drugstore and
lled Mr. Bishop.

"Oh, they've already been here, Mrs.
llstrom," he said. "I let them in. I
n't think you'd mind. They're so
rd to get hold of, figured you'd want
done while they were here."

"Yes, thank you," she said. "Oh, Mr.
shop, is there a phonograph in the
mmunity room?"

"Yes, m'am," he said. "Real good
e, three speed. By the way, the pool's
led."

"That's very nice," she said politely.
'll see you later."

She sat in the booth for a moment,
lding a humming receiver. Every-
ing had been prepared for her at The
riton. The TV was installed, the pool
s filled, there was a record player in
e community room. She wondered
ny she had ever supposed she could
cape.

The grocery store on the circle was
lf supermarket, half delicatessen.
e went methodically about buying
lf of what she usually bought for any
dinary week. Bacon and eggs and
ead, oleo and coffee, vegetables and
uit, lamb chops, hamburger. She did
eat herself to some exotic tea and to
me English muffins.

he Triton, when it loomed before
r, seemed no more welcoming than
fore. She went to her parking space
d began the long process of getting
erything out of the car, through the
inging door, up in the elevator, and
side her own door. The television set
ared cheerfully at her from the cor-
r. After locking the door she turned
on, looking with approval at Walter
ronkite, life-size and in color, telling
r all the terrible news in a voice that
mehow kept it from being so terrible.

After supper, she noticed the record
bum was still propped against her
itcase beside the front door. Well,
e told herself, the sensible thing to do
go downstairs to the community
om and play this; afterwards you can
ick up a book to read. She liked the
und of the plan—it had a nice, solid,
lling-up-the-evening feel to it. That
as the way other people who had to
ve alone behaved.

She turned to the left before going to
e elevator, and went to the door of the adjoining apartment. It was still standing slightly ajar and with a firm hand she pulled it closed and heard the satisfying click as the latch caught. She tried the door and saw that it had automatically locked. She nodded, pleased, and went down the hall to the elevator.

Mr. Bishop was talking on the telephone in the lobby. "Welcome," he said when he hung up. "They get the TV working O.K.?"

"It's fine. But nothing good is on. I thought I'd go into the community room and try out that phonograph."

"Sure," he said. "Come along and I'll turn things on for you."

She followed him down the hall and through a wide archway into a very large room. There was one dim light burning, but he quickly flicked switches and flooded the empty spaces. "The phonograph's right over here," he said. "Let me see if it's plugged in."

She walked over to the windows and looked out. The view encompassed the lighted pool and beyond it, the ocean. The pool looked clear and smooth and blue under the lights. Suddenly she saw something break the surface of the water, a sleek round thing like a seal. She stood there staring *(continued)*

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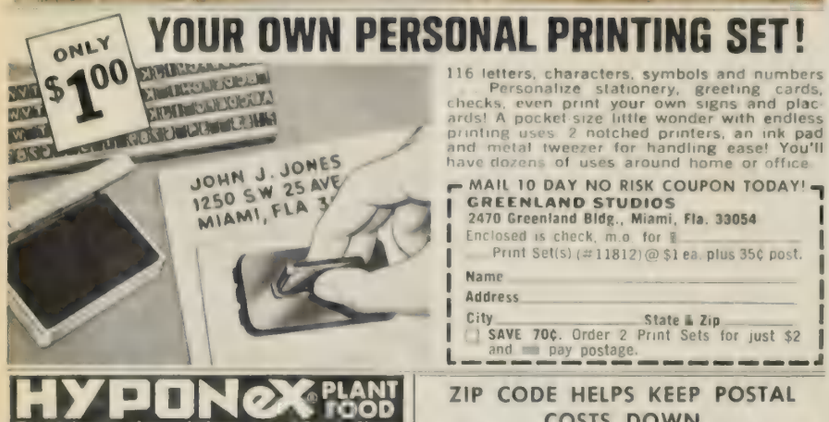
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at it for a second before she realized that it was someone's head.

"Why, Mr. Bishop," she said, "there's someone in the swimming pool."

Behind her Mr. Bishop knocked over a lamp. She could hear the sudden crash and the tinkling sound as the glass bulb shattered and she realized he must have dropped it onto the stone hearth. She knew all this below the threshold of instant panic caused by the sound, but for a frozen moment she couldn't turn and look to verify it. When she did she saw Mr. Bishop, red-faced, making ineffectual noises at the mess on the floor. She looked quickly back at the pool. There was nothing there, except the calm blue water.

"What did you say, Mrs. Hillstrom?" Mr. Bishop finally asked.

"I saw someone in the pool," Sara said.

"I don't reckon you did. Couldn't be nobody out there. I just come in from a look around the grounds."

"But I saw someone," she repeated reasonably, keeping her voice level.

"I don't see nobody," he said.

"I don't either . . . now. But there was someone."

He gave her a patronizing look. "All right," he said, sighing heavily. "I'll go out and look. I'd hate for some of them kids around here to get the idea that pool was for public use. But I think you must have been mistaken."

She looked at him sternly, feeling for the first time her proper relationship to him.

"I'm going," he said. "Then I'll come back and clean up that mess."

After he left she stood at the window, watching the empty pool. In a few moments she saw him come around the corner of the building. He went up to the edge of the pool and looked into its depths. He walked down toward the beach and looked up and down the sand, shining a flashlight in front of him. Then he came back, walking clumsily, his light dancing around the corner of the building and up toward the palm trees.

"Nobody nowhere," he said. "Must have been a leaf."

There was something in his voice that Sara couldn't place. Why, he was lying. She knew exactly that tone and sound. It was the way any man who couldn't lie properly always sounded, just a bit too sincere. She didn't know what to say to him. There wasn't anything to say. There didn't seem to be any reason for him to lie, but he was lying.

He stood up from cleaning the hearth, but he still didn't meet her eyes.

"Well, better get this mess outside," he said. "The phonograph's all right."

He went out the door.

Sara looked back at the swimming pool, peaceful under the lights, and walked across the room to the phonograph. There were several armchairs pulled up around the area. She sat in one and unwrapped the album, put the record on the spindle, turned on the phonograph, and watched the record drop into place before going back to the chair she'd selected because it faced the pool and the archway into the room.

When the music began it confused her. She couldn't make head nor tail of it. Then she looked down at the album sleeve and realized the words were there, printed on a small folder. She could follow them, know who was speaking, understand that this was the story of Jesus of Nazareth, and the disciples, and Mary Magdalene, even the words, spoken in the strange voice of today, seemed to have no connection with the familiar names. She began to realize that she was fascinated with the whole thing; that the raucous, incomprehensible voices were more real than anything she'd ever heard in the old Sunday-school room of childhood. She forgot she was supposed to be watching a lighted pool and an empty archway and followed the words to the strange music almost as though she were at home.

What a strange present for the strange girl to give me, she thought. Howie had given this to her she could have understood it. He would have been trying to educate her, and ribbing her a little at the same time. But that wasn't why that girl had done it. It had been as though she had known something about Sara that Sara didn't know herself.

Don't start that, she thought and got up to turn over the record. It was at the moment when the needle dropped on the record that she remembered the girl's laugh. It came to her, bright and vivid above the sound of the music; and she knew where she'd heard it before. It was the same laugh she'd heard in the emptiness of her apartment.

But what does it mean? Sara thought, staring out the window until the globe lights blurred before her eyes. What can it possibly mean?

Then the Crucifixion began.

Sara listened in a state of shock. It was so real she felt as though she were standing on Golgotha. When the hammer blows began she knew that the sound was a sound she had heard somewhere in the dim recesses of her mind all her life. When the record ended she sat motionless in her chair in the empty room, hearing the echoes in her mind.

She looked across the room at the dimantled lamp on the hearth corner. She hadn't imagined that. Mr. Bishop had actually broken a lamp. That had happened. Blonde Sara had obviously happened too. Here was the record to prove it. Everything wasn't all in her mind.

She stood up and put her record back in the album and went across the long empty room to the hallway, out to the elevator and back to her apartment. Once inside, with the lights burning and the television on, she felt a sense of satisfaction. There, she said to herself, I have spent the evening in the community rooms. I have listened to a record and conversed with Mr. Bishop and come back to my cozy home.

But after a while she began to be aware that something was wrong in the living room. Not a big thing, not an unlocked door, a hidden presence, or a thing to fear; but something small, something out of place, something that wasn't the way it had been before.

She sighed, stood up, and began to look around. Everything seemed in place. She'd even put the record album away. But something *was* wrong. Finally she walked across the room and looked at her collection. The crystal mouse was gone.

Part 2 of *The Crystal Mouse* will appear next month.

...ued from page 87

...r new maturity, my outlook on ...much healthier. Like anyone else, ...ade mistakes—and some of them ...real beauts—but with help from ...wer above, I was able to profit by ...Each mistake was a lesson—so I ... you could say I've learned a few ...lessons along the way.

...t if you mean have I changed as ...king woman, as a busi...oman, I have to say ... changed because I had ...When Marty died, I ... I had to take a more ... part in my business ...s than I had before.

...Nobody told me"

...o to four years ago, the ... print in a contract was ... that—small print. I ... read it; I felt I didn't ...to—and nobody told me ...wise. I just went my ... way, happy to know ...the things I thought I ...upposed to know. As a ..., I got a few surprises. ...member once a friend ...l me and said, 'Gee, Do, ...t you excited about ...ng with *him?*' 'Who is ... I asked her. 'Cary ...t,' she said. 'You mean ...making a movie with ... Grant? Gee, nobody ...me.'

...wasn't kidding her; no... had told me I was mak... movie with Cary. 'No... told me' became my ...phrase. Well, my 'no... told me' days are over, ...ell you that. Now I'm ...l—and it's a great feel...

...arty Melcher was Doris ...s agent long before he ...her husband. From her ...film *(Romance on the ... Seas)*, Doris was a ... success. She was then ...g in a trailer. It was ...ty who insisted that she ..., first into a hotel and ..., into a small house in ...San Fernando Valley. ...s loved her success, but ...elt that something was ...ing in her life—a person ...ve and lean on. Marty ...there. They married on ...s' birthday, April 3; the ... was 1951.

...oris put herself under ...ty's protective wing and ...ed there. She was the ... and the star. He was ...husband and the mana... She loved it. That's the way things ...d until Marty died in 1968.

...t took me some time to grasp the ...meaning of what had happened," ...is recalls. "The word 'death' didn't ...n anything to me. All I thought of ... that it was impossible for Marty ...e here one day and gone the next. ...as as if the earth had just opened ... and swallowed him. My shock ...ied to panic; I felt lost. I didn't ...t to see or talk to anyone. The ...ught of going to bed frightened me ...use I'd always wake up in the mid...of the night trying to stifle a scream ...couldn't believe Marty was dead.

"Very few people actually came to the house for fear of intruding on me, but Connie, who does the wardrobe on my show, and Barbara, my hairdresser, were here every day, doing whatever they could to help me and my mother. Most days they'd just sit in the living room waiting to see if I needed anything."

I asked if what I had heard was true—that Marty had been sick for only one week before he passed away.

"Oh, no," she said. "One day he came home early; he said he thought he might be catching a cold. Marty never complained about not feeling well—so I knew he must have felt awful. He went to bed and stayed there for two-and-a-half months. I begged him to let me call a doctor, but the only person he would see was his Christian Science practitioner—a sensational human being and a dear friend.

"Weeks went by and Marty was getting worse. The mental anguish was exhausting me. I couldn't stand watching his face get grayer and grayer. Finally he agreed to see a doctor. The doctor told me that Marty had an acute virus infection and put him in the hospital immediately. But it was too late. He was in the hospital less than a week before he died.

"Looking back, it all seems so strange. I've been working since I was fifteen years old; I've always been self-reliant and outgoing. But when I married Marty, everything changed. I still worked, but I was no longer self-sufficient. And our social life was nil. We spent all our spare time at home, happy to live our own lives."

After Doris married Marty, he legally adopted Doris' son by a previous marriage. ("Definitely a previous marriage," Doris told me. "I wasn't even seventeen. That marriage was premature and immature. The only good part was Terry.")

When I asked Terry, now 30, if, like Marty, he had helped to manage his mother's career, he said: "No, Dad was in charge of that department. He took his father role very seriously—sometimes too seriously. I got a lot out of the 'father-and-son' talks we used to have until they turned into lectures—one-sided lectures—all on his side. I'm sure he thought it was all for my good.

"Dad had been a good agent, and when he turned to producing, he was a damn good producer. He had always thought that, when I was ready, I'd go into business with him. I thought so, too, but those lectures finally got to me. By the time I was ripe for a career of my own, the idea of joining Dad was definitely out. I must say that he agreed with my decision."

Terry entered the music business and was soon producing hit records.

"I was very proud of Terry's success," Doris said. "It made me realize that he was no longer a boy. Not that I had any doubts, but he certainly proved what a man he was when Marty passed on. Terry took over!

"After Marty's death, I didn't want to talk to anyone. But I made an effort to talk to Terry. What I said didn't make much sense, but he was very patient. Somehow I began to realize what a huge responsibility I had dumped in his lap.

Son to the rescue

"We talked about my going back to work and what a great idea the TV series was. I didn't think the show was such a good thing, but I listened to Terry—and I'm glad I did. Terry also said he'd look into the two hotels we owned, because he thought I was worrying about them. Worrying? I barely knew enough about them to worry. I was never thrilled with the idea of being a hotel owner to begin with. When Marty told me he was buying them I kept telling him we knew nothing about the hotel business—and to top it off, one was in Texas and the other in Northern California. I never could understand owning a business so far away. Marty used to laugh and say to me, 'They're an *investment*. Let me worry about them.' Now they were *my* worry and Terry was going to look into them for me.

"I told all this to Terry. We had never discussed any kind of business before, nor had he ever before heard me express an opinion about business.

"Terry said, 'Mom, I know I'll be able to handle things, but first I've got to know what I'm handling. I think it's time you knew, too. It's time you took stock of your assets, it's time to see what you've been working for all these years. You should know what and where everything is. I know that was always Dad's function, but Mom, darling Mom, that's in the past.' "

Doris remembers that her eyes filled with tears. "I've always been a great one for tears, and sure enough, they came. Not because of what he was telling me; it was the way to told me. The 'Mom, darling Mom' *(continued)*



really got to me. He put his arms around me and let me cry. I needed that cry. It strengthened me. I knew I was in good hands, and damn it, I was going to give him all the help he needed!

"Terry left the house, and not until he returned four days later did he fill me in. I never expected to hear what I heard.

"He told me that he had thought the best place to start would be Marty's office, where he would go over the business papers and the correspondence that had probably mounted up. But Marty's office was bare. There was no correspondence, no papers, no contracts, no deeds—almost nothing.

No papers, no money!

"Terry then asked me where Marty and I kept the duplicate copies of all our important papers. I told him that I'd never seen any copies—not even my film contracts, or deeds to anything. If Marty kept duplicate papers in the house, I certainly didn't know where they were. Together Terry and I searched the house but found nothing.

"I was so angry with myself. You know, like where had I been all those years? I thought now is the time to take a good, long, hard look at myself, and when I heard the next piece of news, I *knew* it was time. Terry told me that I owed the government $450,000 in back taxes.

"'$450,000?' I screamed. 'What's that all about? Didn't I make enough money to pay my taxes? Wasn't money put aside? What's going on here?'

"Terry said calmly, 'Mom, I don't know. Maybe we'll *never* know. In the meantime, we must straighten things out with Internal Revenue.'"

"'How,'" I asked.

"'Okay,' Terry said, 'here's how. You've been asked to do a television special, and you said no. Mom, I'm not asking you if you *want* to do it, I'm telling you that you *have* to do it! The government just won't wait.'

"I got Terry's message, and I'm glad I did. The TV special *(Doris Kapplehoff and Friends)* was one of the most rewarding things that ever happened to me. I don't mean as far as my career is concerned or the money—although who likes to be in debt? It was the joy I received doing it, and finding out the joy I brought to others.

"Oh, yes, Terry and I finally got around to looking into those two hotels. All I can say is that what we found led to a lawsuit. Now that's getting straightened out."

In a further effort to "straighten things out," Terry—as executor of Marty's estate—filed a suit against Doris. The suit, which is still pending, is purely a legal maneuver to get a proper accounting of Doris' income, without which she could never finally settle her financial mess.

"As for me," says Doris, "I've got everything I need. If something puzzles me about my show or business, I ask Terry—who now works on my show. If he doesn't know the answer, he'll go to one of the top men he has hired to work with us. Now I feel I know what I *should* know. Today I go over everything. I love asking questions, and I love getting answers. Let's face it, women are natural-born question-askers. How else can we get the facts we're eventually going to have to face?"

One of the facts a widow must face is the prospect of remarriage. I asked Doris if there was any new romance in her life.

"New? There isn't even an old romance in my life. I'm not saying I'm not interested in a romance or getting married again. Just let the right man come along and watch out!"

When Doris heard that I was going to spend two more days in California, she asked: "How about lunch tomorrow? Come to my house around noon, and we'll go somewhere."

When I arrived the next day, Doris was wearing blue denim Bermuda shorts, a pair of white knee socks, blue denim sneakers, and a red-and-white checked hat.

She said, "Hi! C'mon." I followed her to her bedroom. There, neatly spread out on the bed, were four nylon windbreakers, four hats, and three sets of bicycle clips.

Doris: "Since it's such a gorgeous day we can bicycle to the restaurant. Choose your outfit."

Me: "I haven't been on a bicycle in 20 years."

Doris: "Don't be silly. There are two things a person never forgets: driving a car and riding a bicycle. Once you get rolling, you'll love it. Don't be chicken."

I selected a red windbreaker (terrific with my orange slacks) and a white cap. Then I followed her out to the garage, where the two bikes were kept. She took the red one and gave me the orange one. Mine had a big, white basket in front with yellow and white daisies entwined in the wicker—and two flat tires. Here was my out. No chance: Doris had an air pump.

The restaurant was seven blocks from Doris' house, but with her short cuts it rounded out to an even ten. We ate a hearty brunch. In between bites she told me that she goes out on her bicycle every day.

The trip back to her house was not uneventful. Doris spotted an obviously lost dog, a tan Alsatian, crossing a heavily trafficked street. She got off her bike in front of a beauty salon, went out into the middle of the street, raised her hand to stop the traffic, took hold of the dog, and walked him to the sidewalk. Doris led the dog into the salon and asked the manager to give it some water. While the dog drank, Doris checked his tags. She got the owner's phone number, called them, and sternly told them to come get their dog.

When they got there, Doris really let them have it! "You don't deserve this dog, if you can't keep him properly fenced in! Oh, I've seen him roaming the streets before, so don't give me any excuses!" They did not say a word; they just stared at her. "And don't bother thanking me, because if I see him loose again, I'm going to find him a new home." She stopped talking to blow away a lock of hair that had strayed from under her hat. It gave one of the owners a split second to say, "Why, you're Doris Day!"

Without missing a beat, Doris said, "That has *nothing* to do with it! You just keep an eye on that dog."

I began laughing so hard that I had to walk out of the shop. Doris came out, and began laughing too. "But it does get me angry," she said. "Why have a dog if you don't take care of it?"

Like the Doris Day of old, she has boundless enthusiasm for everything she undertakes. But unlike the Doris Day of old, she has left her cocoon and is now fully involved in the real world. No longer does she sit back and let someone else run her life because she can't be bothered, or because she didn't think it was her place to speak her mind. She knows now that business is business, and it is *her* business, whether she is single, married, or whatever.

"Most women are smart, but still they like to be referred to as the weaker sex," she says. "That's okay, so long as they don't get carried away—as I was. It doesn't make a woman less of a woman if she knows what's going on in her man's world; after all, it's part of her world, too.

"Years ago," Doris says wistfully, "I remember saying to Marty something about buying some undeveloped land for investment. But that conversation got sidetracked somehow. Well, chalk up another mistake for me. If I had asserted myself, who knows, I might have been the proud owner of downtown Burbank. Who knows . . . who *ever* knows? . . ."

A 10-Point Checklist for Wives

To help readers avoid the costly mistakes Doris Day made, the JOURNAL has prepared the following 10-point program, with the help of New York attorney P. Philip Lacovara, editor of the *Real Property, Probate and Trust Journal:*

1. It is important for a wife to know that her husband has an up-to-date will and to know where it is. It's also desirable for a wife to sit in on the planning stages of the will.
2. Know what—and where—your husband's assets are. Does he have a safe deposit box? Where is it? Does he have brokerage accounts? With whom? What are his life insurance and pension benefits?
3. Know what your husband's major financial liabilities are—including taxes.
4. Don't be naive about financial matters. Look at income tax returns when you sign them. Read all contracts and papers before you sign them—even if your husband says, "It's all routine, you don't have to read it." It may be routine, but you should be aware of what financial transactions are taking place.
5. Remember that your husband's financial affairs are really the whole family's financial affairs. Take an interest in your husband's business. Ask questions about things you don't understand. Stay interested and current.
6. Keep originals or photostats of all important documents—tax returns, insurance policies, deeds, wills, etc.—in a safe but accessible place.
7. Know who your husband's professional advisors are—lawyers, accountants, insurance agents.
8. Become acquainted with your husband's trusted business associates—the people he looks to for guidance.
9. Know the person or bank your husband has chosen as executor and trustee to carry out his will. Discuss these choices with your husband; they should be people who understand your way of life as well as his.
10. Have a reasonable amount of cash quickly available to meet immediate needs—for example, a joint savings or checking account. END

WORKING WOMAN

continued from page 46

with anyone but my husband," repo
the owner of an antique shop. "Wh
I went on a buying trip I met a m
who was attending a convention in t
hotel. Both of us were far from ho
and we felt like kids let out of scho
I had sex with him out of curiosity
and I don't regret it. My husband w
never find out and our marriage
secure. But at least I'm not curio
anymore."

Some single women consider an
fair with a married man to be a s
bet. No commitment, no pressu
Others say married men are dynam
because no matter how much they s
they love you, they rarely leave th
wives. When I was single and wo
ing, nothing turned me off faster th
a wolf who said something like: "M
wife is away for the summer, so w
don't we . . ." His willingness to betr
his wife automatically signaled th
the man had qualities I couldn't
spect. Besides, there's an innoc
third party involved when you ha
an affair with a married man: the w
that you're helping him betray. W
wants to make another woman mis
able?

As I see it, the close, day-to-day
lationships between men and women
business should—and can be—pers
to-person affairs, not affairs of
heart. With the "sexual dimensio
out of the way, perhaps the worki
woman can be taken seriously and h
labor can be judged on its mer
alone. E

*NOTE: Since the December colu
consisted solely of In and Out Bas
items, I have chosen to eliminate th
departments this month. The In Ba
et and Out Basket will return n
month.—L.C.P.*

DIET '73

continued from page 73

3. Use raw vegetables freely, and d
dressings that have only three calor
per teaspoon.
4. Avoid watermelon, grapes, cherri
5. If fruit is small (such as aprico
consider two pieces a portion. Use
a cup as a portion for cooked or mi
fruit.
6. Use only artificial sweetener.
7. Use only *thinly-sliced* bread.
8. Drink one, and preferably two, 8-
glasses of skimmed or fat-free butt
milk daily.
9. Learn to drink your coffee black.
drink tea, preferably with len
(citrus is good for you).
10. When you are hungry, eat
vegetables. Keep them up front in
refrigerator so that they will always
immediately available.
11. When you are thirsty, drink wa
tea, coffee, or sugar-free diet sodas
12. When you desperately crave
sweet, eat a sour pickle. Yes, it wor
13. Eat slowly, and force yours
never to eat *unless* you are actua
seated. No stand-up meals—ever!

When you are sick and tired of di
ing, look in a mirror and ask yours
if you are truly thin enough, and
not eat until you have answered y
question in front of the mirror.
hungry as you may be, you will rejo
over your discipline when you fit int
smaller-size dress. E


Now your florist shows Santa how to make Christmas last.
New Tenaflowers. Lasting flowers for lasting Christmas cheer.
Now the flowers you give at Christmas can last for several months. They're Tenaflowers. And there's never been anything like them before. Because Tenaflowers are real fresh-cut flowers treated to keep their true colors and keep their true blooms. Real flowers that actually stay fresh-looking for months, so they're perfect for Christmas giving and decorating... real flowers you can afford to have throughout your home all the time! Roses, daisies, carnations, mums... now all your favorite flowers can keep bringing cheer to a home (or a flower-lover) long after the festive holidays have passed. Call your florist and he'll make lovely, long-lasting Tenaflower arrangements for everyone on your shopping list. Could be the freshest idea Santa's had in years.
At last flowers that last.
TENA FLOWERS

60,000 Journal mothers have taught their pre-schoolers to read.

You can do the same – and should.



Surprisingly, both teachers and parents once worried that early reading might somehow be bad for children.

Today, we know nothing could be further from the truth.

In Oakland, California and in New York City, studies sponsored by the Horace/Mann Lincoln Institute of School Experimentation at Teacher's College (Columbia University) showed that early readers gain more because they have these definite advantages:

They start ahead and stay ahead. They do better in their schoolwork. They get along better with other children. They are not bored with schoolwork precisely because they *can* read. They learn other subjects quickly because they understand them more fully. And they are pleased to be able to display their knowledge.

All this among pre-schoolers who have learned to read . . . who don't have to be particularly or unusually gifted! Preschoolers whose IQ's are both high and low!

Any child can learn to read. And any parent can teach.

Just as a child learns to talk (and in bilingual homes he may even learn two languages before three years of age) so will he learn to read just as early . . . if you help him a bit. And just as learning to talk is fun for both child and parent, so may learning to read be made fun! And the more fun you make it, the quicker and better your pre-schooler will learn.

But when is the right time to teach your young child to read? At what age should you start? Frankly, the sooner the better! University studies (Harvard and Tel Aviv Universities) conclude that optimum intellectual growth occurs before the age of two!

The intensive research of the Federal Government in its "Right to Read" confirms this. It agrees with the basic concept that parents of pre-schoolers are able to teach reading more effectively while their child is simultaneously learning the other developmental skills: talking, walking, listening, social training, finger painting, etc.

The only trick is to have at hand a plan, the correct materials, and a willingness to help your pre-schooler to read when he shows an interest.

You know how your child's face lights up when he begins to walk. You see how much pure joy of discovery he radiates as he takes those first few solo steps. He's learning . . . and having fun doing it! And your obvious pleasure is his encouragement to do better.

You can make learning to read just as much fun —never a chore—with the Doman-Delacato Reading Kit which The *Ladies' Home Journal* is again offering to its readers. The *Journal* first brought this remarkable Kit to the attention of its readers in a feature article in May, 1963. Over 60,000 readers sent for the "Teach Your Baby to Read' materials!

These materials, extremely simple as they might be, were developed as one result of many years of work by a team of specialists. They can be used successfully with nearly all children. They are very carefully designed to meet all the needs of the child, from visual crudeness to visual sophistication, from brain function to brain learning.

The Kit includes alphabet cards, body image ("self") cards, environmental vocabulary cards, sentence structure word cards, a make-it-yourself vocabulary book called *Nose Is Not Toes*, a learning book, a certificate of accomplishment your child will be proud to display, and complete instructions. Using these materials, the true sense of pleasure in learning and reading can be transmitted to your child . . . and the results will last a lifetime! As Glenn Doman says in his 166-page book: "The cardinal rule is that both parent and child must joyously approach learning to read as the superb game that it is. The parent must never forget that learning is life's most exciting game—it is not work. Learning is a reward—it is not a punishment. Learning is a pleasure, it is not a chore. Learning is a privilege, it is not a denial.'

And that is the basis of the Doman-Delacato Early Reading Kit. Teaching reading can be a game. A game that neither mother or pre-schooler can lose. A game that has two winners!

The *Ladies' Home Journal* is proud to offer this most important learning aid once again and would like to see every member of its reading family with a pre-schooler avail themselves of this Kit. You order using the coupon on this page. Read the b (it will inspire you, encourage you), test the m ods, prove to yourself that your pre-school child learn to read and will enjoy the experience mensely. If you want to return the Kit for reason, your money will be refunded within th days without question.

Nose Is Not Toes, but learning to read can be f

What Previous Users of The Doman-Delecato Early Reading Kit have told us:

Mrs. J. M. K. of Lafayette, Indiana wrote: "I admit I was skeptical, being a former second grade teacher, but my doubts vanished after reading the book and working with the method."

Mrs. M. M. L. of Berkeley, California, reports: "Marvelous results, and especially gratifying to me after my training as a teacher and as a speech and hearing therapist."

Dave Garroway wrote: "I'd recommend the Doman-Delacato methods to anyone. So would Dave Garroway, Jr."

MAIL TODAY FOR 30-DAY NO-RISK TRIAL

Ladies' Home Journal, Dept. LHJ-2349
4500 N.W. 135th St., Miami, Florida 33054

Yes, I'd like to see exactly how easy—and how much fun —it can be to teach my pre-schooler to read. Please send me the Doman-Delacato Early Reading Kit with the understanding that I may return it for a prompt and complete refund within 30 days if I'm not wholly satisfied. My cost is $9.95 (plus 50¢ for postage and handling) for the complete Kit. Enclosed is check or money order for $_____.

_____Doman-Delacato Early Reading Kit(s) (#12179)

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Expiration date of my card _____

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(Florida residents please add 4% sales tax.)

IE POPE UNFAIR TO WOMEN?

nued from page 91

Do Catholic women want the opened to them? I'd answer "no" th questions.

No, I don't think the Pope should . I suppose he should change his on some matters. That's appar- what some people want.

t. Eugene Clark, sman for Terence Car- Cooke of New York.

No, he's not unfair. reflecting the tradition- stem and the practical ture. There is no theo- l reason why women ot be ordained, but s seem to be over- mingly popular as they I don't see any move- otherwise.

As far as retiring, he elf has said he will as as he is no longer able his job.

r Daly, associate pro- r of theology, Boston ge.

Asking if the Pope is ir to women is like ask- f the KKK is unfair to ks. But his statement is istent with what's gone re. I wasn't surprised at otal lack of awareness of contemporary scene. now alienated women. he's done them a favor making the oppressive ation more obvious. olic women are better this sense than Protes- and Jewish women— Catholics it's out in the . With Protestant and sh women, oppression in r churches is veiled. The blem now is to change whole structure of pa- chal religion into which sexist bias is built.

It really wouldn't make great difference if the e retired. The essential blem does not lie with a ticular person, but with whole hierarchical struc- of the Church.

erend Leo C. Byrne, ., Archbishop Coadjutor t. Paul and Minneapolis.

If you knew Pope Paul as I do, would recognize that he has no airness in his mind or heart toward one. The recent encyclical was ad- ssed strictly to the area or orders ding to the priesthood. The Pope only continuing the traditional ching with reference to the priest- d.

There is an ancient regulation t the lawgiver is not bound by the . In this case, it is the lawgiver, the pe, who set the retirement figure at I personally feel that, in history, re are too many critical issues that demand his presence, and I do not think he should retire this year.

Irene Dunne, actress and former alternate U.S. representative to the U.N. General Assembly.

1. No, I don't think he's unfair. The Pope must know more than we do. Maybe I've lived too long with the way things were, and my opinion will not please the women's libbers—I've been a liberated woman all my life. But I don't want to be a priest. I think someone has to put the brakes on all these changes. And the Pope must have the gifts of the Holy Spirit. They can go ahead and make all kinds of changes if they want to—play guitars in church, sit on the floor—but I'd want them to leave the Holy Eucharist alone.

2. Good heavens, he shouldn't retire. I'd want other bishops to resign at 75—but not the Bishop of Rome.

Father Avery Dulles, S.J., Professor of Theology at Woodstock College, a Jesuit seminary in New York City. Father Dulles is the son of the late secretary of state John Foster Dulles.

1. In the [Pope's] encyclical, the ancient practice of restricting the offices of lector and acolyte to men was left unchanged. The decree, however, did not deprive women of any functions they had previously performed. Women may still be authorized to serve as lectors and extraordinary ministers of Holy Communion—as they have been doing in increasing numbers in recent years.

The new decree may well be a transitional step toward giving women a larger share in the ministry. As long as the ministries of lector and acolyte were reserved for [male] clerics, these ministries could not be opened to women without raising the problem about the eligibility of women to ordination. Now that these offices are open to laymen, it is possible for the Church to modify the present law and admit women to these offices.

The Holy See is taking steps toward giving women a greater role. For example, nine of the 30 members of the Vatican Council of the Laity are women—a proportion higher than in most international organizations. The involvement of women in liturgical roles traditionally reserved for men will have to come slowly, particularly since in some continents the status of women is quite different from what it is in the U.S.

2. No one doubts but what the Pope could resign at any time. But there is no exact parallel between the case of the Pope and that of a cardinal or bishop. When a bishop or cardinal offers his resignation, the offer is accepted at the discretion of the Pope. In the case of the Pope, there is no one else who can accept or refuse his offer to resign.

I should expect the Pope to apply to himself the same criteria he applies in deciding whether to accept the resignation of other bishops. If he thinks that it would be better for him to retire, he will do so.

From my own knowledge, I have no reason to think that Pope Paul's mental or physical vigor has diminished. But I would approve of his resigning if and when his age or health made him less capable of successfully governing the church.

Danny Thomas, entertainer.

1. I see nothing wrong with women taking part in the Sacraments. I saw women pass the host in Canada because of a shortage of clergy in that country. It didn't bother me. With women's liberation and the Ms. business, things are changing. I would think nuns would be qualified to give the Sacraments in a clergy shortage. There is only one thing wrong with women and the Communion service. The mass is a reenactment of the Last Supper—and no women were present.

2. Christ didn't retire until he was crucified. If the Pope is Christ's vicar here on earth, then he should continue in his office until called to do otherwise by Christ.

Mrs. Frances Lee McGillicuddy, president of St. Joan's Alliance, a Catholic women's liberation group.

1. I do not consider the Pope personally unfair. Perhaps poorly advised. . . . The fault seems to lie with the Roman Curia and the world's bishops. We were told that the recent document was issued after consultation with the bishops and that it was prepared by a Curia Congregation. Catholic women should ask their local bishops exactly what input they had [in preparing] the document—and whether it reflects their views? *(continued)*



YOUR NERVES CAN CURE THEMSELVES

once you learn how to de-sensitize them, this doctor's ingenious new way...



If You Suffer From A Single One Of These Torturous Symptoms Of Nerves, Tension Or Chronic Anxiety, THEN THE FACTS BELOW MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT YOU HAVE EVER READ IN YOUR LIFE!

Because they reveal, for the first time, *how your nerves have tricked you* into the following mental symptoms:

constant nervousness and over-irritation... indecision... depression ... loss of confidence in yourself and others... feelings of unreality ... overwhelming obsession with one or two horrible thoughts...

a hopeless feeling that your entire personality is coming apart — that your identity is dissolving — or that you may be helplessly drifting into a nervous breakdown!

And equally as bad—*how your nerves have tricked you* into the following physical symptoms:

chronic fatigue, that starts in the morning, and grows worse as the day goes on

"missed" heartbeats—"racing" heart—palpitations—or sudden sharp pains under the heart

sweating hands or "pins and needles" in either your hands or your legs

"churning" stomach... nausea... choking feeling in the throat... inability to take a deep breath... tight band of pain around the head..."ready to jump out of your skin"... strange tricks of vision ... weak spells... insomnia, that goes on night after night after night...

hand shaking — panic spasms — knots in your chest — dizziness — difficulty in swallowing — vomiting — *and all the other physical tortures that turn your life into one continuous hell!*

And Every One Of These Nervous Symptoms Can Be Controlled... And Then Diminished ... And Then Eliminated—OFTEN BY AS LITTLE AS THIS ONE SINGLE INSIGHT INTO THEIR HIDDEN CAUSE!

And that insight is this:

If you suffer from any of the nervous symptoms listed above, then you must understand at once that your nerves are not ill — they have not deteriorated — *they have not lost their true physical health in any way!* What has happened to them instead is that they have simply become OVER-SENSITIZED — "rubbed raw" by too much outside irritation — *and are now ready to discharge the emotional and physical symptoms of panic at even the slightest thing that goes wrong!*

Thus the depression — indecision — loss of confidence and all the other emotional symptoms you feel are all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves! And the churning stomach — palpitating heart — never-ending headaches and all the other physical nervous-symptoms you feel are—again—all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves!

And therefore the way to treat ALL these symptoms is NOT with drugs — NOT with shock — NOT with medical formulations or hospitalizations at all! *The way to treat these nerves is to change the poisonous thoughts that are rubbing them raw.*

And this is done (as proven by this internationally-famed physician on thousands of patients) in four simple steps! The first of which *stops nervous symptoms (both physical and emotional) from multiplying from that moment on.* The second of which *serves to tranquilize and quiet down those over-sensitized nerves far more powerfully (and permanently) than any drug a pharmacist could ever give you!*

The third of which lets you stop fighting those symptoms (which only intensifies them in an ever-increasing spiral of sheer torment), and — instead — *leave them alone in an ingenious way that lets them start healing themselves!*

And the fourth of which—the great reward—*brings you slowly-but-surely back to the person you used to be! With a new, enduring feeling of control and confidence that nothing can destroy.* So much so that this doctor actually comes right out and states bluntly: *The advice given here will definitely cure you if you only follow it.*

In Fact, Case History After Case History Proves That Cure May Be So Dramatically Quick That Your Friends And Family Will Beg You To Tell Them Your Secret!

Once again, it doesn't matter what physical or emotional symptoms you are now suffering from — how "deeply entrenched" they are — how long you have been plagued by them — how "old" or "weak" or "out-of-control" you may feel today! *Here is specific, step-by-immediate-step advice that will* (again to quote directly from the doctor) *"banish every unwelcome sensation and regain peace of mind and body!"*

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That "lump in the throat that won't go away"—*how to banish it in minutes — and enjoy eating any food you wish to once again!*

Physical weakness—perhaps the most dreaded of all symptoms—and (surprisingly) perhaps *the fastest of all to banish!*

How to deal with the twin monsters of fatigue and guilt! And leave behind emotional exhaustion — morning depression — thoughts that once raced around and around in your mind without cessation! (And leave them all behind—*for good!*)

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How to tap the forces of Nature, every morning, *that are just waiting to cure you!*

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"Looking back now, I am amazed at the progress I have made in such a comparatively short time."

"It would be no exaggeration to add that your book saved my life."

"The method you give for cure of nervous conditions is so effective, and so simple—I cannot think why, out of all the professional people I have seen and all the books I have read in an effort to find a cure, nothing remotely like your system has been suggested to me."

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HOPE AND HELP FOR YOUR NERVES *has sold over 250,000 copies and has been endorsed by medical and mental-health associations throughout the world. Millions of Americans have heard Dr. Weekes on television and radio shows and have read excerpts from the book which recently appeared in* Reader's Digest. *If you are one of the many whose nerves are on edge and who sometimes feel panic and don't know why, this remarkable book was written for you. The reader discovers the simple treatment the author recommends for the dreaded and mystifying experiences known as "nerves"—indecision, suggestibility, feelings of panic, sleeplessness, loss of confidence, unreality, depression, and countless other recognized feelings of ill health.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DR. CLAIRE WEEKES became interested in the problems of nervous illness when she observed in her medical practice that those who suffered most suffered "nervously." Dr. Weekes is Consulting Physician to the Rachel Forster Hospital in Sydney, Australia. She has written articles for popular magazines in England and has appeared widely on English television.

Dr. Weekes has appeared with Mike Douglas, Arlene Francis, Barry Farber and many other U.S. radio and TV shows.

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continued

for the Pope's attitude toward n, he is the product of his educa- culture, and life experience with- institution that has fostered what be called male colonialism, im- ism, and sex-based *apartheid*. . . . probably too late to change the s views, unless one could persuade hat such a change would hold the h together during this period of I believe Paul VI would do ing—even ordain women—if he ht such a step would steady the of Peter. . . .

My personal hunch is that the would like to retire, but that the n Curia has persuaded him that e good of the Church he ought As far as equality (male and fe- is concerned, I doubt that it make much difference if a new were elected tomorrow.

TTA YOUNG, actress.

o not think the Pope is being un- women by not sanctioning their ipation as clergy. Everyone has ace. I don't think the altar is nec- ly the place for a woman.

To venture a thought as to wheth- e Pope should retire would be mptuous of me. It's a secular ion and we are dealing with a ual man.

NCE HENDERSON, actress.

Perhaps he's not unfair, but I do he'd begin acting as if he was of women. He seems to pretend we don't exist. I've never been ho on being a priest—not at this of my life, anyway—but I can stand how women preparing selves for service in the ministry l be terribly disappointed by this ment. I think there's too much ction, too much pomp and cir- tance surrounding the Pope. They he people could talk to Jesus t, so why can't we talk to the ? I'd like to try. I'd set him down, him a glass of wine, and say, e, let's talk about this. . . ."

Yes, I think he should retire.

LIS MCGINLEY, author.

Yes, the Pope is unfair to women. an old man, old in spirit. He's ionary. Oh, I'm sure he's a *good* -but he doesn't know how to cope Vatican II. He's been shaken by evolution in the Church, but he n't know what to do about it. I'm feminist, I'm no Betty Friedan, think women should have more r and latitude within the Church. e Pope really wants to be fair to en, the biggest thing he could do lift the ban on birth control, which in the face of everything that is and modern.

If I knew of a good candidate to ed the Pope, I'd say yes, he should down. But I don't know enough t Roman politics to tell you who l replace Paul.

AN GRIBBS, Mayor of Detroit.

No, I don't think he is unfair. nk that the idea that women's roles should be much more activist is gradually emerging. In my own parish, for example, women's role has been strengthened—perhaps two thirds of the parish council are women. I think that eventually this will lead to more influence on policy.

2. Yes. As great and as brilliant as the Pope is, I still believe that at 75 the ability to perform the leadership role is extremely difficult, given the burdens of such a high office.

LINDA BARUFALDI, graduate student in theology, Harvard Divinity School.

1. The Pope has no experience with women, so it's obvious that he doesn't consider them fully human. He is absolutely unfair. Women are fully human and have the human right to participate in the worship of God. The statement is an act of papal arrogance. But it only confirms what we already know: that the papacy is anti-human, that the Church is a sexist institution. It's good the Pope has come right out and said what he said. Now no one need be uninformed. His statement denies my humanity—yet it's probably the most human thing he could have done. I think it's spiritual suicide for women to remain in the Church.

2. I don't think it makes any difference if he resigns. The Church should resign. Christianity should resign.

BISHOP THOMAS GUMBLETON, Auxiliary Bishop of Detroit.

1. No, I don't think the Pope is unfair. Rather, I see his most recent encyclical as a continuation of the 1971 Synod, which undertook to examine women's role in the Church—and to come up with recommendations. That study is still going on, and the Pope is not going to issue any final statement while the question is still pending.

2. No, I'd not like to see him resign. I think he'd be taking the easy way out. He is a point of unity, though he endures much personal suffering. I hope he serves as long as he can. We need him to hold things together.

SISTER JANICE RAYMOND, R.S.M., doctoral candidate in theology, Boston College (Andover-Newton).

1. I think "unfair" is a mild adjective. This is a question of moral justice. Is the [Pope's] encyclical even moral? If it were applied to the blacks instead of women—the whole world would have recognized it immediately. Women must learn that nothing will happen until they demand their rights. Catholic women, in particular, are much too docile. I'd like to see a female boycott [of the Church]—money, attendance, help. We need to make a significant protest. But at least in the Roman Catholic Church we know who the enemy is; among Protestants the whole thing is much subtler.

2. I think the Pope should take his own advice and retire.

MSGR. JOHN TRACY ELLIS, historian, University of San Francisco.

1. I think the recent encyclical was

(continued on page 140)

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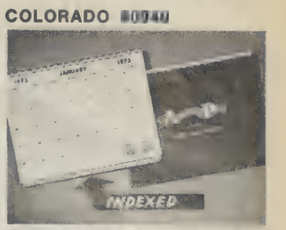
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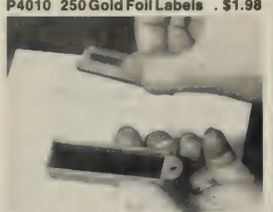
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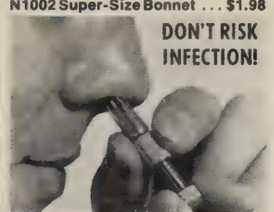
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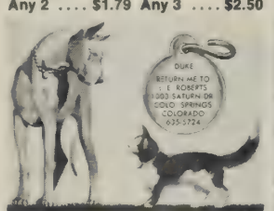
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12 Beautiful Nostalgic Oil Paintings Displayed In A Rustic Window Frame Reproduced As A Dramatic Art Print For Your Home

Imagine the delight of turning a drab, barren, windowless wall into a cheerful window on the world...a colorful "Magic Window" with 12 different nostalgic scenes...warm, familiar scenes that bring back fond memories of happy childhood days, unforgettable friends and magical moments of yesteryear.

This Unusual Art Print REQUIRES NO PICTURE FRAME!

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And it's almost life size—22¼" wide by 21½" high—on fine art stock in full color.

LIMITED EDITION... MAIL COUPON TODAY

Although another printing of this wonderful art print is already planned, the supply on hand is truly limited. If you would like to transform a barren wall into a colorful, "MAGIC WINDOW," we urge you to mail your order today. The cost of this unusually lovely art print is only $1.98 and is sold on a Money Back Guarantee. To avoid any possibility of delay, please mail coupon today.

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Please send me the full color art print "MAGIC WINDOW" (21½" x 22¼") for only $1.98 on full money back guarantee. (Please add 25¢ for postage and handling.)

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Amazing Vitamin E-Plus® Applied Directly to the Skin

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* Even body stretch marks!
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Stops Skin's Gasping for Oxygen!

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See Results at Once!

Start by applying Vitamin E-Plus each night, after thoroughly washing the skin. In the morning before making up, apply a few more precious drops. You will notice a decided difference in 3 days. Amazing results in 5 days. Then use a few drops only once or twice a week to keep the rejuvenating process working.

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"... Would you believe, forehead wrinkles are almost all gone, and the deep creases in my throat are filling in. Even my hands and elbows are looking years younger."

The Vitamin E Story

Lately, books, magazines and scientific journals have reported on the incredible results from pure vitamin E. They say it makes even severe burns heal rapidly—*and without leaving scars!* When our astronauts were found to be suffering from a mysterious anemia, Vitamin E was prescribed as the answer. It is even claimed to halt the harsh effects of air pollution on the skin.

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4. All prize winners will be notified by mail. All persons entering this contest will be issued a coupon offer whereby they can purchase a New Deluxe Model Dressmaker Zig-Zag Cam Sewing Machine, $189.95 comparable value for $89.95.
5. Only one entry permitted from each contestant.
6. Decision of the judges is final.
7. No representative will call or come to your home.
8. Entries must be postmarked no later than Febr. 9, 1973 to be eligible for drawing to be held Febr. 12, 1973 at City Sewing Machine Co., 818 Broadway, Marysville, Kansas.

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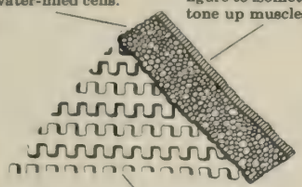
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LHJ-2-73

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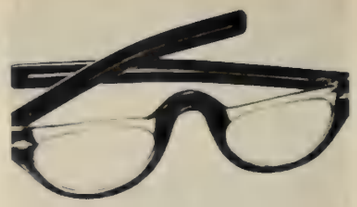
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ALL-DAY FACE-LIFT

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15-Years of Age Gone From Sight!

Here is living proof . . . unretouched photographic proof of how Europe's incredible **GENESIS-21** worked on this French housewife. Even more amazing—not only does this simple **2-minute treatment** keep you looking younger all day, all night . . . and in about 20 days actually helps create a fresher, newer, younger-looking appearance . . . without all those horrid lines, wrinkles, crows feet and sagging under-chin creases . . . **AND WITHOUT RESORTING TO PLASTIC SURGERY!** It is one of the most important, most significant beauty developments . . . and now, finally available in this country for you to **try on a complete no-risk trial basis.** See below.

Yes, helps bring back the look of youth to sagging skin . . . actually erases lines, wrinkles, crows feet start to disappear from sight IN JUST MINUTES . . . sagging, loose flesh tightens, tautens and firm up before your very eyes!

NOT A COVER-UP, NOT A POWDER...BUT ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING BEAUTY DISCOVERIES AND TEMPORARY WRINKLE REMOVERS SINCE PLASTIC SURGERY!

French science has finally done it . . . come up with a BREAKTHROUGH **to the age-old problems of lines, wrinkles, crows feet** – the horrid, beauty-destroying signs of age. The secret? A thrilling new **ALL-DAY FACE-LIFT** that with just a simple 2-minute application each morning helps bring back the look of youth to aging skin . . . helps build back youthful suppleness and moisture-laden vibrancy to crinkly, crepey tissues . . . actually helps **DO AWAY WITH lines and signs of age** as it magically tightens, tautens, firms up and freshens up your entire skin **IN JUST A MATTER OF MINUTES OF DAILY TREATMENT!** . . . And it's yours to try on this limited introductory offer to the women of America without risking a single cent.

EVEN MORE AMAZING RESULTS IN JUST A MATTER OF DAYS!

Just to give you an idea of the incredibly exciting results cosmetic science now makes possible read for yourself what may happen to you when science's new **ALL-DAY FACE-LIFT** is used.

1. If applied to the faces of women between 30 to 65, this natural moisturizer helps revitalize the skin, feed such new richness to the skin that in just minutes you actually see and **feel the difference.** Yes, actually see lines, wrinkles and crows feet start to LIFT AWAY from sight . . . start to become invisible . . . as a smoother, softer skin starts to blossom forth.

2. Not only do many women's complexions radiate with a new youthful glow (no matter how old that woman may have looked before this) but even more significant, even more important, is the startling fact that it dramatically helps also tighten up and tauten up the appearance. Faded, gone from obvious sight are age-producing saggy-soft jowls . . . even better, no more beauty-destroying under-eye puffiness . . . no more loose, crepe-paper flesh at the neck and throat. Instead, even in cases of women old enough to have grown-up grandchildren, there suddenly appears a firmer, softer, fresher, more youthful appearance in every feature. The droop of age was gone—the bloom of beauty is back.

3. **But most encouraging and rewarding of all**—this BRAND NEW, MORE YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE LASTS ALL DAY without risk, pain and heavy expense . . . and because it's so gentle, so totally safe, you use it over and over again each morning when you arise, to keep a **constantly more youthful appearance.** And before you even know it . . . have a truly, deeply fresher, more radiant, lovely skin. You'll look in the mirror and swear time ran backwards for so much as 15 years! And remember—you may be able to achieve this YOUTHFUL LOOK without drastic procedures like plastic surgery.

DISCOVERED BY LEADING FRENCH DOCTORS

Developed in France! Awarded French patents! Sold in France for a queen's ransom . . . up to $18 an ounce! Discovered, researched and developed by leading French doctors and cosmetologists . . . Here at last is a way to true beauty . . . to a true glow and radiance of youth. Discovered by **Dr. Felix Edmond** Pasteur (Docteur en Medecine) in collaboration with **Mr. Paul Danmanville** (Docteur es Science Ingenieur Chemists). **Here is a TRULY EXCITING COSMETIC DISCOVERY.** AN EAGERLY SOUGHT FOR SOLUTION FOR MANY COSMETIC PROBLEMS. LINES, WRINKLES, CROWS FEET AND SAGGING, CREPE-PAPER SKIN THAT ALL WOMEN HAVE YEARNED FOR, SEARCHED FOR AND PRAYED FOR . . . FOR SO MANY YEARS.

A NOTE ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF "GENESIS-21"...

- **Discovered,** researched and developed by **two** French doctors
- **Dr. Felix Edmond Pasteur** – with a history of scientific research and discovery, and . . .
- **Mr. Paul Danmanville** – Graduate of Institute of Industrial Chemistry, Rouen, France; Doctor of Science, Strasbourg University. Devoted his life to cosmetics. Former vice-president of French Cosmetic Society–scientific section . . .
- **Perfected after years of research** and study, finally awarded **two** French patents . . .
- Produced and distributed in France by **Societe d'Etudes Dermatologiques,** a noted **research organization** that devotes itself to pharmacological excipients and to specific cosmetics for the skin, **headed by leading French cosmetician** with over forty years of experience . . .
- Sold successfully for up to $18 an oz. in the very heart of the cosmetic world – France, to thousands of pleased, discriminating, sophisticated French cosmetic buyers . . .
- **And finally available in America** by COSMETIQUE FRANCOIS, through special arrangement with **Societe d'Etudes Dermatologiques.**

DR. PASTEUR'S COSMETIC DISCOVERY THAT HELPS LIFT AWAY OLD AGE SIGNS!

Now comes glorious news . . . a cosmetic discovery over the "aging look" that women have yearned for. News of a moistening-enriching-temporary skin treatment for lines and wrinkles that helps nature firm away, fade away, the cruel ravages of time so apparent on the surfaces of your face. News of a SUPER-PROTEIN-EMOLLIENT that you apply directly to the skin . . . that helps awaken the skin as it gently encourages a youthful bloom again . . . and brings back a more **glowing moisture-richer complexion** to women of all ages. **Yes, GENESIS-21, a brilliant new super-concentrated food for thirsty skin** that in just 2 minutes a day gives you a look of youth . . . that may make you look up to 15 **YEARS YOUNGER!**

In fact, **GENESIS-21** . . . so totally effective that in many cases it helps lift away lines and signs of age for a full day or full night at a time . . . but **in just a matter of 10 to 20 days** has helped create a fresher, cleaner, clearer you. That's right—**a cosmetic all-day face-lift** that gives you, in just minutes after you apply it . . . a fresh, radiant, new look. Now do you realize why this is such a significant **youth-giving aid.** Yes, now you can fully realize . . . fully appreciate the help you can give yourself . . . the joys you may once again re-live thanks to this triumph by noted French scientists.

STARTING IN TWO-MINUTES . . . HERE ARE THE RESULTS THAT MUST HAPPEN

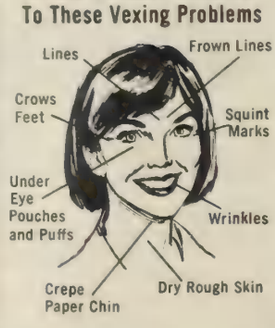
The name of Dr. Pasteur and Mr. Danmanville's cosmetic **all-day face-lift** is **GENESIS-21** . . . for it truly is a beginning, a new start, a **second chance** for youthful beauty. However, the best proof of just how effectively **GENESIS-21** chases away lines, wrinkles and crepe-paper skin . . . how it cosmetically helps remove, erase, **lift away up to 15 years** from your appearance . . . IS TO TRY IT YOURSELF, ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK, IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME.

RESULTS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED ON AMAZING "NO RISK" TRIAL OFFER

If after treating yourself to the luxury of **GENESIS-21** you don't see your complexion grow fresh, radiant, younger . . . if you don't see lines, wrinkles, crows feet, under-eye puffiness and under-chin sagginess start to vanish from sight . . . if your entire face, neck, throat isn't firmer, smoother, clearer, tighter and tauter . . . if just one glance in the mirror, one admiring stare from friends, family, your loved ones doesn't convince you that **you may have made time stand still,** and perhaps even helped turn back the hands of time in appearance . . . in other words, if you don't honestly agree that this cosmetic **GENESIS-21** isn't by far an outstanding beauty discovery . . . one that may transform your appearance, change your life . . . THEN SIMPLY RETURN JUST THE LABEL FOR A FULL REFUND and keep your **GENESIS-21** as our gift to you for trying . . . it has cost you nothing—you have treated yourself entirely at our expense. **RESULTS ARE UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED** . . . so why hesitate? It doesn't have to cost you a penny. Order now with complete confidence and take advantage of the amazing **No Risk Trial Offer. Use the handy No Risk coupon below.**

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AT LAST! France's Answer To These Vexing Problems



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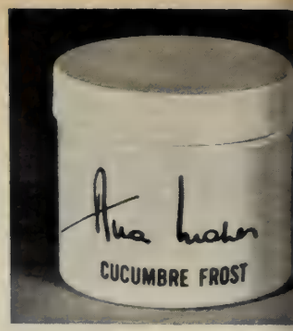
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ins found a simple test that would tell him when y engine was burning fat.. And 65 employees at agreed to try it. Every single one lost as much as he wanted – yet not a single one was hungry! he news got out – and thousands, many of whom 0-100 pounds overweight, flocked to Dr. Atkins' or treatment.

y wonder celebrities like Roberta Peters, Buddy and David Susskind have told the world about acles this diet works? Is it any wonder his diet le news in magazines like Vogue, Town & Country, olitan, and Woman's Day?

Read these incredible true stories!

ize 18 to size 8! Beatrice G had been taking diet ce she was a fat 9-year old! Yet when she came to kins, she still weighed 166 pounds and wore size ow she's size 8 and still losing! "The best part is I'll never have to go hungry again!" she says.

85 pounds in 17 weeks. Herb W weighed 367 at the age of 32. He had tried diet pills and started and quit Weightwatchers several times. After four months of Dr. Atkins' diet, he had lost 85 pounds – yet he was never hungry. I'm losing, but I'm not on a diet. I'm eating up a storm," he says happily. "It's fantastic!"

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1. Do you have nothing for breakfast but high protein cereal with skim milk? "WRONG," says Dr. Atkins. "Have two fried eggs and all the bacon you want!"
2. Do you try to get by for lunch with nothing but a piece of lean ground beef with a little ketchup on it? "WRONG", says Dr. Atkins. "Have two cheeseburgers instead."
3. Do you skip lunch entirely and nibble a tiny box of raisins? "WRONG," says Dr. Atkins. "Have some chicken kiev dripping with melted butter!"
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Why diet pills are bad news (p. 88)
How to start your body producing (FMH) – the fat mobilizing hormone that flushes out and burns up your excess weight (p. 16)
How to test yourself and regulate your rate of weight loss (p. 126-130)
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After completing his medical education at the University of Michigan and Cornell Medical School, Dr. Atkins interned at Strong Memorial Hospital, and served his residency at Columbia University Hospitals, and St. Luke's Hospital. Specializing in cardiology, he knew that obesity is one of the primary reasons for heart trouble.

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IS THE POPE UNFAIR TO WOMEN?

continued from page 131

misinterpreted—and there is still another decree to come. But then, though there's nothing deliberate here, there *is* a myopia. For example, when the Pope recently addressed several hundred students from the Gregorian University, including many women, he addressed them as "my dear sons and brothers." Now it's time someone told him to get with it. He's talking to the people—including daughters, not just sons and brothers. Women, I believe, should get up an international petition to open the question, so that they could have their say. I think the power of women should be galvanized; they should bring pressure to bear. They would have to be subtle, of course, but those Romans can read between the lines.

2. I think, logically, the Pope should retire. He's suggested that bishops resign at 75, and what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. They say he wants to retire, but people close to him are fighting it. Still, I'd like to see him give it a try. He's not absolutely necessary for the Church; no one is. And sometimes popes begin to think they're God and indispensable. He should retire.

Father Robert Hovda, of the Liturgical Conference, Washington, D.C.

1. Yes, he is unfair to women. But the encyclical recognizes that some kind of change *is* coming, and it is intended to slow it down. But something is coming that they can't do anything about—and they know it. Pope Paul is a rationalist, he is preoccupied with ideas, unlike Pope John XXIII, who knew so much about people. Pope Paul's statements are abstract political statements. My concern is that they are taken too seriously. They aren't meant to be. This should only make women fight harder for the Church.

2. Yes, he should retire.

Sister Albertus Magnus McGrath, author of *What the Modern Catholic Believes About Women*.

1. I was saddened, but not surprised, by the Pope's encyclical. He's a product of his system and his country. All of the Catholic hierarchy consider women unfit for leadership. Women are realizing now that the Church is not going where it's at for freedom, dignity, and equality. They'll move their energies elsewhere—serving God, Christ, and the people rather than the institutional Church. My fear is that the young will simply walk away. The idea that women must be subordinate just can't hold any more.

2. I think the Pope should resign as an example to the other bishops.

Father Gerald Sloyan, head of the Department of Religion, Temple University, Philadelphia.

1. In this decree the Pope is not thinking about women; he is thinking about men, mainly clerics, who already sense they are threatened in their ministerial functions. And should he give away a sacred office, [these clerics] might think themselves further threatened. He's concerned, too, about celibacy, and so he is being cautious about those in the service of the altar not being too conjoined. But the statement was predictable.

2. The Pope is a deeply anxious man. I would invite him to be less anxious, to worry less about the 500-million-member Church, which will go its own way in the Lord despite his anxiousness. I wish he would be less tense about things. Since he made no exceptions to his request that bishops retire at 75, I expect he himself will retire. Should he rescind his request to the bishops, then I would expect him not to retire.

Bishop Thomas Durick, Nashville, Tenn.

1. You must understand that what is put aside is not put away. The Holy See is following a venerable tradition here. Some want dynamic change right away—but Rome moves very slowly. Certainly the Holy Father is not unfair to women; he knows they are on their way toward equal dignity in the world and in the Church. I think the latest decree will invite laymen to play new roles, and if they prove zealous, this decree will have been a trial balloon. You know, most things evolve. And in the Church we're constantly playing catch-up ball. We've got to take the long-range view, and a lot of people around us are suffering from future shock.

2. Should he resign? Absolutely not.

Sister Anita Caspary, president of The Immaculate Heart Community, Hollywood, Calif.

1. If we presume that fair treatment is that which allows the talents, gifts, and desired mode of service of any person to develop without hindrance, then Pope Paul is unfair to women. But the same kind of discrimination extends beyond his thinking and beyond the Church. Stereotypes of proper lifestyles for both men and women have hindered personal liberation for generations. Further, most women have, in the past, been educated and encouraged to adopt the role of submission in exchange for security. Although we still look to Church leadership for a more enlightened view than was recently expressed, the culture and social milieu of the present Pope does little to foster such a view. . . . As a result, talented and highly motivated women will certainly find ways and means for service in areas outside the Church. . . . I regret to see this dimming enthusiasm for Church-related services among women I think of as truly great people. I hasten to add that this does *not* mean a lesser desire among these women to respond to the Gospel message. One can still hope and pray. But not too long, O Lord, not too long.

2. The question is, I am sure, offered as a proper intended to allow more progressive leadership to speed the renewal process in the official Church. The question unfortunately also reflects the view that renewal is irrevocably the work of leadership. Vatican II tried to make it clear that the Church is not made up of classes, but of one membership in Christ. Thus "the Church" does not mean the Pope, or the cardinals, or the bishops—but the entire membership. Ecclesiastical office gives those who hold such positions the opportunity to serve, not to rule in an arbitrary, dictatorial, or even paternalistic manner. . . . In this light, the retirement of the present Pope or his retention of office becomes a relative and highly personal question.



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HOW TO EXPRESS YOUR VIEWS

The editors of the Journal hope that this article sparks a continuing dialogue about the role of women in all religions. We welcome reactions to this survey from Roman Catholic readers—and from readers of other faiths who wish to comment about how *their* denominations are responding to women's demands for equality. We will publish a sampling of reader mail in a future issue. Please address letters to Women and the Church, *Ladies' Home Journal*, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022. END

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

BY GENE SHALIT

Millions of valentines dart into the mail this month. Messes of caresses cajole February. The folks at Hallmark predict that more than half a *billion* valentines will go through the U.S. mails this year, and tons will first be sent to romantic-sounding cities for postmarking and remailing: Kissimee, Fla.; Darling, Pa.; Love, Miss. (that state may soon be changed to Ms. For the tender, there's Lovelady, Texas. And for the more daring, Eros, La. (la la la, in fact). Or you may follow your heart to Valentines, Virginia. (Yes, Virginia, there is Valentines.)

First U.S. Valentine

It was Esther Howland of Worcester, Mass., who introduced the first valentine into the United States. She received one from a friend in England, designed some of her own and in 1840 (it was Leap Year), she put them on sale in her father's stationery shop. In her lifetime, she designed and sold thousands, and she died in 1904, at the age of 78—a spinster.

First Valentine Ever

In 270 A.D., a young priest named Valentine was jailed by the Roman Emperor Claudius II for preaching Christianity. On the eve of his execution, Feb. 14, he sent an affectionate note to his jailer's blind daughter and signed it "from your Valentine." Imagine if his name had been Schwartz.

Guess Who Gets Most?

Mom does. Three times as many valentines go to mothers as go to sweethearts and fiancées. In fact, teachers, aunts, sisters, and brothers—even uncles—get more valentines than do sweethearts. Sweethearts of the world, arise! Demand more valentines! (Of course, what you and I know is that uncles, husbands, and aunts are also often sweethearts. Heh heh heh.)

The Movie Screen Scene

You are reading the words of a critic who treasured the Broadway production of *Man of La Mancha*. Imagine my expectations when I entered the theater to see one of my most admired actors, Peter O'Toole, take on the role of Cervantes/Don Quixote. But alas, O fie, lackaday, wail, disbelief, anger, annoyance, get up as the film ends, leave theater furious at what the people who wrecked this movie did to that glowing show. Nothing is right. The jumpy camera seems to have been handled by men with palsy. The focus was supervised by Irving Myopic. And surely the direction was undertaken (I use that word purposely) by a 12-year-old urchin passing the set and pressed into service. As for the casting director, he must previously have been in charge of casting the Liberty Bell. James Coco as Sancho Panza? The block-wide closeups of his fey grin are not appealing after the first 102 times. And that stereophonic operatic voice *can't* be poor Peter O'Toole. What a calamity! The acting, staging, singing, the fake bigness, the big fakeness . . . *Man of La Mancha* is the disaster of the year. . . . In February, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, a young girl's thoughts turn lightly to fancy love, and everybody's love light turns to thoughtful fancy. Just the right time to see one of the most romantic movies in years: *Two English Girls*, directed and narrated by François Truffaut. This lovely film features two fine sisters at the turn of the century who take turns loving the same man. It's a languorous, bittersweet romance, and it is photographed, directed, and performed to heart-melting perfection. . . . A couple of years ago, George C. Scott caused a sensation in *Patton* portraying the epitome of military duty, bravery, intelligence, and daring. Now Scott is the epitome of the anti-militarist civilian in *Rage*, his first film as a director. It's a story with a message. Better yet, it's a message with a story. Because, as Sam Goldwyn is supposed to have said, "If I want a message, I'll call Western Union." But if you view it as a story that pictures the emotion of rage, *Rage* is successful. It's far from the most adequate movie ever made, but Scott clearly feels so deeply about this matter that his powerful anger breaks through. *Rage* is the story of an American sheep rancher and his young son who are poisoned by a military spray-helicopter—and of what happens to them and a lot of other people. The movie could just as properly been called *Liars* or *Deceit* or *Revenge*. Sometimes it *is* overdone, as are most propagandistic movies, but Scott's seething performance makes it an impact adventure. . . . I love everything that *1776* stands for, but I won't stand for everything that's in *1776*. This show won prizes on Broadway as a musical, but it is actually a series of talking tableau that come to a stop every once in a while so somebody can sing a song, mostly of the diddle-diddle-dee variety. When it isn't making *(continued on page 146)*



Right: Federico Fellini looks through a glass lightly, on the set of his Fellini Roma.

Left: Turns out a little girl asked Lincoln to grow a beard: Dennis Weaver obliges.



Kim Markham and Stacey Tendeter outflank Jean-Pierre Léaud in Two English Girls.



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Who said MIDOL is just for relieving menstrual cramps?





POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

The thought that winter's half over is certainly a lot pleasanter than the thought that summer's half over.

Most conversation pieces don't leave me with much to say.

Just when you begin to think friends are getting strange as they get older, you realize they were just as strange when they were younger!

The only furniture on wheels in my place are the things I never want to move around anyhow.

Some people have a purposeful walk whether they have any purpose at the time or not.

If the speaker quotes Montaigne, de Tocqueville, and Spinoza, I usually end up wishing I'd gone to the movies instead.

Legislative bodies spend as much time correcting their old mistakes as they do making new ones.

I always assume that anyone who has what sounds like a last name for a first name is smarter than I am.

I love the idea of teaching children to make "value judgments", but I haven't yet been able to figure out a way to apply that to whether they get to use the car this Saturday night.

Most of the people I think of as has-beens never really were.

No matter how you file facts, nothing can replace actually knowing them.

It's funny how much more irritating other people's coughs are to you than your own.

Handyman/woman tip for the month: If it says "two coats may be necessary" . . . they always are.

I don't see anything wrong w
sleeping on the job if you wer
getting anything else done anyh

Why is it the "interesting, shadov
natural" look I see in my mirro
home turns into tired eyes and
lapsed curls when I face the mi
in the powder room at a party?

I have all the impulses of a do-g
er, but none of the actions.

I notice a lot of people getting kic
upstairs—how come every time
been kicked, it's been downstairs

Just as you get to worrying ab
being too young for something,
find out you aren't anymore.

In my house it's not the dawn t
comes up like thunder—it's the h

A friend of mine claims that noth
improves your driving like being
lowed by a policeman.

I don't mind talking to myself, bu
get awfully mad when I can't get
answer.

A little moderation goes a long, l
way.

Sometimes there isn't much dif
ence between hand-crafted
home-made.

Whenever I stop to add up the plu
and the minuses, all I come out w
is a lot of mistakes in arithmetic!

Even after they've gotten out of i
bed looks like whoever slept in it

It's hard to keep busy when you h
too much to do.

I don't want any new worlds to c
quer until I make peace with t
one!

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

**Guy wanted a mother-substitute to lean on.
Sandy wanted a husband as ambitious and successful as her Dad.
Their marriage could *not* be saved.**

Marriage is not a game for children, yet many people behave as if it were. The American Institute of Family Relations failed in this case; this marriage could not be saved. It's worthwhile publishing a case of failure once in a while—to remind ourselves, and our readers, of what can happen between husbands and wives. This man's parents never allowed him to grow up. He had never held a job worth mentioning, and had never accepted much responsibility. This woman's parents never let their "little girl" accept any responsibility, either; they always took care of her. Her first marriage failed. Then she married Guy, a pleasant and likable fellow, but that's about all. They had enough money to meet living expenses—a difficulty that has stopped some couples early in the game and has helped many others to grow up. Any reader will quickly form her own idea of what this couple might have done to make their marriage a success rather than a failure. Or perhaps it could never have been a success and should never have taken place.—The counselor in this case was Dr. Robert S. Hicks.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board, the American Institute of Family Relations

Sandra talks first

"When my round-the-world cruise ship docked in Trinidad, I decided to give my marriage one last try," said 27-year-old, dark-haired Sandra, the twice-married mother of two children. "My half-sister Elsbeth, who was traveling with me, had paid my passage and Father had hired a nurse to stay with my youngsters so I could relax and do some serious thinking about my husband Guy.

"Guy's drinking and his total lack of financial responsibility had driven me frantic with shame and worry. But I had been away from home a month and had been able to enjoy a little peace and freedom. After calmly reviewing the situation, I realized that I wanted to be fair to Guy. Maybe if I taught myself to be more patient, he might acquire a little stability and drive. If he could prove himself by sticking for one year to any kind of job with reasonable potential and an honest-to-goodness salary, perhaps we could work out a future together.

"Anyhow, I sent Guy an airmail letter from Trinidad suggesting he bring the children to meet us when we docked in Los Angeles. I didn't say my love for him had miraculously returned, which would have been untrue, but I did say there were faults on both sides.

"Ten days later we reached L.A. Our arrival was a catastrophe. There was no sign of the children. For a moment I was disappointed, but I soon found out that their absence was a blessing. Guy was waiting for us, along with Elsbeth's husband. Guy was roaring drunk, and in that condition he is loud and foul-mouthed. My brother-in-law, a highly conservative banker, was white with embarrassment.

"The children were waiting at my parents' home, where all of us were expected for dinner. The roast was overdone by the time we arrived, and Father's cook was livid. Before Guy could tell off the cook and take a crack at my stepmother, or even my father, I hurried him outside. I loaded the kids in the car and headed for the nearest drive-in, where I persuaded Guy to drink several cups of strong black coffee.

"By the time we reached home, he was fairly sober. The entire house was filthy. I was tottering with fatigue, and both children were cross. Guy let me change their sheets, take off their clothes, bathe them, and put them to bed without assistance.

"Guy had begged me to refuse Elsbeth's invitation to make the trip. But it cost him nothing and my nerves needed it badly. He had sworn he couldn't get along without me. Presumably he had missed me, yet he hadn't spoken one word of welcome. Nor had he apologized for his disgraceful conduct. Instead, he sat placidly before the TV and tuned in his favorite program.

"I switched off the set. I didn't ask whether he'd found a job in all the weeks I'd been gone. I knew he hadn't, and I was too discouraged to listen to a string of excuses and lies. I did ask whether he had received my letter from Trinidad. He said had. I then said I was cancelling offer to try to improve our marri His inexcusable behavior had sh me that it was impossible for u live together like civilized people

"Guy got up, turned on his gram again, and yawned in my f Then he said, 'If you don't lik here, bitch, why don't you bug and see how you like sleeping e where.' Only he didn't say 'bug' he didn't say 'sleeping'; he fra the insult in full awareness of feelings about such language. ugly words died away and someth in me died too—the last vestige my love and respect for him. I loo at him as though I were looking a vulgar stranger. At that momen knew Guy and I were finished. vorce was the only answer.

"I left the room without speaki It seemed unwise to provoke C further until I had a concrete pla action. That weekend I talked Elsbeth, consulted my parents, a hired the divorce lawyer Father r ommended. I then broke the news Guy. To my surprise, he put u terrific fuss. He objected strenuou when I insisted that he leave house—I had made the $15,000 do payment—but eventually he pac his stuff and moved in with his f ily. His present living accommo tions are typical of his childish ch acter. At the age of 32, Guy expe his parents—specifically his mot —to shelter and feed him and k his spirits high.

"At least once a week, Guy bar in on us and interrupts me at books. I'm studying to qualify a medical technician. Unlike Guy enjoy working and improving self. I'm glad to say he has appare ly cut down on his alcohol inta Recently he told me he had loca worthwhile employment. For sake, I hope it is true.

"Guy has his good points. He extremely fond of three-year-o Gid, our son, and he tries to be n to nine-year-old Rachel, my dau ter by my first marriage. But his predictable behavior confuses a frightens both youngsters. Last we he and the children were wateri the garden when suddenly, for reason, Guy threw down the hose a rage, denounced me for neglecti the flowers, and shouted that I w a slut. The children ran inside, c ing. Guy ran after them. I block his way. He grabbed me in his ar kissed me, and demanded that I ta him back. There isn't a chance.

"Guy and I are diametrically posed in temperament and in all t things we admire. We should ne have married. I stuck with him nearly four years, mainly becaus was ashamed to admit a second ma tal failure to my family.

"My first marriage, which last three months, was a disaster en neered by my Philadelphia Mainli in-laws. I was a naive 17-year-o girl enrolled in an Eastern boardi school, torn between visions of m self succeeding in a useful career riding around on horseback with handsome, adoring young husba at my side. *(continue*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling a research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories repor here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal identiti

"You can't tackle damaged hair with something made for tangles."

Julius Caruso

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condition*

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"Alan was a latent homosexual. His college roommate accompanied us to London on our honeymoon trip. The roommate had an adjoining hotel room, and he and Alan discussed at length the best way to shape me into an emotionally and sexually satisfying wife. I was supposed to play the role of a female slave, subject to the criticisms and commands of both. I was too young and fearful to rebel, except for one thing—I wouldn't permit the roommate to touch me. On a few rare occasions, Alan and I actually managed to achieve a sex relationship of sorts. Each of these events was described in detail to the friend next door.

"When the three of us returned to Philadelphia, I was pregnant with Rachel. My bridegroom and his friend were debating on how to handle my pregnancy the night I sneaked away and flew to my father's protection.

"Father won me a divorce, and he and my stepmother saw me through Rachel's birth. I wanted to work either as an airline hostess or a travel agent, but Father vetoed the plan. He paid for an expensive apartment for me and Rachel, and urged me to enjoy bringing up my baby girl. Dad and my stepmother introduced me to many eligible men, but I was disillusioned with all men, except Father. I was sometimes lonely, but I gladly led a sexless e tence for several years.

"I first saw Guy at a baseball ga Elsbeth and I attended on Fath season tickets. Guy had the seat front of us. I was attracted by his g looks—Guy has thick black hair broad back, and fine muscular shou ers—but, of course, I hid my feelin At the seventh-inning stretch, dropped his program over in my s Written on the margin was his na and telephone number with the m sage, 'Please, please, please!'

"I didn't intend to call a total stra er, but that evening, as if under a sp I started toward the telephone. J then it rang. Guy had traced me by seat number, using a list of seas ticket holders that included Fath name. It seemed like destiny. He ca to my apartment that night, and i few weeks we were sleeping toget I fell madly in love. I realize now t I was bewitched by his physical app and his aggressiveness in bed. The ference between him and Alan led to think that sex was all there was a man-woman relationship.

"In those days, Guy didn't dri But even in the beginning, I was vag ly aware that he was spoiled and la He was also tied too closely to mother. She used to call me in the m dle of the night to check on his whe abouts. Our marriage was probably evitable, but it was hurried along by discovery that I was again pregnan

"At that time, Guy was earni $14,000 a year as an industrial en neer. Without saying a thing, he signed his job and bought a partn ship in a soft drink bottling plant. his savings had gone into that ventu and when we bought our house, I h to raise the down payment. For alm a year, he conned me into believ that his business was showing a pro He paid his share of our household penses each month. But eventuall found out he was meeting his obli tions with handouts from his mother

"Soon the bottling plant went ba rupt. Guy then began to sit around house all day. He slept until noon less I prodded him to his feet, and occupied himself by watching TV

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glancing idly at newspaper want ads hat he never answered. There were occasional intervals when he tore away rom the TV and left the house, saying ie was hard at work on an important eal estate venture. But last year his otal commissions were only $1,500.

"When I complained and nagged, Guy started to drink and created hor- ible scenes. Maybe he wouldn't drink f he had a different kind of wife, some- one less ambitious than I am. But Guy vas born to be a loser. I can't stand osers. I want a divorce."

Guy's turn to talk

"I haven't had a drink, except a glass of wine, since Sandra came back from Trinidad," said 32-year-old Guy, with an uneasy smile. "I've apologized one housand times for the way I acted.

"Alcohol and I don't mix. It's some- hing hereditary. My father is the vorst drunk I've ever seen. In my boy- ood, he often beat up me and my nother, and cursed and yelled until the ops arrived. I inherited his nasty ongue—when I drink too much I don't now what I'm saying—but I have nev- r laid a finger on Sandy or the chil- lren, and I never will. I want them to ove me.

"My marriage would be okay except or the interference of my in-laws. Last ear Sandy spent ten weeks away from ome, and her family paid the tab. I tayed home with our kids and a nurse upplied by my father-in-law.

"Sandy's explanation for the divorce ction is that our temperaments are nsuited, and that my bad luck and my rinking wreck her nerves. She says I nake her miserable. It hasn't occurred o her that she often made me miser- ble when I was desperate for her sym- athy and understanding.

"In the four years of our marriage, Sandy has changed incredibly. While ve were going together—it was love at irst sight—she agreed with me in al- nost everything. She listened hour fter hour while I discussed my job lissatisfactions and uncertainty about hoosing a new career. I was pressured o attend an engineering college by my igh school guidance counselor and by ny mother. My father was indifferent o the matter. He was contemptuous f higher education but even more con- emptuous of my ability and intelli- ence. Father predicted that I would lunk out, but with Mother's encour- gement, I made it to a degree. After raduation, I held jobs at several en- ineering firms. None were very chal- enging. Even before I met Sandy, I uspected I was in the wrong field. I vas making $14,000, but my ultimate alary ceiling was $25,000.

"Sandy grew up with all the advan- ages—tennis lessons, horseback rid- ng, boarding schools in the East and broad. Some day she will probably be s rich as Elsbeth. I realized I could ever join her father's financial league s long as I was held down by the sal- ry limitations of engineering. I told his to Sandy, maybe she didn't listen.

"While I was wondering how I could natch her father's success, my employ- rs were hit by the cancellation of a ig government contract. Overnight I vas ordered to transfer to a minor de- artment at a salary reduction. Well, refused the transfer and resigned. Be- ore I broke the news to Sandy, she roke the news that she was pregnant She wasn't the least pleased. In fact, he suggested an abortion. I wouldn't hear of it. The abortion laws were very tough at the time, and though she scoffed at the possible medical dangers, I was afraid for her to run the risk. To tell the truth, I wanted a child by Sandy. Regardless of what happens to our marriage, I will never be sorry my son was born.

I insisted we get married at once, and I must admit her hesitation sur- prised and hurt me. The minute I got her to say yes, I rushed back to the personnel office of my company and asked to be reinstated at the reduced salary. I was turned down flat. Sandy knows none of this. Maybe I should have told her the truth, but I felt that if I spoke up, I would lose our child and would probably lose her, too. I loved her too much to take the gamble.

"I had a substantial savings account —I didn't pay board while I was living at home—and I figured that I could carry my part of our domestic expenses until I found work in the right field. Then I got panicky. Burdened with the responsibility of a wife and a coming baby, I feared that I might be trapped in a boring job unless I moved fast.

"I moved too fast. At the recommen- dation of a friend, I invested the major part of my savings in a small manu- facturing plant—with him as my part- ner. It looked like a sure thing on paper. Perhaps I should have asked my father-in-law for advice *(continued)*



on the project, as Sandy says. But he and I don't think alike. To be honest, my father-in-law's life style strikes me as ridiculous. At the age of fourteen, he worked fourteen hours a day. At sixty, he still works fourteen hours a day. He claims to be fond of his children, but he sees more of his *masseur* than he sees of us. Sandy was tickled pink when he not only showed up for our wedding, but arranged his schedule to be present at our reception.

"I had no idea whether my father-in-law approved or disapproved of me. He didn't ask a single question about my career and my prospects. When the bottling plant opportunity came up, I was afraid that if I solicited his advice he might bawl me out for wasting his time. Maybe I also wanted to prove to him and to my brother-in-law that I could build up a successful business without their advice.

"I proved just the opposite. My friend was actually a crook. For months he fooled me into believing that our business was chalking up a tidy profit. I got no money, but my friend convinced me that he was plowing the profits back into the business. My mother tided me over with an occasional check, which Sandy regards as disgraceful. I can't see much difference between that and Sandy's family helping her to escape her obligations to me and the children.

"Sandy isn't the maternal type. Right now she is knocking her brains out to get a license as some kind of para-medic instead of having fun with the kids. When Gid was a baby, he cried a lot at night. He was sickly and cranky. I always got up and fed him. Sometimes I walked him outside in the garden. Other times I rocked him and we watched the Late, Late Show together. I enjoyed his company.

"I'm a night owl. Sandy flies out of bed at the crack of dawn. After my business went bankrupt, she dragged me out of bed every morning, poured red-hot coffee down my throat and tried to make me read want ads aimed at inexperienced kids. She behaved as if I had no brains, no ideas of my own. It was my idea to buy our home. I wanted a place for Gid and Rachel to play. I picked our location, laid our patio, built and bricked in an area for the youngsters, planted the garden, and did my own landscaping. Our home has appreciated $20,000 in three years, which ought to prove that I have some skill and knowledge of real estate. I hate to see the place deterioate. I've tried to keep it up ever since Sandy tossed me out, but it's been rough sledding.

"I think I'm entitled to visit my son and take care of my own home until her divorce is final. I think I deserve another chance with Sandy. After all, I've been off the sauce almost a year. A month ago, I landed a fairly decent job with a top real estate corporation. When I told Sandy about it, she congratulated me, then looked at her watch and said for me to run along—she had to study. She said she would be glad when the divorce became final. I hope she didn't mean it."

The counselor speaks

"This marriage was not saved," the counselor said. "Sandy's divorce went through on schedule. There is no magic in counseling. Unless a husband and wife want to stay together and are willing to compromise, their relationship cannot be improved by professional aid and guidance. In my opinion, no amount of counseling would have been effective in this case. Sandy and Guy were better off apart.

"From the beginning of the marriage, they were headed toward divorce. A powerful physical attraction was their strongest bond, and it had already begun to weaken with Sandy's unwelcome pregnancy. She actually didn't want to marry Guy; she doubted his strength of character. Guy's desire to marry Sandy was inspired in part by his fascination with her affluent background. He dreamed of matching his father-in-law's financial success—without the nuisance of hard work.

"Sandy and Guy were surprisingly immature. Sandy's brief first marriage had reinforced an adolescent tendency to be suspicious of all men except her father. Guy had been dominated and spoiled by his mother. He looked to her to protect him from his father, a loud-mouthed bully who beat the boy physically and verbally. Guy grew up weak in self-confidence, a leaner rather than a leader.

"Sandy's mother died when she was six years old. Her father soon remarried and acquired a second family. Thereafter, Sandy was shunted around a series of smart boarding schools. In her loneliness, she idealized her father—he became her model of male excellence. Some day she hoped to marry a husband just like Father. It was impossible, of course, for Guy to fill this role. He lacked the ambition. Sandy had far more drive and energy. She admired work for its own sake; Guy didn't.

"Like many young people nowadays, Guy saw no point in working unless the work was interesting. He enjoyed outdoor chores—gardening, painting, laying a brick patio at his own unhurried pace. And he thoroughly enjoyed the companionship of his son. He had more warmth than Sandy. The two were temperamentally far apart, as Sandy sensed from the first. She was a planner; he was a dreamer. He needed someone to build up his shaky self-esteem; she detested uncertainty and weakness. He was impulsive; she thought out her decisions and stuck to them.

"The divorce became final a year ago. They sold their home and made an equitable division of the profits on the sale. Soon afterwards Guy quit his job, but he remained in real estate on a part-time basis. He tells me that he is permanently on the wagon, and I believe it. Every weekend he takes charge of Gid. He is very proud of his son and is determined to retain the boy's respect.

"As soon as Sandy passed the qualifying examinations, she found work as a medical technician—and she intends to hang on to the job after she marries. Yes, Sandy is on the verge of another marital venture and is highly confident of success. Maybe her optimism is justified, even though, statistically speaking, the prognosis for third marriages is poor. Maybe, unlikely as it seems, the new man in her life will measure up to Father."

END



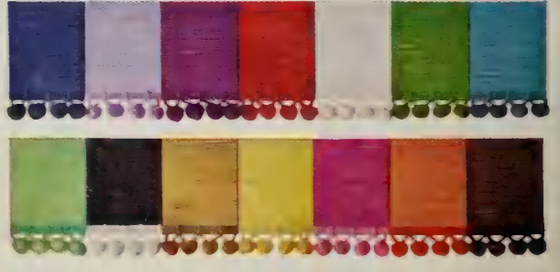
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Photographs by Ben Swedow

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Dorothy Lambert Brightbill

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You will receive complete instructions telling you how to write direct to your child. Then will come a happy day when you receive a reply from your child—the original and an English translation.

You may be wondering: just what does my $12 a month provide? Well, this depends on the Project. The child—like Betania—may live in an Orphanage which receives aid from other sources, but still must struggle to give children the basic needs of life. Your gifts help make possible the extra advantages so necessary to a child in today's world . . . shoes that fit, school books, nourishing food, a loving housemother. . .

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Having trouble getting a child to take medicine? Often it can be a monumental job to talk a 5-year-old into taking his medicine. And unfortunately with winter here many children require medicine, frequently for colds. There is a cold tablet that children don't seem to mind taking. In fact, many even like its orange flavor. It's called Congespirin®. It's not just a children's aspirin—it's a children's cold tablet. Each tablet contains the recommended children's amount of aspirin (1¼ grains) in combination with a gentle, yet effective nasal decongestant to help relieve the stuffiness. Next time your child gets a cold, try Congespirin. It will help relieve his aches and pains and nasal congestion . . . and make your life a lot easier, too.

Don't drive, walk! For years people have enjoyed walking, but until recently medical science hadn't been able to pinpoint the benefits of brisk walking. Not strolling, not window shopping, mind you, but brisk walking or striding. The benefits of striding are to be found in greater oxygen intake, increased heart exercise and better blood circulation. The body has about 60,000 miles of blood vessels—mostly capillaries. These tiny vessels bring oxygen to the muscles. Only a few are open when a muscle is inactive, but 50 times as many open up when the muscle is being exercised. Another benefit is in returning blood to the heart. The body's muscles work like an extra blood pump. When a muscle is being actively used, it squeezes the blood out of the capillaries and back toward the heart. So next time you have a short errand, don't drive—walk briskly.

Want something more effective than aspirin? When you have a throbbing headache, you want all the help you can get. Fortunately, there is Excedrin®. It is significantly more effective than common aspirin. Each Excedrin tablet has 50% more analgesic ingredients than an aspirin tablet. In addition to the aspirin in each Excedrin tablet, there are three other headache pain relievers, one of which is a mild stimulant. In a recent test conducted by doctors it took more than one aspirin tablet to equal the analgesic activity of an Excedrin tablet. The doctors reported these findings to the American Society of Chemical Pharmacology and Chemotherapy meeting in Atlantic City on May 3, 1969. So in the nonprescription area, if you have been looking for a stronger pain reliever than aspirin, look no more. Excedrin is significantly more effective. Find out for yourself. Write in for a free trial size sample of Excedrin. Just send your name, address and zip code to: MEDICINE CHEST, P.O. Box 2451, Baltimore, Md. 21203.

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MEDICINE TODAY

BY DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

Can vitamin C cure colds? . . . What smoking "pot" can do to you. . . . The Pill, promiscuity, panty hose—and VD! A round-up of the latest news from the world of medical science.

Vitamin C and colds. The claim that Vitamin C cures colds has been both set back and bolstered by a mid-winter study made in Toronto. One thousand Canadians suffering from colds were given pills: half of the people tested took 1 gram of vitamin C daily; half were given (without their knowledge) harmless dummy pills. All were told to take an extra, triple dose of pills daily if they became ill.

Contrary to claims made for vitamin C, it failed to decrease the number of colds in those who took it—compared to the results achieved by the people taking the dummy pills. But "entirely unexpected," the Canadians say, was this fact: those on vitamin C had 30 percent fewer sick days, apparently because they suffered fewer cold symptoms.

One man's meat . . . Public health benefits for some members of the public ought not to harm others. Therefore the highly respected publication *Medical Letter* opposes a current proposal, supported by the American Bakers' Association, to more than double the iron added to bread as a means of combating anemia in women, children, and the poorly nourished. *Medical Letter*, insisting that the problem is exaggerated, says that increased iron in the diet can aggravate or induce liver injury in alcoholics and in sufferers from several diseases.

Heartburn help (cont.). We recently described a drug that tightens the base of the food pipe, thus keeping stomach contents down, and preventing heartburn. The drug is not yet available. For more immediate relief, two British physicians say: Stop smoking.

Drs. C. Stanciu and John Bennett claim that smoking relaxes the muscle at the base of the food pipe, permitting the stomach contents to push up past it. While heartburn does not always coincide with smoking, the British physicians theorize that constant smoking-induced stretching of the muscle turns infrequent, painless eruptions into frequent, painful ones.

"Pot" price. Two Philadelphia psychiatrists now offer evidence to refute the widespread view that no physical or psychological penal must be paid by those who use ma juana. Drs. Harold Kolansky a William Moore say that regular u ers have a unique brain poisoni that produces disturbed self-awar ness, apathy, confusion, a poor sen of what is real.

"Most [users] were physical thin and often appeared so tired th they simulated the weariness a resignation of some of the aged Drs. Kolansky and Moore have to the American Medical Associatio All appeared older than they wer and seemed to move in slow motic —perhaps because of "emotion. lethargy" and marijuana-induce "slowing of the sense of time Some, but not all, symptoms disa peared after pot-smoking ceased."

Rampant VD. Not one or two, b five, venereal diseases now are ep demic among young American wor en, a VD specialist says. Promisc ity, the Pill and panty hose are eac partly to blame, says Dr. Nichol Fiumara, chief of Massachusett Division of Communicable and V nereal Diseases. Besides permittir greater promiscuity the Pill chang the chemical balance in the vagin and increases vaginal moistur Both changes encourage the grow of disease organisms, as do pan hose, which keep the moisture in.

The diseases that have increase as a result of "the three P's" includ gonorrhea, monilial vaginitis, an trichomonas. They are passed bac and forth between male and fema partners—as is herpes of the gen tals, which raises painful blister and sores that last for weeks (an for which there is no specific trea ment). Finally, genital warts are als transmitted by sexual contact.

All five disorders are treatabl Dr. Fiumara says, but "medicin can offer nothing very good in th way of prevention." Nevertheless he believes that the Pill is an exce lent contraceptive, and panty hos an excellent garment; he does n suggest that either be discarded un til something better is perfected However, Dr. Fiumara advise young women to watch out for dis ease signs—discharges, pain, o lumps in the anal and genital area and, if they find them, to see prompt treatment. EN

If Colgate is just a kid's cavity fighter, how come Amy Vanderbilt won't brush with anything else?



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Geritol has more than twice the iron of ordinary supplements. Plus seven vitamins.

Take care of yourself. Take Geritol.



BRINGING UP CHILDREN

BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

If your child has trouble sitting still for anything, and seems to be "hyperactive," here's how to handle such behavior, and avoid the pitfalls that lie ahead.

Like most German children of my generation, I was brought up on the *Struwelpeter* stories, horrible cautionary tales written more than a century ago by a pediatrician with his own theories about how to modify behavior. In the *Struwelpeter* scheme of things, fearful punishment was visited upon children who acted like children instead of like little angels. Among such evil-doers was "Fidgety Phil," whose crime was: "He won't sit still—he wiggles—and giggles." When Phil's parents ordered him to be quiet at the dinner table, "The naughty restless child—grew still more rude and wild." Phil's quite natural reaction to being expected and nagged to exercise strict control over his need to move about was viewed as a serious misdemeanor, if not an outright crime.

Fidgety Phil of a century ago is today's hyperkinetic (overactive) child. Despite all the progress that has been made in understanding child behavior, he still receives no help—although he needs it badly if he is to be protected against developing serious behavior disorders such as delinquency or drug addiction. Even if he avoids such pitfalls, the hyperactive child is almost certain to run into academic troubles.

Hyperkinetic children have much in common with their apparent opposites—children who react to pressure with passive withdrawal. Both groups respond negatively to demands they feel unable to meet. Both groups refuse to perform in school. They do not understand what is asked of them; they forget today what they seemed to have learned yesterday. They make what appear to be stupid mistakes; but on closer investigation such "mistakes" can be seen as serving to make fools of us and our teaching efforts.

The hyperkinetic child runs into serious learning difficulties because he cannot cope with the demands made on him. His characteristic response to his situation is to fight back through restlessness, with open or covert defiance of adult authority. He is often diagnosed as suffering from perceptual handicaps. But all that really handicaps him is his way of defending himself against further emotional damage from his environment.

A very small number of hyperkinetic children do indeed suffer from neurological impairment severe enough to prevent them from performing like normal children. But they form an insignificant percentage of the large number of children diagnosed as hyperkinetic simply because they fail to learn. If we use the common term "overactive" instead of hyperkinetic, we would be reminded of the simple fact that all people arrange themselves on a continuum from extreme passivity to extreme activity, and that some persons simply have a harder time sitting still than others. When very active people, especially children, are forced into passive behavior counter to their very nature, they will fight back as best they can. Many adults show all the behavioral characteristics of the hyperkinetic child: high energy, aggressiveness, lack of inhibition, insistence on having their own way. These traits are often highly valued by society, because they help make for success in life.

Many a normal six-year-old boy simply cannot sit still; like Fidgety Phil, "He wiggles and giggles." That's the way he is naturally; but if he is severely criticized for it, he can wiggle and giggle himself right into "hyperkinesis," with its attendant great liabilities. If he is treated in such fashion many a normally active boy begins to see himself, and actually becomes, debilitatingly hyperactive.

The metamorphosis from "active" to "hyperactive" can be very insidious. The whirlwind toddler may be a slight but definite nuisance to a mother who fails to empathize with a little boy's need to be rambunctious, adventuresome, curious. There may be fights because his mother cannot accept his resistance to her standards of bodily cleanliness or her demands for quiet— *(continued)*

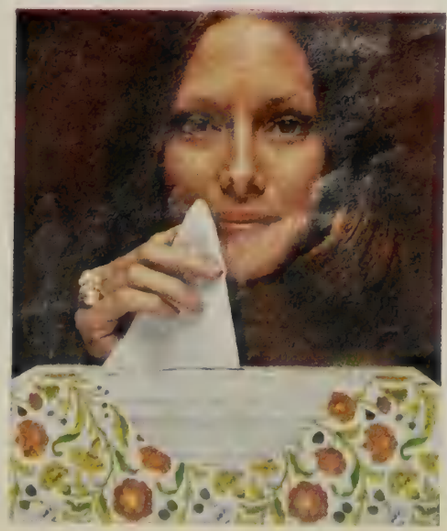
Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, one of the world's most distinguished child psychologists, recently retired after 28 years as Professor of Psychology and Psychiatry at the University of Chicago. He is Director of the Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School for chronically disturbed children, and has written many books about children—their psychological development and problems.



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standards and demands he rejects because they seem exaggerated and picky to him. As he approaches school age, she becomes more anxious (with reason, given the realities of the present classroom situation) about whether he'll be able to "fit in."

The child, meanwhile, comes to see himself as more troublesome than a "normal" boy. When he finally enters school, he is expected to sit quietly for hours and to engage in what to him are meaningless tasks. He isn't cut out for that—and then his teacher adds her voice to the chorus of reproaches over his activity. Many a boy becomes "hyperkinetic" under this sort of pressure. But his problems have just begun: as a reaction to all this nagging, he systematically becomes more overactive.

Over the years the child builds up a burden of resentment against his mother, which he constrains himself from expressing directly, if he even permits himself to acknowledge it. Now his teacher also arouses his anger with her criticism, and simultaneously he is placed in more constricting circumstances than he has ever had to endure before. So he discharges his anger and his irrepressible energy by teasing and provoking little girls, or by fighting with other little boys for dominance—two activities that come naturally to many boys anyhow. As a result, his teacher is even more down on him.

The degree to which teachers' attitudes intensify "hyperkinesis" in boys can be seen from studies that reveal a striking prejudice in the amount of negative teacher comment to which grade school boys are subjected. An analysis of the criticisms, corrections, demands for attention, or similar negative remarks of primary school teachers shows that, on the average, 90 percent are directed against boys.

One can imagine how a boy feels about himself, school, and the teacher, when he observes that boys are reprimanded nine times as frequently as girls. If he is at all observant, he must come to the conclusion that, while the school highly approves of behavior that comes naturally to girls, it rejects what comes equally naturally to boys. Thus many boys are made academic failures by the very institution which should teach academics to them.

It could be argued that the statistics merely reflect the reality that many more boys than girls show "hyperkinetic" behavior, so the teacher is forced to be much more critical of boys. But this is not so; only three to five percent of all children are "hyperkinetic;" but the boys' 90 percent share of their teacher's negative interactions are distributed randomly among all the boys in a class. When we learn that roughly ten times as many boys than girls are "hyperkinetic,' there is a striking similarity between the nine-to-one negative teacher-male pupil interaction ratio, and the ten-to-one hyperkinesis boy-to-girl ratio.

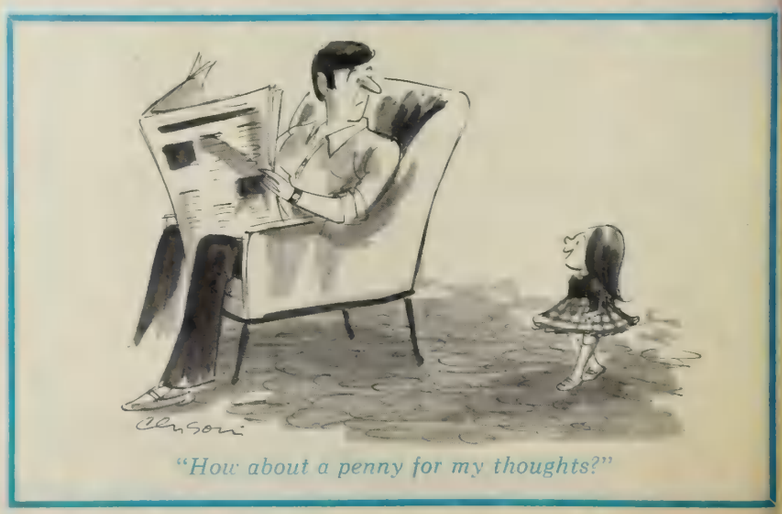
These statistics also tend to repudiate the neurological-impairment theories of both dyslexia and hyperkinesis. A neurological impairment, such as minimal brain damage, should be equally frequent in boys and girls. But both dyslexia (word blindness) and hyperkinesis are about ten times more frequent in boys. The evidence strongly suggests that behavioral differences are caused by either inherent physiological and psychological differences between boys and girls, or result from societally conditioned differences. Whatever produces the difference, once it's there the home and school react less favorably to "boyishness" than to typical "little girl" behavior.

The severity of hyperkinesis has a great deal to do with the degree to which normal boyish aggressiveness was tolerated long before the child entered school. Typically, one or both parents of the hyperactive child is restless and short-tempered though paradoxically insisting on meticulous "nice" behavior from their child. Or the two traits may be divided among the parents. Such parents are disgusted with their little boy's tendency to get dirty, with his boisterousness and clumsiness. So from an early age the child is exposed to too many "don't do that's" and "behave yourself's." The accumulated demands to behave properly finally lead to a breakdown in the child's ability to do so at all.

According to some studies, the typical hyperactive child is difficult from infancy on; spitting up, sleeping little, crying often. But many infants are cranky because the mother is impatient or disgusted with an infant who causes her too much trouble. Often a vicious cycle is established very early between a mother's discontent with her child, and his reaction to it—until by school age the child battles all adults who cannot accept him for what he is.

Observing hyperactive children at home or in class is a real eye-opener: nothing they do pleases the adult. Help is indeed needed to remedy the situa-

(continued on page 130)



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Whichever Club I've joined, all selections will be described in advance in the Club magazine, sent every four weeks. If I do *not* wish any selection, I'll mail the card provided by the date specified, or use the card to order any selection I do want. If I want *only* the regular selection for my musical interest, I need do nothing — it will be shipped automatically. Occasionally, I'll be offered special selections which I may accept or reject by using the dated form provided.

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YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

BY THEODORE I. RUBIN, M.D.

Do disturbed people look younger than mentally healthy people? Why do I hate to write letters? Why are creative individuals so anxious? Psychiatrist Theodore Rubin answers these and other questions.

Mental health and youth

Is there any truth to the statement that severely disturbed people look much younger than mentally healthy people?

Maybe. The theory behind this statement is that certain emotional disturbances severely blunt the emotions; that is, the individual lacks full consciousness of deep feelings. This "flattening out" of emotions results in a lack of facial expressions and fewer lines and wrinkles. Emotionally healthy people consciously experience and feel a great deal. This depth of feeling is reflected in their faces by lines—which are signs of richly lived outer and inner lives.

Relaxation and Sitting Still

Four years ago my husband and I bought a country home because he has a very high-pressure job and needs a place to relax. But whenever we go to the country, my husband cleans, mows the lawn, fixes the boat, paints the house, etc. He hardly sits still. Is this relaxing?

All that work may well be relaxing for your husband. Some people relax through activity, especially activity that is different from their normal nine-to-five work. Men who do paper work, or work that involves the intellect, often relax by doing physical things. Actually, very few of us relax by sitting still and doing nothing. Forcing yourself to do so often generates anxiety and tension both enemies of relaxation.

Adjustment to widowhood

My father died two years ago. Since then, my mother (who is now 72) has made a fair adjustment to widowhood, but still has periods of depression. I think she is making herself more miserable by refusing to move from the apartment where she and Dad lived for so long. Wouldn't she be better off moving to a place that has no memories?

Your mother's reaction is not at all unusual. As for her moving, there is no one rule that works for everyone. Some people are better off moving from a home they shared with a lost loved one; others find that staying put has a better effect. While reminders of your father might bring your mother pain, they can also bring her joy and fond memories. Your mother's apartment is familiar to her, and she probably feels warm and secure there—especially because of its memories. The place she shared with her husband is *home*, and staying there could be therapeutic. In any case, the decision to move or not to move *must* be your mother's.

Writing letters

Why do I hate to write letters? I find it almost impossible to sit down to write or answer a letter. I've alienated friends, but even this doesn't make me change. Could there be a psychological reason for my action?

There could well be a psychological reason for your not wanting to write letters, but I would have to know much more about you in order to understand your actions. However, aversion to letter-writing is quite common, and in most cases could be due to one or more of the following:

1. A need to be perfect. Perfectionists often can't write letters because they feel they might produce a letter that lacks literary style. To avoid this possible imperfection, they simply do not write the letter.

2. A fear of their own feelings and/or commitment. People who are afraid to express feelings and commit them to paper—thereby putting them on record—seldom write letters. They fear that putting something down in writing makes it irrevocable.

3. A fear of hostility. Some people fear that a letter will reveal personal aspects that they much prefer to hide—particularly hostile feelings.

4. A need to rebel. People who have trouble with authority and who are secretly quite rebellious see letter-writing as a duty. Such people look upon letter-writing in much the same way that a rebellious child looks upon homework . . . and they respond accordingly.

Jobs and mental health

I was told that it is a known fact that people in "certain" jobs tend to be more disturbed than people in other occupations. I resented the statement because postal employees were included in the list of those "certain" jobs—and I work in a post office. What's your opinion?

Each person must be evaluated separately insofar as his or her mental health status and job are concerned. Therefore, I cannot agree with an overall statement that people in certain jobs tend to be more disturbed than usual. However, we do know that people do not get jobs accidentally—they choose them. Some people choose jobs confidently, but even those who merely cling to a particular job out of fear and resignation to the inevitable also choose—they choose to remain in that job. While there are men and women who are driven to jobs beyond their capacity because of deep-seated insecurity and lack of self-esteem ("If I work hard everyone will admire me")—there are also people who work below their capacity, in menial jobs, because they are too scared to use any creative ability they might have. ("If I fail I'll get fired.") The post office may have been spoken about in this latter regard, because it might have been considered a haven for people who feel too insecure to take jobs that are less predictable in terms of work problems and economic security. However, such mention in no way means that everyone employed by the postal system is working below his or her capacity, or that every man or woman who works in the postal system is disturbed. Such statements are irresponsible and without psychological basis.

Children and divorce

My husband and I have been separated for more than a year. Despite my reassurances to the contrary, my 7-year-old daughter believes that her father left because of her. Why do youngsters blame themselves for the breakup of their parents' marriage?

Your daughter's reaction is common. Some of the basic reasons for her behavior are:

1. By blaming herself for the separation, your daughter raises herself to the same level of importance as you in her father's life. Subconsciously, daughters are in competition with their mothers for their father's esteem. While being abandoned by a father brings sadness, it also brings bittersweet feelings of being important enough to have been abandoned in the first place—and often raises hopes of being more important to daddy than mother is.

2. Children equate presence with love and non-presence with lack of love. Their logic is that if daddy isn't around it is because he doesn't love them enough to be there.

3. A child may feel that if a father left home because he didn't like mother, then he must also dislike that part of his child that is like mother. Daughters have particular difficulty on this score, because, as females, they identify so closely with their mothers. Little girls might also think that their fathers left home because they don't like women, and if fathers don't like women then they don't like daughters.

4. Very young children think in very personal, concrete terms: they see themselves as the world—they are the center of their own universe. (Grown-ups, hopefully, do not think this way!) Therefore, if a father no longer present in that child's universe, it means he has deserted it and the offspring—because of lack of love.

Training to be a psychiatrist

I am in my third year of high school and I think I want to become a psychiatrist. How long does it take to become one? Are women psychiatrists discriminated against?

It will take from 10 to 13 years to become a psychiatrist after you finish high school. The time will be spent as follows:

College: four years (if a general education leading to a bachelor's degree is desired).

Medical School: four years (there are, however, combined pre-medical and medical courses which take six years).

Internship: one year, but this is now optional. You may go into residency (specialty) training directly from medical school, serving no internship at all.

Psychiatric residency: three years.

Psychoanalytic training: usually four years, and taken concurrently with psychiatric residency.

There are many women psychiatrists, and I do not think they are discriminated against by psychiatrists, psychiatric residency programs, or psychoanalytic training institutes. Some patients, often women themselves, do refuse to see women therapists. Other patients, however, want only a woman therapist. As far as I know, women psychiatrists have no difficulty at all getting teaching positions, making hospital affiliations, or establishing full practices.

Creativity and anxiety

I have been told that I have a talent for painting, but when I'm doing a picture I can't sleep or I have bad dreams. Why do I get so anxious?

Many creative people have anxiety-producing manifestations because creative work often stirs up unconscious memories and feelings which have been locked away. Some memories may be happy, but some are laden with pain. Creative work such as painting and writing is similar to the process of pregnancy and birth because it involves the maximum use of one's self and a struggle to tap one's innermost feelings and resources. While the finished product may be beautiful and fulfilling, the struggle to produce it has not been without pain—however constructive that pain may be. EN

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin answers questions on your personal marriage, family, and emotional problems. The doctor is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York and is the author of Lisa and David *and* The Thin Book by a Formerly Fat Psychiatrist. *His new book is* Emergency Room Diary *(Grosset & Dunlap, Inc.). If you have questions for Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.*

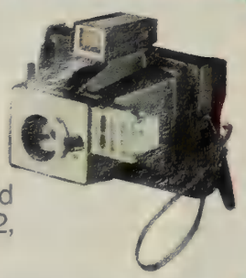
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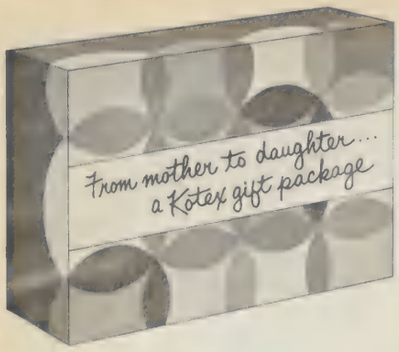
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AMY VANDERBILT

Curious Guest
Is it proper for a guest to turn over a china plate to look for the brand name, or lift up the edge of the carpet to see if it's a real Oriental?

Most people who own fine collectors' items appreciate the interest and knowledge of other people. *But* such a connoisseur might first comment on the plate or the rug, and *then* say, "Mind if I look?"

Broken Friendship
I gave a close friend a small piece of jewelry; later we ended our friendship. May I ask her to return the gift?

No, you may not ask for the gift back. Just write it off as one of life's experiences.

Pewter Anniversary
When my husband and I celebrate our 25th anniversary, may we tell people that we prefer pewter to silver?

All gifts on the 25th anniversary do not need to be actually silver. Any silver-like thing is acceptable. Tell your friends and relatives that what you really want to celebrate is a "pewter anniversary," and hope everyone will take the hint.

Half Sisters
My husband has two daughters by his first wife. Will they be stepsisters to our baby or half sisters?

They will be half sisters to your baby. If you had been married before and had children by that marriage, your children and your present husband's children would bear the "step" relationship. In other words, there is no blood relationship in the latter relationship, whereas half brothers and sisters share one common parent.

Cleaning the Plate
Is it considered good manners to leave some food on your plate at the end of a meal?

Cleaning your plate or not cleaning it is no longer a matter of etiquette. It is not necessary to leave some for "good manners," as used to be the rule in Victorian days. However, some doctors working on the problems of obesity say that it is a good rule to leave the thing you like most as a way of controlling your weight.

Birth Announcements
Should we send announcements of our first baby's arrival to all relatives and friends, or just those who live out of town?

Send announcements to all relatives and friends near and far who will rejoice with you.

Card with Flowers
What kind of card should you enclose when sending a floral arrangement to a funeral home?

You send a florist's card or your own visiting card enclosed in a small envelope the florist will provide. If you order the flowers by telephone, instruct the florist to write something like, "With deep sympathy. Anabelle and John Morris" (always include your surname so that when the family responds it will have the necessary information.) Many people leave their personal cards at the florist they use regularly—for use on such occasions. The florist should not write anything on these cards when they are sent. Joint husband and wife cards are very useful at such times—and for many other purposes. I like to see them with the address, including Zip code, engraved lower right. This makes it much easier for the person responding.

Too Many Hors d'Oeuvres
When my sister's fiancé gives parties, he serves too many hors d'oeuvres. The guests feast on them, then pick at the dinner. Is there a way I can tell him not to do this?

Many people make this mistake. "Hors d'oeuvres" actually means "outside of the meal." They should not be so plentiful as to spoil appetites. The next time you are invited, perhaps you could say something like this: "Your hors d'oeuvres are always so good, but this time I hope you'll have just a few so we will all really enjoy the meal." Or better still, have your sister set him right in the matter.

Guest Book
We moved recently and received a lovely guest book from friends. How should it be used?

Place your guest book where it will be seen—in the entrance hall or in the library, if you have one. It may be displayed open or closed. Some people open the book just wh guests are expected as I do. Som times people like guests to sign ea time they come, others prefer t guests' signature just the first tin they visit. Guests should not ask sign a guest book but should wait be asked, unless of course a book left open in a public place, such an embassy or a private club, whe guests are expected to register.

Too Much Jewelry
I wear a watch on my left wrist a a ring on my left hand. I have ju been given a beautiful gold bracele Is that too much jewelry to wea

It is *not* too much. Wear the brac let on your right hand. When doubt about such things, look yourself in the mirror. Then, s the French, take one piece off.

Teen-agers on Dates
I am 13 and I'd like to know what girl should do if her date doesn realize that he should open the c door for her. Also, I usually make lot of wisecracks. Is it all right to d that on a date?

Sit in the car long enough for yo date to be reminded of his gentl manly responsibilities. If necessar say, "Will you please open the do for me?" Don't strain to be funny c a date; this can sometimes make th person you are with feel inferio You may be doing it to cover u your own nervousness. Just try t relax and be yourself.

Owing Invitations
If a woman is invited to a party an doesn't accept, is she indebted the hostess who invited her?

I think this depends on how yo feel about the hostess. Certainly seems to me that in this day an age we are not indebted by a mer invitation; we are not required t tender an invitation to those peopl who don't really interest us. On th other hand, if we receive but mus decline an invitation from som body we really would like to see, is sensible and friendly to then is sue an invitation ourselves whe the time is right.

Bridal Shower Invitations
Is it proper to send shower invita tions to women who are not in vited to the wedding?

It isn't necessarily true that peopl invited to showers are also invite to the wedding. Sometimes wed dings are very small. Where pos sible, however, those attending th showers are included in the weddin invitation list. END

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes question from readers and answers them i this column as space permits.

Now ready for JOURNAL *readers Miss Vanderbilt's new booklet "Large Parties" (open houses, anni versaries, house warmings, showers) Also "Letter Writing," "Engagemen and Wedding Etiquette," and "Tabl Manners." Send 75¢ in coin for each booklet to Miss Amy Vanderbilt Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*

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SYLVIA PORTER

SPENDING YOUR MONEY

Rising Food Prices

I know the official statistics say that food prices have been rising at around 4 to 5 percent a year, but this does not jibe with what our family experiences at the checkout counter every week. I pay those bills, and I keep the totals, and I can prove that our own "food price index" has been rising by at least 10 to 15 percent a year.

How do you account for this big gap between us and the government food price watchers?

Obviously there are many reasons for price differences—including the fact that food costs and increases in food prices vary widely from one part of the country to another. But another fundamental reason for the "gap" is that you have chosen one-stop shopping and, by so doing, you are padding your own grocery bills. To dramatize the point, here's a list of the 10 fastest rising (in sales) items now sold in grocery stores:

Item	*Percent Increase from 1970-1971*
Photo film and processing	31.1%
Iced tea mixes	27.8
Photo flashbulbs and cubes	27.3
Pesticide pastes, solids, strips	20.7
Disposable diapers & liners	17.6
Fabric softeners	15.7
Household deodorizers (non-aerosol)	15.6
Canned soft drinks	15.1
Instant tea	13.6
Cooking and salad oils	11.8

The purchase of non-food items in food stores is a mounting factor in the food price squeeze.

College Financing

When is the right time to line up a college scholarship or loan for the forthcoming academic year?

Immediately. Actually, you should have your source of financing nailed down by the time you send in your applications for admission.

Auto Extras

My husband and I have noticed that the 1973 cars that went on sale last fall contained a lot of extras having to do with safety and pollution control—presumably improvements required by new Federal laws in these areas. Surely such trimmings add t the price of a car—but can you te us just how much?

The Bureau of Labor Statistics est mates that the improvements yo describe—required under the Fede al Motor Vehicle Standards Act an the Federal Clean Air Act—have value of $95.40 at the wholesale lev and $123.80 at the retail level. He is a breakdown of the $123.80: (1 $10.50 for safety features made vo untarily by car manufacturers i anticipation of forthcoming safet requirements; (2) $27.70 for im proved exhaust emission systems (3) $10.50 for improvements in en gines, auto bodies, and chassis no related to safety; (4) $75.10 fo safety-related changes required fo the 1973 model, including chang in and elimination of controls flammability standards for interio upholstery and other materials strengthening of side doors, lowe exterior protection.

Child Support

I am divorced. I paid $950 to sen my daughter to summer camp las year. When I fill out my incom tax return, can I count that $95 as support that I furnished to m child?

A court has held that this is indee support—despite the Treasury's a gument that summer camp is not "necessity of life" and therefor should not be considered as support The court also turned down th Treasury's claim that the amoun paid for the camp was unreasonabl high and therefore not necessary.

Anticipating a Merger

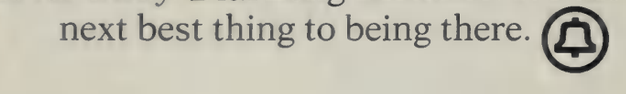
My husband's industry—electrica machinery—has been going through a whole series of mergers and I'm ter rified that, if his company merges he might suddenly find himself ou of a job. This could be a financia catastrophe for our family. Is there any way my husband can anticipat any threat to his job if his company does merge?

Your're right to worry: your hus band is in one of the most merger active of all *(continued on page 134)*

Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.

Happy Thanksgiving Day.

Almost every day you can thank someone for something. Even when that someone is far away. Dial Long Distance. It's the next best thing to being there.



An oriental guide to turkey and chicken.



Even leftover turkey or chicken can be made exotic. In a few minutes, it can be whipped up into a tender-crisp, sublimely tasty oriental dish.

In our U.S. version, we've taken a tip from the Chinese. We've fine-cut everything but the mushrooms. We use whole crowns. So their delicate flavor will shine through.

They're full of flavor. B in B Mushrooms are the choice brown variety...already broiled in butter...and packed in their own buttery broth. (Most mushrooms are just packed in throw-away brine.) And you have the choice of 3 varieties: whole crowns, sliced, and chopped.

Vegetables Oriental with turkey or chicken.

- 1/2 cup thinly sliced onion
- 2 tablespoons vegetable oil
- 2 cups diagonally sliced celery
- 1 cup peas, uncooked
- 2 cans (3 oz.) B in B Mushroom Crowns with broth
- 1-1/3 cups chicken broth
- 3 tablespoons cornstarch
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon Kitchen Bouquet
- 1/2 teaspoon ginger
- 1/2 lb. sliced cooked turkey or chicken

In large skillet, cook onion in oil until transparent. Stir in celery and cook one minute. Stir in peas, cover and cook about 4 minutes—vegetables should be tender-crisp. Combine broth from 1 can of mushrooms, chicken broth, cornstarch, salt, Kitchen Bouquet and ginger. Add liquid to skillet and cook, stirring constantly until sauce thickens. Stir in mushrooms. Arrange poultry slices over vegetables. Cover and cook over moderate heat until meat is hot, about 5 minutes. Serve with rice. 4 servings.



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RALPH NADER REPORTS

Why do women find it so much harder than men to obtain credit cards and loans—and how can we end such discrimination by lending institutions? Some answers from the consumer's champion.

A Florida couple recently applied for a home loan from the Veteran's Administration. The wife, 29, was told that in order for her salary to be counted as part of the total family income she must sign an affidavit stating that she would practice birth control and planned to have no more children. This despite the fact that the woman had worked steadily for 13 years, was earning $475 a month in a government job, and her only child was eight years old. The woman refused to sign the pledge, and, since the husband's earnings alone were not enough to qualify them for a loan, they lost their new home.

In Minnesota, a single woman in her early thirties was denied a bank loan to purchase a summer home, although she had the cash for a substantial down payment and was employed steadily as a practical nurse. Her fiancé, who had gone through bankruptcy, had no trouble getting a loan to buy the same property—with a smaller down payment.

Another woman, an attorney with the U.S. Labor Department earning $14,000 a year, was denied a credit card in her own name after she married. The card was issued in her husband's name, although he was an enlisted man in the armed forces, with an income that barely exceeded $1,000 a year.

Cases like these are the rule, not the exception. Whether they're married, single, or divorced, women are faced with the reality that credit is a man's right. Credit cards and charge accounts are virtually always issued in the name of the husband, whatever the wife's own financial qualifications may be. If they are divorced or separated later, women find it almost impossible to get credit because they have not been able to establish credit ratings in their own names. Many lenders consider single women bad risks because they may get married.

Discriminatory loan policies often lead to such absurdities as the case of the Minneapolis woman who was separated from her husband. She had paid off his bad debts, but could not get a bank loan without his signature. Another example is the 40-year-old woman who had to have a loan co-signed by her 70-year-old father, who was retired on a pension.

Most lending agencies veil the discriminatory policies in vague la guage (such as "insufficient refe ences"), although some are explic Applicants for one major bank cred card have been told flatly that "O policy allows card in husband's nar only." But recent efforts to study t problems women have in obtaini credit reveal that the bias agair them is extensive. It is especial serious for those in the area of hor mortgages, where it is the rule to d count or ignore a working wife's i come in computing the total fami income. For the average young fa ily, and for the average poor famil exclusion of the wife's income effe tively shuts them out of the ne house market.

Reflecting the bias of the mortga industry, the Federal National Mor gage Association (FNMA) issue initial guidelines for its new ho mortgage program two years ag stipulating that lenders count n more than 50 percent of the wife income. Only after protests by ou raged women's groups and consur er organizations did the FNMA r move this requirement.

But the private sector has not bee equally responsive. In a 1971 surve of the lending policies of savings a loan associations, the Federal Hor Loan Bank Board asked how the organizations would credit the sala of a 25-year-old wife with two schoo age children, a woman who worke full-time as a secretary. Of the associations that responded, 25 pe cent would count none of the wife earnings; over half would count percent or less; 22 percent gave fu credit.

Similar results were found in bank loan policy study by the S Paul, Minn., Human Rights Con mission. A man and a woman, eac earning *(continued on page 13*

In the last seven years, Ralph Nade 38, has become America's foremo consumer defender. He is credite with the passage of at least six maj laws that imposed new Federal saf ty standards on cars, meat and pou try products, coal mining, gas pip lines, and radiation from electron devices. In 1970 Nader founded th Public Interest Research Grou which investigates and research consumer issues.

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Mrs. Barton Declines

By Pearl S. Buck

Mrs. Barton was dying. Of that there could be no doubt, because she knew it. She was in the hospital, in a private room which she herself had chosen, due to the fact that the walls were painted a pale turquoise, her favorite color. She had not liked the yellow curtains, and when she realized that she would probably die in this room she had ordered and paid for white moiré curtains, with a counterpane to match. Then, because she was determined to approach death in comfort, she had bought an armchair upholstered in the same material. A bookcase, a television set, and four of her favorite paintings brought from her home on Belgrade Street where she and her husband Thomas had reared their only son, Charles, completed the decoration of her death chamber.

She had, naturally, postponed entering the hospital until her doctor had insisted upon it, when it became too difficult to administer elsewhere the medicines now so essential to keep her aging heart alive. Her ailment was an obscure degeneration of some gland or other, a disease whose name she had been compelled to write down in the small leatherbound notebook on her bedside table because she could never remember it. She could forget it comfortably now that she knew it was written down in the book. She had not understood what the mischievous gland was, or even known she had it, until Dr. Cassell told her that it was not functioning properly.

"You will soon know that you have it," he told her.

He was right. There were times when she was in pain, which she bore impatiently and even angrily.

"It's nonsense to suffer from something I didn't know I had," she complained to Miss Angus, her excellent Scottish nurse.

She looked at Dr. Cassell sternly. "Are you sure I need this gland, whatever it is?"

"Yes," he said.

"Otherwise," she suggested, "you could cut it out. I wouldn't miss it, since I don't know why I have it."

"I can't cut it out, and you would miss it. Now let's not argue about a gland."

That was before she had come into the hospital to die. She had talked to Charles learnedly about the gland on his last visit. After Thomas had died 18 years ago, she had continued to live in the big old house in Massachusetts that she had inherited from her parents. When Charles met and married Aline Powers the year after his father's death, they had lived there, she had supposed happily enough, while she herself moved here to Florida. She did not believe in living with one's family. Regularly once a year, she visited Charles and Aline, usually in the summer because she did not like air conditioning. It was on one of these visits that she heard of the pending divorce.

"Why?" she had demanded of Aline.

"It's all of you, somehow," Aline had said vaguely.

"What do you mean—all of us?" she had asked.

Aline was pretty in a strange, pale sort of way. Even her voice was pale, whispery, wandering.

"Everyone—all the aunts, you, and of course Charles."

"Charles especially, I suppose?"

"Poor Charles," Aline had said.

The aunts, of course, were Mrs. Barton's sisters, Elinor, Honora, Jane, Alice. None of them had married except Elinor, who was a widow and lived in California with one child, a daughter, still unmarried at thirty.

"I don't see what they have to do with Aline," she had complained to Charles the next day when Aline left the house, apparently forever. *(continued)*

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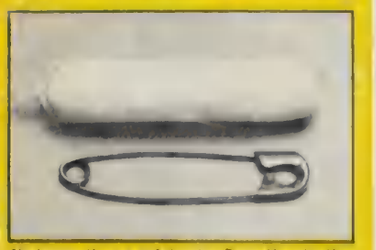
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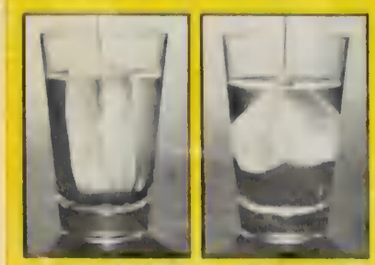
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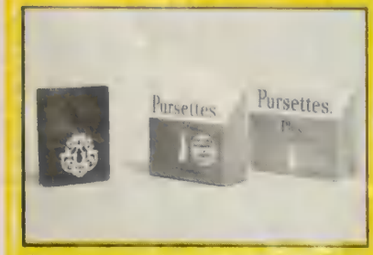
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She told no one she was going. She simply did not come back and her things had to be sent to an address she had given an attorney.

"She's not used to our family," Charles had said enigmatically.

"You don't seem upset," Mrs. Barton told him.

"I'm upset, but I'm used to our family," he had replied.

Charles had taken over the family business when his father died. It was a small New England factory for manufacturing tapes, shoelaces, braid, and the like. He and Aline had never had children. Their nearest approach to a quarrel had been over the question of whether they would adopt a child.

"It wouldn't be the same as a child of my own blood," Charles said. Aline had laughed, he told his mother, and he had been surprised.

"I asked her if I had said something funny and she said, 'Oh, terribly, terribly funny.' It was the day before she told me she wanted a divorce. Do you understand that, Mother?"

"Sort of," she had told him.

He was so like his father with his round, chubby face, and such a good boy—still such a good boy! She sighed, thinking of it.

Charles was all she had now, and she should be thankful he was so good and she *was* thankful. And it was true that Aline laughed too often. She was jealous, of course. She had even accused her, his own mother, of being possessive.

"He's *my* husband, you know," Aline had once said. She said it very gently, but Aline's gentleness was rock-hard, unbreakable.

Mrs. Barton had replied firmly, "He is *my* son. I *paid* for him."

"Paid for him?" Aline repeated, her dark eyes wide.

"With my body," she maintained. "I went down to the gates of death for him. And if I had to, I would again."

"Ah, that's what's the matter with him," Aline had said. "I've wondered."

Remembering all this, Mrs. Barton suddenly felt weak and tired and very alone. The door opened. It was the nurse.

"Your son's here, Mrs. Barton," Miss Angus said brightly.

"Let him come in," she replied listlessly. Charles came in, looking spruce and confident. It was a comfort to see him. He leaned to kiss her cheek. "I'm tired, son," she whispered, clinging to his plump, firm hand.

"Now, now," he said. "The doctor says your stamina is wonderful."

"I'm tired," she repeated plaintively. "I've only a few days—this may be the last time."

Three times before she had said these words and three times he had flown down from Massachusetts to Florida, just as he had today. Three times she had recovered and left the hospital.

"Besides," he said, "the aunts are all here."

She opened her eyes immediately. "All of them?"

"All of them, even Aunt Elinor from California."

"I must really be going to die this time, Charles!" Mrs. Barton cried with sudden energy. She clutched his hand with both hers. "I can't see them. I'm not up to it."

"They'll be disappointed, Mother, but just as you say." He drew a straight-backed chair to the bed and sat down.

His patience exasperated her and she felt a surge of unexpected strength. "No, I'll see them, the whole kit and caboodle."

"You're sure?"

"Yes—it will be the last time, son. Tell them."

"They know, Mother."

"Ah, they do, do they? I suppose they're dividing up my jewelry and possessions. I'm sorry now that Aline left you. I'd have given everything to her."

Mrs. Barton closed her eyes, but only for a few seconds. "Do I hear them talking?"

"They're in the next room, Mother—your sitting room."

"Arguing about something, as usual?"

"Well—yes, Mother."

"What?"

"Well, not about your jewelry, Mother."

"Go back to them. Tell them I'm too tired to see them all in a crowd. One by one—later."

He rose to obey but she stopped him. "Charles!"

"Yes, Mother?"

"Leave the door open a crack."

"Are you sure—"

"Do as I say, son!"

He left the door ajar and she heard him tell his aunts that she was sleeping. When she woke, he said, one by one they could go in and bid her farewell.

"We won't wake her." That was Elinor, of course, pretending as usual to be kind.

"It wouldn't be good for her if she's really sleeping," Alice explained.

Alice always explained, in spite of Elinor's unfailing impatience. She had lived with Elinor since the death of her husband, at first to take care of the baby while Elinor worked in a bank and had somehow fallen into the habit of staying there.

"The doctor says she can't last another day," Honora said.

"The hell I can't," Mrs. Barton muttered to herself. A cold chill struck her across the heart. She forced herself to sit a little higher on the pillows.

"That's what we were told the last time," Jane was saying.

"Sourpuss!" Mrs. Barton whispered, then relented slightly. Jane had flown in from Minnesota in spite of the fact that she always got airsick.

Elinor was talking to Charles. "I'm glad you came in tonight, Charles. We must discuss the funeral immediately."

Funeral! Mrs. Barton had not thought of a funeral. Of course, if she died as she was supposed to—but how could there be a funeral unless she left directions? She made a dangerous effort, considering her weakness, and reached for the pencil and pad on her bedside table. If there had to be a funeral it must be the way she wanted it. The family and her friends would expect a decent meal afterwards. She scrawled a few notes, "Boiled ham—not baked—" and paused. Charles was talking. His mild voice carried clearly.

"What is there to discuss? I suppose—"

Alice broke in to explain: "Where she's to be buried, you know!"

So they were burying her already! Without asking—no, Jane *was* asking.

"Where does she want to be buried?

"That's it," Alice explained. "W don't know."

"We *do* know," Elinor declared. "Sh wants to be buried next to her hu band, as any wife should be! I know do. I've made all my arrangements fo a double tombstone, 'Here lies Harol and Elinor, his beloved wife,' the dat blank, of course, until—"

Beloved wife, Mrs. Barton though when everyone knew how Elinor—

Charles broke in gently. "But m father was cremated."

"It makes no difference," Elinor sai "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust—"

Jane interrupted. "Why doesn somebody *ask* her where she wants t be buried!" Why not, indeed? Th words echoed in Mrs. Barton's brai She had settled that long ago. Jan went on, "We certainly can't ask he after she's dead."

"I've got to get some sleep," Jan said. "I came further than any of yo and there's the time change. Charles you'll likely see her before we do. *Yo* ask her."

Mrs. Barton heard them all agreein because they wanted to get away, g to their motels and sleep, while sh faced death alone!

Alice spoke again, disagreeing. "Bu what if she dies at dawn! People a ways die at dawn."

"Harold didn't die at dawn," Elino said in a loud, irritable voice. "He die at three o'clock in the afternoon. I wa sitting beside him, exhausted. I' dropped off for a minute. When opened my eyes, he was gone. He' taken advantage—he didn't even cal me."

"How could he call you when he wa dead?" Honora's voice was scornfull sceptical.

"Well, he *looked* sort of self-satisfied He always liked putting me down."

"We haven't settled a thing," Jan said crossly.

Settled! Mrs. Barton snorted to her self. Talk of settling anything! She' settle—

Elinor was talking again. "Let's vote I vote that she be buried by Thomas He's her husband in life and in death.'

"In the marriage ceremony it's onl until death do them part," Alice ar gued.

Honora was talking to Charles. "Isn' your father buried in that little New England village where his family plot is?"

Charles hesitated. "I was only a baby when he died. I don't even know how he died. Mother never wanted to talk about—"

No, Mrs. Barton thought, she had never told anyone, even his son. Thomas had killed himself. She had gone home to her parents for a visit—oh, she had sworn it was only for a visit—even though she was so angry with Thomas when she found that girl's love letter in the pocket of his blue suit she was about to send to the cleaner.

"But I love *you*," he had insisted.

"Then how could you—"

He had broken in: "How can a woman understand how a man's own body can betray him? You've been busy having the baby."

"And you couldn't wait," she said accusingly.

"And I couldn't wait," he agreed.

Oh, she'd been harsh then! Women were kinder nowadays. *(continued)*



September, 1910. Mrs. John Davenport of Southhampton absentmindedly lit up a cigarette after 120 hours of sitting for her portrait.
Goodbye. 120 hours.



You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS.

Slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke.



Fashions: Marshall Klugman for John MacDougall

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Regular: 17 mg."tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine—Menthol: 18 mg."tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'72



Good old-fashioned cocoa without a good old-fashioned mess

Easy as adding hot water Just zip open a packet. Stir in the hot water and you've got a cup of rich, creamy-tasting cocoa. Without a messy cocoa pan in sight! Get Carnation Hot Cocoa Mix by the single packet or 12 packet box. Either way, good old-fashioned tasting cocoa is everywhere you shop today.



Try chocolate marshmallow flavor, too.

MRS. BARTON *continued*

perhaps. At least she'd be kinder if she had it to do over again. But they both had come from strict homes—too strict. Maybe the marriage ceremony ought to be changed. O Thomas, Thomas, wherever you are—

They were talking, talking, Jane insisting as usual. "I think she must be buried in our family plot in Boston. After all, we were all born in Boston."

Charles put an end to the argument, unexpectedly firm. "I shall sit by her bedside all night. I shan't sleep. I won't have her meet death alone."

They chorused in relief, their voices a tangle of sound. "Then you"—"It's right that you should ask her"—"She'll awaken just about dawn"—"Maybe as early as three o'clock when the system is low—" That was Alice, tailing in.

"I shan't ask her," Charles said.

"Why not?" Jane demanded.

"I can't," he said. "Ask a dying woman where she wants to be buried?"

He left them and tiptoed into the room. Mrs. Barton was ready for him.

"I want to see Aline," she told him.

He was so astonished that he sat down in the nearest chair. "Now, how did you know, Mother?"

"Know what?"

"Aline called me up this morning and asked if she could see *you*."

"What did you tell her?"

"That you were—"

"Going to die?"

"Well—"

"I thought so, too. But I've changed my mind. I'm going to live, maybe not long, but a while. You call Aline."

"Now?"

"Yes."

He dialed and she listened.

"Aline? . . . Yes, well, my mother wants to see you. . . . Yes, well, you always had a sort of sixth sense, I know. . . . Tomorrow?"

"Tonight," Mrs. Barton said. "They'll let her in. She's family and I'm supposed to die."

"She says now," he said.

He hung up. "She'll be here soon, in a few minutes."

"I hope," he said diffidently, "that you didn't hear all that talk out there."

"Jabbering," she replied without opening her eyes. "I paid no attention."

She dozed off and slept a little until the nurse's voice waked her.

"Only a few minutes, please—"

"I'll not stay longer than she likes," Aline said.

She woke at once, then, and saw Aline exactly as she had looked before.

"How are you, Charles darling," Aline said gently.

"I'm happy to see you, Aline," he told her gravely. He was agitated nevertheless, but Aline appeared oblivious, though five years had passed since they'd seen each other.

"How are you dear?" she asked Mrs. Barton.

Mrs. Barton pulled herself together and laughed. "I'm supposed to die tonight."

Aline laughed her soft laughter. That too had not changed. "Which, of course, you have no intention of doing."

Mrs. Barton tried to sit up. "How did you know?"

Aline put a pillow behind her mother-in-law's back. "I know a lot of things. I was sure, for example, that the aunts would all be here, with the best of intentions, and ready to bury you."

"How *did* you know?" Charles blurted. Then he remembered. "Mother—do forgive—I hope you didn't hear—"

"Of course I heard—everything," Mrs. Barton said. "It was as good as a play."

She laughed and Aline laughed and sat down on the bed and took her left hand. She lifted it and looked at it. "You didn't take off your wedding ring. I did. But I've kept it. Here it is, Charles."

She opened her handbag and took out the ring.

"I don't want it," Charles said.

"Then hold it while I talk," said Mrs. Barton. "I wanted to tell both of you before it was too late. Charles, I found the poem—the love poem—that someone else wrote you. It was in the small drawer in your desk in the library."

"I know," Aline murmured humbly.

"At least I didn't shoot myself," Charles said.

Maybe Aline was wiser just to go away," Mrs. Barton said. "But all that jabbering—I can't be buried beside your father, Charles. I can't even find his grave. I went to Vermont to find it before I moved to Florida. When I reached the little town where your father had been buried, there was no cemetery and no church. There was not even a town. Instead, one of those big clover-leaf highways sprawled over the area. I wondered if I had lost my way. There was no one to ask except a man at a gas station.

" 'Moorestown?' the man said. 'It's gone.'

" 'What did they do with the cemetery?' I asked him.

" 'It's gone too,' the man said, and I remember he laughed. 'It's clear gone. You want the premium gas?'

" 'Yes,' I said.

"I drove home then, and I felt I'd really lost my man forever. And it was my fault. I hadn't been able to forgive him. Not to forgive is a terrible thing, Aline and Charles! For it takes two to forgive just as it takes two to love. Thomas couldn't forgive me, either and so he shot himself—a punishment that will stay with me as long as I live.

"And you two—you've punished each other, living apart. Charles, you've let Aline live apart from you. Yes, you have, Charles! You've told yourself—well, let her, if that's what she wants! You didn't *say* it, but you thought it. And you, Aline—you've been too proud to forgive a man his silliness. Of course a man's different from a woman. Something rises up in his body when he's roused by a woman, any woman. He can't help it. But it's not his heart or his soul, it's only his unmanageable body, poor fellow!"

"Charles," she commanded, "put that ring on Aline's finger. And, Aline, don't you ever take it off again."

They obeyed her in silence and she lay there smiling while they held hands, looking into each other's eyes.

"Of course," Mrs. Barton said faintly but cheerfully, "I have to die sometime. Then you can tell those darling old jabbering sisters of mine that I'll be buried in Boston where I was born. You needn't tell them anything else. But I'm not going to die. Not this time! I'm going to have a good night's sleep as soon as Charles takes you home, Aline, and in the morning when you both come to see me, I'll be resurrected!"

END



Last Chance Days!

Absolutely your last chance to buy this fine quality Springdale® mattress for only $59.95

A never-again consumer value—if you act soon. Higher costs compel us to raise the price to $69.95, effective March 1, 1973.

So hurry and get this fine Springdale mattress with all its premium features; like the Cameo print cover luxuriously quilted to urethane foam, extra layers of plush cushioning, long-lasting tempered springs, and greater edge stability with anchor flanging. Enough words to the wise!

SPRING AIR®

exclusive maker of The Back Supporter® mattress

Spring Air Company • 666 Lake Shore Drive • Chicago, Ill. 60611

All prices are suggested retail, Twin or Full size, mattress or box spring. Comparable values on Extra Long, Queen and King sizes.

BONUS SPECIAL!

Springdale® Supreme

only $69.95

Covered in luxury-quilted Natural Bronze damask from Burlington House! Extra firm for extra support.




SHE CONKED OUT, BUT HER HAIR HELD UP
Holds 3 times longer than the leading hairspray
CLAIROL final net HAIR NET
Final Net® holds 3 times longer than the leading hairspray. Final Net *isn't* an aerosol hairspray. It's Clairol's clear mist that holds your hair in any weather, without leaving it tacky. You spritz it on (like an atomizer) and sail out into rainy weather or wind or humidity.
Maybe you know how terrific Final Net is because your hairdresser depends on it. If not, try some yourself. The last thing to conk out will be your hair.
FINAL NET HOLDS UP LONGER THAN YOU DO

HOW AMERICA LIVES

A COLLECTION OF SPECIAL FEATURES FROM OUR READERS EDITED BY EVAN FRANCES

FAMILY OF THE MONTH



Welcome the returning Vietnam veteran? Certainly. But how about a job and hope for the future? Here's the story of one veteran and his family and their struggle to make peace with the world.

As the last G.I. turns over his rifle, he will be one of 6 million who served during the Vietnam war. Soon after, chances are good he will be one of millions going back to school on the G.I. Bill, many because they can't find jobs. Or he may be one of hundreds of thousands unemployed, despite public service ads that urge, "Give a vet something to come home to—a job!"

How are today's vets managing? How do they feel about being home? How do their families feel about it? We studied mountains of reports and we asked hundreds of vets. Almost to a man they were eager to tell the world that what they want is work, not welfare; hope, not handouts. Instead, they often feel frustration and occasionally some bitterness. That's the story told us over and over again by veterans and their families. Here is the story of one such family, the Henry Lee Sapps of Wichita Falls, Texas.

Mrs. Barbara Ann Sapp is 23. Henry will be 26 on Valentine's Day. They had known each other 15 years and there was "this kind of unspoken understanding that we were for each other." Henry returned from Vietnam in February of 1968 after serving a year as a field wireman laying down telephone lines. For a man who had been through such an ordeal, he was unbelievably whole in body and spirit and happy as could be to be home. They were married a month later in Barbara Ann's local Baptist Church in Crowell (80 miles west of Wichita Falls), which was home to both. Says Barbara Ann, "He deserved a hero's welcome (they all do) and he got one—from both our folks, but from no one else. That's not because folks in Crowell are less patriotic than in other places. Or because he's black. It's just that Crowell didn't feel Vietnam was something to crow about." (Barbara Ann laughed at the intentional pun). Henry tells it this way: "I was eager . . . roger . . . and able to take a telephone linesman's job. I looked for one everywhere—in Crowell, in Dallas, and in all the towns between. All in vain. Nor was there any other job suited to what I'd learned in the Army or that was consistent with my education. After all, it wasn't as though I was a drop-out from school—I'd been graduated from a good high school. And as I read posters that said, 'He's home—with maturity . . . ambition . . . skills—hire experience—hire a veteran,' I told myself, 'That's me they're talking about—but where's the job?' From February to September, while I was still entitled to and drawing Army pay, I looked in vain, getting a little more bitter and a little more frightened as the day of my discharge neared. After my discharge, I took what I could get—a stock clerk's job starting at $2.25 an hour, rising to $2.40 by the time I left two years later to take a job as an insurance agent with a Dallas company, where I stayed until the end of '71."

While Henry was still overseas, Barbara Ann enrolled at Draughon Business College in Wichita Falls, not far from Crowell, for a six-month secretarial course. A few days before they were married, she received her diploma. "We were pretty proud," says Barbara Ann, "fingering that Business Administration Diploma. It came in right handy in Dallas where I worked before I became pregnant with our firstborn, Sophelia, who arrived September 26, 1969."

"By Christmas of 1971 we were still living poor but so happy. We were the ideal combination—mother and father and a new baby (Henry Lee) boy and a girl—what every girl dreams of after she's caught by the man she's been chasing! And Henry had a dignified, if not lucrative, job." It was also time for an important decision: "We just had to do something decisive to provide for us and for our children's future," said Barbara. "We decided to move to Wichita Falls where I would get a job, and we'd turn to the V.A. for help through the G.I. Bill of Rights so Henry could enroll at Draughon, my alma mater, for a 14-month course in computer programing. The little ones would have to go to a day nursery, though, truly, I hated giving up care of them to someone else—I really believe children need their mothers until they're at least three. And we'd needed to pull in our belts because Henry's V.A. monthly allotment of $243 a month would be considerably less than his earnings as an insurance agent. Even with what I'd earn, our total income would be less than before, especially with what we'd have to pay for nursery care. When I said this to Henry, he laughed, 'If we pull any tighter, we'll get gangrene!' But he said it in fun, not bitterness. After all, we were getting backing by the V.A., and it was for Henry's education and a promising new career." Tuition for Henry's schooling was $1,500, and the Government loaned this to the Sapps, to be paid back nine months after his graduation. He started school in March 1972 but has done so well he'll be out sooner than originally scheduled.

Luck was with the Sapp family from the day they hit Wichita Falls, a prosperous city of 95,000. They were able to rent a three-bedroom house for $98 a month, and Barbara Ann found a job in traffic at KAUZ, Channel 6, a CBS affiliate. She earns $1.75 an hour and her job is "so interesting, that I'm always amazed to look up and find it's close to 5:30 and time to pick up the kids."

When we questioned Amy Harmon, Barbara Ann's immediate superior and the woman who hired her—as to how she happened to hire a married woman and a woman who is black, she said, "I interviewed dozens of applicants and Barbara Ann was the best. It's as simple as that."

Whether Henry will find a computer programer's job in Wichita Falls when he is graduated remains to be seen. Says Barbara Ann, "I pray so because I hope to stay on here at Channel 6 where I'm happy. And the kids can stay at their school where they're so secure and content that when we call for them, instead of rushing to leave, they pull us back into their classroom to show us what they've participated in that day and try to inveigle us into joining . . ." The youngsters' care cost $60 a month—almost a full week of Barbara Ann's salary after deductions. "But worth it and more," she says, "because Sophelia's talking a blue streak like my bright little sister, Ophelia, after whom she was named—plus an 'S' up front. And Henry Lee Jr. is eyeing the jungle gym longingly. His Dad already sees in his sprint the promise of a future Jesse Owen—now there's a proud papa for you!"

Like so many working parents, Barbara Ann and Henry are co-equals in household chores. He helps her with the cooking; she helps him with the car-cleaning. Barbara Ann holds down costs by sewing all her own and the children's clothing. They both read omnivorously and "swap books all the time because we seem to like the same kind.

For relaxation the family goes fishing; or Barbara Ann and Henry, who love dancing, go "rock-and-rolling—often back home in Crowell where we go most weekends and where our relatives vie to baby-sit the kids."

The future holds uncertainty, of course, but Barbara Ann and Henry Sapp have cast aside the bitterness and disillusionment of the returning veteran to make peace with themselves . . . and the world.

BABY OF THE MONTH

Number-three girl's name (the nation over and with LHJ readers who've written to us about their little ones) is Michelle. And the lovelist is Michelle Lynn Mitchell of Fort Smith, Ark., born January 3, 1971 to Beverly and Richard Mitchell. Her four older brothers and her older sister were all named after antecedents, but "Michelle" was chosen because it rolls trippingly on the tongue when coupled with Mitchell. And the reason it's spelled the French way is because Mama is of French background and a Francophile to boot.

Michelle's so dainty that people are forever asking, "Is she real?" They're assured she is—not with a pinch but with a peck. Her favorite toy is a soft furry dog with real mink ears whom she calls do-oo-og (drawn out to three syllables). She calls Mother "dough-dough." Guesses are it's because Beverly answered her question, "What Mommy doing?" with "Doing the dough for the pie."





Sears own Petit Plume.

Damask draperies that hold their shape beautifully even after washing.

First, you want a drapery that will look lovely in your room. So Sears offers this rich damask in everything from delicate strawberry pink to a deep Aztec leather shade. It's our largest assortment of drapery colors — 16 in all.

Then we had Petit Plume made in our largest range of sizes — 33 in all.

And then we did something super-special. We made sure the Perma-Prest® fabric would not only machine wash, tumble dry and need no ironing — but hold its shape beautifully. And keep its glowing colors too, because Petit Plume is sun-resistant.

Lots of new draperies are beautiful. Sears Petit Plume draperies are made to stay that way!

See Petit Plume now at most larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores and by catalog.

Only at Sears

HOW AMERICA LIVES

SPARE-TIME MONEYMAKER



This month's spare-time moneymaker is Mrs. Florence Eiden of Jefferson, Wisc. "When I walk down Main Street," she writes, "I'm often greeted by people who are suddenly taken aback when they realize they don't know my name. 'But,' they say cheerfully (recovering rapidly), 'I know who you are, you're the lady who makes those cute white china baby shoes.'"

All this began ten years ago when Mrs. Eiden was combing shops for a gift for a friend's firstborn. A special gift was called for because the long-awaited infant had everything—and it should be something sentimental . . . preferably, personalized. Nothing available seemed special enough. Then came a great idea: she headed straight for the town's ceramic shop where she was able to find a mold plus all the other necessities to make a perfect white baby shoe! She trimmed it with a few tiny pastel flowers made of the same ceramic material, baked it, glazed it—and with a quill inscribed it in liquid gold with the baby's statistics. Everyone who saw the dainty little shoe (always white china with pink or blue trim), ordered at least one. Word of mouth has been Mrs. Eiden's best sales technique. Mr. Eiden, a retired house painter, recently turned their sunroom into a studio when orders spilled over into their living quarters. The largest order to date came from a grandmother in Milwaukee—16 shoes, one for each of her grandchildren! Mrs. Eiden has two married sons, John 19, and Ronald, 31, and is looking forward to shoeing grandchildren of her own. Today she makes over 300 shoes a year, *netting* about $800. (Cost per shoe, including mailing, is $4.) "The way I look at it," says the smiling shoemaker, "I've always made a profit because I don't consider my *time* part of the expense—it's just a joy to make shoes for new babies."

WHY CAN'T THEY?

"The other night, watching my usual late show, I found myself irritated by the intrusion, and I do mean intrusion, of seven commercials—one piled on top of the other, all during one break. What's more, I was irked by the increased volume of the commercials over the sound of regular programs. Who are the powers-that-be on such things, and why can't they do something about it?"—a query from Mrs. Elaine Eden of New York City.

We put these questions to Dean Burch, Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, Wash., D.C., who replied: "There is no law that sets precise limits on the number and length of commercials. Most television stations adhere voluntarily to the code of the National Association of Broadcasters (NAB), which does limit commercial time—in the case of programs shown during the post-prime-time period, to 16 minutes per hour. The clustering of spots, some of only 20- or 30-second duration, may give the viewer an impression of endless commercials, but from the opposite perspective, there is a good deal of support for *more* rather than *less* clustering—in the interest of fewer if longer program interruptions. The FCC required license and renewal applicants to state their programing plans, including amounts of commercial time. If they are not living up to their commitments, we want to know about it. The viewer should also complain to the station as well as to the advertiser, who also wants to have viewer reactions.

About the loudness of commercials: The FCC has taken action to insure that stations do not deliberately raise sound levels on commercials. Any viewer/listener who feels there have been consistent and repeated abuses should put down the call letters of the station broadcasting the commercial, the name of the product advertised, and the date and approximate time of the broadcast, and send this information to us: Complaints Division, Broadcast Bureau, Federal Communications Commission, Washington, D.C. 20554. We will take it from there."

PARTY OF THE MONTH

Mrs. Alice Koutney of Torrance, Calif., enthuses over a "meet-the-neighbors-on-your-street coffee klatch" to which she was invited along with some 25 other women, who, like her, were just settling into a new complex of homes. The time was 10 A.M., when most husbands were off to work and most children off to school. The few toddlers around were kept in tow by a hired-for-the-occasion baby sitter. The hostess ushered her neighbor/guests into her living room and gave each a name tag to fill in and pin onto her clothing. She also distributed sheets of paper, blank except for the following headings: house number, husband's name, children's names, ages and grade in school, other live-in relatives. A time limit was set to elicit this information. The first woman to get all 25 sets of statistics was to receive a prize.

"When our hostess called 'Go!' wrote Mrs. Koutney, "shyness kept us rooted in our places. Then someone cried out, 'O.K.—time to confess—who outbid us for the house at number 407? That's the house *I* wanted.' That did it—25 strangers turned into 25 chatterboxes as neighbor queried neighbor, talking rapidly to beat the deadline.

"Once the prize was awarded, hot coffee and rolls were served. We were so busy adding notes to our lists that we almost missed getting home for the kids' lunch hour. The party was over, the friendships had begun."

Our "How America Lives" pages are based entirely on letters from our readers. We welcome any and all suggestions you have. Address letters to the appropriate section: Family of the Month, Party of the Month, Spare-time Moneymaker, Women of the Month, Why Can't They?, and Baby of the Month. For the last, send us pictures of your baby, up to two years old, but please, keep a duplicate since we cannot return pictures. We'll send an enlargement of all pictures we choose. Send letters to *Ladies' Home Journal*, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

WOMEN OF THE MONTH



This month we salute Mrs. Ruth Rumney Carson, a woman of indomitable spirit, a spirit that may be attributed in good part to her ancestry—American Indian and Scotch. This mother of nine and grandmother of seven had long known poverty; then last year she became a widow at 49. But beyond all this and the usual cooking, cleaning, and caring for a large family, Mrs. Carson has established herself as an artist of significant achievement. Known in art circles as Ruth Rumney, this largely self-taught Mineville, N.Y., artist has exhibited work in New York, Vermont, and North Carolina. "It has always been my life to paint," she says. "Flowers, grapes purple on vines, leaves in the wind, ice storms—everything natural and wild in the mountains. But people? I paint only portraits of my children and my children's children (photo above)—I might not please other people." Mrs. Carson works in a studio set apart from the house and says that she paints about twenty-five paintings every season. Many of her paintings begin as impressions she brings back to the studio from walks in the surrounding woods. Her daughter Cherry adds this moving praise, "I feel I know her well and think she's great since she is above all else, my mother."

Rear Admiral Alene B. Duerk, first woman admiral in the 197-year history of the U.S. Navy, heads the Navy Nurse Corps. A native of Defiance, Ohio and a 1941 graduate of Western Reserve University in Cleveland with a B.S. degree in Medical and Surgical Nursing, she is 52 years old and unmarried but far from dour about it! Appointed an ensign in 1943, she saw active duty in the Pacific in World War II and after the war gained wide experience around the world and in the Pentagon in Washington. Her new rank is sure to open doors to other women in the Navy, and her advocacy of progressive thinking is just as sure to soften that venerable but somewhat hidebound branch of the service. Now, perhaps, it will seek out and promote women of minority groups; permit women to wear their hair any way they please (even below the collar if under a wig); let women marry and/or become pregnant (married or not) with an option to stay or leave the Navy; ensure equal pay for equal work with a starting salary of $5,500 a year plus benefits; establish equal status for equal work—allow women to work on all ships including combat ships if they wish. As Admiral Duerk puts it—"Indeed, this is the New Navy."



© 1973—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

How many times have you decided to give up smoking?

Nobody these days is telling you not to give up smoking.

But if you've given it up more times than you'd like to remember, the chances are you enjoy it too much to want to give it up at all.

If you're like a lot of smokers these days, it probably isn't smoking that you want to give up. It's some of that 'tar' and nicotine you've been hearing about.

So you tried cigarettes which were low in 'tar' and you found yourself checking every once in a while to see if they were still lit. Which drove you right back to your regular brand.

But now, there is Vantage.

Vantage cigarettes, either filter or menthol, have 12 milligrams of 'tar' and 0.9 milligrams of nicotine, considerably less than most cigarettes.

And what really makes Vantage special is our special filter which allows the tobacco flavor to come through.

Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette, but it sure is the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

And that's what makes all the difference.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.

Should a woman use Tide just because Westinghouse packed a coupon for a free box in her new washer?



The Westinghouse Heavy Duty 18 Extra-Action Washer gives you tough heavy duty performance year after year. One of the "Extra-Action" features is a special hand-wash agitator hidden under the regular agitator. It washes delicate articles like woolens, sweaters and lingerie. This machine has an 18-pound capacity, a Weight-a-Save™ Lid and settings for knits and permanent press.

Tide has agreed with washer makers to supply Tide coupons packed by them and to feature their washers in Tide advertising.

The makers of 18 washers pack Tide coupons in every top-loading automatic.



DOCTOR, MAKE ME BEAUTIFUL

BY JAMES SMITH, M.D., AND SAMM SINCLAIR BAKER

Beginning an exclusive JOURNAL series on cosmetic surgery—the first of 12 installments from a fascinating new book by a noted New York plastic surgeon. This month: Should you or shouldn't you?

"Doctor, make me beautiful!"—that's the heartfelt plea directed to cosmetic surgeons everywhere—in meaning if not in those precise words.

There is nothing trivial or frivolous about considering the possible benefits of cosmetic surgery for yourself. People visit cosmetic surgeons because they feel a deep personal need. The woman who thinks of herself as "scarred" by age lines, or by an unattractive nose or some other feature, is often even more deeply scarred inside by the emotional reactions to the lines or the undesirable nose that mar her self-image as well as her outward appearance.

Removal of the wrinkles, or correcting the misshapen feature, can help wipe out the psychic scars and provide a new lease on life—even a radiant new personality. The questions most people ask about plastic surgery inevitably include:

"Can cosmetic surgery make *me*, or others in my family, more beautiful, more youthful, happier in living? Is it a desirable step to take? Is it safe? Is it painful?"

You will find the basic answers here and in forthcoming excerpts from this new, comprehensive book about cosmetic surgery. The facts will help you decide whether you, or other members of your family, can benefit from plastic surgery.

Finding a Cosmetic Surgeon

If you feel a *need*, and yet are in doubt about whether you should have cosmetic surgery, it makes sense to visit a cosmetic surgeon. Your first visit is justified as an exploration rather than a commitment. The specialist is the person who is best qualified to tell you whether or not his services can fill your need.

It's vital to find the surgeon who is trained and experienced in handling *your particular type of problem*. If someone tells you, "Doctor X is a wizard at breast enlargement," the doctor may or may not be expert at tightening facial skin or correcting some other defect.

The experienced specialist uses a variety of techniques, adapting what is desirable according to the individual patient's needs. He may change his usual approach to skin peeling, for instance, depending on the person's skin and varying conditions—such as whether the peeling is done in conjunction with a face-lift, where some swelling may be involved. He may apply a number of different substances and adjust his timing of a procedure in order to get the most desirable and effective final result.

If the peeling in this case is done by a cosmetician, a nonmedical person, with limited training and knowledge, or by a physician not fully skilled in the technique, he or she may plod along with one procedure for everyone. For some people the result may be satisfactory; for others, the effect may range from poor to disastrous.

Your search for the right physician is narrowed by the fact that, numerically, cosmetic surgery is still a rather minor specialty. Of about 1,200 to 1,400 plastic surgeons (physicians who devote most of their practice to plastic surgery), only about 200 to 300 give the greater part of their time and attention to cosmetic surgery.

To obtain a certificate from the American Board of Plastic Surgery a doctor must have about six years or more of special training and practice in plastic surgery after he obtains his M.D. Relatively few of these surgeons specialize in cosmetic surgery.

There are a number of ways to find a qualified specialist:

1. Ask your personal physician. It's desirable to take this action first since your own physician knows you and your medical history, and will help you consider the problem accordingly. If the physician's attitude toward cosmetic surgery isn't favorable, you may press for referral to a specialist.

Voluntarily recommending cosmetic surgery to a patient is still rather new to some doctors. For example, when a patient consults her doctor about swelling of the eyelids it's not uncommon for the physician

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think that this is related to some sort kidney disorder. The doctor then s some tests done, and when the re-rt is negative, the patient is often ld the condition is a family char-teristic.

Unfortunately some physicians, ob-ious to the deep concern of patients er the unwanted condition, give no ought to the possibility of cosmetic rgery. Other more enlightened gen-al practitioners and internists are ferring such patients in larger num-rs to a specialist for consultation.

It's likely, however, that your per-nal doctor, a psychiatrist, or perhaps other physician of your acquaint-ce, will provide the names of one or veral cosmetic surgeons. Your doctor obably has a copy of the *Directory of edical Specialists* readily available. his volume lists the background of ch specialist, his training, and, in this stance, his special qualifications for smetic surgery.

2. Call your local hospital. There you n usually obtain the names of cos-etic surgeons who are on the staff or erating in the area.

3. Call your area medical society. hese offices are usually listed in the ephone directory under "Medical ciety of. . . ." You can probably also t the phone number from the nearest spital or health board. You might so seek information from the Ameri-n Medical Association, 535 Dearborn e., Chicago, Illinois 60610.

4. Ask someone who is pleased with e results of her own surgery. Her commendation may be worth a call visit. If you suspect that someone you meet has had cosmetic surgery, bring up the subject in a general way. Possibly it's a woman or man you've known who suddenly impresses you as being much better looking than before. Just remark, "I've been thinking about looking into cosmetic surgery. Do you know anything about it?" Often you'll find the person telling you about her experience and recommending her surgeon.

Comments of others

How much importance should you attach to the negative reactions of relatives and friends when you broach cosmetic surgery for yourself?

If you're contemplating such treatment, look into the subject thoroughly first, rather than bring it up casually. Be prepared for the possibility that the first reaction of friends or relatives may be negative. If those close to you are in opposition, reason with them quietly and persuasively.

If you're up against a brick wall of antagonism, one course is to drop the subject and return to it at a more favorable time. Or if you're determined to have cosmetic surgery, arrange for the person close to you to join you in discussion with the cosmetic surgeon.

Some specialists are reluctant to operate if the husband or wife of the patient is strongly opposed to the surgery. This can be a disservice to the individual seeking help. It's desirable that the physician discuss the matter with the other person concerned. This leads to a better understanding on his part of why and what the surgery is about, and what to expect as a result. *(continued)*

Test Yourself: Are You a Candidate for Cosmetic Surgery?

This simple self-analysis questionnaire may help you to determine whether your motivation is sincere, sensible, and strong enough to make you a serious candidate for cosmetic surgery. In answering, try to be honest with yourself—and totally frank. If not, you will be wasting your time and misleading yourself. Answers on page 60.

1. My motivation in seeking cosmetic surgery is entirely my own. It is not primarily to win the approval of others, or because someone else is urging me.
Yes ☐ No ☐

2. I've been thinking for some time about seeking cosmetic surgery; it is not a new idea with me.
Yes ☐ No ☐

3. I feel that I must have cosmetic surgery *immediately*, to make a new person out of me.
Yes ☐ No ☐

4. I don't expect cosmetic surgery to transform me, to achieve the impossible, or to make me a raving beauty. I feel that my goal is realistic—to look more attractive, and to achieve a greater percentage of my present potential.
Yes ☐ No ☐

5. I believe that many of my social problems and personal difficulties are caused by my appearance.
Yes ☐ No ☐

6. My general mental attitude has become pessimistic, mostly because I'm unhappy with my looks.
Yes ☐ No ☐

7. I've found my self-confidence slipping year after year, mostly because of the way I look.
Yes ☐ No ☐

8. I haven't been complimented about my looks for a long time.
Yes ☐ No ☐

9. I find that my present appearance is a deterrent to success (business, social, or other activities).
Yes ☐ No ☐

10. I'm fully aware that having cosmetic surgery will be a serious medical procedure, and not a trivial beauty salon treatment.
Yes ☐ No ☐

11. I'm prepared to tell the surgeon I select all the reasons why I want cosmetic surgery. This includes details of my medical as well as any psychiatric history.
Yes ☐ No ☐

12. My husband (or wife, parent, or whoever is closest to you) knows I'm considering cosmetic surgery, and approves of it.
Yes ☐ No ☐

13. I don't expect cosmetic surgery to solve all my problems, but hope it will restore my self-confidence.
Yes ☐ No ☐

14. I've had cosmetic surgery before. I haven't ever been satisfied with the results, but hope to achieve perfection this time.
Yes ☐ No ☐





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The lady whose legs are showing in this unretouched picture has varicose veins. But, thanks to Bauer & Black Elastic Hosiery, you'd never know it.

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What Is the "Right Age" for Cosmetic Surgery?

Cosmetic surgery should be investigated by the individual—man, woman or youngster (with the guidance and consent of parents)—at the age when she feels strongly that *she needs help*. If you are the parent of a child with a birth deformity such as a cleft palate or birthmark, you should ask your pediatrician or personal physician for help in the very early years.

Reshaping the nose, ears, and other features of the face and body should to be done at the earliest age possible, usually in the teens but often earlier. Timing depends on the state of growth, maturity, and characteristics of the individual. As persons develop from infancy into childhood and adulthood, bone growth may vary until it assumes its final state. If a person is considering nose surgery, for example, the surgeon certainly won't operate if he thinks there's any possibility that a more mature structure is going to develop later. The correction of overlarge or protruding ears can usually be performed early, since the ears generally mature by the age of five.

In any case, there is much to gain and nothing to lose by investigating any problem and its possible solution as soon as the person very much wants the correction. For instance, even if cosmetic surgery for the nose has to be postponed for some good reason, arranging the approximate timing for the operation can be decidedly helpful for the individual's general well-being and performance. Telling an unhappy youngster who is concerned about an overlarge nose, "Forget it, you're too young," can have serious consequences.

Cosmetic surgery for facial lines, wrinkles, sags, thighs, and other areas depends not on any one "right age," but on the state and desires of the individual. One person may inherit a tendency toward a look of "premature aging." Another may be deficient in elastic tissue in the skin that results in a greater inclination for it to spread or relax. Others may have an abnormal condition that causes the area around the eyes to look bloated and tired, yet is due entirely to the configuration of the muscles, not to too much work or play.

Most face-lift patients are women and men in their 40's, 50's, and 60's—with increasing numbers in their 40's. The cosmetic surgeon will tell you if you're too young, too old, or for some reason cannot have a face lift. He may advise removal of lines at an early age before they become very deep, or tell you, "Come back in two years, and we'll check again."

Diminishing, enlarging, or equalizing the size of the breasts is usually possible over a wide range of ages. Consultation may be desirable for a teen-age girl concerned about what she considers her abnormal appearance. At the least, she can usually be given an optimistic outlook toward future repair. When a 17-year-old girl, for example, has abnormally small breasts but has otherwise developed normally, she has little hope for any notable nonsurgical increase in her breast size, and therefore is at the right age to be a possible candidate for plastic surgery.

Getting early professional advice on possible repair and reshaping of any part of the body may prevent fur deterioration, as well as unneces physical and mental suffering. Th formation will be enlightening at least and does not necessarily inv immediate decision or action.

"Too Old" for Cosmetic Surge

No one who is vitally interested life and active living, and who war more youthful appearance, is too for considering cosmetic surgery course, he or she must be judge sound candidate by the specialist. plastic surgeon will never take u alistic risks and will decide aga any sort of cosmetic surgery that ries with it a high degree of comp tions—at any age. For the most such surgery is undertaken wit healthy, well-functioning person.

In summary, for men and wo almost any time and age is the "r age" to investigate cosmetic surge you have the desire. Age itself is alv conditioned by how you *feel*, of co

A well-known personality gave prime reason for considering surg "The strains of the last few years made inroads, and I see them in mirror. Although I feel twenty y younger than my fifty-three chr logically, I can't fool myself—or an else—any longer that I look it. . .

An outspoken, determined patie her 70's said, "I sometimes think some members of my family who a against my having a face-lift for second time want me to look as th I'm already laid out in my coffin. me. I try to look always as though just starting to enjoy life more ever before—as indeed I am."

Results of the Test on Page 5

If you've checked "no" to statem 1, 4, 10, 11, or 13—or if you've che "yes" to statements 3 or 14, then probably are *not* a good prospect cosmetic surgery at this time.

Your prime motive (#1) must b please yourself and to improve y self-image, rather than to please ot or to undertake cosmetic surgery cause someone else is pushing yo

If you expect a beauty transfor tion (#4), or a solution to all y problems (#3, 13) through cosm surgery—then you are expecting much and have a faulty motivation might well let you down.

If you have had cosmetic sur several times by qualified surge (#14), and have been dissatisfied the results, then you probably never gain the perfection you see

If you approach cosmetic surger a beauty salon treatment (#10), are treating it too lightly, and sh wait until you are ready to cons it as a serious medical procedure

If you are not ready to give all pe nent facts to a cosmetic surgeon (# then you are not ready for surger

If you have answered "yes" to st ments 1, 4, 10, 11, and 13—and t *majority* of the other statements—t you would be considered by some p tic surgeons as a good candidate cosmetic surgery.

This specialist will help you to cide whether or not you can and sh have cosmetic surgery. If you h checked "no" on statement 12, y surgeon may wish to discuss with the advantages of gaining the appr of your husband or other concer person.

DID YOU MISS THE FIRST PART OF THIS GRIPPING SUSPENSE STORY? READ THE SYNOPSIS AND COME IN FOR THE EXCITING CONCLUSION!

Sara Hillstrom, pretty, timid wife and mother, has always been sheltered by her husband, Howard, and her lifelong, aggressive friend, Moira. In deference to Sara's delicate health, her husband has opted for early retirement and moved from Minneapolis to Cape Haze, Florida, where he has purchased a condominium in The Triton, a new high-rise nearing completion. The Hillstroms are moving into their new apartment when Howard suffers a fatal coronary. At fifty, Sara finds herself alone. After her husband's funeral she decides to go at once to her new home. That night she discovers she and a single, elderly caretaker are the only occupants.

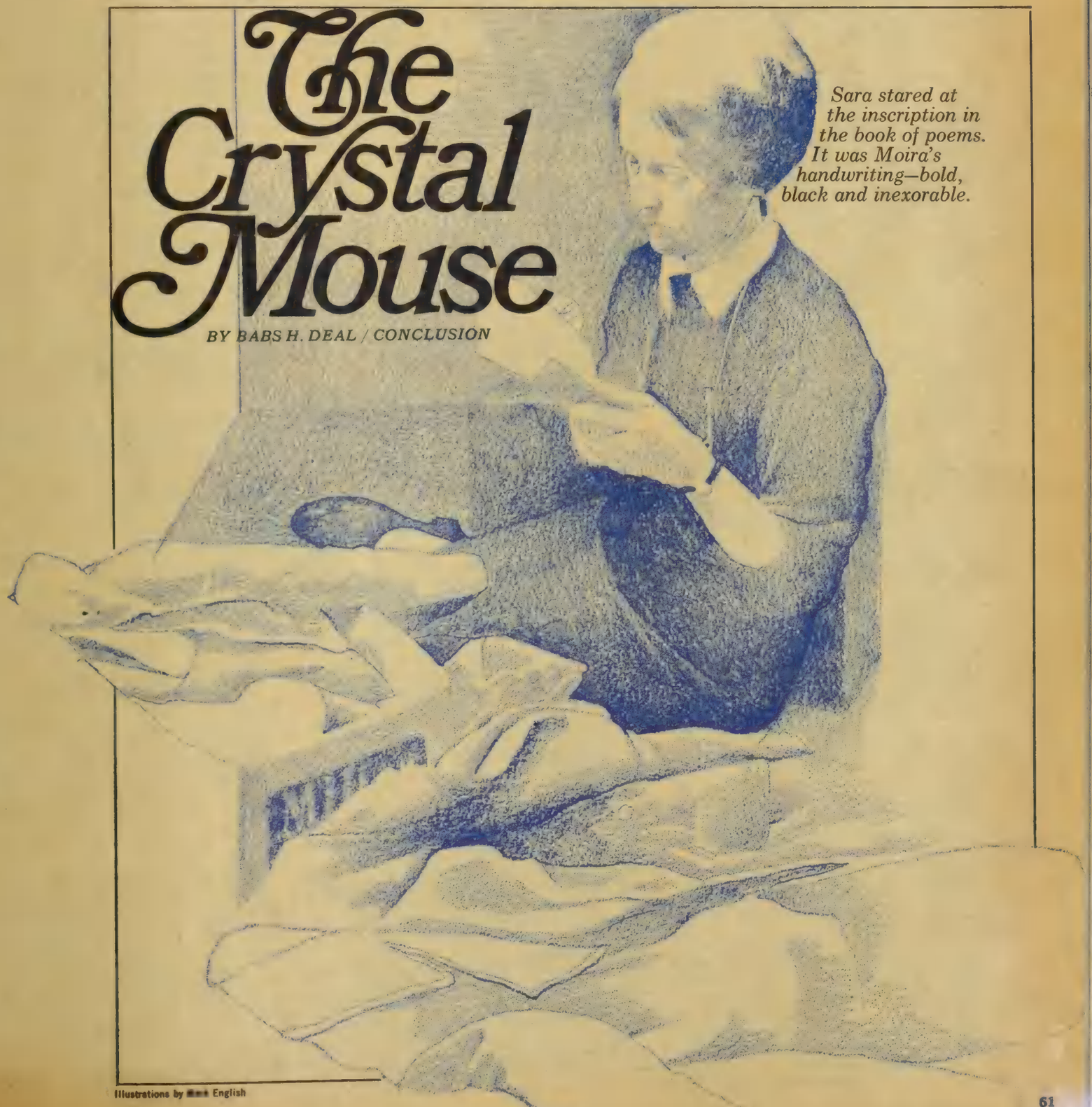
Fighting loneliness and accelerating terror, Sara unpacks, beginning with the treasured collection of crystal she had accumulated over a long period. It had originated with her acquisition of a crystal mouse, bought one day in Minneapolis in a blue funk of depression and doubt, involving her husband and her best friend. She identifies with the fragile mouse, still the lodestar of the expensive collection.

Sara spends a sleepless night investigating strange noises. But next morning, reassured, she meets Mary Appleby, a hardy divorcée acquaintance, who tells her that her friend, Connie Gresham, will also occupy a condominium in The Triton when she returns from Europe. Night brings increasing terrors, and Sara determines to go back to the cottage apartment she and Howard had been living in. When she returns to her former home, she discovers it has been rented for the season and nothing is available.

Desolate, Sara goes to a bar, where she gets into conversation with a young girl whose name is also Sara. They strike up a friendship, but when Sara Hillstrom faces another night in her solitary tower she begins to wonder if she has not invented young Sara. That night when she enters her empty apartment in the empty building, she senses that something is really wrong. She begins her nightly fine-comb search of the rooms and when she comes to the shelf holding her crystal collection, she realizes that her beloved crystal mouse has disappeared.

The Crystal Mouse

BY BABS H. DEAL / CONCLUSION



Sara stared at the inscription in the book of poems. It was Moira's handwriting—bold, black and inexorable.

Illustrations by [redacted] English

All her life there had been two things to hang on to—one faithful man and one loyal, true woman.

Sara stood for a long moment, staring at the shelf. Not only was the mouse gone, but the pieces that had flanked him had been moved inward so that there was not even an empty space where he had stood.

She began to look along the shelves. Everything else was there. She began moving each piece forward and looking behind it. But the mouse wasn't there, and in a sudden panic she began taking down every object and setting it on the floor until she was ringed around by delicate shining glass, standing carefully and silently in the middle of it looking at an empty row of shelves.

She felt defeated. Beaten. Incapable of thought or movement, even the desire to escape. Life had become impossible. Not frightening any more, not inexplicable, just impossible. She felt that she had been spirited here, a victim for some unknown rite of sacrifice that was to be performed gradually—a slicing off here, a burning off there. The loss of the mouse was simply the first of the mutilations that lay in wait. With a resignation beyond despair she leaned over and began picking up the crystal and arranging it on the shelves as it had been before.

The space where the crystal mouse had stood she left empty.

There were very few places in a new, clean, unlived-in apartment to look for something lost, but she looked in all of them. In the empty fireplace, behind the golf trophies, under the couch. She opened the balcony door and looked under all the iron furniture. She searched the bedroom and the bathroom but there was no crystal mouse. She looked in the kitchen cabinets and under the sink. That left the closet.

Why should anybody hide a crystal mouse? The shelves were full of more valuable and more beautiful pieces of glass. Why take the smallest one? But anyone who knew Sara, anyone bent on torturing Sara, would know the mouse was the most important of all the pieces.

She sat down on a kitchen chair and thought about the events of the day, leading inexorably from terror to resignation. Is it all in my mind? she wondered. But it *couldn't* be. There were tangible objects connecting all the other events of the day, except that the mouse seemed to be totally gone. Could it be that there never had been one? But of course there *had* been a mouse.

The mouse had gone. Who knew what would follow? It no longer mattered whether she was here or somewhere else.

She felt that young blonde Sara had been trying to give her a message, and suddenly wanted to call her. She had said that she was at the Midnight Beach. The girl's name was Sara Byer. She looked up the number and dialed it.

"Midnight Beach," a cheerful voice said.

"Could you connect me with Sara Byer's cottage?"

"Just a moment," the voice said. "Could you repeat the name, please?

She repeated it.

"I'm sorry. There doesn't seem to be anyone registered here by that name."

"There must be," Sara said. "Could you check again?"

"I just did," the voice said. "I checked back for the last two weeks."

She put the phone carefully back in its cradle. It didn't mean anything. The girl had probably been lying, or she might even be there under another name.

You *could* have bought that record yourself, the voice in her head said. She knew that sometime during the day she had begun to walk a thin line between reality and unreality and that she had to do something about it. The best and simplest thing would be to sleep. But sleep before the promise of dawn was no longer a possibility. She thought of coffee and knew she didn't need the nervous edge it would give her, and decided on tea instead. She sat with her back to the kitchen wall and warmed her hands on the cup as though the world were cold.

"I won't cry," she said. And poured more tea. "I will not cry."

But she had begun to listen again. It was 2:30 A.M., the impossible time of night. I haven't looked in the closets, she told herself. I still haven't been able to look in the closets. *And I don't want to.*

What I must do, she thought, is get all Howard's things together in one box. Then I can call the Goodwill or the Salvation Army or the Welfare. I should do it now. She sat looking into the depths of the box containing Howard's personal things and another thought came to her. *There is something else I had just as soon not know. That is Moira's handwriting in the front of that book of poems.*

Sara picked up the book gingerly, as though it were an unknown substance that might maim, poison, or destroy, and held it in her hand, her eyes shut. I wish I hadn't thought that, she said. But the handwriting was too familiar, too well remembered. It was Moira's—bold, black, inexorable.

All her life there had been two things to hang onto. She might be only Sara, unimportant, untalented, unsure. But one man had been hers and faithful to her. One woman had been her loyal friend. If what was in her mind now were true, neither certainty existed, which made her whole life as insubstantial as that of the crystal mouse, gone as though he had never existed.

But of course it isn't true, she thought. I'm crossing that line between reality and unreality again. But the voice was unrelenting. If it wasn't true why did you have to have that crystal mouse in the first place? Then the whole day came back to her, the day she'd wiped from her mind as completely as though it had never existed.

Howard had been apologetic about the trip to the Coast. He hadn't wanted to go, but she'd insisted. If he succeeded in the business on the Coast there would be the raise, the promotion, the bonus. She'd known she'd hate it, but she could endure it. She had put him on a plane and driven home to relieve the baby sitter, to sit alone and watch the snow fall outside.

Then the long days began. The first day he'd called from the hotel. The next day she'd called Moira and hadn't been able to reach her. All day the snow kept falling and the thermometer kept dropping. Howard called now and then; Moira was never at home.

She had been ill, but only because she was frightened. She'd tried to call Howard only to have the hotel operator tell her she couldn't reach him, because he'd left word no calls were to go through to his room. She had hung up the phone in a rage, beginning to cry in the emptiness of the house, so loudly that Howie had awakened and begun to cry too, adding to her panic and frustration.

When she reached Howard at noon the next day he'd said it had all been a mistake, that the message he had left was for his calls to be transferred to the room of a business acquaintance with whom he was having a few drinks.

She looked down at the book in her hand. How long had it been in her house, in her life? Hidden away in a box along with all those other things: Howie's letters, her picture in a bathing suit, a set of silver-backed brushes that made no sense. But the book made sense. Just as everything had made sense to her that long-ago day, walking the streets of the city after Howard had returned with the mink coat in a box.

"Times are looking up, girl," he'd said. "All went like clockwork. The coat is just the bonus money. Now aren't you glad I went?"

She had been glad. It wasn't until the next day, when she'd picked up the phone to call Moira, that she'd had other thoughts. Moira had been there. After all the days of an empty ring in an empty apartment the phone had been picked up on the first burr and Moira had said, "Hello, darling. How marvelous to hear you. I just got in last night."

"Did you?" Sara had said happily. "So did Howard. I guess my life is back to normal again."

Moira hadn't said a word. There had been a long wire-humming silence finally broken by Moira's laugh. "Oh, Sara," she'd said, "there's no one in the world like you."

Never, in all the years Moira had been her friend, had it occurred to her to wonder why exciting, interesting Moira with her career and her men and her marvelous life should remain friends with mousy Sara. But now it did occur to her.

"Don't say you can't come to lunch," Moira had said. "I know perfectly well Howard went right to that office. He wouldn't take a day off for you, me, or the Virgin Mary."

The restaurant had been bright and warm after the cold streets, but she'd kept the coat on rather than check it, shrugging it off at the table and sitting on it.

Then Moira had come. Moira had leaned over to kiss her cheek, sat down, ordered her martini, and said, "What's the matter, Sara? You look peaked. Surely you aren't pregnant again?"

She wouldn't have said that if there had been anything, Sara thought. She couldn't have said *that*. But of course Moira could have.

Sara could still taste that unchewable steak which she had tried valiantly to swallow. She had smiled a lot and listened and nodded. Then they were standing up to go out into the sunshine and Moira had seen the coat.

"My God," she'd said. "He didn't!"

Sara had raised her chin defiantly and said, "Why shouldn't he?"

"I guess the trip to the Coast paid off, what?"

"I guess it did," Sara said.

"It's really magnificent," Moira said.

After Moira strode away from her, Sara had walked for a long time, staring unseeingly at the people who passed her. When she focused again on an object it was the crystal mouse in the window of the department store.

As though the sight of the mouse had called forth the thought the walk had suppressed, she felt as though someone had hit her in the solar plexus, and her mind was able to articulate it. Howard and Moira had been together on the Coast. Howard had decked her in the skins of perfidy for Moira to crow over.

She looked at the mouse and he looked back at her.

It isn't true, he seemed to say. *Nobody is ruthless enough to do that to us, Sara. Us, the vulnerable, the undefended. They poison us and set traps for us and the very ruthless might knock us on the head. But they do not plot and plan hideous punishments for us. We simply aren't worth it to them. The strong do not use their subtle weapons on the weak. They use them on each other.*

She had gone into the store and purchased the mouse, which had cost far more than she could afford, even with the promise of Howard's promotion. At home she had set him on the one piece of decent furniture they owned, an old secretary that Howard's mother had left them.

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His presence, small, shimmering, indomitable, had allowed her to say "no" to all her suspicious and paranoiac thoughts. She had been able to live with Howard, with Moira, with a mink coat. She had found a modicum of courage, dignity, self-belief that had allowed her to live again as Sara--mousy, but not cringing.

You haven't looked in the closets, the voice reminded her.

All right, I'll look in the closets, Sara said.

She left the closet in the hall to the last. She opened the door and stared at the coats on hangers, the boxes underneath. She pulled the boxes out. She felt, with trembling hands, through the pockets in the coats. At last, in an inexplicable mood of defiance, she pushed the coats aside, and, with an intense, unreal sense of horror, found herself gazing into the still, white, silent face of Moira. Moira, long dead and yet alive behind the coats.

She screamed, and as the dead eyes looked with no compassion into her own, she screamed again.

Crouched against the wall, facing the mirror she hadn't yet admitted was a mirror, she cried for a long time. At last she made herself stand up. She felt cramped and sore, and she wondered how long she had sat there, staring unseeingly into the closet. Even now, she was filled with strange surprise that she could possibly have mistaken her own reflection for Moira. She reached into the closet, turned the mirror around, and shut the door.

Feeling as though she were climbing a mountain with every step, she went inside and got into bed. She set her alarm clock for ten. When she woke, a few minutes before the ringing of the clock, she felt refreshed, normal, healthy, and slightly ashamed of herself. She also knew exactly where the crystal mouse was.

She didn't go to get him immediately. She dressed and carefully made up her face, tidied her bed, and washed her few dishes. It was only then that she removed the garbage-can lid, spread a paper on the floor, and began to go through the garbage.

The mouse was about halfway down among the scant coffee grounds, tea-leaves, and wads of paper packaging. He was in two pieces, the head neatly severed from the body as if by the precise stroke of a guillotine. Except for the simple break he was intact, even to the fragile whiskers.

She washed the two pieces and set them on the drainboard, thinking she'd have to get some epoxy and repair him. She got her pocketbook, went out, and walked along the empty corridor past the elevator to the two back apartments. The door of the first one was firmly locked, but the door of the second gave under her touch. She pushed it open and went in.

She was standing in the middle of someone's tastefully appointed living room. Bright abstracts looked down from the walls, a black sofa sat before a white rug.

"Hello?" she said hesitantly.

Peering into the bedroom, she saw a French provincial bed covered with a spread of peacock colors, a dressing table, an ormolu clock on a marble stand. She backed out and closed the door behind her. This must be Mary Appleby's friend's apartment, but why was it open?

It was dark in the back corridor and she hurried to the elevator, closed herself thankfully into the silent, sliding box. Even the parking ramp seemed cheerful in comparison, as she drove down into the sunlight and headed for an antique shop on the circle. They sold her the best glue to use for glass mice. Then she drove across all the connecting bridges to the southern key where Mary Appleby's condominium stood.

Surprisingly, Mary answered her buzz and Sara went up in the elevator to knock on a white door like her own.

"Darling!" Mary Appleby said. "Come in. I was going to have a pitcher of bloody Marys."

Standing awkwardly on the threshold of Mary's apartment she couldn't remember why she had come here.

"Well, heavens," Mary said. "Come in and sit down, or admire my view, or something."

"All right," Sara said. She crossed to the double doors and looked at the Gulf. There was no sandbar here and the waves pounded in more roughly. And there were people around the pool. Behind her Mary set down a tinkling pitcher.

"I think I got into your friend's apartment by mistake today," Sara said.

"My friend? Oh, Connie Gresham, the gal who's in Europe? How'd you manage that?"

"A wrong turning in the corridor," Sara said. "All the doors are so much alike."

"Heavens, yes," Mary said. "But why was it unlocked? Do you suppose the same key fits all of them?"

"Oh, no," Sara said. "It was unlocked."

"I was kidding, Sara," Mary said. "You *are* nervy, aren't you?"

"Am I? Maybe so. It *is* lonely over there."

"I should think so," Mary said.

"When do you suppose your friend's coming back from Europe?"

"God knows," Mary said. "She's unpredictable. Maybe if I wrote her you'd moved in she'd come on back. Should I do that, Sara? If I can find an address?"

"No," Sara said. "Certainly not. How silly, Mary."

"Well, actually, it isn't silly, Sara. There's no need to get on the defensive. Anybody could get spooked alone in one of these things."

"I bet you wouldn't," Sara said.

"I bet I would," Mary said. "Of course, my solution would be to find a boyfriend. Fast. I don't suppose you'd consider that."

Sara tried to smile. "It's rather short notice," she said. "I'm not really afraid," she went on, "just lonely. I suppose any widow has to get used to that."

"Lord, yes. Men are impossible. When they're there you want to shoot them and when they're not you want to shoot yourself. Time helps, though, and old devil rum. And coffee and cigarettes and long lunches and traveling. You ought to consider a trip, Sara."

"I might," Sara said. "Someday."

"Now," Mary said, "when you need it."

"I can't afford it," Sara said.

"Nobody can afford anything," Mary said. "You just have to go on and do it."

Sitting on Mary's sofa, she felt completely unreal. She was solving no problems, merely trying to pass the time before going back to the all-too-familiar night. She stood up to go.

"But aren't you going to have lunch?" Mary said.

"I have to go to the damned dentist," Sara said. She got out as quickly as possible. Downstairs she got into her car and drove to Pirate Key. In the shopping circle she saw among the people on the crowded sidewalk a familiar bright halo of hair; the light changed and she drove on, seeing from the corner of her eye the hand raised in greeting, hearing the mocking voice calling "Hi, Sara, Hi, Sara," as she drove past.

The severed mouse still sat on the drainboard, his crystal pieces catching the rays of afternoon sunlight. Sara mixed the glue and with infinite care she put the head back on the fragile body and placed him on the window ledge. The mouse seemed to regard her quizzically, not with the old sense of comradeship.

She hadn't let herself think about whether she had actually broken him herself. There was the possibility the TV men had done it, an accidental elbow knocking him over and subsequent concealment of the broken pieces. There was Mr. Bishop and there was still the possibility of a person or persons unknown.

But there was also Sara, who knew him best and might have done it herself. Because Sara didn't trust Sara any more. Not after the shock of that mirror last night.



She crouched against the wall then, shattered by the sight of Moira's silent, still, white face.

She knew she must create some feeling of solidarity within herself if she were to exist through the days and weeks and months ahead. To survive she would have to learn to live with empty corridors and silent rooms. But there were also the crowded and unpredictable corridors and rooms within her mind, likely to be the most dangerous of all.

She thought of the mouse. She knew her attitude toward it was ambivalent—that she both loved and hated it—which made it all the more

Bonjour et a'voir, *she had written so very long ago. Why had the words come back to haunt her on this night of terror?*

likely she had broken it herself. She got up impatiently and went to look out the balcony door. Below her the blue of the pool gleamed and she decided to go down and sit on the edge of it.

She formed a mental picture of herself, looking relaxed and luxurious. She stood at her door, dressed for sunbathing, and tried to believe she was going down for fun. Pressing the elevator button, she wondered what fun meant to her. She couldn't remember when and if she'd ever had it.

The elevator came to a stop and she went through the empty lobby and down a narrow hall to the front of the building. The pool waited for her, calm, blue, and empty. The sun was still hot. She tilted the sunhat over her eyes and lay back in a lounge chair. Almost instantly she was asleep.

She woke with a start and blinked up into the sunlight. There was a halo around her field of vision and into it a face moved.

"Enjoying the pool, Mrs. Hillstrom?" a voice said.

"It's very nice, Mr. Snyder," she said to the young man in the white ducks with the soft-walking sneakers.

"I told Mr. Bishop you'd probably enjoy having it filled," he said.

"Where is Mr. Bishop?" she said.

"Probably napping," Theo Snyder said. "He's pretty old to be holding down two shifts."

"Yes," Sara said. "I'd thought that. By the way, I was certain I saw some unauthorized person in this pool yesterday. But Mr. Bishop seemed to think I was imagining things."

"Well . . ." Mr. Snyder said, "there is a possibility of kids sneaking in. When most of them have pools of their own, you wouldn't think they'd have to sneak into someone else's. But that's the way their minds work. Harassment, you know."

I know, Sara thought. I know all about harassment.

Theo Snyder was watching her with what in someone else she would have labeled concern. "It won't be long till you have some company here," he said. "Mrs. Gresham should be in any day from Europe. And the apartment next to yours is rented to a doctor and his family from up north."

The sun was going down and Sara shivered. "I guess I ought to be going in," she said. She stood up and gazed upward at the building towering over her, straining her eyes to see her balcony. There was still a faint halo around things from the sun glare. She blinked and backed a step away, shading her eyes with her hand. Just there, under the blue of sky, were the black railings of her own balcony. She focused on it and started. There seemed to be someone standing behind the railing, a figure leaning out, looking down.

Sara blinked and backed another step away. There was no one there; only the black tracery of the balcony railing. There was only the building now, casting a shadow, tall, cold, and gray in the evening light.

She went inside. The chill air felt clammy on her warm skin and the hallway was dark to her sunstruck eyes. She got out of the elevator and went down the long corridor to her doorway, opened her door and went in.

Involuntarily she glanced toward the balcony. There was nothing there except the iron furniture. The room smelled faintly of glue. She crossed to the balcony doors and opened them. As she turned away, she wondered if the doors had been locked, but she couldn't remember. She stood still, knowing herself afraid to look over her shoulder.

She turned, and looked, and there was nothing there.

Nothing there, nor anywhere else in the apartment, which she walked through now with the assurance of practice and searched quickly and quietly.

In the kitchen, putting together her meager supper, she glanced at the mouse. From a distance his deformity was undiscernible. No one would know, unless they handled him or peered closely, that his head had been severed from his body.

She went outside and looked up, then down, seeing with the now-familiar pain in her chest that the globed pool lights were not on. She leaned over her parapet, but there was only darkness below her and the faint glimmer of the water in the pool.

She went back through the doors, crossed to the intercom, and pressed the button. Nothing happened. She waited a moment and tried again. There was still no comforting voice. She put her thumb firmly on the button and held it there for a long moment, imagining the buzzing sound going on and on in an empty lobby.

The panic came back then, as overwhelming as on the first night. All the careful thinking and planning was for nothing in this moment of isolation that the failure of Mr. Bishop's answering voice gave her. Pictures rushed into her mind; the old man lying dead on the floor of the lobby, or worse still, in the dark.

Perhaps the fact that the globed lights were out was only a prelude. Perhaps someone, with careful intent, was seeing that the lights all went out, floor by floor, one by one.

She began to shake. She thought of silent feet crossing the lobby, entering the elevator, padding down the carpeted corridor to her door. She would never hear them. She put her hand out to press the buzzer again and stopped, sweat breaking out on her forehead. What if whoever had done something to Mr. Bishop hadn't known she was up here, and, because she had pushed the buzzer, now knew?

She leaned against her front door, listening to the silent hallway outside. Oh God, Oh God, she whispered, what am I going to do?

But the door is locked, she told herself, and the chain is fastened. But just how strong was that chain? Her mind threw up grotesque pictures from newspapers and paperbacks and late-late shows, things that could be done to you.

She turned and rushed from the door to the balcony doors and locked them, knowing the gesture was silly and useless. She looked at the furniture and wondered if any of it was big enough to block the doorway and knew that it wasn't.

She began to cry, wishing that it would go on and happen, that no matter how terrible her fate might be it would be decided, done and over with. She had to act. She couldn't stay here waiting for whatever was going to come. She grabbed her purse and opened the door. There was nothing in the hall. She fled to the elevator and pushed the button, not allowing herself to think of what might be inside it once the doors slid open. But there was nothing.

She stepped inside and thought for a moment of staying there, riding up and down all night. Only someone, somewhere on another floor, could push the button too. She began to pray for the sanctuary of the lobby, no matter who or what might be there. There was a chance that she could run past what waited there and hide somewhere, run as far as the highway and flag a car, duck around the building and run down the beach.

The doors slid open soundlessly. Her eyes felt stretched and she was no longer breathing very well, but she forced herself through the doors and into the lobby, braced to run.

The lobby was empty. A lamp was burning on the desk and Mr. Bishop's paperback lay face down beside the telephone. She moved across the lobby carefully, as though stepping over quicksand. No one appeared. Nothing happened. She walked closer to the door and saw her own reflection in the glass, a distrait ghost. She whirled around, but there was nothing behind her.

Panting, she advanced toward the community room and peered around the archway into its cavernous depths. It was empty. The bulks and shapes of the sofas and chairs crouched heavily in their corners. The glass windows were squares of blackness. She took a deep breath and tiptoed across the empty room toward them.

"What in the hell?" a voice said behind her.

Everything drained out of her in a rush of shock and horror, so that she was not sure how she managed to recognize Mr. Bishop, red-faced and swaying in the doorway, and to say to him in a steady voice filled with disgust and acerbity, "Why are the outside lights off?"

In her room the television was still on. The trip back up in the elevator had been anticlimactic. After her initial disgust at Mr. Bishop's inebriated condition, she had known that any hope of him as protector, guardian, knight, was now impossible and she had not even thought of the return trip as daring. It simply hadn't mattered. Mr. Bishop's condition had made everything suddenly normal. She had dealt with him firmly as she had dealt with Howard when he'd had a few too many, as once even she'd dealt with Moira. She now wanted another task to perform, another normal, everyday act to allow her to retain this feeling of everydayness.

She went into the kitchen, which almost always presented some chore, but it was neat and clean. In the bedroom she picked up her bathing suit. She turned down her bed. In the living room she straightened the furniture and plumped up cushions. She looked around.

"My house is in order," she said aloud. The words seemed so terrible to her that she longed to disarrange something, to create chaos for her hands to remedy, to find some reason to prove her right to one more night of existence.

She could write letters, except that there was no one to write to. There was Howie, but she couldn't face that yet. It occurred to her that she hadn't received any mail since moving here. It was taking time to forward mail through the intricate maze of the post office. After all she had only been here three days. She couldn't believe it. Not a whole week yet, not the weeks, months, years it seemed. But time enough for anything or everything to happen.

She got up and went into the hall and looked at the telephone. But she knew there was no one to call. She was still standing in the hallway when it occurred to her that she hadn't finished with the boxes. She had a bad moment about opening the closet door, but she managed to pull the boxes out without having to push aside the clothes hanging there and gaze at the back of the treacherous mirror.

The boxes looked bulky and unwieldy in her small hallway. She dragged them into the living room, enjoying the disorder they brought with them. She took out Howard's old fishing jacket and sat holding it in her lap. She'd hang it in the closet and save it for Howie. Having the disreputable old jacket there made her feel secure. One's house could never be in order with a thing like that hanging in the closet.

In the end she was left with the slim black book of poetry. A fishing jacket and a book of verse. The sum of a man's life. The two things

is widow didn't know what to do with. She pened the book.

The bold black writing stared up at her. *Bonour et A'voir*. Moira's hand? She was no longer ure of that. It had seemed so clearly Moira's, he slanting lines so familiar at first. Now it lidn't seem so. Moira's hand had been bold and lack, but it had been slanted backwards, and he initial letters were different.

But if it weren't Moira's? Had she been wrong all the time about the whole thing? Had Howard brought her a fur coat to elebrate the bonus? Had she sat tight-lipped nd self-righteously forgiving all those years for o reason at all? Had there been nothing to forive? Was it possible the uneasiness, the barrier he'd felt with Howard and with Moira for all hat time, had been of her own making?

"I can't think that," she said aloud. *That is nly one of the terrible things this building is loing to me. It isn't true.*

If it isn't, the inner voice said, *why did you reak the mouse?*

I didn't, she said.

Didn't you? her inquisitor replied.

She got up quickly, dumping the book on he floor, and went into the kitchen. The mouse winkled at her from the windowsill. She picked im up carefully, looking at the small clever ace, seeing that face looking back at her hrough all the years he'd sat on her shelf, a ymbol of betrayal, a small, hard, cold reminder -augmented by all the other cold, hard, crystal ompanions she'd placed around him on the helves—of the rest of her life.

She tried to remember breaking him, tried ard to summon an image of herself breaking im. "I didn't," she said.

As she said it she felt the mouse slip from her weaty hand to fall and shatter in the sink. She ouldn't think. Her mind felt as dispersed and hattered as the jumble of splintered glass that ad once signified something cohesive and hole, now good only for the dustbin.

There was only silence, stretching out now, ntil she could hear again all the poundings and urglings and sloshings of her own body, the lood in the veins, the liquid in the organs, the reath in the lungs, the grinding of the marrow f her bones. She fled into the bedroom and got nto bed and pulled the covers over her head.

She had to get away. She jumped up and ran rom the room. But the murmurings continued, ccompanied her into the hallway, into the itchen, into the living room. She ran toward he balcony doors and opened them.

She brought herself up short against the para- et, knowing with the one small center of reason eft to her that she had come very close to aunching herself off into the blackness below. Something had saved her momentarily; but what? Perhaps the sound of the sea, washing nexorably onto the sand, telling her the sudden rop onto hardness wasn't for her, sending her cuttling backwards to the sanctuary of the partment and across the living room, as though icocheted, to come up against the outside door.

She didn't hesitate but kept going, opening he door, fleeing down the long gray corridor. More than the murmurings of her own body were with her now. Now there was a chorus of voices, soft, muttering, indistinct but separate, each one identifiable, each one whispering its own particular message into the empty corridors of her mind.

There was Moira saying, "No man will ever ell me how to live." There was Mary Appleby saying, "One simply can't live with them or without them. So what is one to do?" There was young blonde Sara, saying, "I picked him for is money and then I loved him. Isn't that a gas?" And there was someone else, a young woman with a coronet of braids, writing in a slim black book of poetry, *Bonjour et A'voir*. And that was—who?

She realized that she had run past the elevator. She reached the place where she was going then. The door opened under her hand. She closed it and locked it and fastened the chain. She was safe. All the voices had ceased, were left outside.

She went into the bedroom and went to sleep under the peacock spread.

She came slowly into an awareness of day. Bright sunlight lay across the many-colored spread, light glittered on the ormolu clock. There was an overabundance of sunlight in her eyes.

She didn't know where she was but she liked it. It was a place she felt she had known for a long time but they had had her shut up somewhere in another room. She felt good. As she yawned and stretched she was surprised to discover that she was still in her clothes. She sat up in confusion, realizing she had no idea where she was. She looked at the ormolu clock, the peacock spread. They belonged to the lady who was in Europe, Mary Appleby's friend. But what was she doing here in the morning light?

She slid off the side of the bed and stood up, finding it difficult to feel frightened in this cheerful room, but frightened all the same, for it was all coming back to her—the shattered mouse, the sounds of silence, the whispered pursuit down the hall. What if someone found her here? What if the lady came home?

She hurried—tiptoeing down the silent morning corridor to her own open door. She entered her empty living room and saw the slim volume of poetry lying on the floor in front of the couch.

She picked it up and looked at it, wondering how she could have not remembered it. She had given it to Howard herself on that one and only one weekend they had had together before they married.

She remembered it now. Rain on a brown spring sidewalk, rain dripping from newly green trees. Exhaust fumes and the grinding of gears as the bus pulled away from the curb and left her clutching her overnight bag with her hair escaping in damp tendrils from its tight coronet of braids. Howard coming toward her on the unfamiliar corner, taking her suitcase, his hand cold with raindrops.

The steep, narrow stairs to the borrowed apartment, the musty carpets, the single bed. A lamp chasing darkness, rain on the windows, an unfamiliar glass of bourbon, sandwiches of thick Italian bread.

Happiness. That was what the feeling had been. Happiness. Arms holding her while the rain fell. She had said, "I brought you a present," kneeling beside the suitcase, finding the book and her robe, handing him the one, putting on the other.

It had rained all night.

And the next morning she had said, "I'm sorry. There's a bus at ten o'clock. And I'm going to go back to school."

She had written *Bonjour et A'voir* in the book and gone back down the steep and narrow stairs.

Hello and Good-bye she had written. And suddenly she knew it had been just that. That night had been the only thing they had ever really had. Because she had withdrawn it all, withdrawn it finally so far that she had been able to forget it entirely. If you want me, marry me. You'll have to marry me. *Bonjour et A'voir*, Howard. I'll marry you when you ask me, Howard. *But don't touch me.*

She went into the kitchen and realized she'd have to clean up the shattered mouse before making coffee. She went about the task with no emotion.

It occurred to her that if she opened her door the paper would be there. She opened it and there it lay, a signal on the gray carpet. Daily event followed daily event in a preordained and uneventful sequence. The week just past seemed not to exist anymore. No random voices spoke to her, no hectic thoughts invaded the morning. Some crisis had been passed and the fever had broken. Sara Callahan Hillstrom emerged unscathed into a sunny day and drove her car past a hung-over Mr. Bishop with a wave of her hand.

At the shopping center she lingered in the supermarket buying the ingredients for an elaborate Italian cake. Then she tried on dresses until she found one that reminded her of the dresses she'd worn when she'd first met Howard. It was a white dress with a long waistline from which gores spread in fullness. She bought new shoes and, in a final burst of silliness, some white underwear trimmed in lace.

She would have liked to buy a splash of color for her walls, but she knew a painting was hard to select without shopping around. She settled for a print, already framed and ready to hang. She made one other purchase.

Back at The Triton she put her car into its slot and surveyed the garage. It was still an empty, cavernous place and she rolled up the windows against the gloom, but she didn't lock the car door. She went to the elevator. It is all easy, after all, she thought. Let your mind work and it betrays you. Ignore it and life becomes a thing you can deal with. She hummed to herself as she mixed the ingredients for her cake. She iced the cake and put it in the cakebox. She put her other purchase where it belonged.

She went down to the pool for a short sunbath. Back upstairs she changed into her new dress and had a drink while her lamb chops cooked. While she was doing these things it did not occur to her that she was performing rituals. She was simply being, for the first time since Howard's death, Sara Hillstrom, the person she knew and recognized, the person she had been able to live with all the long years.

Somewhere underneath the surface, she knew and understood it all; had known it since she woke this morning, a stranger in a strange bed. It was what she knew she couldn't face; and sur-



Light hurt her eyes and she fell back, slipped to the floor and lay there, no longer able to care.

Glittering on the plate glass shelf, Sara's collection of crystal animals harbored a strange new acquisition.

vive. It was all there underneath the rituals. The furies that had pursued her down the hall, speaking in their various and well-known tongues last night, were neither friends nor foes, neither new nor old acquaintances. They were simply Sara. Sara as she had been, could have been, should have been, wasn't, and was.

Sara Hillstrom sat calm and still in front of flickering pictures on a TV screen. The furies had been driven by rituals back to their hiding place. I didn't mean to intrude on your secret room, Sara told them silently. I didn't want to know. I didn't want anything but peace, my crystal pieces on a solid shelf. I didn't want to be an old snapshot, a silly message in a book of poems, a frivolous laugh, a broken mouse.

The light on her TV screen flickered and died. The world turned black.

In that instant of complete darkness and silence, before her mind could connect the effect with the cause and realize that the electric power had failed, all the specters in the hidden room rushed out and claimed their rightful place. Fear, the ancient fear of the dark, possessed Sara completely.

She began to run, in random circles like a bird fallen down a chimney into the enormity of a human room. Only there was no one to open a window, a door, to let her out. She fell across a footstool, blundered blindly into the glass doors, skittered away by instinct to the other side of the room.

But she knew now who and where she was. A lone creature trapped in a building with sixty-five apartments and innumerable corridors, a building where nothing worked.

She fumbled at the door and opened it and ran into the black corridor. She felt her way down the hall and pushed frantically at the dead elevator button. She ran to the opposite end of the hall and banged against the wall, bruising her forehead and spraining her wrist. She ran down the back hall and back again.

Some remnant of sanity in her battered mind told her that there was a stairway somewhere, and that if, in the dark, before something happened, before some hand reached her, she could find the stairway door she might yet be saved. She might yet find her way down the maze of steps into the world again.

Slyly, she braked her own panic, forced her body to stop its unfocused flight, forced her heart to slow, her mind to work. She began to feel along the walls in the darkness, stopping to grope each door, finding each one locked against her.

Panic returned to impede her progress, turn her around in her own mind so that she was retracing her steps, fetching up finally at what she knew to be her own door, only because it yawned open into more blackness. She almost fell through it when she put her hand out; then caught herself, mentally and physically, turned and oriented herself again in the darkness, beginning again the slow steps down the dark corridor, a mouse in a maze, hoping only for the door which, when bumped, would swing open onto freedom.

She found it finally, after minutes, hours, ages, of slow creeping, of sudden spurts, of endless reaching out. Something gave under her tentative hand, a swinging door. She was at the end of the storage corridor where there was normally a red exit light.

She pushed the door open cautiously and felt in front of her, one foot at a time placed slowly in front of the other, until she reached the top of the stairs. She put out both hands and grasped the handrail. Then, with infinite care, stopping on each third step to listen, she started down. She went down ten steps, then a turn, then ten more. One floor, and then begin again. She counted, and once she checked by hunting along the wall and finding the swinging door for what she thought was the eighth floor—the place it ought to be.

At one point—between the fifth and fourth?—she had had to stop and sit down on the stairs, trying to keep the count clear in her mind, trying to listen into the blackness and silence for a following footstep. There she had realized, with a stab of horror, that the footsteps could be coming either way. Up or down or both. She could no longer depend on direction to escape or do anything but creep down step after step after step, into a well of night.

But somewhere, underneath consciousness, something kept count for her, something told her that here, just here, should she put out her hand, was the door that would open into the foyer that opened into the garage. She pushed and a door swung open. She was in a foyer, not a corridor. By feeling along the walls she found the doors to the elevator on one side and glass doors on the other. There was nowhere else she could be. The garage was just outside.

Now, she panted, I can get to my car and turn on the car lights. I've made it. If only Mr. Bishop hasn't locked the door. But the mouse-courage that had crept with her down endless stairs came to her rescue. If he has, she said to herself, I'll take my shoe and break the glass.

She pushed the door. It opened. Through it came the night wind, a blessed cool clean rush of life on her sweating face.

She was in the garage. For the first time she was glad hers was the only car in the empty space. She had only to feel her way forward to the other side, then walk, slowly and carefully, until she bumped into the car. She had left the doors unlocked. She would open the door. And there would be light.

She crossed the rough concrete to the wall. She turned and felt her way toward metal. She bumped against the fender sooner than she had expected. She was elated, excited, transfigured. Saved. She felt along the fender, the hood. The door handle was firmly in her hand. She opened the door. The lights came on.

There was a sudden blaze of illumination, a blinding, hurting light that seared her eyes, her face, her inmost being. The furies merged and became one figure, one face in the car before her, sitting under the wheel, dark hair piled on her head, hands limply on the steering wheel, eyes in a wide shocked stare gazing into her own.

You, Sara breathed—to Moira, to Mary, to Sara, to her mother, to herself.

There was a blinding second in which she grasped it all, saw it merged and melded, everything she could have been—raising a hand toward her from the driver's seat of the automobile. She shrank from it, knew it to be the thing she ran from, knew it to be the thing feared and forgotten. Then, with a grinding pain in her chest, it all became part of her and she stopped running, stopped caring, and let it take her, kindly at last, with infinite ease and comfort, into a surf-sounding night.

It had rained at the cemetery. Mary Appleby and Connie Gresham had stood together in the damp grass.

"I suppose I'm elected," Mary said when it was time to strew the flowers.

"I'll do it," someone said. A small blonde girl in a flowered raincoat had s
taken the wilted petals and
the grave. Then she'd tak... some dirt and thrown that too, and Mary Appleby had raised her eyebrows at Connie Gresham.

The girl vanished into the rain, and the two of them ran to the car and went as quickly as possible to a bar.

"Well," Mary said, as she took off her hat and threw it into an empty chair and took a good long pull at her drink.

"Oh, Lord," Connie Gresham said. "Something else for me to feel guilty about the rest of my life."

"Nonsense," Mary said. "It might just as well have been you. The shock was enough to kill anybody. Both of you thinking you were completely alone in that damned garage in the dark, and then having the lights go on like that!"

"It was pretty awful," Connie Gresham said. "It was bad enough when the lights went out just as I drove in and parked. But I thought I'd just last it out and sooner or later they'd get them fixed. I'd just remembered the flashlight in the glove compartment when they came on and there the woman stood. I'll never forget the look on her face as long as I live. Only . . . only . . ." She paused, looking puzzled. "There at the end, after the first horror wore off, she looked almost as though she'd recognized me and was about to speak. I don't know how to explain it, but it was as if she'd been waiting to tell me something very important and was terribly glad I'd arrived in time to hear it."

"Good heavens!" Mary Appleby said. "Don't you start sounding like that or I won't let you spend the night in that place. It did for Sara and I don't want it doing for you."

"I'm all right," Connie said. "I just feel bad about it, that's all."

"She was already spooked out of her mind," Mary said. "I could tell. That's the way it is with those mousy types. They seem so placid all along and then when they do go to pieces they do it with a vengeance."

"But I don't think she did." Connie said. "I've talked to Mr. Bishop and Theo Snyder, and they both said it was wild, that huge, empty building with no one in it. They got spooked themselves. They said all three of them scared each other every time one of them walked into a room. Once she thought she saw someone in the pool and Snyder said he found out today there *was* somebody there, one of the kids who hang around the beach. He caught him at it again and he admitted to having been there before. Then there was that business about a piece of crystal. One of the TV men had broken it and Mr. Bishop said they hid it. Later he decided he should have told her; she probably thought it had vanished into thin air. There was enough reasons for the poor woman to be distracted. Alone, and with her husband just dead. I wouldn't have liked it. In fact," she said, looking pensively out the window at the rain, "I don't think I'm going to stay there now. I'm going to a hotel until some more people move in."

"Who do you think that girl was, by the way?" Mary said.

"The one at the cemetery? I can't imagine. Pretty."

"Not a relative," Mary said. "There weren't any there. I guess you can't blame the in-laws for not coming back; they'd just gotten home from Howard's funeral. And it would really have been silly for Howie to try to make it. I promised him I'd get all the personal things into storage. I don't suppose there's much."

"There's the crystal," Connie said. "I went to the apartment looking for addresses, you know. It was clean as a pin. There was a freshly baked cake on the table and this beautiful print on the wall. Some goddess, I think. Kwan Yin? She had the most beautiful crystal collection. Only right in the middle of it there was a *china* mouse."

END

Announcing a new program recognizing the individual achievements of American women

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL WOMEN OF THE YEAR 1973

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL announces with pride the start of a new tradition. As a symbolic tribute to the many advances women have made in the past few years, and as a culmination of our "Power of a Woman" editorial features, the JOURNAL is establishing a program of honors for American women of achievement in which we hope many of our readers will become involved.

"WOMEN OF THE YEAR, 1973" will be selected by a process reflecting both reader and professional opinion. First you will be asked for your recommendations, based either on suggestions from our editors, or on write-in nominations you would like to submit. Your recommendations, and others, will be sifted and screened by a distinguished selection jury of women leaders. Honors will be awarded in eight different categories, broadly defined to include as many facets of our society as possible. In May, at the John F. Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., the JOURNAL's Women of the Year will be honored before a nationwide CBS-TV audience in an hour-long evening program sponsored by Clairol.

Your participation in the Selection of the JOURNAL's *Women of the Year is important. We invite you to read these rules carefully—and to join us in honoring the contributions of today's women to our national life. To take part, fill in forms on the back of this page.*

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN PARTICIPATE:

1 On the reverse side of this page, you will find eight categories—structured to cover most aspects of modern life in which women have made outstanding contributions. (Achievements need not have been limited to the past year, however.)

2 In each category, our editors have selected 10 *suggested* names, listed alphabetically, to give you an idea of the kind of women who might come to mind. PLEASE CHECK THREE NAMES IN EACH CATEGORY. If you prefer to recommend a name not appearing on this list (or up to three names, if you choose not to select any of those suggested), you may do so.

3 TO SUBMIT A NAME, write it in the blank spaces provided, and check in the box. If you feel further identification of the person is necessary, you may also attach a single sheet typewritten summary of the background and contributions of the woman you are suggesting. No clippings, please; no photographs. Just a single one-sided typewritten sheet, which will become the property of the JOURNAL.

4 Cut or tear out this magazine page, and mail, with any attachments, to WOMEN OF THE YEAR, 1973, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 641 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Don't forget to sign your name and address. Deadline: March 20, 1973. Get your entries in early.

In months to come, the JOURNAL *will report on the distinguished selection jury and many of the exciting features about this new tribute to the achievements of American women. For now, turn this page, and let your own recommendations be known.*

Cut out this page and mail to Women of the Year 1973, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL • WOMEN OF THE YEAR •

1973

Make your recommendations here for the Ladies' Home Journal Women of the Year '73. Check or write in three (no more) choices!

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Women who care enough to assume public responsibility in politics and citizen organizations, from the local precinct to Congress and the White House.

- ☐ ANNE ARMSTRONG, Counselor to the President
- ☐ HELEN DELICH BENTLEY, Chairman, Federal Maritime Commission
- ☐ SHIRLEY CHISHOLM, N.Y. Congresswoman; ran for President
- ☐ FRANCES FARENTHOLD, Texas candidate for Governor
- ☐ MARTHA W. GRIFFITHS, Mich. Congresswoman; E.R.A. sponsor
- ☐ SHIRLEY HUFSTEDLER, Judge, U.S. Court of Appeals, 9th Circuit
- ☐ VIRGINIA KNAUER, Consumer affairs advisor to President Nixon
- ☐ MARGARET CHASE SMITH, former Senator from Maine
- ☐ JAYNE B. SPAIN, Vice Chairman, Civil Service Commission
- ☐ LEONOR K. SULLIVAN, Missouri Congresswoman; truth-in-lending crusade

☐ _____ ☐ _____

ECONOMY AND BUSINESS

With more women working . . . many in leadership posts . . . others are pioneering in new fields . . . all are consumers, as well as economic partners.

- ☐ CATHERINE CLEARY, President, First Wisconsin Trust Co.
- ☐ KATHARINE GRAHAM, President, Washington Post Co.
- ☐ PATRICIA ROBERTS HARRIS, lawyer, educator, former Ambassador
- ☐ OLGA MADAR, Vice President, United Auto Workers
- ☐ BESS MYERSON, New York City Commission of Consumer Affairs
- ☐ ESTHER PETERSON, Consumer Advisor, Giant Food, Inc.
- ☐ MARY G. ROEBLING, Bd. Ch., National State Bank, Trenton, N.J.
- ☐ GERALDINE STUTZ, President, Henri Bendel, N.Y.C.
- ☐ MARY WELLS LAWRENCE, top advertising executive—Wells, Rich, Greene
- ☐ MARINA WHITMAN, member, President's Council of Economic Advisers

☐ _____ ☐ _____

SCIENCE AND RESEARCH

To extend the frontiers of medicine and the social sciences to meet the needs of people in urban centers and rural areas.

- ☐ VIRGINIA APGAR, M.D., prevention birth defects
- ☐ JULIANNE BLUITT, D.D.S., Associate Dean, Northwestern's Dental School
- ☐ NINA BRAUNWALD, M.D., heart surgery
- ☐ MARY S. CALDERONE, M.D., M.P.H., sex education, planned parenthood
- ☐ REAR ADMIRAL ALENE B. DUERK, Navy Nurse Corps
- ☐ JUDIANNE DENSEN-GERBER, J.D., M.D., rehabilitation of drug addicts
- ☐ SIBYLLE K. ESCALONA, Ph.D., early childhood education
- ☐ LEONA BAUMGARTNER, M.D., M.P.H., public health administration
- ☐ VIRGINIA JOHNSON MASTERS, scientific sex research
- ☐ KATHERINE BOUCAT STURGIS, M.D., preventive medicine

☐ _____ ☐ _____

YOUTH LEADERSHIP

To link youth as responsible citizens with the community, in all their diversity of activities . . . to recognize their dynamic force for change.

- ☐ JOAN BAEZ, folk singer and anti-war activist
- ☐ JULIE NIXON EISENHOWER, teacher and volunteer
- ☐ CHRIS EVERT, youngest tennis champion
- ☐ FRANCES FITZGERALD, author, *Fire in the Lake*
- ☐ PEGGY FLEMING, Olympic ice skating champion
- ☐ NIKKI GIOVANNI, Black consciousness poet
- ☐ ELIZABETH HOLTZMAN, young Brooklyn, N.Y., Congresswoman
- ☐ BETSEY JOHNSON, avant-garde fashion designer
- ☐ BILLIE JEAN KING, three-time world tennis champion
- ☐ CARLY SIMON, popular folk-rock singer

☐ _____ ☐ _____

ARTS AND HUMANITIES

By their creative efforts they help all women relate to the total environment . . . in education they profoundly influence the nation we become.

- ☐ DOROTHY BUFFUM CHANDLER, Los Angeles publisher; cultural leader
- ☐ HELEN FRANKENTHALER, painter
- ☐ NANCY HANKS, Chairman, National Endowment for the Arts
- ☐ HELEN HAYES, actress
- ☐ ADA LOUISE HUXTABLE, Architecture critic, *New York Times*
- ☐ LOUISE NEVELSON, sculptor
- ☐ JOYCE CAROL OATES, author
- ☐ ANNE SEXTON, poet
- ☐ BEVERLY SILLS, opera star
- ☐ BARBARA TUCHMAN, author and historian

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VOLUNTARY ACTION

To become involved in the community through the free gift of time and talent . . . not only to serve but to act for all the disadvantaged and neglected.

- ☐ DOLLIE ANN COLE, volunteer activist
- ☐ RUTH M. HILDEBRAND, Recent Red Cross Chairman of Volunteers
- ☐ LOUISE WALKER McCANNELL, Interfaith Housing Project, Minneapolis
- ☐ CAROL MORSE PERKINS, Conservationist, international wild life
- ☐ MARY RIPLEY, President, National Council of Social Welfare
- ☐ MARY FRENCH ROCKEFELLER, World Relations Committee, Y.W.C.A.
- ☐ ELLEN STRAUS, Call for Action radio "hot line"; volunteerism reformer
- ☐ CYNTHIA CLARK WEDEL, Retiring President, National Council of Churches
- ☐ BEATRICE WILLARD, Founder, Colorado Open Space Council
- ☐ HELEN WRIGHT, President, National Association for Mental Health

☐ _____ ☐ _____

HUMAN RIGHTS

They turn to solutions, not away from problems, of sex, race, age and all forms of discrimination . . . they right wrongs and fight for rights.

- ☐ BELLA ABZUG, New York Congresswoman
- ☐ BETTY FRIEDAN, author and feminist
- ☐ FANNIE LOU HAMER, Founder, Freedom Farm Cooperative, Mississippi
- ☐ LA DONNA HARRIS, civil rights activist for American Indians
- ☐ AILEEN HERNANDEZ, National Organization of Women
- ☐ CORETTA KING, Martin Luther King Jr. Center for Social Change
- ☐ ELIZABETH DUNCAN KOONTZ, former Women's Bureau Director
- ☐ PATSY MINK, Congresswoman from Hawaii
- ☐ MARGUERITE RAWALT, lawyer, Coalition Equal Rights Amendment
- ☐ GLORIA STEINEM, feminist, an editor of *MS* magazine

☐ _____ ☐ _____

QUALITY OF LIFE

By their own example they inspired millions of women who seek self-fulfillment through their commitment to concern for others.

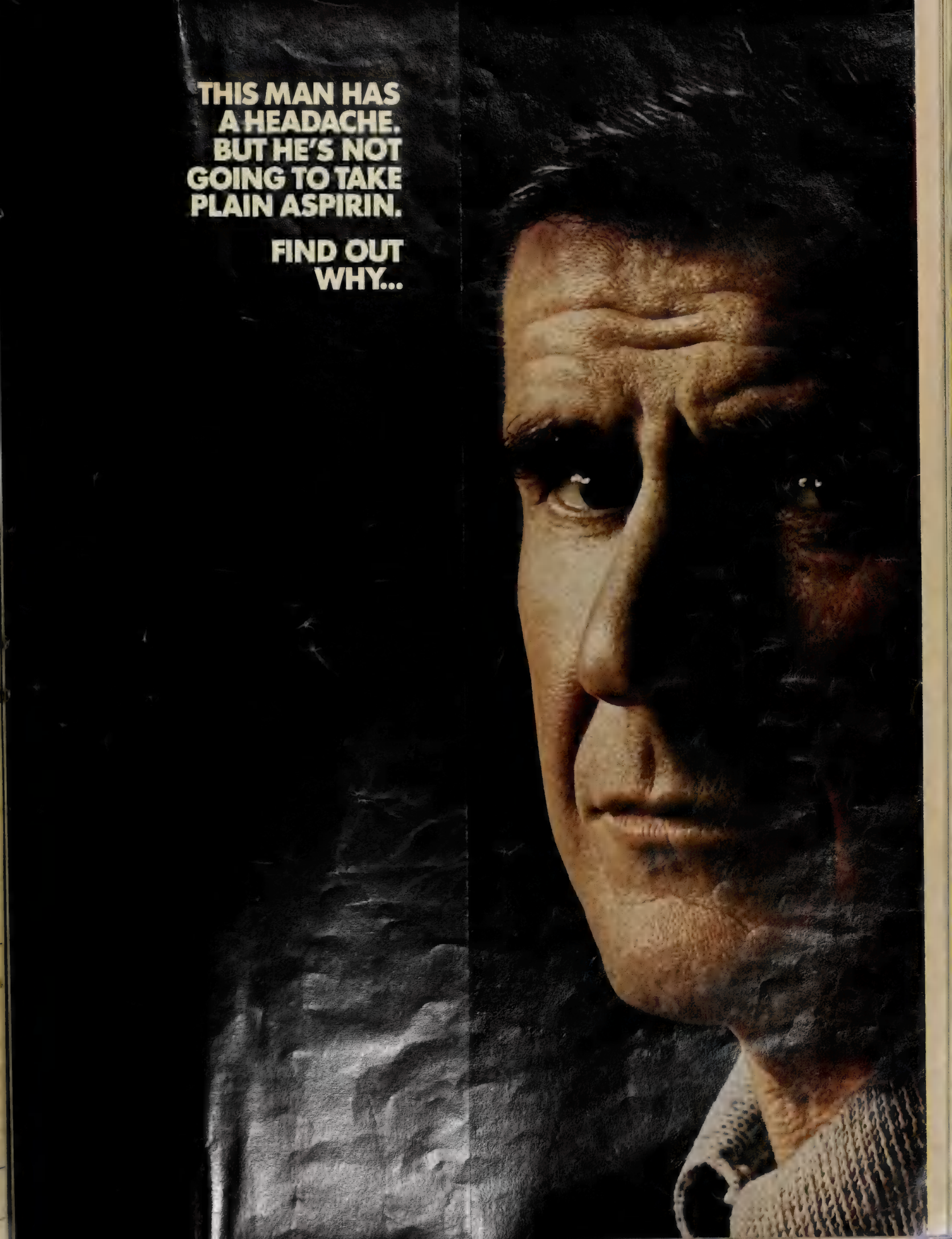
- ☐ PEARL BUCK, author and humanitarian
- ☐ DOROTHY DAY, exponent of social justice; religious leader
- ☐ MARY INGRAHAM BUNTING, biologist; former President of Radcliffe
- ☐ MAMIE DOUD EISENHOWER, President's lady; all-time admired woman
- ☐ LADY BIRD JOHNSON, former First Lady, doer in many areas
- ☐ ETHEL KENNEDY, wife, mother, community leader
- ☐ ROSE KENNEDY, in personal and public tragedy, courage and strength
- ☐ MARY LASKER, health and beautification benefactor
- ☐ PATRICIA RYAN NIXON, First Lady since 1968; long-time volunteer
- ☐ ETHEL WATERS, singer, actress, and author

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NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ CITY & STATE _____

THIS MAN HAS A HEADACHE. BUT HE'S NOT GOING TO TAKE PLAIN ASPIRIN.

FIND OUT WHY...





THE WORKING WOMAN

BY LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

The woman boss is the "wicked witch" of the business world. Men resent working for her—and so do many women. Here's how this sexist stereotype was formed, and how it can be shattered.

A woman who owns her own advertising agency enjoys telling about the time one of her male copywriters brought in rough copy for a cosmetics ad and asked her: "Pretend you're a woman and tell me what you think of this."

The point was, of course, that this competent woman boss had become "like a man" in the eyes of her staff. While the story may amuse some, to me it is yet another discouraging reminder of the double bind endured by working women who occupy positions of authority. Depending on her style, the women boss is either accused of "acting like a man" or "acting just like a woman"—and both assessments add up to a put down. Since there are only two sexes to which she can be compared, the woman boss may find that, according to others, there is no "right way" to behave on the job.

The double bind isn't limited to women who are business proprietors or hot-shot executives. Criticism is directed as readily at factory foreladies, department supervisors, executive secretaries, head nurses, office managers, and other women who manage or oversee the work of others.

Given the current movement to correct under-utilization of women in the labor market, it is likelier than ever that you will either become a woman boss, or have one, sometime during your work life. What can you expect?

General Social Prejudice

Most men don't want to work for a woman because they find it hard to believe women can be capable administrators. Some think that being subordinate to a female reflects badly on their masculinity. Others resent any woman earning higher wages than a man.

Many women also prefer male to female bosses. The reasons here are more complex and disturbing. Women have been taught to compete with one another for men. Lacking normal occupational options and job mobility, women's conditioned competitiveness becomes distorted and magnified when they compete for male approval on the job. We feel threatened or excluded when one of our own sex appears to get closer to the male inner circle. Working for rewards, such as money or status, seems unfeminine. Because we have not been given a tradition of sex pride or sisterhood, one woman's triumphs are seen as an affront to another woman—rather than a cause for celebration or a happy sign that doors may be opening for all women that follow.

Both sexes have trouble accepting the very idea of a woman being active rather than passive, decisive rather than compliant, or authoritative rather than subservient. Sadly, we women have externalized our feelings of female inferiority to the point where we doubt that *any* woman can be fit for a position of authority.

Men, on the other hand, have been taught from childhood that they are the rightful occupants of the boss' chair. According to our culture, men are meant to rule, supervise, make decisions, plan, organize, and control others—simply by virtue of being born male. That is why we see mediocre males rising inexorably through the ranks while superior women have to struggle for every advancement.

Our society has outlawed concrete forms of prejudice toward the woman boss. But it will take more than legislation to undo the entrenched psychological bias. A first step is to get inside her head and try to understand her problems.

The Woman Boss: Thorns in the Bed of Roses

A woman is often passed over several times before being promoted to a position of authority. As a supervisor, she is frequently given less money or less power than the man who held the job previously. She may be the only supervisor in her category who needs a male superior's approval to order equipment or commit company funds.

Common sexist attitudes demean her. She is frequently called by her first name while men in comparable jobs are called "Mr." Many men feel free to pinch her cheek, pat her back, or call her "Honey"—all of which diminish her stature. If she is assertive or strong-minded about her work, she's considered aggressive and tough; if she is the jovial, casual type, then she's labeled too frivolous. If she makes a mistake, instead of it being chalked up to human error, it is often attributed to her "time of the month" or (if she's older) her menopause. Her immediate superior refers to her as "my girl"—even though a male supervisor with equal responsibilities is never called "my boy."

The people who work under a woman boss also tend to categorize her behavior instead of viewing her as a *person* with individual traits. They may call her "the motherly type" if she is gentle and compassionate, or "authoritarian" if she is somewhat distant and takes her job seriously. The working mother is often under special surveillance by those who believe that her home responsibilities will inevitably impinge upon her work. They're waiting for a phone call from school or a sick child to topple her from her supervisory perch and send her back to "woman's place."

The Defensive Reaction

These attitudes can seriously undercut the self-esteem of the woman boss and may create in her a defensive reaction. She senses that others are watching her every move—that she is the repository for everyone's stereotyped expectations of women's behavior under pressure. Unless her position is absolutely secure (as may be the case with an owner or a boss in a family business), the woman recognizes that her authority is tenuous, her power dependent on the benevolence of male superiors, and her job status—because she's a woman—threatening to people above and below her. No matter how extensive her authority may seem, she knows that she is basically *powerless*.

For some women, asserting and reasserting their authority becomes an exercise in survival. And here is where the caricature of the tough "Boss Lady" may take shape and come to life. She grows compulsive about her performance and rigidly demanding of her underlings. She thinks that she and her department must be perfect (or at least twice as good as anyone else's). Otherwise her imperfections will open her to the charge of being "just like a woman" and she will be a failure. The woman who harbors such fears often builds a hard protective shell around herself. She papers over her feelings and focuses a cold stare on the job to be done. She becomes intensely competitive, watchful of rising young stars, or protective of her status as "the only woman who . . ."

And if her survival behavior arouses cries of "emasculating bitch" or "she acts just like a man," then the woman boss may find that a dose of extra femininity—perfume, a frilly blouse, a sing-song little voice—takes the edge off.

When a woman boss lives up to this caricature, she can indeed become difficult to work with. However, let's not forget that there are countless eccentric and demanding male bosses whom we tolerate or deplore without casting aspersions on the entire male sex. And let's remember that *most* women bosses are competent, resilient human beings who are far removed from the stereotype. The great majority have taken the hard knocks in stride and have even been positively humanized by them.

A Few Testimonials

For the most part, those who have worked for women have found it no different from working for a man. In some cases, however, the experience has been noteworthy for the special qualities a woman may bring to the working relationship.

- "She has no ego invested in her role as my boss. She is honest and straightforward and it's a pleasure to work for someone I don't have to flatter or flirt with."—Female editor talking about female publisher.
- "When I complained about how tedious it was working on figures all day, my boss made me responsible for the petty cash disbursements so I had a chance to meet other people in the company who come to cash their vouchers. She always seems to understand our needs and be willing to go to bat for us."—Female bookkeeper.
- "She taught me everything she knew. I feel as if our work was a collaboration. Her confidence in me gave me courage to get involved in complicated projects. When she was fired, I was offered her job. Instead, I left with her. First, I couldn't be disloyal to her. Second, since she let me in on every aspect of her job, I had seen how they dumped on her. Why should I go to the slaughter, too?"—Female associate producer talking about TV producer.
- "If I work late, she'll say, 'Go out to dinner and send me the bill,' or, 'Take a cab home and I'll pay for it.' She has more compassion than a man would . . . more insight.'—Male assistant to a female stockbroker.

Women who are in charge of people and projects have become more analytical about their own demeanor.

- "I am a committed feminist so I try to practice sisterhood in our all-woman office. We have periodic rap sessions to give everyone a chance to get out hostilities and clear the air. Job classifications aren't rigid, which allows women to ask for assignments that interest them. We try to spread around the typing and filing so all the drudgework doesn't fall on a few. Eventually, we hope to eliminate titles altogether. They only cause people to get uptight."—Woman office manager.
- "I believe in the product, not the process. Too much attention has been paid to who's doing what and not *(continued on page 147)*

☐ *Letty Cottin Pogrebin, 33, is author, wife, and mother of three. During her 13-year business career, she rose from file clerk to vice-president—and she wrote a best-selling book:* How to Make It in a Man's World.

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☐ 40 or over	☐ Silver		
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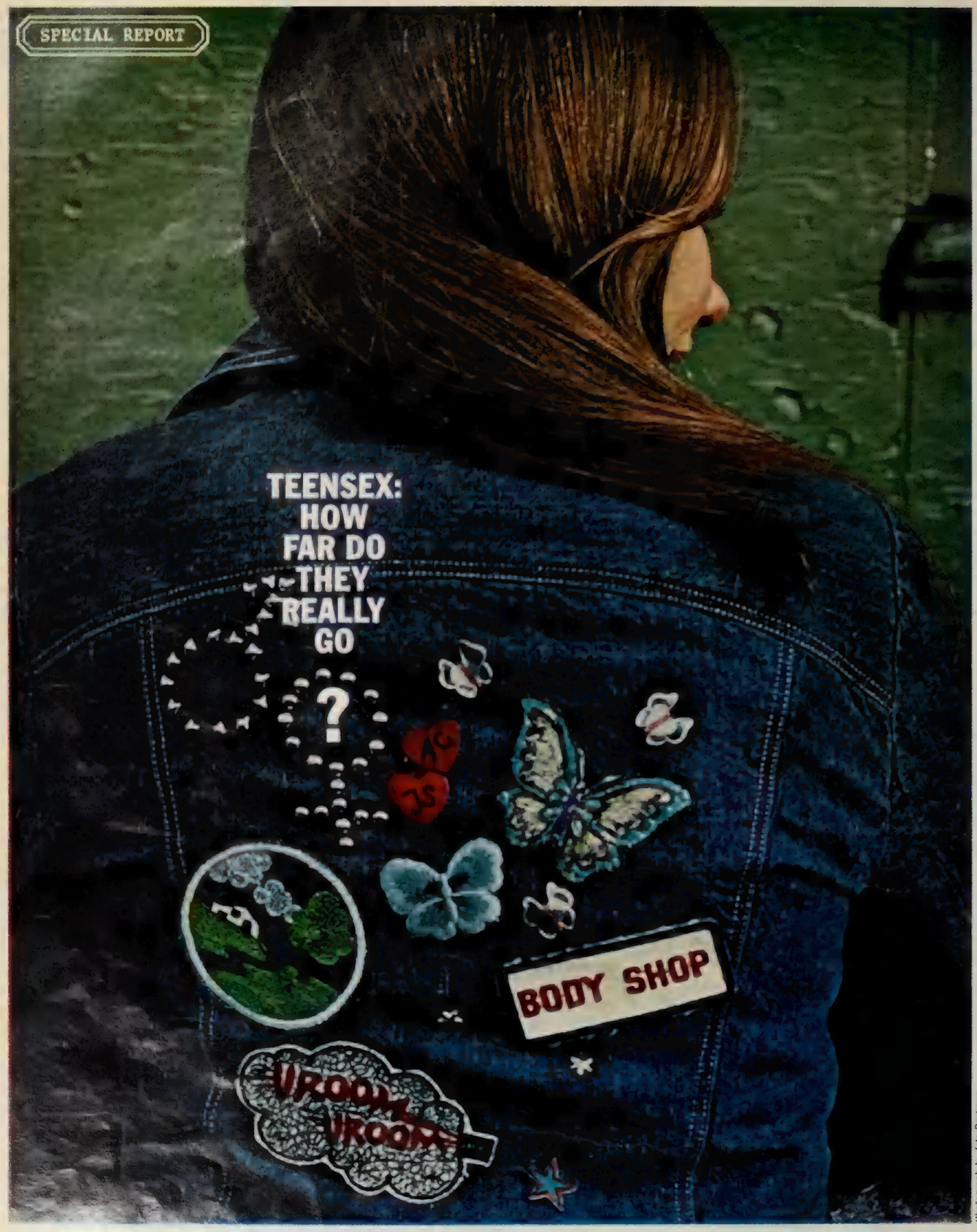
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Photograph by Ito Barberis

A timely report on the sex attitudes and behavior of America's young men and women. By Winfield Best

When Yale University became co-educational in 1969—adding 600 undergraduate women to its 4,200-male enrollment—it quietly but promptly began to offer a contraceptive service in its student health center.

Recently, the mother of one of Yale's coed pioneers said to me, "When I heard about the birth control clinic, I had the strangest mixed-up feelings; I was relieved for my daughter Kathy, I guess, but I almost wished I didn't know."

This mother's ambivalence and confusion typify the reaction of many parents to the increasing openness of teen-age sex. Nor are parents concerned only with teen-age pregnancy. As one mother expressed it, "If there were a pill that could keep girls from getting hurt as well as from getting pregnant, I might not be so worried."

Some still say, "The increase in teen-age sex is mostly talk." Five years ago, sex educators themselves often said this because there was little evidence to the contrary. Since then, a number of major studies have revealed that there is a lot more going on among teen-agers than just conversation. A study of sexual attitudes and behavior conducted by Dr. Eleanor B. Luckey, child development specialist of the University of Connecticut, covered a representative selection of 21 U. S. campuses. *(continued)*



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It revealed that 43.2 percent of the coeds surveyed had experienced intercourse before they finished college. Published in 1969, the study is still the most current national survey of its kind. Another study shows that even among students at a restrictive Mormon school in Utah, the non-virgin rate among coeds tripled during the past decade to reach a level of 32 percent.

What about high-school students? Research on their sexual behavior has been scant because parents and school officials often raise a fuss when such surveys are attempted. However, one major study just completed for the U.S. Commission on Population Growth by Drs. Melvin Zelnik and John F. Kantner of Johns Hopkins University, does provide useful national data:

In a probability sample of unmarried U. S. teen-age girls, the researchers found that 14 percent of the 15-year-olds, and up to 46 percent of the 19-year-olds reported having had sexual relations. More information on the sexual behavior of high-school girls can be gleaned from college surveys that concentrated on freshmen. A recent study completed by Dr. Robert Walsh, a sociologist at Illinois State University, found that while only 7 percent of the school's freshman women were non-virgins in 1967, the non-virgin rate among freshman girls in 1971 was 15 percent. Says Dr. R. Clay Burchell, Chief of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Hartford Hospital in Hartford, Conn.: "We are approaching a time when a great majority of girls will be sexually involved by their late teens."

The non-virgin rate among teen-agers is already high enough to produce serious consequences. Last year in New York City almost 3,000 girls dropped out of high school because of pregnancy. Some were seventh or eighth graders. And this is not just a ghetto phenomenon. A housewife in Westchester County, an affluent New York suburb, recently arrived at her doctor's office and saw that the patient leaving on her bicycle was "a girl not more than 14, and due any day."

High teen-age abortion rate

Many of these teen-agers seek abortions. A study recently made by the Population Council, an international research organization based in New York, has found that in a "fairly representative" national sample of 73,000 legal abortions performed between mid-1970 and mid-1971, one-fourth involved teen-agers, the great majority of them unmarried. Dr. Christopher Tietze, who directed the study, said it was a "fair guess" that "more than 100,000" unmarried U.S. teen-agers underwent legal abortions in 1971. Probably another 100,000 teen-age girls underwent criminal abortions.

The unwed pregnant girls who do not have an abortion either marry promptly or bear illegitimate children. For every 100 American girls between the ages of 15 and 19 an average of two gave birth to an illegitimate child last year. An estimated 350,000 to 400,000 illegitimate babies were born in the U.S. last year. Although the rate of illegitimate births among adult women has declined slightly during the last few years, the national rate among teen-agers has continued on the rise.

Dr. Phillips Cutright of Indiana University recently completed an intensive five-year study of illegitimacy. He says the overall decline reflects the increased use of reliable contraceptives by married and unmarried adult females. But for most teen-agers, especially at the high school level, medically prescribed contraceptives have been difficult to obtain. "For years," says Dr. Cutright, "we've tried to use fear of pregnancy as a deterrent to premarital intercourse, and it hasn't worked. It's time to try something else." Dr. Cutright feels that the humane and reasonable alternative is "birth control for minors."

As more and more parents and professionals come to share Dr. Cutright's views, medical contraceptive services for teen-agers—mainly those between 15 and 17—have been established and accepted in many communities. Some are run by community health centers. Others are out-patient services of hospitals. Most Planned Parenthood centers in 189 U.S. cities now offer birth control for minors. In more than 30 cities, Planned Parenthood operates separate Teen Clinics for its youngest patients. Many girls hear about these clinics through friends; others are referred by school nurses, social workers, or parents. Most clinics offer tests for pregnancy and venereal disease, as well as contraceptive counseling.

Planned Parenthood teen sessions are usually held after school, in the late afternoon. New girls first attend a group discussion or "rap session" led by a professional staff member. The girls are often accompanied by their boyfriends. The discussion covers contraceptive methods, reproductive physiology, venereal disease, dating, sex and any related topics the young people want to bring up. The group leader also underscores the importance of communication with parents. Young women are urged to obtain parental consent for contraceptive service.

A sympathetic "ear"

After the rap session, girls can make appointments for individual interviews with a psychologist or social worker. These private conversations offer an opportunity for a sympathetic yet searching exploration of the girl's present life: her home and family, her relationship with her boyfriend, her school and social adjustment, her plans for the future. Finally, she sees the clinic doctor, who helps her choose the proper contraceptive. Each girl is given a pelvic examination and a "Pap smear" for cancer detection, and is scheduled for return visits every one or two months.

Mrs. Rosa Gilbert, the earnest lovely psychiatric social worker who Planned Parenthood's Teen Center San Francisco, told me why she feels the program is so effective:

Q: Are there special medical reasons for interviewing teen-age girls separately from adult women?

A: The major reasons are psychological. The girls are often afraid first, and it's easier to meet their needs in a separate setting. And the clinic we have teen volunteers who work as receptionists, and as co-leaders at rap sessions. They helps put the new girls at ease.

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SPAGHETTI BRAVISSIMO

1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix
1 package (8 oz.) spaghetti
1½ quarts boiling water
1 pound ground beef
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
1 can (7 oz.) tomato paste
1 tablespoon parsley flakes
1 teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon sweet basil

In large saucepan, combine Lipton Onion Soup Mix and spaghetti with water; cook 20 minutes or until spaghetti is tender. Do not drain.

In large skillet, brown meat; stir in tomato sauce and paste, parsley, oregano, and basil. Add to spaghetti and heat through. Serves 4.



Why are the girls afraid?

Most often, they fear that their parents will discover that they have come to see us. We take great pains to reassure them that we are completely confidential. We urge girls to talk with their parents, but we don't insist on it. Sometimes, however, parents accidentally discover that their daughters are coming here.

Then what happens?

The parents—it is usually the mothers we hear from—are pretty upset. But I always ask them to come in and talk. For the most part, when we have talked it all over, the mother is relieved, sometimes even grateful. And what's so really great is that the parents are back in touch with their daughter again; they're communicating!

Can you give me an example?

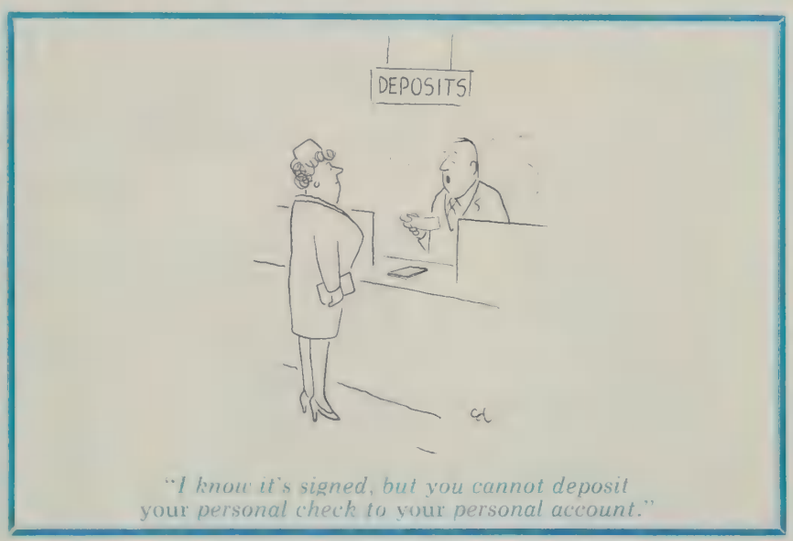
Well, just last week, one mother discovered her daughter's pills in her room, with the instructions and our phone number. This mother was almost hysterical when she called. I urged her to come in and bring her daughter if she wished. They came in together the next morning. The mother had no idea the girl was having sex at all; she knows the girl's boyfriend and, fortunately, likes him. The boy and the girl are both 16; they have been going steady for a year. She asked her daughter, as we talked, how much she really cared for the boy—and how much he cared for her. And she was concerned about what the pills might be doing to the girl physiologically. Once she saw that her daughter was in a happy, stable relationship, and once she was assured of the quality of medical care we were providing, she began to be reconciled. I can't say she was overjoyed. But I could see something very wonderful beginning to happen in their conversation even before they left. They were communicating, not just about sex, but about broader areas of the girl's life and their family life in a way I doubt they had talked for a long time.

Q: The concern of many parents, of course, goes beyond their daughter's becoming pregnant. They are worried that their girl will be deeply hurt if the relationship goes wrong. What about that?

A: The dangers of getting hurt come up continually in the rap sessions and during the whole counseling process. The kids are pretty realistic about it. Together, they have evolved their own safeguards, what we call a "love ethic." They expect three main things from each other: First, honesty. By this they mean fidelity, really, but that's an old-fashioned word. And understanding. On one level, they mean simply that the boy understands and accepts when the girl says "no" on a particular evening, and vice versa. At a deeper level, they want understanding about other aspects of their relationship. The girl wants to feel that if she has any kind of problem she can talk it over and think it through with her boyfriend, in confidence. Boys want that, too, very much. And finally, they expect concern. Each person wants the other to be sensitive and concerned about his or her well-being as a whole person—not just about the balance and values of their sexual relationship.

Q: It's often said that the availability of birth control increases promiscuity among teen-agers. What do you think?

A: Well, all the studies from Kinsey to the present have shown that fear of pregnancy does not effectively discourage intercourse. And really, there is a lot of difference between sexual involvement and promiscuity, isn't there? Most of our girls, we find, are involved in stable, though usually not permanent, relationships, and they have only one sex partner. It's so important, we've found, to offer the rap sessions and counseling along with the birth control. This helps the kids discuss sexuality openly and thoughtfully. They talk about when they feel it's right and when they feel it's wrong to have sex—and how people do sometimes use each other for sex—and they clearly reject that.



"I know it's signed, but you cannot deposit your personal check to your personal account."

Are teen-age sexual attitudes generally as responsible as conversations with Mrs. Gilbert indicate? In Dr. Luckey's survey, students were asked what circumstances they considered "appropriate for considering coitus." Fewer than one in six college men thought it to be "appropriate" for couples between the ages of 14 and 17 who

(continued on page 128)

n Venice



STEAK SAN MARCO

2 pounds chuck steak, 1 inch thick, cut into serving pieces
1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix
1 can (1 lb.) Italian peeled tomatoes
1 teaspoon oregano
Freshly ground pepper and garlic powder to taste
2 tablespoons cooking oil
2 tablespoons wine vinegar

In large skillet, arrange meat; cover with Lipton Onion Soup Mix and tomatoes. Sprinkle with oregano, garlic powder, pepper, oil, and vinegar.

Simmer, covered, 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

4 Seasons Woman

ASPARAGUS VENETIAN

2 pounds fresh or 2 packages (10 oz. ea.) frozen asparagus, cooked and drained
⅓ cup Lipton Onion Butter,* melted
1 cup diced mozzarella cheese
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

Preheat oven at 450°.

In 8-inch baking dish, arrange asparagus. Drizzle with Lipton Onion Butter;* then sprinkle with cheeses. Bake 10 minutes or until cheese is melted. Serves 6.

***Lipton Onion Butter:** Thoroughly blend 1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix with ½ pound butter or margarine. Makes 1¼ cups.



Posturepedic Imperial $99.95* ea. pc., twin or full size/Queen size set $279.95*/King size 3 pc. set, $399.95.* Available in innerspring or Latex Foam. (Latex Foam sold only in sets.)

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*Suggested retail price. Prices may vary in Canada.



DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI ON A RAFT

BY KATHLEEN KENNEDY

This past summer, the daughter of Ethel and Robert Kennedy spent nearly a month following in the footsteps of Mark Twain. Now read her own story of that often-hilarious misadventure.

Last summer, four friends and I built a raft and floated down the Mississippi River. Through cold February days we dreamed of a raft trip. The idea lived half in defiance of disbelievers, but more through a desire for adventure and a determination to learn about the Mississippi through firsthand experience instead of reading about it in books.

David Townsend and Gary Carson are graduate students in American literature at Harvard University. Last winter, Janna Malamud and I studied Southern writers with David as our tutor.

One February day, after reading Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi*, we decided that the Mississippi needed to be re-explored —by us. Most of our friends were skeptical. Briget Murnaghan was about the only friend who wasn't, so we asked her to come along.

I asked my mother to find out anything that I should know about the river. She telephoned Sen. James O. Eastland, the senior senator from Mississippi. When he learned the reason for her query, he returned her call immediately, even though he was busy chairing a Senate hearing.

"What's this I hear about that daughter of yours?" he asked, with more than passing concern.

My mother answered honestly, "Well, she plans to build a raft and float down the Mississippi."

"Build a raft? To go down the river? Why, there are dangerous currents there. I don't think it's safe, m'am. And there are river rats on the Mississippi."

"Well, my daughter is strong," my mother retorted. "She can just bop them over the head with an oar." At the end of a long exchange with Senator Eastland, my mother asked what river he *would* recommend floating down.

"The White River," he said.

"And why the White River?" my mother asked.

"Because it's in Arkansas," he replied.

Despite Senator Eastland's warning, we continued making our plans.

Raft Building

We had planned to build the raft in three days, allowing an extra day in case we ran into difficulties. In the end, it took us ten days, ten long days of trial and error. We decided to start our trip in Cape Girardeau, Mo. Bill Seidensticker, an old friend of David's, lived there and was willing to put us up in his basement while we built the raft.

By Monday, June 12, everyone had arrived at Bill's house and was eager to begin. We chose Neelys Landing for our dry dock, a five-house town at the end of a dirt road about 15 miles north of Cape Girardeau.

We usually got up around 7 A.M. and spent the next 12 hours planning what should be done. We'd begin work, realize our mistakes, and finish competently by our second or, more typically, our third try. Our first major project was to build a cabin for the raft; or rather, that's what the structure was supposed to be. Actually, it looked more like the house that Jack built. After seeing our first attempt, Bill became interested in our endeavor. He drew up new plans and, with the help of Gary and myself, built a new cabin.

Saturday afternoon, a minor crisis. We had added a roof to our raft shelter which had an overlay for protection against the rain. These extra few inches prevented the raft from fitting into the truck for transport to a launching site. Gary grew frustrated and decided to hack the roof *(continued)*



Constructing the raft: "We planned to build it in three days. It took us ten days of trial and error."



The craft: "We named it Snopes*—as a tribute to Faulkner's trilogy about a family of that name."*



From left: David Townsend, Kathleen, Briget Murnaghan, Janna Malamud, Gary Carson.

It isn't every girl who can work and run a home.
And, luckily, you've got an understanding husband.
Tonight, you're going to thank him for all the times
he could've grumped and didn't.

It's a good day for Stouffer's.



Lasagna. One of 35 Stouffer's Frozen Prepared Foods.



Stouffer's

to pieces. Fortunately, Janna restrained him. He walked away angry and disappointed. We had wanted to leave the next day, and this was another delay. Briget and Janna figured out a way to remove the roof and preserve it for reattachment. Gary returned three hours later, considerably calmer and with chocolate milk shakes for all of us.

It was difficult to sustain our enthusiasm all the time. The constant mistakes made for slow progress. Still, we had other diversions to amuse us. We enjoyed learning to maneuver the U-Haul truck we had rented for transport between dry dock and launching site. (I was replaced as driver after threatening a number of walls, although Janna became quite skilled.) We planned and bought a preliminary food supply. Four days before departure we completed the difficult task of fitting twelve 55-gallon oil drums to the bottom of the raft for flotation.

By then, building the raft had become as vital to our sense of accomplishment as floating down the river on it. On Tuesday, June 20, we enjoyed a trial run on the river.

Wednesday

I had to leave the Mississippi to hostess a fund-raising picnic for Sen. George McGovern at my home back east. Sadly, I missed the official launching of our craft. When I returned, Bill picked me up at the airport and we drove to Columbus, Ky., to meet the group.

Saturday

My first day of floating was peaceful. In fact, I was afraid that we might become a little bored on the journey. After making breakfast, there was little to do except read the river charts. My companions said that after three days of trauma, this tranquility was welcome. While I was away, they had come close to losing the raft on Dogtooth Bend, a section of river as menacing as its name. I hadn't suffered through the first lesson in the ways of the Mississippi, so I needed some adventure.

I attached a rope to the raft, tied the other end to a life preserver and then, holding the preserver, floated on an air mattress behind the raft. I felt wonderful—until I looked down. Streams of grease and dirt swirled about my legs. When I got back on the raft, I found that I had black rings around my thighs.

By this time, we had begun to fabricate stories about our reason for being on the river. We pretended we were a family that had to leave town up north and were drifting south looking for a place to squat. We accordingly tacked up the chosen name for our raft over the door—*Snopes*, a tribute to William Faulkner's trilogy about a family of that name.

We stopped at Hickman, Ky., to refuel. On the main street were two stores, one 20 feet square, the other half that size. We walked into the first, and immediately the black man behind the counter knew we were strangers. We realized that white girls simply did not frequent that store. But if we got our first taste of racial significance there, we also learned of Southern kindness. The men at the gas station offered to drive us back to our raft when they realized how heavy the gas cans and water containers were.

Sunday

I woke to the sound of David trying to crank the motor. He pulled the cord at least 40 times and then announced that if he tried two more times, the cord would definitely break. I didn't believe it possible. It was possible. We had placed the motor six inches too deep in the water, and the angle for cranking was too sharp. Every time the rope was pulled, it wore against the hole in the engine cover. We were stymied. It took us twenty minutes simply to remove the cover. We were then faced with the difficulty of finding a new rope.

To relieve our minds, David turned on the radio. We listened to a Sunday church service. The choir sang "Get God Through the Radio Waves, Salvation Comes Through the Air." After an hour and a half, David and Gary r paired the rope and we floated on.

We had been on our way for abo three hours when a motorboat, carr ing a representative of the river patr pulled us aside. First the offic asked us if we had life preservers board. We proudly showed him o Coast Guard-inspected, orange-an green-striped preservers. "Where you keep your gas," he asked. W pointed to the aft of the boat to sh

Nytol® may be the only you can take



that the cans were safely outside. "What do you use for flotation?" We eagerly explained about our twelve 55-gallon barrels. "Let me see your boat license," he then demanded. We had thought about a license previously, but hadn't found any official who saw the need of issuing us one.

"No," we replied. "We don't have one."

"I think you'd better pull over," he said solemnly.

The river patrol officer called the sheriff, who arrived with a car to transport us to the combination jail and police station. When we arrived we were led into a small white room where our names and home addresses were recorded. I had conveniently forgotten my wallet and therefore wasn't booked. No official seemed to mind; we weren't considered serious criminals. However, the patrol officer warned us not to leave until we had purchased our boat license. Eventually, after we went through the requisite penitent motions, they took us back to the boat. We still had not refilled our tanks, so the sheriff offered to drive us to a fuel station.

Before the sheriff left, we asked him if there was much marijuana in his area of jurisdiction. (The river patrol officer had been especially suspicious of the flowering plant that graced our roof.) The sheriff said there usually was not much, but they had just confiscated a large field full of the stuff nearby. He had never smoked a joint but planned to in the future. "You have to find out about these things if you're going around arresting people," he said.

Monday

We acquired our license as suggested by our working river patrolman.

Tuesday

According to Chart #13, which showed the area around Osceola, Ark., a cove lay directly across the channel. But the sandbars between us and the cove were not clearly indicated and we soon ran aground. Briget, Janna, and I pulled free and then continued checking the depths. Night was approaching quickly, and the chart showed no alternate harbor. About 10 minutes later Janna pointed to the shore and asked, "Doesn't that look like an inlet?" Luckily, she was right.

We pulled in and I tied us up for the night. Because of my sailing experience, I became the rope tier during the journey. Then I lay down and waited for Gary to mix gin and tonics, for David to find the woodsman's fly dope—the connoisseur's mosquito repellent—and for Briget and Janna to heat up the beef stroganoff. I didn't pay any attention to the salesman's advice to dab the repellent gently on hands, neck, and feet, but poured it all over my body. Mosquitoes are fierce on the Mississippi. From personal experience, I knew that they would burrow through two shirts to reach human blood. I already had 50 bug bites on one foot.

I woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of David stomping around while he pulled down a plastic shade. I heard a few thunderclaps, but they seemed far away. My sleeping bag seemed cozy and warm and impenetrable. I was wrong.

Our strip of plastic protection did not withstand a 60-mile-per-hour gale. For 45 minutes the five of us, dressed in our various sleeping costumes, held the plastic against the screen of the cabin. Lightning illuminated the southern side of the raft, giving us the impression that we were afloat. I checked outside periodically to see if we were still safely moored, just to calm everyone's nerves. We were unsuccessful at keeping the rain outside, but our vain efforts gave us something to do.

Finally, the thunder, lightning, and wind moved upstream. Only the rain remained. In the dark we found tacks to reattach the plastic to the wood. Janna, Gary, and Briget decided that we needed to be secured more tightly, as only one rope bound us to shore. They calculated who had the best poncho and who could tie knots and unanimously sent me into the cold, wet mud.

Half dazed, I walked outside. Life preservers, deck chairs, knives, forks, and spoons were strewn on the deck, mixed in mud. I saw that we had not floated away because the boat had wedged itself firmly in the clay bank. So I didn't feel too guilty when the rope didn't quite reach the rooted trees. Instead I half-hitched the line to a broken sapling. My feet were sinking in at least six inches of mud. I was really more interested in returning quickly to a warm sleeping bag.

That proved impossible. The sleep

(continued on page 147)

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Jackie Kennedy, Lady Bird Johnson, and Patricia Nixon have all kept their figures—despite the rich meals often prepared by White House chefs. Here are the stay-slim secrets and diet recipes that helped each of these First Ladies win her battle of the waistline—secrets you can copy and recipes you can easily follow in your own kitchen.

By Frances Spatz Leighton

HOW FIRST LADIES DIET

All three of our most recent First Ladies spent years in the White House, where the best chefs—and the richest food and drink—were at their beck and call. Yet each woman managed to maintain her slim figure while fulfilling her duties as the nation's number one hostess. How did they do it? What did they eat? What do Jackie Kennedy, Lady Bird Johnson, and Patricia Nixon know about dieting that can help JOURNAL readers be equally successful in losing weight or maintaining their ideal weight?

As with most slim women, each First Lady has developed personal eating tricks to fool her stomach and keep her figure. All three take vitamins as a supplement to their daily diets. But that's where any similarity ends. For her rare between-meal snacks, Jackie would munch only carrot or celery sticks. Lady Bird consumed only diet soda, black coffee with sugar substitute, or used her gelatin trick—adding ½ tablespoon of unflavored dry gelatin to her breakfast orange juice to give her a feeling of fullness. During the day Mrs. Johnson might also add ½ tablespoon of gelatin to other foods or juice. Patricia Nixon snacks on "finger sandwiches," made with less than one thin slice of bread—with a thin filling of one slice of chicken, ham, or beef—with a glass of skim milk.

Here is how Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Johnson, and Mrs. Nixon each dieted:

JACQUELINE KENNEDY: People still ask Jackie's former secretary Mary Gallagher how Jackie managed to fight the battle of the bulge in spite of childbirth and the gourmet food prepared by the then White House chef René Verdon. Answers Mary: "I have never known anyone with Jackie's iron will when it comes to dieting. I never saw her nibble between meals.

Jackie's White House breakfast usually consisted of orange juice, a soft- *(continued on page 124)*



Plate by Rainbow Grinder Studios. Wallace sterling flatware

UNDER THE HAIR DRYER BY ALEXANDRE

From his humble beginnings in the south of France, Louis Albert Alexandre Raimon rose to become elegant hairdresser and confidant of the world's most glamorous women. In his new book, he tells how it all happened—and reveals just what his famous clients are like with their hair up in curlers (and their guards down). The memoirs of Alexandre with Etienne de Monpezat.

In 1946, France began to breathe again, and on the French Riviera the rich were quick to forget World War II. They wanted to have fun at any price. I was then 24, married, and working as a hairdresser for the famous Antoine in his Cannes shop. Among my clients ("my faithful flock") was the wife of the most famous landscape gardener on the Riviera. This madonna-like beauty was to be the client who provided the big turning point in my career.

It happened that the wife of the fabulous Aga Khan—former beauty contest winner Yvette Labrousse—saw my young client and admired her hair. The Begum asked for her hairdresser's name. Voila! That is how I entered the fabulous orbit in which I have lived ever since.

To do the Begum's hair, I went to the Aga's magnificent home, Yakimour. I had seen the Aga only from a distance, in his car, in the company of his former wife, Princess Andrée, whose hair I had also done.

The Begum showed herself to be a pleasant and charming woman who tried to put me at ease. She wanted a historic coiffure for her party, something to complement the gold-embroidered sari she would be wearing. We flipped through Indian documents that took up several

From the book, "Under the Hair Dryer," by Alexandre with Etienne de Monpezat. Copyright © 1972 by Presses de la Cité. Paris-translation by Rosette Letellier and Robert Baldick. These three pages photographed in Paris by John Vidal. Fashions and makeup from the Givenchy couture collection.





The hairstyles here and on the next page were created by Alexandre for the Hubert de Givenchy couture collection. Here, a feminine medieval fantasy, with a long fall at the back that matches the model's own hair. It is tucked under and held in shape by matching fake braids.

shelves in the library before making our choice: the goddess with the seven gold braids. In her gold sari, gold braids, and famous jewels, the Begum was sublime. The stroke was so right the rumor spread: "The Begum has discovered Alexandre."

Little by little I got to know the Begum. I savored her sense of beauty and her intelligence. For a while, I thought she was a little stingy, but I later learned how much she did to relieve poverty and disease among her people. I learned, too, that she takes care of all the elderly in and around Cannes.

Her fidelity never failed me. For many years, a car would come every evening to take me up to Yakimour to do her hair. Sometimes I had dinner there. I remember the Aga Khan's jubilee—paid for in diamonds equal to his weight. As a counterweight, the Begum sparkled with the lires of all the 2,000 diamonds embroidered on her sari.

I wanted to have supreme control over the Begum's hair. She had some gray strands that she dyed light brown. I felt she should keep them gray; she had chinchilla (gray) on her head—it would be criminal to lose it. Chinchilla is more luxurious than any old color—she should dare to keep it and let it be her halo. The Begum gave in and appeared with her natural hair. Her



Still in the fantasy mood, Alexandre reinterprets the French twist with a sleek fold of hair extending from nape to crown. A matching fake braid is twisted and looped at the top

youth and beauty—and her strands of gray—gave her an air of undefinable distinction.

The Aga Khan and the Begum traveled a lot. I was invited to accompany them on a tiger hunt in India. In spite of the posh bathrooms they promised me in the jungle, I decided against it; I was afraid to leave my family and I was afraid I would lose my clientele.



I didn't know then what I know now: you have to keep women waiting. My clientele would have waited for me and my stay with the gods (the Aga and Begum) would only have made me more divine in their eyes.

When the Aga became sick, his wife was very devoted. He often had bad spells and one day when the Begum had to lift him—he was enormous—she damaged her spinal column. She still suffers from it. The Aga was aware of her devotion and could not stand to be away from her. He was always running after her like a child, teasing her and calling her Yaki.

Because of the Aga's illness, his family—Ali Khan, his wife Rita Hayworth, their daughter Yasmin, and Rita's daughter Rebecca (by Orson Welles)—came to see him more often. Ali's son Karim—and *(continued on page 135)*



Plenty to work with: Alexandre begins styling Audrey Hepburn's locks.



With Princess Grace at a grand continental ball.



Doing Lauren Bacall up brown.



Elizabeth Taylor does unto Alexandre.



Styling Shirley MacLaine, with Vittoria de Sica.



Here's how Alexandre did Jackie's hair.



One final touch to make sure that Philippine de Rothschild's bridal veil looks just so.



SPRING: THE NEW-BORN PASTELS

he baby pastels are the ason's most lovable w arrivals. New-born nks and powder blues pulate the fashion ene for a look that is ft but casual. On the lmy days ahead you'll e a profusion of pale nts, frequently accom- nied by go-together ckets and shirts. Wear- g them will be active omen like the young others here—women o know the virtue of etty but easy dressing mbined with easy-to- ke prices. By Trudy vett, Fashion Editor.



Jo Leonard ft) takes on spring in by-blue denim pants d a matching jean jack- rimmed with tiny print wers. Jo, who recently ned her master's de- ee in public health sing, is with daughter nnifer, aged 4 months. nnifer is in Carter's nk waffle-weave ther- l suit. Jo's suit, in lyester and cotton, is Pat Ashley for John eyer. Jacket, $34; nts, $21. Pink Ship n' ore blouse.

Villette Har- (right) wears the pal- plaid shirt jacket with k jeans that have super red legs. Underneath a ribbed sleeveless tur- neck. Villette, who rks in a publishing use, is shown with her month-old son Richard. 's in a terry jumpsuit Petit Poucet. Villette's parates are by Lady rangler. The polyester d cotton jacket is $9, turtleneck is $5, the cotton pants $9. KJL rings.



haron Ribando's layered look (left) has a pale storybook print pinafore tied in the back over a ribbed turtleneck sweater. Her pants are wide-legged. Sharon, an avid antiques collector, is the mother of two sons, including 6-month-old Tommy photographed here in Carter's terry zipper suit. Sharon's polyester and cotton pinafore is $7, the nylon turtleneck is $8, the acrylic knit pants $10. All by J. C. Penney. Sarah Coventry rings.

ail L Breen's pastel tattersall pantsuit (right) has a long shirt jacket with big patch pockets and an elasticized waist. Her matching pants are flared. Gail is a department store executive and the mother of an infant son, David, aged 11 weeks. David is snuggled into a quilted baby bunting and blanket by Triboro. Gail's pantsuit is in wool and acrylic. By Carol Cohen for Braetan-Fitzhugh, $68. Her skyblue turtleneck is by Giovannelli.

Photographs by Otto Stupakoff. Hair styles by Alexander of Kenneth's.

Platform shoes by Charles Jourdan; watches by Sheffield; Knee-High pantyhosiery by DuPont "Cantrece"; ivory pendants by Celia Sebiri. All prices are approximate. Shopping information on page 144.



"HERE LIES ELIZABETH TAYLOR BURTON"

A legendary star gives her most revealing interview yet. Elizabeth Taylor writes her own epitaph—and talks with utter candor about love, money, fashion, beauty, women she admires, being Jewish, and (who else?) Richard Burton! An interview by Terry O'Neill

Elizabeth Taylor.

"Describe myself?" she said quizzically. "Well, I honestly don't know. I've never thought about it. All I can tell you is what I know about myself. I know that I am basically shy. Most people mistake it for aloofness or think that I'm a snob. I used to be petrified if I had to enter a room full of strangers, and I found it virtually impossible to carry on a conversation until once, at a party in Hollywood, Humphrey Bogart said, 'I'm watching you, kid. You just follow Michael Wilding around like a puppy on a leash. You never open your mouth. You never say anything. Why is that?'

"I said, 'I'm shy.' 'Well,' he said, 'why don't you sit in that chair over there and make them come to you and talk.'

"Bogey was the most terrifying man, anyway. I thought it was rather amusing so I sat in the chair.

"But I did use to go to parties and I'd just listen and keep my own comments and my own observations to myself and chat about them when we got home. After that I decided that I'd start shouting them out loud. It became much easier to talk to strangers.

"I don't know how to describe myself. I love to work. I love more than anything else being married to Richard. I love my children. I'm not domesticated. I'm not really tamable, but there are moments when I like to be tamed. I'm unpredictable. I'm unpunctual. I'm not lazy when I'm working but I could very easily become lazy. I love food. I could very easily become a hedonist but I try to have more discipline."

Elizabeth Taylor.

"I've had so many great moments in my life," she said, "that it's really rather difficult to pick one. Every day has its moments, and I ex- *(continued on page 142)*



Photograph by Gianni Bozzacchi/Liaison. Makeup by Albert Di Rossi.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR'S LIFE IN (AND OUT OF) PICTURES

1932



Elizabeth was born in London on Feb. 27, 1932, to Sara and Francis Taylor.

1935



At 3½, with brother Howard, 5½. Howard lives in Hawaii with his family.

1936



With chimpanzee friend at the London Zoo. Elizabeth was then four years old.

1940



She studied with England's Royal balletmaster—and danced for the King.

1943



At 11, after family moved to U.S., she appeared in Lassie, Come Home.

1944



She learned to ride horses at age 4, and at 12 starred in National Velvet.

1950



At 18, she married hotel heir Nicky Hilton. It lasted only a few months.

1952



Not yet 20, she married Michael Wilding, 39. They were divorced in 1957.

1957



Husband #3, Mike Todd. His death in '58 air crash sent her into despair.

1961



With husband #4, Eddie Fisher. "The biggest mistake of my life," she said.

1961



Elizabeth nearly perished of pneumonia. A tracheotomy saved her life.

1961



With Burt Lancaster—and Oscar for Butterfield 8. *She won another in '66.*

1962



The world gaped as she took up with Cleopatra *co-star, Richard Burton.*

1964



The look on her face says it all as she and Burton show their wedding rings.

1972



Elizabeth holds first grandchild, Leyla—by son Michael Wilding, Jr. (top left) and wife Beth (front left). Other children are Liza Todd (in black blouse), adopted daughter Maria (behind Liza), son Christopher Wilding (right).

Honorable Cat

A noted author's odes to the feline.

BY PAUL GALLICO

I have consorted with cats of every color and description. And this experience has taught me that cats vary, as do people, in their characters and characteristics—and only when you deal with them over the years *en gros* do you know this. And yet withal, the essential mystery of their natures I have never been able to solve.

SILENCE

I walk on secret feet,
Though if I willed,
My tread
Would shake the earth beneath me.
I stalk
As silently as moonrise,
The sinking of a leaf,
The touch of snow upon the ground.
A drop of dew, born to a petal,
The frost spreading upon a window pane,
The shadow of a cloud
Drifting,
Make no more sound than I.
Nor with my hunting
Do I stir a fallen leaf.
I come,
I go,
Unheard by day,
Unseen by night,
On muffled feet of steel
Clad in a velvet shoe.



RENDEZVOUS

I am waiting for my mistress to
come home from school.
She is nine years old.
Accounted by us as still a kitten.
She is gone from early morn
Until the sun is low.
I miss her.
When she is in the house
My purr throbs in my throat.
When she is gone
I go to her empty room
And lie on something
That is hers,
And wait until I know
She will be coming down the street,
Carrying her satchel
Her braids swinging as she skips.
Sometimes when she walks with
friends
She will ignore me and forget
That I am there.
I will come down from where I
perch
And follow her,
My tail her banner.
My song of joy her music.
For all that matters is
That she is home again.



Copyright © 1972 by Paul Gallico and Mathemata Anstalt
Photographs by Tsutomu Niskikawa. From the book, "Honorable Cat," published by Crown Publishers, Inc.



BUTTERFLIES WERE MADE TO PLAY WITH

Butterflies were made for us to
play with.
They do not know where they
are going.
And we have to guess.
That's what makes it exciting.
If butterflies were not so silly
It would be easy.
Once we caught three butterflies in
an afternoon
But afterwards we were sorry.
They couldn't fly any more.
They just lay in the grass
And sighed sadly with their wings.
That was no fun.

OH, HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO BE YOUNG

Oh, how difficult it is to be young
And worried.
Like me.
I worry all the time.
What will it be like when I am grown?
What will become of me?
Where will I live, and with whom?
Will I have a home?
Will I be loved?
Will I be rich?
Or must I work?
Will I travel and see the world?
Or spend my life in one room in a basket?
Who will have me and what will THEY be like?
Or must I roam the alleyways
For fish heads
And shiver through the nights of sleet and rain
Behind some hoarding?
What will life be like?
I who know nothing
But one long worry
Find it very difficult to be young.



SPEECH

When I have things to say
I expect you to listen to me.
If you cannot understand what I am saying
That is your fault and your loss,
But at least be quiet when I am speaking
And try to comprehend
You who think yourselves so clever,
Who know languages of the people
Of the living world and the dead,
Why cannot you learn mine
Which is so simple
To express wants so few?
"In"
"Out"

"Hungry"
"Thirsty"
"Give me just a taste of what you are having"
"Something hurts"
"My ball has rolled under the divan; get it out."
"Stop doing whatever it is you are doing and pay more attention to me."

"I like you"
"I don't like you."
If you can talk to the Arabs, the Chinese, the Eskimos
And read the hieroglyphics of the past, why cannot you understand me?

Try!

SPRING: A NEW SOFTNESS

Spring comes in softly this year, easing its way on the scene with fluffy angora and wool knits done up in the gentlest of pastels. A touch of satin here and there adds to the soft, seasonal glow. You can start thinking soft right now by buying these fabrics by the yard in ribbed or plain knit, and sewing up a fine, fast seam. By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor.

Photographs by Mary Ann Kellard. All dresses are Simplicity Pattern #5041; cardigans, Simplicity #5452; Dickey and ascot, #5218; shirt, #5022. Wool and angora knit fabrics by Sewing Associates. Artificial flowers by Flower Modes. Acetate rayon satin by Cameo. Qiana satin by Onondaga.

Whip up a ribbed sunshine-yellow dress with long sleeves, satin baby buttons, and matching shiny dickey and cuffs. Or cuddle up in a sky-blue short-sleeved dress slipped over a satin shirt. Then set your cap for a giant matching beret. *(You'll find the directions on page 131.)*



pale mint ribbed ater dress is worn under nit cardigan edged h ribbed binding. The in dickey and ascot add ool white accent.
strawberry sweater ss is paired with a in-trimmed rib knit digan. Another lus- us accent: a rope of ge pearls by Laguna.



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THE GOLDEN AGE OF SILVER



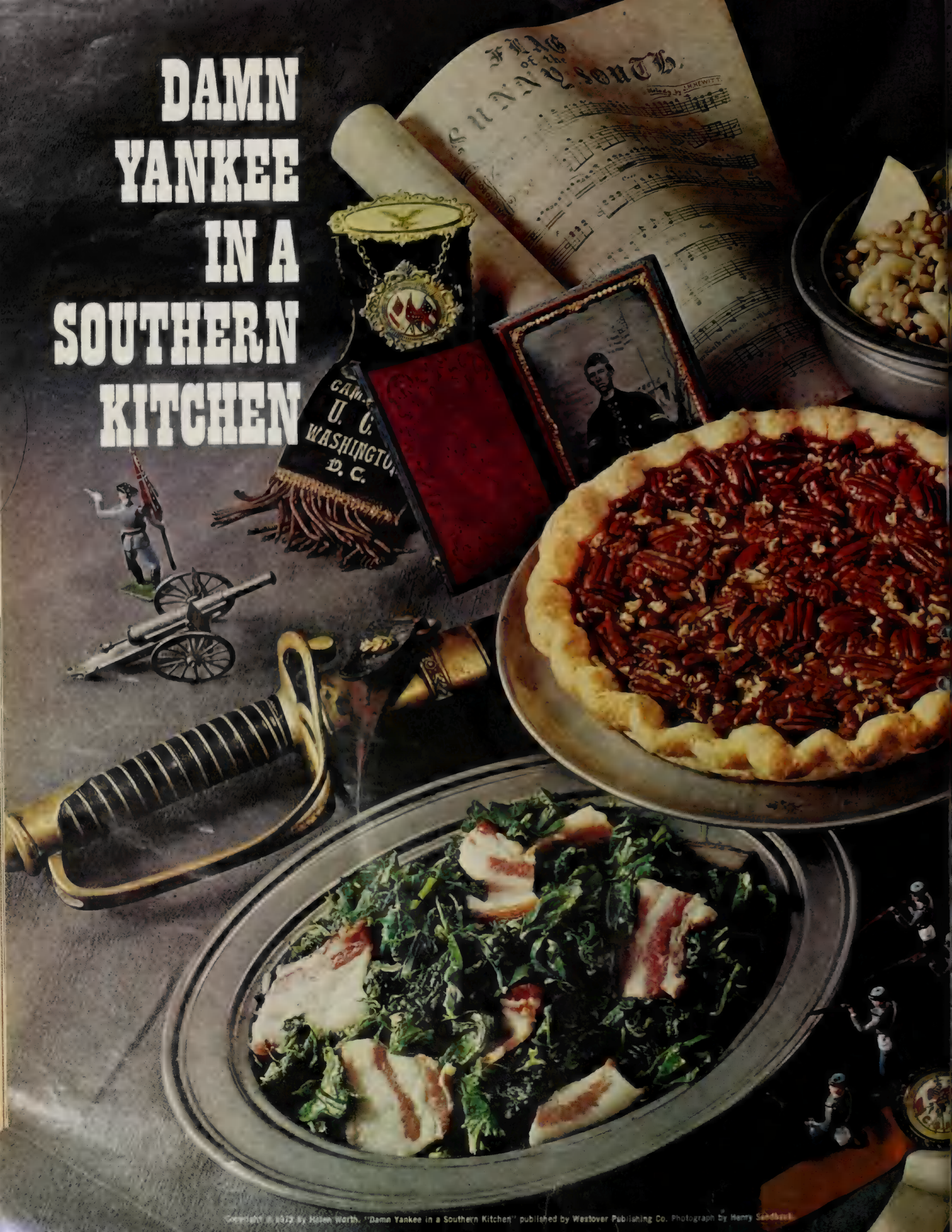
A collection of yesterday's silver shown off against a background of today's bright color.

Switch to the silver standard, the new currency in contemporary interiors. Take a shine to silver in a big way or small one. Try just a touch of it—a glass jar of foil-wrapped candy kisses on the coffee table; or call in the paperhangers and cover the four walls. Use any of the other silvery metals such as chrome, polished tin, or aluminum. Mix the old and new: bring out grandmother's silver plate, and with it try something up-to-date, like a set of silver chopsticks. It's a brilliant scheme. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

Photographs by Charles Gold. Bloomingdale's furniture and accessories. Shopping information on page 144.



DAMN YANKEE IN A SOUTHERN KITCHEN



Copyright © 1973 By Helen Worth. "Damn Yankee in a Southern Kitchen" published by Westover Publishing Co. Photograph by Henry Sandbank



JOURNAL COOKBOOK OF THE MONTH: NUMBER 76 IN A SERIES.

Whether you're a damn Yankee or a less controversial Californian, you probably know surprisingly little about Southern cooking—with the obvious exceptions of Southern fried chicken and Virginia ham. More's the pity—for it's a remarkably diverse cuisine that deserves to be savored north as well as west of the Mason-Dixon Line. New York food expert Helen Worth carpetbagged it down South to set things right. Her resulting cookbook, appropriately entitled "Damn Yankee in a Southern Kitchen" (Westover, $8.95), reflects the potpourri of ethnic influences that is uniquely Southern. The recipes (see page 121) are a happy combination of Creole, Black American, English, and Indian. This menu:

Shrimp Gumbo Soup
Pork Shoulder with Hoppin' John
and Baked Tomato Crisps
Pot Likker Portmanteau
Treacle Pie

LAVISHLY LEMON

Attention lemon lovers of the world: Now is the time to turn loose. While most fruits are currently out of season, the lemon crop is plentiful and fairly priced. Lemons are now at their freshest, juiciest—and most flavorful. For your eating pleasure, here is a collection of citrus palate pleasers that includes a lemon ice cream melba, a lemon chiffon layer cake, and an English preserve called lemon curd that is pure distilled lemon and sheer heaven. The recipe uses the entire fruit, from juice to rind. You'll be delighted you ate the whole thing. Details on page 118. By Margaret Happel, Food Editor.



Riz Imperatrice with Gin Sauce

Lemon Ice Cream Melba

Photographs by Arthur Beck. Silver server by James Robinson, New York City.


Lemon Party Cake
California Cheese Pie
Lemon Curd
Tropical Coconut Dessert

WORK WONDERS WITH BREAD

Bread—it's a real winner in the kitchen. Cooking with it makes both good eating and good economy. The Swedes, for example, successfully substitute crunchy textured bread crumbs for more expensive nuts in a number of dishes. The perennially thrifty French use a loaf of bread to the very last crumb in the form of tiny croutons for salads, large croutes to float in soups, and croustades, which are breads and rolls hollowed out to hold any number of fillings. The dishes we show here steal their cues from a number of these international notions. They include a range of things from hot appetizers to cold desserts and use every kind of bread in the pantry—fresh and stale—from whole wheat to high protein. Recipes for the dishes listed below are given on page 114.



1. *Biscuit Tortoni*
2. *Salmon Pie*
3. *Savory Raisin Balls*
4. *Swedish Butterscotch Parfait*
5. *Onion Soup with Cheese Croûte*
6. *Hash Lindstrom*



Chunky Beef Soup.
Any chunkier, and we wouldn't call it soup.

Just look at those chunks of beef, chunks of potatoes, chunks of carrots. Next time you're stuck for a main dish, try Chunky Beef Soup. Add a salad, milk, some rolls and butter, and you've got yourself a meal.

So chunky you'll be tempted to eat it with a fork. (But use a spoon. You'll want to get every drop.)



Hum drum.



1. Green beans, fresh, canned or frozen.

2. Asparagus, fresh or frozen.

3. Broccoli, fresh or frozen.

4. Zucchini, fresh.

Yum yum.



1. Green beans, fresh, canned or frozen. Combine ⅓ cup butter or margarine, 1 Tb. chopped parsley, 1 t. grated lemon peel and 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice. Shape into butter pats. Chill. Serve on hot green beans. You'll love it.

2. Asparagus, fresh or frozen. Make a nifty lemony sauce by fixing a package of white sauce mix, according to directions. Add ½ t. grated lemon peel, 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice, and hot pepper sauce to taste. Garnish with chopped egg yolk.

3. Broccoli, fresh or frozen. Top it with a quicky Hollandaise. Here's how. Melt ½ cup butter or margarine with 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice, ½ t. salt and a dash cayenne. Add slowly to 3 egg yolks, beating constantly.

4. Zucchini, fresh. Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add 1 t. grated lemon peel, 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice and 2 t. instant minced onion. Pour over cooked zucchini. So simple. So good.

Like these easy little lemon tricks? Let us send you some more. Just drop a postcard to Sunkist, Dept. S-73-25, Box 7888, Van Nuys, California 91409.

Sunkist.

FEBRUARY

Poppy Cannon's Meal-a-Day Menus

1. National Heart Month. And a reminder that good nutrition is the basis of good health. A salad a day *does* keep the doctor away. For budget-wise salads, use coarsely shredded leaf and root vegetables.

Hot Beef Bouillon
Chicken Breasts in White Wine Sauce
Carrot-Celery Salad
Broiled Bananas ☐ Whipped Cream

2. Speaking of salads, you must use a diet dressing to be really skinny and svelte. Try Reverse Vinaigrette—that is two parts lemon juice to one part oil; salt, pepper and dry mustard to taste. (A true vinaigrette will have more oil than lemon juice and therefore more calories.)

Broiled Grapefruit Halves
Poached Egg with Leaf Spinach
Broccoli-Mushroom Salad
Reverse Vinaigrette
Baked Apples ☐ Diet Whipped Topping

3. Chinese New Year begins today. Celebrate appropriately by choosing one of La Choy's new Oriental dinners. They are skillet quick, and all you add is meat, poultry, or fish.

Won-Ton Soup
Sukiyaki with Oriental Vegetables
Steamed Noodles ☐ Lettuce Heart Salad
Melon Ball Dessert (frozen)

4. Cold, cold Sunday. Let's entertain thoughts of summer by using Heinz Mild Barbecue Sauce over oven-roast spareribs. Place two slabs of spareribs together with cornbread stuffing sandwiched between. Roast at 325° for 1–1¼ hours. Baste frequently with barbecue sauce.

Hot Buttered Tomato Juice
Spareribs with Cornbread Stuffing (pkg.)
Corn-on-Cob (frozen) ☐ Jacket Potatoes
Dried Fruit Compote in Rum Sauce

5. There's one commodity everyone's short on—that's time. To help out during the breakfast rush there's a new Instant Orange Breakfast Drink from Borden's. We also found the crystals good sprinkled over canned fruit. Nutritious, too!

Cream of Pea Soup
Broiled Burgers on Toasted Buns
Creamed Onions ☐ Baby Carrots
Canned Peaches with Orange Crystals

6. Every country has a classic dish that combines meat and fish. Americans serve steak and lobster tails. Italy has cold veal in tuna sauce. And from Scandinavia, there is roast lamb in a subtle anchovy-dill gravy.

Cream of Celery Soup
Roast Lamb ☐ Anchovy-Dill Gravy
Parslied Potatoes ☐ Green Beans
Snow Pudding ☐ Raspberry Puree

7. Saffron is among the world's most expensive herbs. To approximate the color (though not the flavor), add 2–3 tablespoons mild mustard when cooking 1 cup long-grained raw rice. Good with any pork dish.

Oyster Soup
Skillet Pork Chops ☐ Mustard Rice
Eggplant, Red and Green Pepper Casserole
Two Crust Apple-Raisin Pie (can)

8. Are you ready for a devil-of-a-pâté? Mash together ¾ lb. liverwurst, ½ cup each butter or margarine and chopped parsley, 2–4 tablespoons bourbon, and (yes, can you stand it?) 1–2 teaspoons hot pepper sauce, a flick of curry and cayenne.

Deviled Pâté ☐ Fresh Relishes
Crabmeat-Stuffed Crepes
Asparagus (frozen) ☐ Mushrooms
Pineapple (can) with Crème de Menthe

9. Honesty really is the best policy. Applause to both General Foods and Del Monte—the first for its open-date policy on all cereal products; the latter for being the first canner to initiate a federally approved nutritional labeling system.

Onion Soup ☐ Cheese Croutons
Turkey Cutlets ☐ Potato Puffs
Stewed Tomatoes (can) ☐ Broccoli
Apricot Betty with Cereal Topping

10. Make two common vegetables uncommonly good. Mix together equal quantities of mashed cooked potatoes and carrots. Season well. Roll into 1-inch balls. Chill. Dip in egg-milk mixture. Roll in chopped walnuts. Chill again before deep frying 2 minutes only.

Clear Beet Soup
Stuffed Glazed Meat Loaf
Potato-Carrot Croquettes ☐ Peas
Ice Cream Roll ☐ Spice Cookies

11. Good time of year for avocados. Mash, season, and serve as guacamole along with Doritos new tortilla chips with a nacho (Romano) cheese flavor (from Frito-Lay).

Guacamole ☐ Cheese Tortilla Chips
Chili Con Carne
Kernel Corn ☐ Green Salad
Flan (egg custard) ☐ Mexican Coffee

12. Belgian endive—the loveliest and most delicate of salad greens—is in high season. This white-green spear of a vegetable can also be served hot. Simmer until tender in chicken broth. Drain, and pour over a Madeira sauce—adding shreds of ham, tongue, and mushrooms.

Consommé Madrilene ☐ Sour Cream
Rolled Stuffed Veal Breast
Endive with Madeira Sauce
Ambrosia with Toasted Coconut

13. Juniper berries look like blue-black peppercorns, and are used to season game meats such as venison, pheasant, bear, and even beaver. Want to fake it? Marinate meat in a little gin (the flavor is from juniper). Lamb will taste a little like venison, and beef like beaver.

Chicory and Cheese Salad
Beaver Flank Steak ☐ Kasha
Danish Vegetables (frozen)
Chocolate Mousse ☐ Rolled Cookies

14. Although no longer an "official" saint, who can forget St. Valentine? Bake a cake in a heart-shaped pan. Set strawberry gelatin in a shallow layer and from it cut tiny hearts with a canape cutter. Place at random all over the cake.

Chicken Soup with Curry
Ham Steaks ☐ Raisin Sauce
Carrots ☐ Onions
Valentine's Day Cake

15. New from Morton's, to brighten any midwinter breakfast—frozen toaster muffin rounds: corn, blueberry, cinnamon-apple, and raisin bran. Six to a package.

Orange Juice
Soft Boiled Eggs
Blueberry Muffins ☐ Preserves
Café au Lait

16. Spinach. You either love it or hate it . . . but there are no in-between feelings. Bent on becoming a convert? Season the cooked vegetable with a little salt and equal quantities sugar and lemon juice. Or eat it for itself alone—in a salad, hot or cold.

Baked Stuffed Clams
Chicken Scallopini ☐ Gnocchi
Hot Spinach-Bacon Salad
Sour Cream-Applesauce Tarts

17. "How do you make 'cracklings'?" asked a reader. Take the thick skin that is sometimes the outer layer of a fresh ham or pork roast. (Often this skin is packaged and sold separately by the butcher.) With scissors, snip into ¼-inch cubes. Sauté quickly in a heavy skillet until crisp. Salt and use as croutons.

Cream of Mushroom Soup ☐ Cracklings
Chicken Livers and Bacon Kebabs
Herbed Rice ☐ Vegetables Parisienne
Canned Pears in Ginger Brandy

18. News for every calculating woman on her way to the supermarket! Latest surveys show that armed with a shopping list (to limit impulse buying) and a little time to work out the unit pricing system, you *will* save.

Potato Soup with Grated Onion
Swedish Meatballs ☐ Dilled Noodles
Braised Celery ☐ Beet Salad
Jelly Roll ☐ Mocha Filling

19. Poor Man's Turtle Soup. To a can of cream of asparagus soup, add ½ can each chicken broth and dry sherry. Heat but do not boil. Serve with a swirl of whipped *salted* heavy cream.

Poor Man's Turtle Soup
Cheese Omelet ☐ Chunky Tomato Sauce
Broccoli Amandine ☐ Hash Browns
Cream Puffs with Lemon Cream

20. "Whatever happened to Mary Jane? She won't eat her rice pudding again." For such people Uncle Ben's has introduced Stuff 'n Such—a new stuffing mix. Designed to be baked alongside, not in, the bird, the mix promises to be a new side dish item. A go-with for any entree.

Minestrone with Grated Parmesan
Broiled Apricot Glazed Game Hens
Stuff 'n Such ☐ Beans in Butter Sauce
Mixed Fruits (frozen) ☐ Poundcake

21. Better get used to it. Snacking as a meal-style is a way of life. Betty Crocker knows it, as she introduces yet another mix to the Snackin' Cake line. This month's flavor is applesauce-raisin.

Chicken Noodle Soup
Tuna Lima-Bean Casserole
Braised Leeks ☐ Roast Potatoes
Applesauce-Raisin Cake Mix

22. George Washington's Birthday. No wonder it's National Cherry Month. The only cherries in view, however, are canned. For dessert . . . cut 1 (8-in.) square cake into 2-inch cubes. Set on baking sheet. Swirl meringue over each. Set a few canned sweet cherries in center. Bake at 450° for 4 minutes.

Cream of Shrimp Soup
Hot Tongue ☐ Red Currant Sauce
Brussels Sprouts ☐ Whipped Onion-y Potatoes
Cherry Meringue Dessert

23. America is now the fifth largest wine-consuming nation in the world. Since imported wines grow increasingly prohibitive in price, look to the native grape. One good choice—Christian Brothers' Cabernet Sauvignon.

Sherried Consommé
Beef Roulades ☐ Spaetzle
Julienne Carrots ☐ Baby Limas
Fresh Fruit ☐ Camembert Cheese

24. Island Shrimp Festival—Fort Myers, Fla. Indulge in the most luxurious dish of the month—Scampi. Bathe shrimp (fresh or frozen) in lashings of garlic, parsley, olive oil, butter, and lemon. Broil, eat, then soak up each golden globule of sauce with hot crusty bread.

Artichoke Heart Salad
Scampi ☐ Hot Italian Bread
Zucchini (frozen) ☐ Leaf Spinach
Coffee Ice Cream ☐ Macaroons

25. Peanut butter is always number one favorite with the small fry for lunch. Now for grown-ups . . . spread chunky style peanut butter over rye bread. Top with thinly sliced onion, tomato, and crisply broiled bacon. Add a grind of black pepper.

Cup of Soup (pkg.)
Peanut Butter-Tomato-Onion Sandwich
Apples (out of hand) ☐ Brownies

26. Why hasn't anybody thought of it before? A shaker top is on bottles of Viva Italian Dressing from Seven Seas. Shake just the *right* quantity over your salad. The oil and vinegar are constantly blended by the shaking action. So simple!

Chunky Clam Chowder
Chef's Salad ☐ Viva Italian Dressing
Potato-Onion Casserole
Almond Tart with Vanilla Sauce

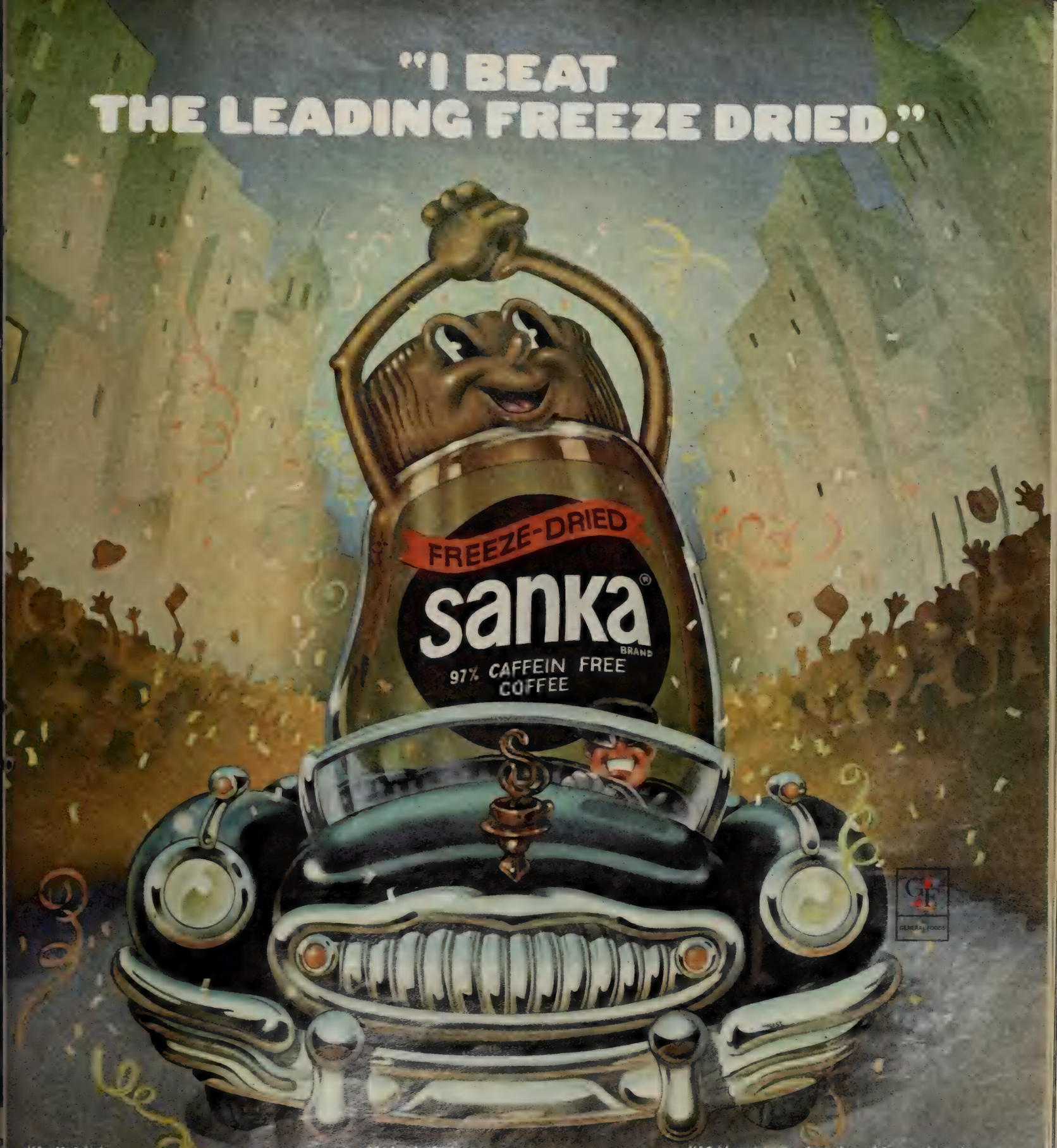
27. A money-saving idea for the most important area of the food budget. From Wecolite, a quick-roast pin of high compression aluminum to insert in the center of an uncooked roast (any type of meat or poultry). Cooking time is reduced, therefore meat shrinkage is reduced. Flavor is not lost.

Carrot Soup
Rolled Turkey Roast ☐ Pan Gravy
Scalloped Potatoes ☐ Kale
Pumpkin Chiffon Pie

28. Bachelor's Day. Look to your laurels and win him with . . .

Cold Cherry Burgundy Soup
Schnitzel ☐ White Rice (Mix)
Sautéed Mushrooms ☐ Salsify
Viennese Chocolate Torte

"I BEAT THE LEADING FREEZE DRIED."



"I did it!

"Now, the better tasting coffee is me. Freeze-Dried Sanka® Brand Decaffeinated Coffee.

"With 97% of my caffein taken out, I beat the leading freeze-dried that had 100% of its caffein left in.

"In taste tests conducted across the country, more instant and freeze-dried coffee drinkers said I made a better tasting, smoother, less bitter cup of coffee.

"If the taste buds of hundreds of people aren't proof enough, make your own taste test.

"Compare a cup of my coffee to a cup of theirs. You've got nothing to lose. And a lot to gain. Me. A delicious cup of coffee."

DO YOU WANT THE ONE THAT SELLS MOST OR TASTES BEST?





30-MINUTE MENU

Follow these steps for a fast, fabulous fish feast for 4. • Start potatoes: Peel a strip around girth of 16 well-scrubbed new potatoes. Cook in boiling salted water until tender (15 to 30 minutes). Dessert: Drain 2 (17-oz.) cans apricot halves and place in individual serving dishes. Combine 1 (5-oz.) individual serving can lemon pudding, 1 tablespoon brandy, and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Spoon over apricots and chill. Salad: Drain 1 (14-oz.) can artichoke hearts. Wipe, then slice ½ lb. fresh mushrooms. Combine ¼ cup oil and vinegar French dressing, 2 crushed garlic cloves, 1 teaspoon dried thyme. Mix, add vegetables, and toss well. Line a salad bowl with lettuce. Before serving place marinated vegetables in center. • Fish Fillets: Rinse 4 large fillets of sole (total 1½ lbs.) under cold water. Pat dry and cut in halves. Combine ⅓ cup flour, 2 teaspoons dried tarragon, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Heat ⅓ cup butter or margarine in large skillet until foamy. Dip sole in flour mixture. Sauté quickly until golden. Turn and move to one side of pan. Cut 3 large tomatoes each into 6 wedges. Set in other side of pan. Sprinkle fish with ⅓ cup pitted ripe olives and 1 teaspoon capers. Cook until tomatoes are hot and fish flakes. ■ Hors d'oeuvres: Combine a (7½-oz.) can chicken salad sandwich spread, 2 tablespoons diced celery, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2-3 drops hot pepper sauce. Serve with sesame crackers. ■ The last minute: Drain potatoes and add to pan ¼ cup butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon chives, 1 teaspoon salt, and ½ teaspoon pepper. Toss, garnish with parsley.

Photograph by Roy Cogan

SQUEEZ, SQUEEZ, EVERYBODY SQUEEZ.



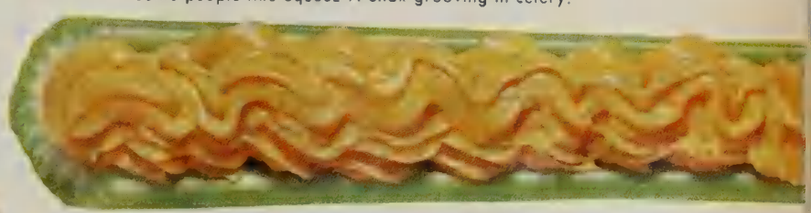
Here's one for the children. Cheese spreads are good sources of protein, so squeeze it on thick.

Start things rolling by squeezing Squeez-A-Snak on crackers.



A Jalapeño flavor snack for people who like tortilla chips. Luckily, there are enough different Squeez-A-Snak flavors for all kinds of crackers and people.

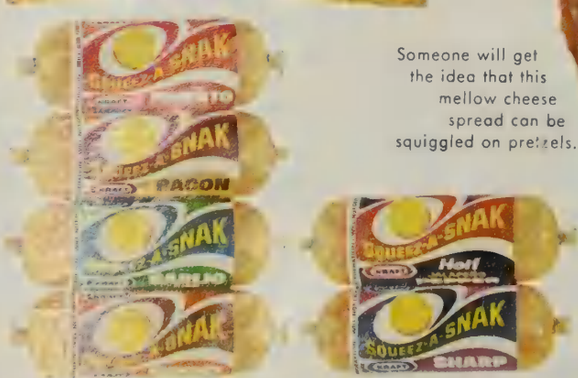
Some people like Squeez-A-Snak grooving in celery.







Someone will get the idea that this mellow cheese spread can be squiggled on pretzels.



There's something for everybody in Squeez-A-Snak process cheese spread from Kraft. The flavors range from Sharp, Bacon and Pimento to Hickory Smoke, Garlic and Jalapeño Pepper. Use them for cracker snacks, cookouts, parties or lunch boxes. Take Squeez-A-Snak anywhere —it never needs refrigeration, and people love it.

KRAFT Division of **Kraftco Corporation**

Kraft Snaks. A good time is only as good as its food.

LAVISHLY LEMON

continued from page 106

TIPS ON USING LEMONS

1. Grate the rind from the lemon first, then squeeze the juice. One lemon yields about 1 tablespoon grated rind and 3–4 tablespoons juice.

2. Peel or grate only the "zest" from the lemon surface. The white pith beneath will give a bitter flavor.

3. To extract maximum quantity of juice from a lemon, drop in hot water for 2 minutes; dry before juicing. Or roll lemon between palms of hands for a few minutes.

4. Never throw rinds of lemons away after juicing lemons. Store in plastic bag in refrigerator and grate and use as needed.

LEMON ICE CREAM MELBA (pictured)

- 1 (3-oz.) pkg. lady fingers
- 1 lemon
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 cup milk
- 1 qt. vanilla ice cream, softened

Raspberry sauce:

- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen raspberries, thawed
- 1 Tb. cornstarch
- 1 Tb. lemon juice

Split lady fingers in half and stand, palisade fashion, around sides of a 1½ qt. loaf pan (9x5x3 inch). Cut off ends of lady fingers so they fit directly on the base of the loaf pan.

Cut lemon into thick circles. Remove any seeds. Place in blender with sugar. Whir at high speed for 1 minute to grate peel and blend sugar. Add milk, then ice cream. Blend until smooth. Pour mixture into prepared pan. Cover evenly with remaining lady fingers. Cover with plastic wrap. Freeze at least 2 hours or overnight.

Make sauce: Drain juice from thawed raspberries to measure 1 cup, adding water if necessary. In a small saucepan blend cornstarch, raspberry juice, and 2–3 drops red food color if desired. Bring to a boil. Cook 1 minute, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice and raspberries. Cool. Makes 1½ cups.

Unmold ice cream: Dip loaf pan in hot water. Invert and shake onto chilled serving platter. Top with some sauce, pass remaining separately. Cut in slices to serve. Serves 8.

RIZ IMPERATRICE WITH GIN SAUCE (pictured)

Rice mold:

- ½ cup golden raisins
- ½ cup water
- 2½ cups milk
- ⅓ cup raw long grain rice
- ¼ cup grated lemon rind
- 1½ Tb. (1½ envs.) unflavored gelatin
- ⅓ cup lemon juice
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 cup heavy cream whipped

Gin sauce:

- 1 cup water
- ¼ cup fine julienne shreds lemon rind
- ⅓ cup sugar
- 2 tsp. cornstarch or arrowroot
- 2 Tb. lemon juice
- 2 Tb. gin
- 1–2 drops yellow food color

Make rice mold. In a small bowl combine raisins and water. Let soak 20 minutes to plump raisins. Lightly oil 1¼ qt. mold. Set aside.

In a medium saucepan combine milk, rice, and lemon rind. Cook uncovered over low heat for 30 minutes until rice is very tender. Stir occasionally.

Five minutes before rice is cooked, sprinkle gelatin over lemon juice in a small bowl. Let stand to soften. Add to rice mixture along with sugar. Stir to dissolve. Cool rice mixture, then chill in refrigerator until consistency of unbeaten egg whites. Beat heavy cream until stiff. Fold in chilled rice mixture together with *well-drained* golden raisins. Pour into prepared mold. Cover with plastic wrap. Chill at least 2 hours.

Make sauce: In small saucepan simmer, uncovered, water and fine julienne shreds lemon rind for 20 minutes. Stir in sugar. Mix cornstarch with lemon juice. Blend into sauce. Bring to a boil stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add gin and food color. Serve hot or cold. Makes 1 cup.

To serve: Dip mold into hot water. Invert and shake onto chilled serving platter. Pour sauce over, pass any extra separately. Serves 8.

LEMON PARTY CAKE (pictured)

Cake:

- 1 (18.5-oz.) pkg. lemon chiffon cake mix
- 1¼ cups water
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 2 eggs
- 1 Tb. grated lemon rind

Glaze:

- 1 (3-oz.) pkg. lemon-flavored gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup superfine sugar
- ⅓ cup lemon juice
- ¼ cup anise-flavored liqueur
- 1 (2-oz.) pkg. whipped topping mix
- 2 (6.2-oz.) pkgs. chocolate glaze mix
- 1 tsp. instant coffee powder

Preheat oven to 350°. Line the bottom of 2 (9-in.) square cake pans with waxed paper. (Do not grease and flour cake pans that will contain a chiffon mix.)

In a large bowl beat the powdered egg white mix (inside the larger cake mix box) with 1¼ cups *cold* water. Beat until egg whites form stiff peaks. In a smaller bowl beat cake mix batter with lemon juice and eggs. Beat for 2 minutes with electric mixer at medium speed. Fold in grated lemon rind. Then pour batter, one third at a time, over stiff egg whites, folding in until blended. Use a rubber spatula or wire whip.

Divide batter evenly between two ungreased cake pans. Bake at 350° for 35–45 minutes or until surface, when lightly touched, springs back. Cool cake in pan on wire rack for 5 minutes. Then remove from pan to rack. Cool completely.

Make glaze: Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Stir in sugar, lemon juice, and liqueur. Chill until mixture is consistency of unbeaten egg whites. Whip topping mix according to package directions. Fold 1 cup whipped topping into gelatin. Refrigerate remaining topping for decorations.

Slice each cake crosswise into two even layers. Turn cut side up. Pour ¾ cup gelatin mixture over cut surfaces of each layer. Set smoothest glazed layer aside. Press cake tester over glazed surface of other layers to allow gelatin to penetrate cake. Stack layers with the smoothest being on top. Refrigerate several hours.

To decorate: Using ruler and small sharp knife, mark top layer into sixteen (2¼-in.) squares. Make up chocolate glaze according to package directions. Spread chocolate glaze with small spatula or pipe (using No. 45 tip) on alternate squares. Stir instant coffee powder into reserved whipped topping. Pipe tiny rosette border (using No. 20 tip) around top edge of cake and between squares. Serves 12–16.

LEMON CURD (pictured)

In top of double boiler, lightly beat 5 egg yolks with ⅛ teaspoon salt. Stir in 1 cup sugar, ⅓ cup butter or regular margarine, ⅓ cup lemon juice, and 2 tablespoons grated lemon rind.

Place over simmering *(continued)*

Reveal Roasting Wrap makes carefree casseroles.

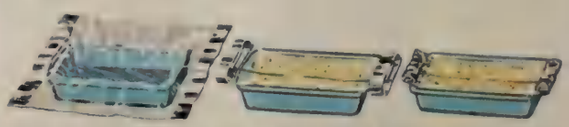
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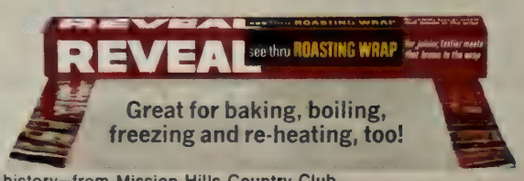
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Ours is creamier, spreads easier than homemade buttercream frosting.



No offense intended.

LAVISHLY LEMON *continued*

water (mixture must not sit in the water) and cook 15–20 minutes. Stir occasionally. Mixture must be thick and smooth.

Pour hot mixture into hot sterilized jars. Cool and seal with paraffin wax according to manufacturer's directions. Makes 1½ cups.

Ed. Note: Store for several weeks in refrigerator.

TROPICAL COCONUT DESSERT (pictured)

Crust:
- 2½ cups graham cracker or chocolate wafer crumbs
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup butter or regular margarine, melted

Filling:
- 1 (3⅜-oz.) pkg. lemon pudding and pie filling
- 1½ cups water
- ¾ cup sugar
- ½ cup lemon juice
- 1 (2-oz.) pkg. whipped topping mix
- 1 (3½-oz.) can flaked coconut

Make crust: Mix crumbs with sugar and melted butter or margarine. Press crumb mixture firmly against bottom and sides of eight individual dishes or glasses, using about ¼ cup crumb mixture for each. Refrigerate.

Make filling: In a saucepan combine lemon pie filling, sugar, water, and lemon juice. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly until mixture comes to a boil. Remove from heat. Cool 5 minutes, stirring 2 or 3 times. Whip topping mix according to package directions. Fold into cooled pudding. Stir in coconut. Divide evenly between prepared dishes. Refrigerate at least 2 hours. Serves 8.

CALIFORNIA CHEESE PIE (pictured)

In a small saucepan sprinkle 1 envelope unflavored gelatin over 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Let stand 5 minutes, then over *very low heat* warm until gelatin is dissolved. Set aside.

In a large bowl beat 4 (5-oz.) cans individual snack pack lemon puddings with 1 (8-oz.) pkg. cream cheese, softened, until smooth. Stir in ¼ cup diced roasted almonds, 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, and dissolved gelatin.

Pour mixture into 1 (9 in.) baked pie shell. Chill until firm. Just before serving decorate with swirls of stiffly beaten heavy cream (1 cup) and sprinkle with 2 tablespoons additional diced roasted almonds. Serves 8.

LEMON FRITTERS WITH GINGER SAUCE

- 4 lemons
- 1½ cups sugar
- 2¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 (10-oz.) bottle ginger beer
- 3 egg whites
- Salad oil for deep fat frying

Ginger sauce:
- 3 egg yolks
- ⅓ cup sugar
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- ¼ cup ginger brandy

Using a serrated knife, pare around and around each lemon, like an apple, to remove both the rind and white pulp. Loosen the lemon segments by cutting down along the membrane that surrounds each section. Lift out each segment in one piece and remove any seeds. Sprinkle with sugar and toss gently. Marinate 15 minutes.

Make fritter batter: Sift flour onto waxed paper. Measure 2¾ cups. Sift again into medium bowl. Using a wire whisk beat in ginger beer. Beat egg whites until stiff peaks form, in a separate bowl, and then gently fold into fritter batter. Fold in lemon segments and any juice that has accumulated, keeping each separate and making sure each is coated with batter.

Pour oil to a depth of 3 inches into a large saucepan or deep electric skillet. Heat to 375° on deep fat frying thermometer or set skillet control to 400°. Using No. 30 ice cream scoop or 2 tablespoons, drop batter into hot fat. Fry until golden brown, 3–5 minutes, turning occasionally. Drain on paper towels. Keep fritters warm in preheated 200° oven. Serve with Ginger Sauce. Makes 36. Serves 6–8.

Ginger sauce: Beat egg yolks, sugar, lemon juice, and ginger brandy with an electric mixer in top of double boiler. Set over gently simmering water. Beat constantly until sauce thickens (about 10 minutes). Makes 1–1¾ cups.

LEMONY SPICE COOKIES

- 4 lemons
- 2 Tb. lemon juice
- 2 Tb. dark corn syrup
- 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 2 tsp. baking soda
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ground ginger
- ¼ tsp. ground cloves
- 1½ cups sugar
- 1 cup butter or regular margarine
- 1 egg

Preheat oven to 400°.

Peel rind from lemons with swivel-bladed vegetable parer, taking care to avoid bitter white pith. Finely chop rind to make ½ cup. In a small saucepan combine rind with lemon juice and corn syrup. Bring to a boil over medium heat; then cool.

Sift all-purpose flour onto wax paper. Measure 3 cups. Sift again, into a large bowl, sifting in baking soda, cinnamon, ginger, and cloves at the same time.



In another bowl, with electric mixer, beat together sugar and butter or margarine until light and fluffy. Beat in egg and cooled lemon syrup. Fold in dry ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto ungreased cookie sheet at least 2 inches apart. If desired, place pecan or walnut half in center of each cookie. Bake at 400° for 8 to 10 minutes. Remove immediately to wire rack to cool completely. Makes 5 dozen (2½-in.) cookies. **END**

DAMN YANKEE IN A SOUTHERN KITCHEN

continued from page 105

MENU 1 (pictured)
SHRIMP GUMBO SOUP
PORK SHOULDER
WITH HOPPIN' JOHN
BAKED TOMATO CRISPS
POT LIKKER PORTMANTEAU
(Field Greens)
TREACLE PIE

SHRIMP GUMBO

- 1 lb. raw shelled shrimp
- 3 cups strained Court bouillon (See recipe below)
- 1 Tb. butter
- 1 Tb. flour
- 1 onion, diced
- 1 green pepper, diced, optional
- 1 cup clam juice
- ¼ tsp. sugar
- 1 Tb. filé powder*, optional

Add shrimp to boiling court bouillon, and poach, covered, until done. (If time is not a factor, the heat can be turned off.) In large saucepan, prepare roux with butter and flour. When smooth, add onion and green pepper, and cook, stirring occasionally, until roux browns, about 20 minutes. Add shrimp, strained court bouillon, and clam juice. Cover pot, bring to boil, add sugar, season (with cayenne pepper) to taste, and serve sprinkled with filé powder. Pass boiled rice separately. Makes 6 servings. (7 cups.)

**Filé powder:* a traditional thickening agent for gumbo. *But* sprinkle on at last moment before serving. Do not stir in and do not cook.

SHRIMP GUMBO SOUP WITH OKRA

For speed, add 1 cup sliced okra, unthawed frozen, or canned (plus liquid in can), with the cooked shrimp. If using fresh okra, cook it in the court bouillon until tender.

Ed. Note: Make only in stainless steel or enamel pot.

COURT BOUILLON (vegetable stock)

No self-respecting Southern cook would dream of dumping seafood into water. Poaching in stock or bouillon offers two advantages—it adds flavor to the seafood, and the resulting liquid can be reduced to make a sauce. The following is enough for about 1½ pounds seafood.

- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tb. dry wine—white or red—lemon juice, or vinegar
- ¼ tsp. peppercorns
- 1 small unpeeled onion, quartered
- 1 small unpeeled carrot, cut coarsely
- 3 sprigs parsley
- 1 stalk celery and leaves
- 1 small clove garlic, crushed, optional
- 1 tsp. dried herbs, tarragon, basil, summer savory
- 2 cups water

Combine ingredients in large pot, cover and, boil until vegetables are tender, about 20 minutes. Reduce heat and when liquid stops bubbling add seafood. Cover pot and cook below simmering until seafood is done.

Ed. Note: To provide sufficient volume for the Shrimp Gumbo recipe, double the above.

POT LIKKER PORTMANTEAU

Of all the Southern classics, this is probably the most famous—and best known as Greens and Pot Likker. Pork neck bones or smoked ham hock can replace streak-o-lean and the liquid left from cooking them can be used for preparing the vegetables. Of the greens often sharing the same pot there is a choice of turnip greens, mustard greens, kale, and collards. If you find the gross overcooking of the vegetables nutritionally egregious, realize that early on, it was considered impossible to cook any vegetable too much.

- 6–8 ounces streak-o-lean (unsliced bacon)
- 2 cups water
- 1 pkg. (about 10 oz.) frozen chopped greens
- 2 teaspoons sugar

Slice streak-o-lean ¼ in. *(continued)*

Naturally, you've changed.

And here's how grapefruit from Florida can keep up with you. Once considered formal, grapefruit today is going casual. But that's only natural. Bursting with juicy deliciousness, rich in Natural Vitamin C and very lean on calories (only 50 in 4 ounces of juice, for instance), grapefruit fits right into the way we lead our lives today. It's a natural way to help you shape up.

We hope some of our suggestions will give you ideas of your own. You'll find fresh pink or white grapefruit today at your grocers. From Florida, the best, naturally. Or canned and chilled sections; frozen concentrated, canned and chilled juice. Use your imagination and put a little grapefruit in your life. You'll feel better for it.

1. Chubby Charlie raids the refrigerator. Grapefruit has become synonymous with low-calories. Only 45 calories in half a medium-sized one and that's almost a whole meal. If you have refrigerator raiders in your house, set a diet trap: cover grapefruit half with plastic wrap and top with low calorie crackers. Place way up front in your refrigerator so it can't be missed. And hide the left-over spaghetti.

2. For deep-down quenching there's nothing like it! What could be more natural for the worst kind of thirst than the tart 'n' tangy taste of grapefruit juice from Florida. This tall, cool idea is simple. Pour chilled or canned juice over the rocks or add ginger ale or soda water to suit your taste. Next time you toast to someone's health you'll be doing more than toasting.

3. Are you in the pink? This easy salad is. Pink and white fresh grapefruit sections combined with fresh apples, cherries or other fresh fruit. A healthful salad that's pretty as a bouquet. Here's another helpful hint: grapefruit, sections or juice, keeps other fruits in salads from discoloring. Keeps it fresh and bright-looking so you can serve it pretty.

4. Let Billy be the first one in his school. The school lunch box can be pure monotony. So here's one refreshing solution. Put ready-prepared, chilled grapefruit sections in a plastic cup. It's an easy-to-eat healthful treat. And it'll keep the peanut butter sandwich from sticking to the top of Billy's mouth.

5. Here's a dessert that's healthy, too. Top half a grapefruit with a quarter cup of yogurt and add a grape or strawberry. Just because you're watching your weight doesn't mean you shouldn't have something good to look at. And eat. Or, if you're not counting every calorie, try a broiled half of grapefruit (sprinkle with brown sugar, a dab of butter, broil 4 inches from heat about 5 minutes) for a short-and-sweet change.

6. For kids we'll sweeten our disposition, naturally! "Drink your juice!" has become a national slogan. Here's a good way to get them to do it. To chilled, canned or frozen concentrated grapefruit juice, add a tablespoon of natural honey or real maple syrup. For after school or after play, too, you've got a non-carbonated soft drink. And when's the last time you had to tell a little one to finish his soda pop?

Shape up with grapefruit from Florida.

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BELOVED.

By Jessyca Russell Gaver

I have the warmest sense of time
Within my fingertips
A sense of lovely, lilting rhyme
Remembering your lips . . .
I have the warmest sense of love
Within my very heart
And know the joys you are made of
Whenever we're apart . . .
I have the warmest sense of time
Because it tells me true
That every moment of it, I'm
So much in love with you . . .

thick and cut 2-in pieces. Place in saucepan with water, greens, and sugar. Cover pan and bring liquid to boil rapidly, breaking up frozen block of greens with fork. When thawed, reduce heat, cover, and cook gently until greens are soft as velvet, about one hour, adding more water if necessary. Season to taste, realizing that Southerners don't add pepper. Makes 4 servings. (Double recipe to serve 6–8 as pictured.)

BAKED TOMATO CRISPS

The tomatoes must be green or just-ripe, so they will hold shape. Allow 1 medium tomato per serving. Cut into ¾-in. thick slices and dip both sides in melted butter, then in seasoned cornmeal. Arrange on foil-lined baking sheet. Bake in preheated, very hot, 500° F. oven until browned, about 20 minutes. If slices stick to foil, allow to cool slightly.

Ed. Note: The proportions we used were 6 firm tomatoes, sliced, dipped in ⅓ cup melted butter, then in 1½ cups yellow cornmeal, seasoned with 1 tablespoon salt and 1 teaspoon pepper. Makes 6 servings.

PORK SHOULDER WITH HOPPIN' JOHN

This recipe can prepared ahead and improves with every reheating.

1 lb. (about 2 cups) dried blackeye peas
1 large onion, diced
¼ tsp. hot red pepper
5 cups water
¼ cup dry wine, white or red, optional
1½ lbs. smoked boneless pork shoulder butt
4 medium potatoes, peeled and quartered

Pick over peas, discarding any that are soft. Place in large saucepan with all ingredients except pork and potatoes, and bring to boil. Add pork, cover pan, bring liquid to boil rapidly, lower heat, and simmer about 2 hours, or until peas are cooked, and pork is tender, adding more water if needed to prevent scorching.

Add potatoes (and additional water if necessary), the last half hour of cooking. Refrigerate overnight, if desired, for easy removal of top layer of fat.

To serve, fill the casserole with peas and potatoes, top it with the sliced meat, and heat through. Makes 6 servings.

Ed. Note: The recipe is traditionally short on meat. To make this with sufficient meat for 6 persons, increase the amount of pork shoulder butt used to 3 lbs.

TREACLE PIE

Pastry for a 10-in. bottom crust
3 eggs
1 tsp. vanilla
6 Tb. butter, melted
⅔ cup dark corn syrup
⅓ cup very dark molasses
¾ cup brown sugar
¼ tsp. salt
¾ cup broken pecans
Pecan halves to decorate

Line pie pan with pastry and flute rim if desired. Beat eggs slightly, and whisk in all remaining ingredients except pecans. Pour into crust and add pecans. Bake on center rack of preheated, moderate 375° F. oven, until top crust cracks toward edges but filling jiggles slightly in center when pie is shaken.

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Innocent pineapple.
Innocent of added sugar.
Only the best part of the pineapple.
Packed in its own juice.

about 30–45 minutes. Makes 6 servings.
Ed. Note: This filling fits equally well into 1 (9-in) pastry crust and produces a thicker filling. For our pictured version of Treacle Pie we also added halved pecans.

MENU 2

LOUISVILLE CHICKEN SHORTCAKE
(OR SANDWICH)
SUCCOTASH
SALAD IN VINAIGRETTE DRESSING
BELLE GROVE APPLE SNOW WITH BENNE WAFERS

LOUISVILLE CHICKEN SHORTCAKE

Use halves of boned, skinned chicken breasts that have been poached. Butter squares of baked cornbread and top with cooked chicken. Cover with another square of cornbread and pour sauce over.

Sauce:

- 1 Tb. instant minced onion
- 2 Tb. butter, melted
- ¼ cup (about 4 stalks) celery, finely chopped
- 3 Tb. flour
- ½ cup chicken broth
- ½ cup cream
- Chicken (see below)
- Cornbread (see below)

Cook onion in covered saucepan in butter 5 minutes. Add celery and cook uncovered until onion browns lightly, stirring as necessary. Make a light brown roux with flour mixing it with onions and add liquids as for sauce. Makes 4 servings.
Ed. Note: For a thinner sauce add ½-¼ cup more chicken broth. Also season with salt if desired.

POACHED CHICKEN BREASTS

- 1⅓ cup chicken broth
- 4 boned chicken breasts, skinned and halved

In a large skillet bring chicken broth to a boil. Add chicken breasts and reduce heat. Simmer uncovered 15 minutes or until chicken is tender. Allow 2 halves per person.

BUTTERMILK CORNBREAD

Buttermilk (sour milk may be substituted) produces a light and lovely cornbread and yellow cornmeal gives it the color of sun slanting in a window.

- 1 cup cornmeal
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 1 egg, beaten slightly
- 2 Tb. butter

Mix cornmeal, soda, and salt. Mix buttermilk with egg, add cornmeal, and stir smooth. Place butter in baking pan and melt in preheated, very hot 450° F. oven. Add cornbread mixture and bake on top rack until well-browned, about 30 minutes. Serve hot.
Ed. Note: To make four Chicken Shortcakes make two cornbreads. Split each in half vertically, then split each half crosswise. Use cornbread squares as directed in recipe above.

PAULINE'S Ssuccotash

- 2 cups lima beans
- 1 lb. snap beans
- 3 large ripe tomatoes, peeled
- 1 cup corn kernels
- 2 Tb. flour
- 2 Tb. butter
- ½ cup room temperature sour cream
- 2 tsp. sugar

Cook lima and snap beans with tomatoes in ¼ cup boiling salted water until beans are tender, about 15 minutes. Add corn and cook until done, about 5 minutes. In a separate saucepan prepare a thickened sauce with flour, butter, and cream, and add to vegetables. When mixture comes to boil, add sugar and season to taste. Makes 8 servings.
Ed. Note: We added 1 tablespoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper to season this recipe.

VINAIGRETTE DRESSING

- 3 Tb. oil, preferably olive
- 3 Tb. vinegar, preferably wine
- ½ cup finely chopped parsley
- 6 chopped scallions

Combine ingredients, adjust oil and vinegar for desired piquancy and season to taste. Yields about ¾ cup dressing.
Ed. Note: Use this quantity to toss with 6 cups washed, torn salad greens. Makes 6 servings.

BELLE GROVE APPLE SNOW

Watching my stalwart electric mixer beat this innocent of desserts to a fluff, I could only marvel at the strength of the arms that preceded this machine-age. The "snow" is nutritious, an enviable budget-stretcher, and will hold up for several hours.

- 1 egg white
- ⅛ tsp. cream of tartar
- ⅛ tsp. salt
- 4 Tb. sugar
- ¾ cup applesauce
- ½ tsp. lemon juice, optional

Beat egg white with cream of tartar and salt until fluffy. Beat half the sugar in gradually and when completely incorporated and mixture is fairly stiff, add applesauce. Beat until mixture stands in firm peaks, adding enough additional sugar to taste, and lemon juice to accentuate flavor. Makes about 4 cups. Chill before serving. Makes 4–6 servings.

BENNE WAFERS

Benne seeds are considered good luck tokens and may be the oldest condiment known to man; records of them date back to 1600 B.C. The rich seeds (they contain about 50% oil) come from an annual herb, are indigenous to Africa, and were carried to America in the 1700s. This is a rich can't-stop-eating confection, so perhaps you had better double the recipe.

- ¼ cup benne (sesame) seeds
- 1 Tb. softened butter
- ½ cup brown sugar
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- ½ tsp. salt
- 3 Tb. flour

Using heavy pan, stir seeds over moderate heat until slightly browned. Combine butter and brown sugar, add sesame seeds, and stir in egg yolk, vanilla, and salt. Add flour and mix well. With wet hands shape 1-inch diameter balls. Place at least 2 inches apart on foil-lined cookie sheet. Bake on top rack of preheated, moderate 350° F. oven until firm, about 10 minutes. Allow to cool completely, and peel foil off. Makes 24 cookies about 2½ inches in diameter.

SMALL MUSIC

By Louise Welch

I've loved such fragmentary things:
The sudden white of seagulls' wings;
The swift precision of a wave
Before it breaks; an unmarked grave;
Smoothness of rocks half-dry in streams,
And boats far-seen like passing dreams.
Or not-seen ships with foghorn cries;
Wet shining streets; black-fringed blue eyes;
The smell of dawns unmussed by day;
And cloud-darked sheaves of golden hay;
A sandpiper's small thalassic tune
Piped on the beach in the hush of noon.



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HOW FIRST LADIES DIET

continued from page 87

boiled or poached egg, one strip of crisp bacon, one slice of toast with honey (no butter), and black coffee. For lunch she would have consommé, a salad of lettuce and tomato with one teaspoon of French dressing, two Saltine crackers, and black coffee or skimmed milk. If there was going to be a State Dinner that night, Jackie often limited lunch to an apple and a cup of coffee.

LADY BIRD JOHNSON: Mrs. Johnson had a special problem. Her husband, President Lyndon B. Johnson, loved to eat. When President Johnson suffered a heart attack in 1955, his doctor put him on a strict diet. Lady Bird decided to share her husband's diet, and by the time LBJ had regained his health, she had dropped from a size 14 to a size 10. And Lady Bird has maintained that same 110-pound, 5'4" figure.

While she lived in the White House, Lady Bird's breakfast was simply orange juice (with gelatin), one slice of toast with honey (no butter), black coffee with sugar substitute. For lunch she'd have a hamburger on one slice of toast (or no bread at all), a salad, dried fruit, and coffee. Lady Bird also likes buttermilk (88 calories per glass as compared to 159 calories for an 8-ounce glass of whole milk). She also likes a diet drink concocted by LBJ himself. It is listed with Lady Bird's diet recipes at the end of this article.

PATRICIA NIXON: As far as dieting goes, Mrs. Nixon is the luckiest First Lady—because President Nixon diets more zealously than she does.

Just under 5'6", Pat Nixon has stabilized her weight at 108 to 110 pounds. It is the slimmest she has ever been. "As slim as I am," says Pat, "I still have to watch my diet because weight can creep up on you."

The First Lady usually starts her day with slices of fresh fruit, toast or a roll (with butter), and coffee with half-and-half. At lunch, she has fruit with lettuce and cottage cheese. At dinner, fruit often appears again on the menu—this time in a gelatin salad. Says Mrs. Nixon: "It may have a few extra calories, but a little raw fruit is so necessary to good health and won't make you gain weight. Fruit also gives quick energy and nutrition that you need." (Sometimes Mrs. Nixon has broiled grapefruit topped with maple syrup. It's a special treat for her and the President.)

Mrs. Nixon never snacks between meals. When there is a formal White House tea she will have one small pastry and one cup of coffee. At night, Mrs. Nixon may have one of her finger sandwiches (117 calories)—and milk—or one piece of candy (55 calories).

The dieting Nixons agree on the importance of cottage cheese. It was Pat Nixon who in 1958 gave away her husband's special diet trick. "The only food that Dick really doesn't like," she said, "is cottage cheese. When he is trying to lose weight, he forces himself to eat it. He puts catsup on it to make it palatable."

In addition to dieting, our three most recent First Ladies all have, in a subdued way, made physical exercise part of their slimming programs.

Jackie Kennedy did sitting-up exercises, especially stomach-tightening ones. She owned a slant board and used it. She also played tennis and swam.

Lady Bird Johnson also used the White House pool to keep trim. Mrs. Johnson, who sometimes swam as many as 40 laps, never grew winded. Lady Bird also introduced a new sport to the White House: bowling. Bowling alleys were built in the basement of the Executive Office Building, right next door to the White House. Mrs. Johnson found that bowling was the best way to keep her upper arms from getting soft or flabby.

When Pat Nixon came to the White House, the swimming pool was covered over to make room for new press rooms. But Mrs. Nixon likes to bowl against all competitors. At Camp David, Md., San Clemente, Calif., or Key Biscayne, Fla., Pat indulges in her other favorite sports, hiking and swimming.

Now let's see the menus for the diets that have helped three First Ladies stay healthy and svelte.



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Of all the leading mixes, only Bisquick uses 100% all-wheat flour combined with a special leavening process to make waffles that are wonderfully light and fluffy.

Make two patties of the mashed potatoes, to which you have added the milk and the salt and pepper. Place on greaseless baking dish. Spread the dietetic whipped cream on top of the patties and sprinkle with cheese. Brown in a 450° oven and serve as soon as the cheese starts to turn golden brown.

ARTICHOKES PROVENÇALE

(62 calories per serving.) Serves 4.

- ½ cup canned artichoke bottoms, quartered (with juice)
- 1 cup frozen peas
- ¼ tsp garlic salt
- Salt and pepper to taste
- ¼ cup shredded endive
- 1½ Tb. cooking oil

Heat the cooking oil and add all the ingredients to it, simmering gently until the peas are done. Add water if necessary, to keep from burning.

PÊCHES AU VIN

(60 calories per serving.) Serves 4.

- 4 fresh peaches with skins
- 1 cup dry white wine
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- Sugar substitute to equal ½ cup sugar
- 1 cup water

Put all the ingredients in a pot except the peaches and bring to a boil. Add the peaches and simmer until the fruit is tender. Do not peel the peaches until they are chilled and ready to be served. Peel and pour a little of the syrup over each peach. (158 calories with sugar.)

Jacqueline Kennedy's calorie count for the day, using the larger of the breakfasts (241 calories) and luncheons (212 calories) and the 4 o'clock pick-me-up (5 calories) as well as a fine dinner in the French tradition (505 calories), added up to less than 1,000 calories. Actually, she could have gone as high as 1,750 and still maintained her 5'7", 120-pound figure. But by staying below her maintenance requirement, she could have a cocktail.

LADY BIRD JOHNSON MENUS:

Diet Breakfast No. 1—185 calories

	calories
Orange juice (6 oz. glass)	74
½ Tb. unflavored gelatin added	17
1 slice white toast with ½ Tb. honey	62 32
Black coffee with sugar substitute	0

Diet Breakfast No. 2—161 calories

3 stewed prunes (medium size)	80
1 hard-boiled egg	81
Black coffee with sugar substitute	0

Note: One diet trick that Lady Bird used frequently was to save her breakfast egg calories till lunch time.

Diet Luncheon No. 1—286 calories

1 cup vegetable beef soup	77
Sliced hard-boiled egg on lettuce bed	81 3
1 tsp. French dressing	21
1 slice melba toast or rye crisp	16
Buttermilk (8 oz. glass)	88

Diet Luncheon No. 2—368 calories

Hamburger (3 oz.) (broiled)	185
on one slice toast	62
Lettuce and tomato salad	20
1 tsp. French dressing	21
3 mixed dried fruits or 2 canned figs	80
Black coffee with sugar substitute	0

Johnson Family Dinner—478 calories

LBJ's diet pot roast (4 oz.)	285
Spinach goldenrod or mustard greens (½ cup)	20
Baked stuffed tomato	64
Salad of lettuce, onion, celery, and green pepper	15
With 1 tsp. French dressing	21
LBJ's diet Spanish cream	73
Black coffee artificially sweetened	0

JACQUELINE KENNEDY MENUS:

Diet Breakfast No. 1—241 calories

	calories
Orange juice (6 oz. glass)	74
1 egg (soft boiled or poached)	50
1 slice whole wheat toast with ½ Tb. honey	56 32
1 slice bacon	29
Black coffee	0

Diet Breakfast No. 2—140 calories

Half grapefruit (white)	52
1 slice whole wheat toast with ½ Tb. honey	56 32
Black coffee	0

Diet Luncheon No. 1—212 calories

Avocado salad (¼ avocado sliced)	90
(3 slices tomatoes)	15
(bed of lettuce)	6
2 slices of chicken (2 ounces)	77
2 Saltine crackers	24
Black coffee	0

Diet Luncheon No. 2—173 calories

1 cup chicken consommé	23
Lettuce and tomato salad	25
1 tsp. French dressing	21
2 Saltine crackers	24
½ glass of whole milk	80

Diet Luncheon No. 3—80 calories

1 apple (2½" diameter)	80
Black coffee	0

4 o'clock Energy Snack—5 calories

5 or 6 carrot and celery sticks	5

Kennedy Family Dinner—505 calories

4 oz. Gigot D'Agneau Jacqueline	300
Cucumber salad	30
Potatoes Chantilly	53
Artichokes Provençale	62
Pêches au Vin	60

RECIPES:

GIGOT D'AGNEAU JACQUELINE

(300 calories a 4 oz. serving.) Serves 6–8.

(Roast leg of lamb with wine and honey.)

For a 4-pound leg of lamb, make a marinade of the following:

- 1 Tb. of honey
- ¾ cup boiling water
- ½ cup dry white wine
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 2 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper

Dissolve the honey in the boiling water and add the rest of the ingredients.

Pour marinade over meat, cover, and refrigerate overnight. Turn occasionally.

Roast in a 325° oven for about 2 hours or longer if you like it very well done. Baste occasionally with the marinade (to which a few tablespoons water have been added). When roast is done, remove it, and skim fat from roaster. Add ¼ cup dry white wine to the sauce remaining at the bottom of the roaster. Heat and serve immediately.

(Though Mrs. Kennedy would eat no more than a teaspoon of the high-calorie sauce, the flavor permeated the meat. She would rather have a little of something good than a lot of something drab and ordinary.)

CUCUMBER SALAD

(30 calories a serving.) Serves 2.

- 1 large cucumber, sliced very thin
- 1 Tb. chopped onion
- ⅓ cup vinegar
- 4 Tb. cold water
- 1 Tb. salad oil
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper

Make a marinade of all the ingredients and pour over the cucumber. Cover and let stand in refrigerator overnight, stirring occasionally. Before serving, add salad oil, stirring thoroughly.

POTATOES CHANTILLY

(53 calories per serving.) Serves 2.

- 1 small potato, boiled and mashed
- 1 Tb. milk
- 2 Tb. diet whipped cream
- 1 tsp. grated parmesan or other cheese
- salt and pepper to taste

And what can't you make of it!

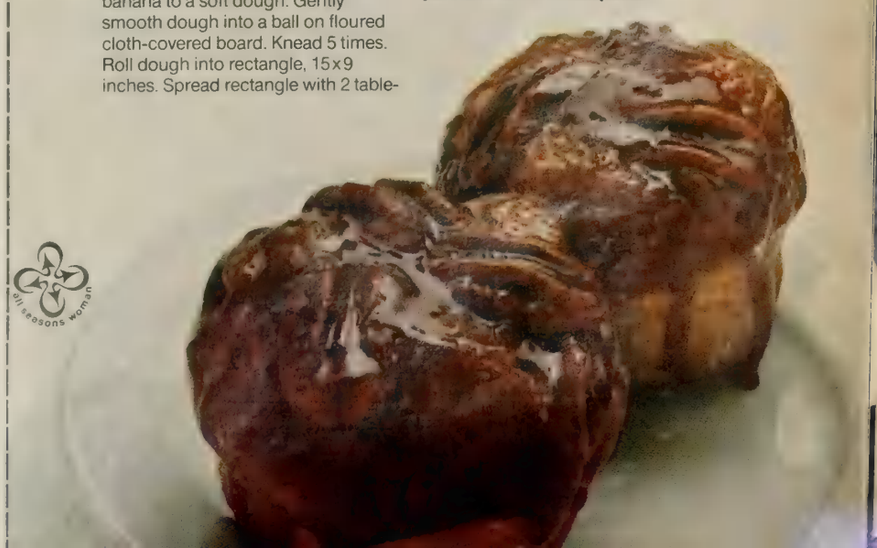
BUTTERSCOTCH BUNS

1/2 cup brown sugar (packed)
1/2 cup soft butter or margarine
36 pecan halves
2 cups Bisquick baking mix
2/3 cup mashed ripe banana
2 tablespoons soft butter or margarine
1/4 cup brown sugar (packed)

Heat oven to 450°. Place 2 teaspoons brown sugar, 2 teaspoons butter and 3 pecan halves in each of 12 medium muffin cups. Place in oven to melt sugar and butter. Stir baking mix and banana to a soft dough. Gently smooth dough into a ball on floured cloth-covered board. Knead 5 times. Roll dough into rectangle, 15x9 inches. Spread rectangle with 2 tablespoons butter; sprinkle with ¼ cup brown sugar. Roll up tightly, beginning at wide side. Seal well by pinching edge of dough into roll. Cut into twelve 1¼-inch slices. Place slices cut sides down in muffin cups. Bake *10 minutes*. Immediately invert pan onto tray or baking sheet. Leave pan over rolls a minute. Serve warm. *1 dozen.*

This recipe was developed and tested in the Betty Crocker Kitchens.

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☐ SAVE 90¢. Order any two of above, we pay postage.

DIET *continued*

(Note: The same diet meal can be served with a 4-ounce medium well-done steak, made flavorful with garlic salt and lemon; or with an LBJ hamburger—hidden in the center of the very lean 4-ounce hamburger would be a hot jalapeña pepper. Guests who didn't know what to expect almost jumped out of their chairs at the fire this added to the innocent hamburger.)

RECIPES:

LBJ's DIET POT ROAST
(285 calories ■ 4-oz. serving.)

4 pounds of lean pot roast

Make a marinade of the following:

- Juice of one lemon and the grated rind of about ¼ of the lemon
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- ½ tsp thyme
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- ¾ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp pepper
- ½ cup water

Pour marinade over meat, cover, and refrigerate overnight. Turn occasionally.

When ready to cook: Sprinkle meat with 2 Tb. of flour. Brown in 2 Tb. melted butter in a heavy saucepan. Pour marinade over meat and simmer for 1½ hours or until tender. Add water as needed to keep from sticking. (If you prefer lean pot roast to a sirloin roast, cooking time is 2½ hours.)

SPINACH GOLDENROD
(20 calories a serving.)

Boil spinach. Serve without butter seasoned with salt and pepper. Sprinkle with hard-boiled egg yolk.

Lyndon Johnson and Lady Bird liked their mustard greens boiled without fat and with a little vinegar.

BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES
(66 calories per serving.) Serves 2.

- 2 medium tomatoes, whole
- 1 tsp. chives, chopped
- 1 Tb. breadcrumbs (dry)
- 2 Tb. chopped canned mushrooms
- 2 dots of butter (½ tsp.)
- 2 tsp. grated parmesan cheese
- salt and pepper to taste

Make a small hollow in each tomato, and sprinkle with a little salt and pepper. Combine the bits of tomato you have removed with the chives, mushrooms, and dry breadcrumbs. Salt and pepper to taste. Fill the tomatoes with the mixture. Put a dot of butter on top and sprinkle with parmesan cheese. Bake at 375° for 30 minutes.

LBJ's DIET SPANISH CREAM DESSERT
(72 calories per serving.) Serves 6.

- 1 Tb. gelatin
- ¼ cup cold water
- 1 cup scalded whole milk
- 3 eggs, separated
- Sweetener to equal 2½ Tb. sugar
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Soften gelatin in cold water for 5 minutes; add milk. Combine egg yolks, sweetener, and gelatin mixture. Cook in the top of a double boiler for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool and chill until slightly thickened. Add vanilla and fold in the egg whites, which have been stiffly beaten. Turn into mold and chill.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S DIET DRINK
(85 calories per 8 oz. glass.) Serves 2.

- 1 slice dietetic canned pineapple
- 1 scant glass skimmed milk
- ½ glass dietetic canned pineapple juice
- ½ glass water
- Dash of artificial pineapple flavoring
- Sugar substitute to taste

Put all the ingredients in the blender, whip until frothy. Makes 2 glasses. (Or 4 glasses if served in glass filled with crushed ice.)

Now for the calorie countdown for the day. If Lady Bird had the higher calorie count breakfast (185 calories) and lunch (368 calories), and the pot roast dinner (478 calories) complete with dessert, her total calories were 1,031. Even if she had an 8-ounce glass of her husband's diet drink (85 calories) as a mid-afternoon snack, her calories totaled 1,116.

If President Johnson was not around, Lady Bird had, instead, a sugar-free diet soda or juice with gelatin. Since Mrs. Johnson can eat 1,650 calories and still keep her 110-pound weight she maintained a comfortable margin of 500 calories for days of formal luncheons, teas, and dinners.

PAT NIXON

Years of dieting earned Pat Nixon the right to a treat for breakfast almost every other morning: a sweet roll. Even so, the morning calorie count is kept below 350 calories. That's because the First Lady does not care for eggs at breakfast and prefers to get her eggs combined with foods in the other ways that are possible.

MENUS:

	calorie
Diet Breakfast No. 1—336 calories	
Grapefruit juice (6 oz. glass)	76
Sweet roll (2 oz.)	190
with 1 pat butter	50
Unsweetened coffee	
with 1 Tb. half and half	20
Diet Breakfast No. 2—232 calories	
Fresh fruit (¾ cup slices of apple, pear, cantaloupe, grapefruit, orange, etc., mixed with ⅓ cup berries)	100
1 slice white toast	62
with butter	50
Unsweetened coffee	
with 1 Tb. half and half	20
Diet Luncheon No. 1—213 calories	
1 large slice pineapple (without the syrup)	
on ½ cup cottage cheese	120
Bed of lettuce	
Unsweetened coffee	
with 1 Tb. half and half	20
Diet Luncheon No. 2—321 calories	
1 cup beef broth	26
Ham sandwich (2 oz. meat)	225
Half pear, grapes, or other fruit	50
Unsweetened coffee	
with 1 Tb. half and half	20

Dinner is the time when President Nixon and his wife see eye to eye conversationally—but not on food. If there are potatoes on the table, Mrs. Nixon will take one small helping (65 calories) but the President will not eat a mouthful. And when she dines by herself, or with Tricia, Mrs. Nixon will eat dessert. Only occasionally will the President join her.

In order to help her husband with his eternal diet, Mrs. Nixon makes sure that the meats and vegetables served at their meals are low calorie. Here is Pat Nixon's calorie count at the meal.

Nixon Family Dinner—578 calories	
Roast sirloin of beef (4 oz.)	259
Grapefruit gelatin salad	60
on bed of lettuce	3
with 1 teaspoon sesame seed dressing	30
Peas (¼ cup)	29
Zucchini squash (½ cup)	13
with dot of butter	10
Strawberry ice cream	174

RECIPES:

This is how White House Chef Henry Haller makes the roast for the calorie-conscious Nixons: *(continued)*



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ROAST SIRLOIN OF BEEF

(259 calories for a 4-oz. serving.)
Serves 6–8.

- 4 pound sirloin of beef (lean only)
- 4 Tb. butter
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- salt and pepper to taste

Rub the sirloin with the butter, which has been combined with the garlic. Sprinkle an equal amount of salt and fresh ground pepper on all sides of the meat and roast uncovered in a very hot oven—500°—for 25 to 30 minutes *for very rare*. Do not serve immediately. Place in a warm place for a half hour so the juices will continue to work within the meat.

Here is a second beef dish that Chef Haller often prepares:

SWISS STEAK

(241 calories per 4-oz. serving.) Serves 4.

- 1½ pounds of top round steak (very lean)
- 1 Tb corn oil
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- ⅛ tsp. thyme
- seasoned salt
- 2 Tb. flour
- ½ cup beef bouillon
- ½ cup vegetable juice
- ¾ cup carrots, leeks, and celery cut into julienne (thin strips)
- 1 tsp. fresh parsley, chopped

Brown onions in ½ of the oil until golden. Remove pan from heat and add thyme.

Season and sprinkle steaks on both sides with flour, then brown in the rest of the oil in a heavy iron skillet. Pour vegetable juice and bouillon over steaks; add the onions and thyme. Cover and simmer slowly for an hour on top of the stove. After 1 hour, turn steak over and cover with vegetable julienne. Cook an additional 30 minutes.

To serve, arrange steak on platter, spoon sauce and vegetables over them, and sprinkle with parsley.

The rest of the meal is standard American: tiny peas cooked without butter; zucchini squash with just a touch of butter and a dash of lemon added for flavor.

So where does that leave Pat Nixon's total calorie intake for the day? If she selects the highest calorie breakfast (336 calories) and lunch (321 calories) along with the roast beef dinner (578 calories), her calories for the day total 1,235. Even with a bedtime snack of two finger sandwiches (234 calories) and a glass of whole milk (159 calories), her grand total would be 1,628—which is just below the 1,650 calories per day to which Mrs. Nixon would have to limit herself in order to maintain her weight. If she had skim milk (88 calories) with her snack, or skipped the bedtime snack altogether, the First Lady would have extra calories to spend at more formal dinners, luncheons or teas.

It is interesting to note that since they have left the White House, Jackie Kennedy (now Mrs. Aristotle Onassis) has maintained her weight—and, some say, even lost some. Mrs. Johnson looks better than ever. And Pat Nixon looks so marvelous that one can never imagine her gaining weight. Which all adds up to the fact that eating correctly should be a way of life. It has paid off for these three women—and it can pay off for you. **END**

Frances Spatz Leighton, with former White House Chef François Rysavy, is the author of "A Treasury of White House Cooking."

TEEN SEX

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were "going steady or tentatively engaged." One in five viewed it as more appropriate for couples between 18 and 20; nearly half thought this age was too young unless the couple was "officially engaged or married."

Among college women, fewer than one in 20 felt that intercourse was appropriate for couples in their mid-teens who were going steady or were informally committed to marry. One coed in five thought intercourse was acceptable among couples aged 18 through 20; but six in ten still thought intercourse should be reserved for marriage.

It hardly needs saying that parents are more conservative in their sexual attitudes than are their offspring. Parental preference remains strongly on the side of chastity for their daughters. But there is a vast chasm between what today's parents *prefer* in their children, and what they realistically *accept*.

A national survey conducted for Planned Parenthood-World Population's Research Department by the Gallup Organization, Inc., found that seven out of ten adults "approved the availability of contraceptive services to unmarried persons 18 and older." Another PPWP survey found that three out of four physicians surveyed would give "birth control service or referral to a minor without parental consent." Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, national president of Planned Parenthood, observes that "most physicians have seen too much trauma among young people, associated with clandestine abortion and illegitimacy, to feel there is serious question about prescribing contraceptives to sexually active girls."

Some states that have tax-supported contraceptive programs restrict such services to persons who are married, pregnant, or who have already had a child. However, many states have no such limitations, and still others are acting to remove them. Legislation designed to broaden the availability of birth control devices for minors has also been given strong endorsements by the American Association of Planned Parenthood Physicians, the American Medical Association, the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, the American Academy of Pediatrics, and the American Academy of Family Physicians.

Meanwhile, the churches remain bastions of premarital chastity. When asked if churches had shifted their position on the question of virginity before marriage, the Reverend William Genné, Coordinator of Family Ministries of the National Council of Churches, answered that "shift" is too strong a word, but that a number of denominations are "leaning" toward a new emphasis on responsibility in sexual relationships rather than technical standards. He quoted a new study completed by a special committee of the United Presbyterian Church: "If, in the course of . . . courtship," the committee stated, "a couple has taken a responsible decision to engage in premarital intercourse, the church should not convey to them the impression that their decision is in conflict with their status as members of the body of Christ." The committee report, which is not an official church statement, includes this observation: "In place of the simple but ineffective and widely disregarded standard of premarital virginity, we would prefer to hear our church speak in favor of the more significant standard of responsibly appropriate behavior . . . defined as sexual expression which is proportional to the depth and maturity of the relationship and to the degree to which it approaches the permanence of the marriage covenant."

I talked also with Father John Thomas, S.J., the authority on Catholic family life who heads the Jesuit Center for Social Studies at Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. He said that although the Roman Catholic Church in the U.S. has made no move to soften its strict doctrinal opposition to premarital intercourse, an "attitudinal" shift is apparent. "More parish priests and campus counselors are moving away from rigid do-and-don't rules toward individualized concern for personality development.

"In dealing with their communicants' daily needs and problems," said Father Thomas, "priests are exercising more latitude for personal judgment. Their guidance on sex has become more realistic as they recognize that we just can't have it both ways: We can't multiply sexual stimuli the way we've done without giving good sex education. And we can't have co-ed dorms without responsibly providing birth control."

A similar shift—not in doctrine but in guidance—seems evident among Jewish sex counselors, especially in Reform groups such as the Union of American Hebrew Congregations.

But parental anxiety often seems heightened rather than eased as churches and schools accept increasing responsibilities for sex education. Surveys show that many mothers do indeed try to aid in the sex education of their daughters; but the same surveys show that daughters often find these maternal efforts inadequate in terms of either factual information or guidance. Often both parent and child are also guilty of exaggerating the actual differences in their attitudes and opinions. Studies by Dr. Walsh and others indicate that adolescents often see their parents as more conservative than they really are and that parents generally believe teens to be more permissive than is actually the case. Dr. Walsh notes the danger that "Parents may read about some 'far out' teen groups and be so shocked that they do not try to communicate with their children for fear of what they might discover." Walsh also reports that students often find it difficult to think of their parents as sexual beings. One girl told him that when she was 16 she was shocked when her mother announced she was pregnant. The girl confessed, "Somehow, I just didn't think of mother as doing that!"



"I want it for dinner . . . not a transplant."

Communication gap

What can parents do to bridge this communication gap? How can we adjust to the present "teen sex scene," while helping our children come to terms with their sexuality? From the sea of facts and observations, a few tentative conclusions begin to emerge.

- Accept—though you need not like—the realities of gradual changes in teen attitudes and behavior. They are inevitable in a century of change. Seeing them clearly may help you deal with your own anxieties—and your children's.
- The "new morality" among our young people incorporates a strong respect for the innate specialness of sex and the seriousness of its consequences.
- Don't be ashamed to talk and think and study more about sex yourself. Young people want more adult guidance, but parents are often ill equipped to offer advice. Extend your education by reading some of the newer, non-judgmental books on sexuality written for adolescents—perhaps before passing them on to your children.
- Above all, keep the lines of communication open with your teen-agers. "Laying down the law" will cause your son and daughter to turn away. Later, when they need help with sexual matters, they will turn to anyone but you. Speak your mind as another human being, not as a judge.
- If your daughter is of high-school age, don't neglect her sex education on the pretext that she doesn't seem interested in sex. If she isn't now, she will be soon—and your guidance may then come too late.

Finally, perhaps it will ease parent-child communication if we recognize that our own generation is very much a part of the so-called "sexual revolution" (although "evolution" seems a more appropriate word). Our attitudes on sex are probably very different from those of our parents. If we can say to our sons and daughters, "This thing is bigger than both of us," then surely we stand a better chance of working together to mold a *rational* morality—based on mutual respect, affection, and commitment—to guide adults young and old in the sexual aspects of man-woman relationships. **END**


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tion, but it does not reside in prescribing drugs, despite the frequency with which such medications—especially Ritalin, are given to hyperkinetic children. Drugging a child does not affect whatever prompted the disturbance, and more often than not the drugs are effective for only a limited time. Pushing pills on these children merely convinces them that difficulties in living with others, and in meeting the tasks of life, are best circumvented by recourse to drugs. Little wonder that so many of them rely on drugs when things get tougher later on. Nearly all middle-class drug addicts with whom we have worked were given drugs as children—to modify behavior troublesome to the parent! It is easier to give a child a tranquilizer when his anxiety prevents him from sleeping at night than to find out what his anxiety is, and what can be done to eliminate it.

We have worked with hyperkinetic children who had been on tranquilizing drugs uninterruptedly for seven or eight years, since they were three or younger. This drug regimen had done nothing to allay their wildness. We took these children off all drugs, and simultaneously removed the pressures to sit still and be quiet. Instead of criticizing their behavior, we accepted it. We particularly encouraged them to be physically active: to run around, to touch things, to take them apart. Soon such children became able to learn, and after a while even to sit still for short and then longer periods. Later it became possible to first understand, and eventually to remove their anxiety about themselves and their environment. When that was achieved, they settled down to a comfortable and age-appropriate pattern of behavior and were able to function like the rest.

The best way to deal with hyperactivity, however, is to not let it develop in the first place. The home and the school need to recognize that for such a child, activeness is (at least initially) a normal part of his makeup. Rather than provoking such active behavior into an abnormal pattern of hyperactivity, parents and teachers must help the child to harness his energies productively. The very active child needs outlets to discharge some of his abundant energy, if he is to have any success in harnessing the remainder of it.

Glued to their seats?

Teachers might well ask themselves if it is really vital to the educational process that children remain glued to their seats for hours on end. Studies of large and small families, and of rigid and more spontaneous classroom settings, show that children can work equally well with activity going on around them as they can in tomb-like stillness. Schools must undergo a major change in attitude toward the active child. Even if he is given an opportunity to discharge his energy, he will remain in an unfortunate position if his activeness is basically not accepted and implicitly criticized.

Permitting and even encouraging greater movement in the classroom will benefit both the active child and his more controlled classmates. Even though they are better able to cope with demands for quiet and stillness, they too find such demands difficult to some extent, and would thrive in more relaxed surroundings.

But ultimately it is parents who must bear the major responsibility. They must develop a positive attitude to the child's need to get into and out of things as he wishes—and must accept that a broken toy or object is preferable to a child whose spirit is broken. I do not suggest that a child should never be reprimanded; one cannot raise a child without "do's" and "don'ts." It all depends on whether this discipline is based on real acceptance and true enjoyment of his basic nature, even if it is hard to take at times. A small, neat apartment is not the "natural" place for children to grow up; in the proverbial log cabin there was little to mess up, while the wide outdoors offers omnipresent opportunities to work hard, and to roam. If this were the best of all possible worlds, those households with a Fidgety Phil in their midst would realize how confining the typical middle-class home is to an active boy. They would simply relax and let him wiggle and giggle, realizing that his energy and enthusiasm will stand him in good stead in the future—if he is not pushed into hyperactivity through nagging. Without such acceptance, parents must at least reduce the number and intensity of occasions that might push Phil into further fidgetiness, and avoid severely critical reprisals. **END**



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ADER REPORTS

ontinued from page 44

12,000 a year and each sole upport of a family, with almost dentical financial and personal qualifications, visited 23 banks to borrow 300 for a used car. More than half he banks refused to lend the woman oney without her husband's signature, or approved the loan only as an xception to their usual procedures. Several suspected that the woman's arriage was in trouble when she id she did not want to ask her husand to co-sign for her and recomended marriage counseling.)

Women—poor credit risks?

There is no hard data to back the enerally accepted lender's hypothes that women are poor credit risks ecause they are women. Indeed, a ecent study for the National Buau of Economic Research reported hat marital status is unrelated to elinquency and foreclosure risks. et discriminatory loan and mortage policies continue.

No law yet prohibits sex discrimiation in consumer credit. Adoption f the Equal Rights Amendment to he Constitution will provide the rst basis for challenge in this area. nother step would be to amend the ivil Rights Act of 1968 to prohibit iscrimination in housing lending on he basis of sex.

Rep. Bella Abzug, D.-N.Y., has troduced legislation to prohibit all derally-insured lending institutions from establishing different loan olicies for women; to prohibit fedrally-related mortgage loans from discrimination on the basis of sex or marital status; and to amend the Truth-in-Lending Act to cover sex discrimination in the granting of consumer credit area.

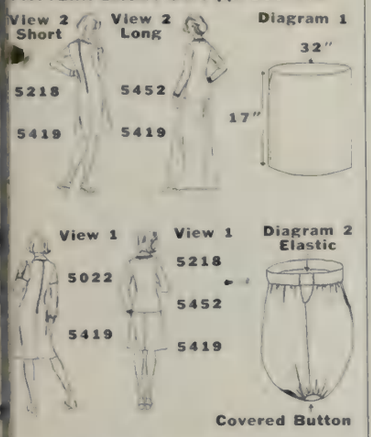
If you are turned down for credit, request the reasons in writing. Although you may not succeed in getting the loan, you can at least demand reasons, document your case, and pass on the information to your members of Congress; to the National Organization for Women (NOW), National Press Building, Washington, D.C. 20004; and to the Center for Women Policy Studies, 803 National Press Building, Washington, D.C. 20004.

Finally, a survey of lending institutions and retailers in your area, like the one run by the St. Paul Human Rights Commission, may make sex-biased lending policies a visible issue in your community. **END**

A Penney for His Thoughts

Ralph Nader (and the JOURNAL) have won another award for distinguished magazine journalism in the field of consumerism. Mr. Nader received the 1972 Penney-Missouri Award—co-sponsored by the University of Missouri School of Journalism and the J.C. Penney Company—for his report on electrical hazards in hospitals.

PATTERN BACKVIEWS pp. 100-101



All yardage for size 10, without nap.
SIMPLICITY =5419 Dress, 8–18; $1.00. View 1 requires 1⅝ yds. 44/45" fabric, neckline bias trim included. View 2, long dress requires 2¾ yds. 44/45" fabric, with ⅝ yd. of 44/45" fabric for satin bias trim at neck. View 2, cut short, requires 2 yds. of 44/45" fabric.
SIMPLICITY =5022 Blouse, 10–18; 38-42: $1.00. Requires 2⅛ yds. of 44/45" fabric.
SIMPLICITY =5452 Cardigan, 8–18; $1.00 Requires 1⅝ yds. of 44/45" fabric with ¾ yd. of 44/45" satin or ribbed knit for bias trim.
SIMPLICITY =5218 Dickey, cuffs, and ascot, one size; $1.00. Dickey and cuffs require ¾ yd. 44/45" fabric. Ascot requires ⅞ yd. 44/45" fabric.
HAT Cut one piece of knit fabric 17" long and 32" wide. Stitch seam lengthwise, leaving 1½" opening at one end. Press seam and turn. Diagram 1. Gather end with opening to your head size. Gather other end as tightly as possible with button hole twist for strength and pull raw edges to the inside. Cover center with large covered buttons. Diagram 2. Cut a bias strip of satin 2" longer than headsize and 5" wide. Bind gathered edge and put short elastic strip at back to hold snug. You can use ribbon in place of bias satin or matching fabric. We doubled length to cover inside gathers. Finish with elastic. For a smaller beret make 4–6" shorter. Patterns are available in stores from coast to coast. To order by mail: Send money, and pattern number to Simplicity Pattern Co., Inc., (Dept. LHJ), 200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. (Price slightly higher in Canada.)



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Go back to nature for all your marinade ingredients. Including the vinegar.

Heinz Wine Vinegar is made from pure grape wine, and fresh water to control natural acidity. Nothing else. You'll taste its natural flavor in this marinade for Shrimp Kabobs.

MARINADED SHRIMP KABOBS
Combine ½ cup salad oil, ¼ cup Heinz Wine Vinegar, 1 Tbs. basil leaves, 1 tsp. sugar, ½ tsp. salt, 1 clove garlic, split. Chill. Pour over raw shrimp and mushrooms; marinate several hours. Skewer with tomatoes. Broil 4-6" from heat for 5 mins. Turn once.

Heinz. The Natural Vinegars.

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WINE VINEGAR

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PET JOURNAL

Kittenhood is full of so many new frontiers to cross. It's the smart mothe who understands the effectiveness of holding out on lunch until the lesson c the day has been learned—in this case, negotiating the local Everest known a the front stairs. Photographer Walter Chandoha was on hand with his camera



"Help! I'm getting dizzy up here. Send some milk, or at least a little oxygen."



"Hi, Mom! What kept you? No, I can't come down. You come on up here."



"But, Mom, that's not fair. You're bigger than I am. Besides, it's steep."



"Well, O.K., but I'll do it backward so I don't have to look down."



"Whew! I'm exhausted, but some food will help . . . and a little back scratch."



"Hey, where're you going? I'm not done. If you think I'm going to do it again . . ."

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Next to you, what he likes best and needs most.



4Seasons Woman

continued from page 42

industries. Among the others: non-electrical machinery, food and kindred products, the chemical industries.

Ask your husband to ask himself the following five questions *now*. If he can answer "yes" to all five, he would probably be in a strong position.

If he must honestly answer "no" to one or more, he should start to prepare now to protect both of you should a takeover occur.

1. Would the new owner buy your company for management talent, including yours?
2. Are you the key executive in a profit center of vital interest to a new management?
3. Are you flexible enough to: (a) report to a new group of executives? (b) function in a new organization setup? (c) do the things they want done "their" way?
4. Are your executive skills transferable within a new structure?
5. Would your company be acquired for non-management reasons—special financing advantages, manufacturing facilities, distribution structure—of which you would be a part?

Duty-free Antiques

On our forthcoming vacation in Europe, my husband and I plan to shop for antiques to bring home with us. What are the customs limits on the value of such antiques? We want to avoid running into the problem of having to pay excessive amounts of duty.

Antiques are duty free, and you may bring back as many as you wish with you. However, to qualify as an antique an item must be certified to be at least 100 years old. The same ruling also applies to art works.

Office Workers

I work in a large office and have discovered that we, the office workers, are just about the only ones in our company who haven't received a raise of any significance in two years. I think this is grossly unfair, since we are working just as hard and contributing just as much as other types of workers. What could possibly explain and justify this type of discrimination?

You may be, as you say, working "just as hard" as others in your company, but the odds are you're not producing more, year after year—as many of your fellow workers in, say, your company's factories are producing. And your lack of gains in productivity probably accounts for the reluctance of your bosses to grant you any significant salary increases.

You're in a uniquely difficult spot as an office worker today. You are in an occupational area in which productivity just does not rise consistently as it does in factories, and you also are most likely not subject to work standards against which productivity gains can be measured.

Your office is also average if your fellow employees do literally nothing except walk around and talk for *at least 17 percent of the work day*. And this doesn't refer to your coffee breaks, lunch hours, vacations, sick leave, etc.

Finally, office work hasn't been improved much by automation—for modern devices ranging from computers to copying machines have not succeeded in either reducing the number of office workers or increasing their output.

Early Shopping

After paying our holiday bills, my husband and I have sworn never again to be caught doing all our Christmas shopping at the last minute. I'm going to start out right now filling up a "gift closet" for both children and adults. When is the best time to buy toys and sportswear?

You couldn't be more on target! One of the two best months to buy toys and sportswear is: February. (The other is January.)

Political Contributions

My husband and I contributed $100 during the election campaign last year, not only because we wanted to but also because we were assured we would be entitled to a tax break. Now we're preparing our tax return and we don't know how to handle the contribution.

You can choose one of two methods to figure your tax break. First, you can take a direct credit against your 1972 income tax for one-half of the amount of your contribution last year up to $50, assuming you file a joint return. This would give you a maximum permissible credit on your joint return of $25. Or you can take an itemized personal deduction for your qualified political contribution of up to $100, assuming you file a joint return.

Take the credit if your taxable income is up to $16,000 and you file a joint return. Take the deduction if your taxable income is $44,000 or over and you file a joint return.

Reducing Fuel Consumption

In view of the persistent heating fuel shortages predicted for this month and next in our area, we're eager to know what we can do to reduce our fuel consumption as much as possible for the remainder of this winter and in the future.

Proper insulation and installation of storm windows are your two best bets.

The rule of thumb is that proper insulation will pay for itself within eight to 10 years. The key place to put your insulation is between your ceiling and roof, since most heat loss is *up* rather than *out* through the side.

Storm windows also can reduce whatever heat loss occurs through windows by 50 percent, pay for themselves in less than 10 years, and yield a yearly "dividend" in fuel savings ranging from 10 to 18 percent after that.

Illegal Solicitation

During these past holidays I was approached by a person who said he was raising money to buy Negro history books for libraries in Harlem in New York City and also for a "summer camp for black children." I unhesitatingly wrote out a check for $25, which came back with my statement endorsed by a single individual rather than any charitable organization. Do I smell a gyp?

Very possibly. There's nothing like the year-end holidays to weaken the will toward charitable solicitors—a fact which is *NOT* overlooked by either legitimate or illegitimate fund raisers. The kind of solicitation you describe has become widespread in recent years. We suggest you report your experience both to the local Better Business Bureau and the police. And in the future take the time and trouble to investigate the charity and solicitation *before* you write your check.

Institutional Investors

As a general rule, which of the institutional investors have the best performance record in the investments they have made? We're debating whether to put our savings into mutual fund shares or in the hands of some professional investment manager.

A recent study by two professors at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School found "no sizable differences among the investment performances of various institutional groups"—e.g., mutual funds, commercial banks, investment advisors.

Only charitable foundations, the study found, have a significantly better *par* batting average.



continued from page 91

others—also visited. I could sense the gap between Ali and his father. Yet the Aga's decision to name his grandson Karim as his spiritual heir, and not Ali, astonished me. I consider the gesture a great injustice, and I know that Ali took it as a public chastisement.

Today, however, I have lost my Begum. She comes to Paris only for big occasions, or when she feels like asking me for a new hairdo. Yakimour has become a fortress guarding her flowers, her *objets d'art*, and the paintings. Yet something of Alexandre remains with her—the chinchilla hair . . . and the hairdressing lessons she agreed to take from me so she could tend her own hair when she traveled.

The Duchess of Windsor

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were at Cannes, back from the Bahamas where the Duke had been Governor during World War II. I was probably the only one not hoping for the Duchess to call; I knew that the famous Antonio was her hairdresser. But, unknown to me, the Duchess's neighbor, Madame David-Weill, had spoken to her of the "young man" at Antoine's. Later the Begum's party made my name known to Her Highness.

Two days later, the Duchess's secretary, Lisette, came to Antoine's with a summons: Alexandre was to present himself the next day at the Duchess's home, Château La Croë.

When I arrived, the butler (he still receives me today) showed me into Lisette's office. There she gave me a lesson in protocol, taught me about titles, speaking in the third person, and waiting to be addressed before opening my mouth.

Then I was led upstairs into Her Highness's dressing room. The Duchess came up to me and said, "Good morning, Alexandre. I've heard about you and I'd like you to do my hair."

She seemed a little formal but relaxed. Then the Duke entered, dressed in a blue bathrobe and slippers. He shook my hand and I recited all the royal politenesses I had just learned. He then submitted me to an interrogation: my origin, what part of France I was from, my family, my children. Perhaps reassured, he left.

The Duchess told me that she wished to retain her classic hairdo but that she always had trouble making her hair hold a curl. I listened as she told me what her former hairdresser had done to correct the problem. Then I went to work.

When I had combed out her hair, the Duchess thanked me and asked me to come the next day at the same time. I should have been the happiest man in the world, but I wasn't. I realized that I had not done what she had asked. I had used my own technique to make her hair hold the set instead of that of my predecessor. I spent an awful night and lived in fear the whole of the next day, expecting a phone call from the Duchess that would result in my total disgrace. Yet the car came to pick me up at the agreed time.

"What did you do?" she said, after greeting me. "My hair didn't come down at all!"

I confessed that I had used my own technique: one must roll up hair the way one knits: knit one, purl one. That way the hair doesn't slip as it does when you roll it all the same way.

My invention was adopted by Her Highness. But the time had not yet come to revolutionize her coiffure. I only gave a horizontal smoothness to her waves while keeping the hair rolled in the back. I gave a last comb-out that softened the whole movement of her hair—one she could easily repeat herself the next morning.

The Duchess was always asking me questions about life in Cannes, about one person or another. I limited myself to measured confidences. I promised myself never to repeat outside what might be said in my presence at the Windsors' château.

One evening I was ambushed by a swarm of newsmen outside my door. Before I had time to open my mouth, a blank check was thrust into my hand. Someone said: "Write in any amount; we want to know everything about the life of the Duke and the Duchess."

I tore the check to pieces; you don't fool around with good fortune.

I felt more and more adopted by the Windsors: I kept every detail in mind, every attitude—learning how she ruled the house, how she arranged the flowers, how she spoke to the people around her. I listened to her advice. She encouraged me to be bold: "One must always dare something new."

Firmly, but with tact, *(continued)*



she also taught me punctuality. One afternoon I went swimming; my watch stopped and I missed the royal rendezvous. When I realized the time I rushed to the château in shorts and a sports shirt. The Duke, still in a bathrobe, saw me and, with his British accent more pronounced than ever, said, "Where do you think you're going?"

More than embarrassed, I told him my story. He forbade me to present myself to the Duchess in my casual dress. Lisette loaned me a valet's pants. They were so large I had to tuck them in three times around my waist. The Duchess didn't seem to notice my ill-fitting attire. The Duke made his appearance without comment. Their silence weighed on me; I never forgot my lesson in punctuality.

I also learned true politeness beyond the call of protocol. I knew that at the table royalty is always served first. But the Duke always refused to help himself before all the women had been served.

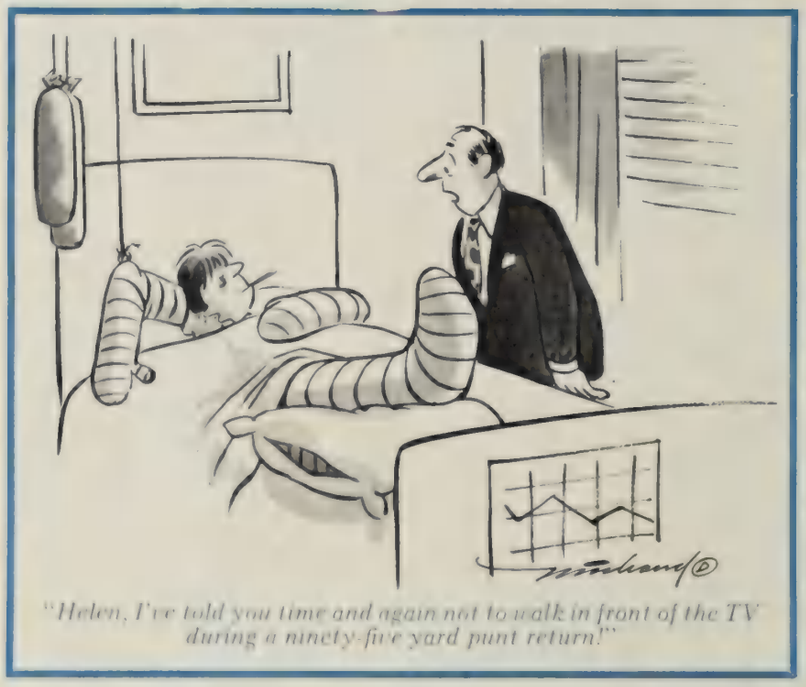
The promised land

At that time I was over my head in work. I didn't know how to refuse anything; often, upon leaving the Duchess's residence—where sometimes I had the chance to glimpse Winston Churchill, Clark Gable, or some other celebrity— I would dash from hotel to hotel, setting and combing hairdos until well after midnight. I was beginning to impose my style, to sign "Alexandre" to everything I did. I was making a lot of money.

Like the swallows, my clients left Cannes every autumn for Paris. I had always looked forward to Paris as the promised land. In 1948 the Duchess asked me to go with her. Mme. Antoine allowed me to go on only one condition: I must return to Cannes for the summer.

I took the train to Paris. My wife came with me; our children remained in St. Tropez with my mother.

The next morning I went to Antoine's home salon on the Rue Cambon. I was received like a two-headed calf. The staff had an unfriendly eye for this provincial boy who hid his ambition so poorly. Even the clientele was a disappointment those first days. The war had brought many *nouveau riche*, rather vulgar women to Paris; I disliked them all. The second day, I quietly telephoned all 400 or so clients whose Paris addresses I had carefully taken note of in Cannes. This crazy, desperate, but somewhat naive move had its reward: practically all of them came. And only a hundred feet away at the Ritz Hotel, the Duchess of Windsor was expecting me.



"Helen, I've told you time and again not to walk in front of the TV during a ninety-five yard punt return!"

In the summer of 1949, all the beautiful people left Paris. I left, too, along with the Duchess's luggage, to spend the season in Cannes. By now my marriage was a wreck. I hardly ever saw my wife or children. But I plead guilty. It was my fault that my success swept everything in its wake.

So it was that 1949, the year of my recognition in Paris, also saw the ruin of my marriage. My career destroyed it. My only consolation—and few men can say this—is that I have remained my wife's best friend.

Hollywood also visited me in Cannes. The great opera singer Grace Moore, then at the height of her career, entrusted her hair to me. She had blonde hair and she was exciting—a little plump but beautiful. Running the comb through her hair, I used to hum arias I had learned from my mother. Amused, the great diva invited me to practice bel canto with her.

New romance

Although scared, I made a Sunday date with her. I had a fair tenor voice, and I did well enough in our first duets to keep the dates she arranged every Thursday and Sunday. She accompanied us on the piano. That is how our romance began.

When her work took her to Sweden, she wanted me to follow her. But neither my work nor the Duchess of Windsor would have allowed me to accompany Grace Moore. So we parted, intending to see each other soon. One day, listening to the radio, I heard that a plane had crashed, and that in the accident a Swedish prince and Grace Moore had died. But for this catastro-



she, I would have followed Grace Moore to America.

Through Grace I had met numerous Hollywood stars. One day she introduced me to Mary Pickford. I remember that she said, after I fixed her hair, "Oh, you'll go far, you have very intelligent fingers."

Tyrone Power and Linda Christian were in Cannes on their wedding trip and came to me. Newsmen even followed them into my salon. Linda Christian pushed originality to the limits. Her marriage had made her famous, and she knew how to take advantage of it. I arranged her hair like a Greek shepherd boy, curling it just enough for her not to go unnoticed . . .

With Yvonne de Carlo I entered my "Turkish Period." Yvonne introduced me to Princess Ibrahim, a superb beauty who brightened the Egyptian court. Princess Ibrahim's daughter contracted an alliance with Iraq, and that's how I came to be invited to the royal wedding. A mishap kept me from keeping the appointment. The whole royal family of Iraq was murdered, the children skewered, and the parents sprayed with gasoline and burned. Guests and servants met the same fate. Fortunately, the young Princess had not yet arrived; thus both of us escaped the slaughter.

As I became better known in Paris, my career flourished. Of course, I was doing too much. In 1950, a friend forced me to take a real vacation in her Cannes villa. For a month I was sentenced to coif only her hair—and that of the Duchess of Windsor.

Etiquette reigns

In Paris my world revolved around Antoine and the Duchess of Windsor, whose hair I did every morning. I knew her etiquette down to the slightest detail. Far from the throne, she reigned all the more strictly. She organized her husband's life, ruled his golf parties, directed the tea ceremony, the liturgy of audiences—and the dinner table. She knew how to invent the little infractions that made the Duke the arbiter of convention and elegance.

When the Duke and Duchess wanted to take me to New York, Mme. Antoine resisted, but I disobeyed. On the plane to New York, I was so sick I tried to cure myself with whiskey. When I landed I was in an advanced stage of drunkenness. I couldn't even recognize the Duchess's security man who escorted me to their suite on the 18th floor of the Waldorf Towers. I paid my respects to the Duke and Duchess as well as I could. But I got so grinning so much that their valet gave me some veal and mint jelly to sober me up, then put me to bed.

When the Windsors returned to France in 1952, Paris spoiled me with its elegant parties. My associates finally began to consider me a rival. Women would come to the salon out of curiosity. I suddenly couldn't help feeling a sense of confinement at Antoine's. Mme. Antoine tried in vain to talk me out of leaving but I no longer wanted to play a minor role.

Luck once again came to my aid, in the guise of the Carita sisters. The Carita sisters had appreciated a hairstyle show of mine, and had the delicacy, rare in the profession, to congratulate me. Because they had just moved to a new salon, they offered me a partnership. Among my conditions were that I would have a whole floor for my staff, and complete freedom. We signed a contract that guaranteed each of us a third of the shares in the business. I decided to strike a big blow with an opening worthy of my success and ambition. The Duchess of Windsor agreed to be my fairy godmother. I invited thousands and thousands accepted. It was the most beautiful traffic jam the street had ever known. Because I didn't want anyone to enter before the Duchess had cut the ribbon, my guests had to wait in the snow.

I had my mother come to Paris to take care of the salon restaurant. My father, who had never lost the delicate touch he had acquired during the days he had worked in a torpedo factory, performed wonders with the hair products and invented dyes.

Luck followed our business. Debts vanished.

I worked with passion, but nonetheless the clientele split—and with it, my agreement with the Caritas. When an amicable settlement was finally arranged, I was financially able to consider opening my own place. My richest clients—Niarchos or Rothschild—laid siege to their husbands. They became my bankers.

At about that time the Harriet Hubbard Ayer organization offered me a lease in their 18th-century house at 120 Rue Faubourg-Saint-Honoré. My own place—at last.

My falling out with the Caritas, my royal clients, and my new place made my reputation. I got to know my clientele better and better—famous ladies or ladies I was sure would become famous. But every day for 17 years I left everything to go and do the Duchess of Windsor's hair. Now, when I'm unable to go, I have a pupil who takes my place and works wonders. I did the Viscountess de Ribes, the Baroness de Rothschild, Lauren Bacall, Juliette Greco, Françoise Sagan, and Zizi Jeanmaire. Chignons and haircuts kept up my reputation. Weddings consecrated it. I think I was called on as much for my hairdos as for my ability to play the master of ceremonies and to invent tricks. All the beautiful people's great parties originated at my salon.

Through the years many of my customers have become my friends: that is where true success lies. Between us there is a golden rule: faithfulness defined by one of them this way: "It would be easier for me to deceive my husband than to deceive Alexandre."

Let me tell you about my friends:

Elizabeth Taylor

One day a message came to my salon from America: "Please reserve appointment for Elizabeth Taylor. Set aside whole day. Mike Todd."

On the day, at the stroke of noon, Mike Todd sprang from the elevator: Elizabeth was just behind him. Todd said, "Do whatever you like, telephone me when it's over, she has the right not to say anything." That done, he kissed her and left.

Pulling myself together, I forgot who she was; I got to work. At that time I cut everyone's hair short, so I cut; I left little tendrils on the forehead, the crown hair flipped up, the back hair rather short. She was pleased! Todd was crazy about it!

They were going to Moscow in their private plane to present *Around the World in Eighty Days*, but wanted to go to London first. I got a phone call: meet the Todds at Orly to do Elizabeth's hair. I didn't have time to realize that they were completely crazy. I was taken to Orly. When I finished, Mike Todd shouted: "I'll have you come to Hollywood, we'll need you there."

In the papers, several months later, I learned of his death.

Eddie Fisher was the one to comfort Elizabeth, but he didn't succeed.

Shortly after she married Fisher, Elizabeth came to Europe.

When I received the couple, Elizabeth seemed very uneasy. Fisher was very nice, but every time we had dinner together I found Elizabeth sadder and unhappier.

A few months later, at three o'clock in the morning, the telephone rang—a call from Hollywood. I was told that Elizabeth and Eddie had been named by the President to represent





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By Dorothy Lambert Brightbill

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Photograph by Ben Swedowsk

the American cinema in Moscow. Elizabeth wanted me to accompany her; if I didn't, she wouldn't go. At that hour of the night, I put up little resistance and finally agreed.

I was to meet her in London. She kept me waiting for three days. When she finally arrived at the hotel she said: "Where are the cats?"

A little woman emerged from behind a pillar, a basket under her arm. She lifted the lid, the kittens escaped. There was a frantic race through the hotel lobby to find the cat Elizabeth wanted. She bought it, dismissed the others, and took the lucky one to bed with her. That was the reason for the stop in London—and my three days of waiting!

Embarking for Moscow there were as many suitcases as newsmen. I ran right behind Elizabeth, with suitcases of dresses. She carried her jewelry box. I was her chambermaid, masseur, hairdresser, secretary, and policeman (120 dresses to guard).

For the official government reception in the Kremlin, Elizabeth wore the exquisite white dress I had chosen. In the big entrance hall, a bunch of newsmen kept me from seeing danger approach: a lady in white swept by. I'm paralyzed: the same dress! Elizabeth and Gina Lollobrigida! They looked at each other and burst out laughing, like two sisters.

It was almost midnight when we arrived back in Paris. Elizabeth dashed to Customs to recover her cat—the one from London. She was told that it would be kept a few days. "I'll stand right here until you give it back to me," she roared.

Terror seized the officials. The cat was given back.

The shooting of *Cleopatra* was about to begin in London when Elizabeth fell seriously ill. Every day the news was more alarming. Then Eddie called: "Come quick, she wants to see you."

I arrived at the hospital in tears, dreading the worst. She wanted me to do her hair. When I saw her, held up by two nurses, her face whiter than the sheets, I knew I had to do something. And that's when I created the "artichoke" hairstyle, something both new and practical.

Happily, Elizabeth recovered and the filming of *Cleopatra* began in Rome. I would do her hair.

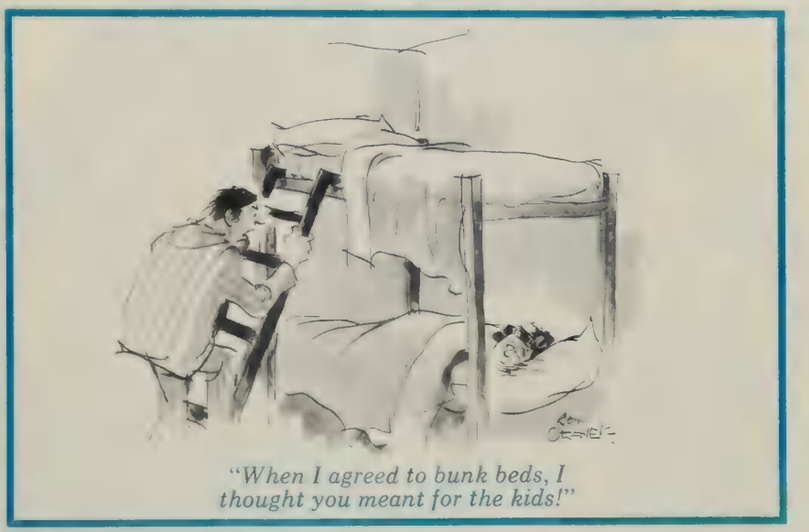
Elizabeth's life reached a decisive moment when Cleopatra met Anthony—Richard Burton. I saw her more cheerful, more a woman. She didn't say a thing. I knew. He conquered her. Eddie Fisher vanished.

One night in Paris, the telephone awakened me. A foreign voice, far off, said: "Miss Taylor wants a long, flowered tail for her wedding."

I didn't get the joke and I hung up. The next day Yves Saint-Laurent's office confirmed the news . . . and stressed that Elizabeth was crazy about a ponytail I had created for a Japanese model in their fashion show. Now I understood what that voice had been trying to tell me. I laughed my head off.

Elizabeth's and Richard's wedding was discreet and private. Soon after that, he returned to the stage in America. She invited me to join them, and to bring an impressive array of dresses, hats, shoes, and all kinds of lingerie.

In New York, Customs had been told what to expect. Alas! A storm forced us to land in Boston. There I was caught by an uninformed Customs officer—with the goods. He bombarded me with questions as he spread out the luxurious, frilly things with which only racketeers or transvestites travel. His questions became more and more pointed. The onlookers grew hysterical. Finally, they passed me through.



"When I agreed to bunk beds, I thought you meant for the kids!"

Wigs in the garden

In California, I discovered that Elizabeth's 50 wigs had been left uncared for in a closet. I brought them into the garden so that I could work on them. The maid, seeing the wigs on the lawn, fled screaming that I had been on a scalping expedition.

I was far from the business world during all that time with Elizabeth. I no longer thought of my bank account. But Burton understood the difficulties I was trying to ignore.

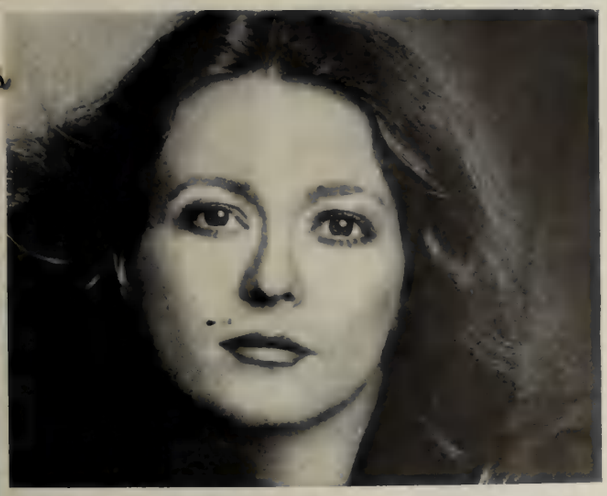
"How much do you want?" he asked.

"Ten."

"Ten thousand?"

I think I said yes. The next day he let me know that his attorney had done what was required. That's all.

During the shooting of *Boom* in Sardinia, a plane sent by Aristotle Onassis kidnapped us and transported us to Venice and a fancy-dress ball. I had lunch aboard his boat-palace, in luxury. He himself brought me a Coca-Cola. I think it was then that *(continued)*



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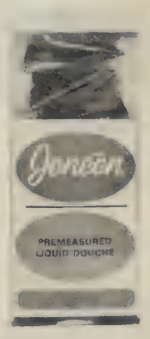
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he said to me: "Sit at my feet." That very minute, I found him beautiful. At seven in the morning, after the ball, I crawled home dead drunk.

At six one morning, after another fancy-dress ball, we staggered around Venice till dawn and attended the first Mass in the Venice Cathedral. The Burtons aren't Catholic, but it didn't matter. Everything was beautiful. At nine, we were fresh as daisies—and sanctified. I prayed that Providence would keep photographers away—and my prayers were answered.

Rose and Jacqueline Kennedy

One morning in 1960 a manicurist took me to a customer who had her hands joined together and a veil over her eyes; her lips were moving in prayer while a rosary slipped through her fingers. "I'm praying for my son to become President," she told me.

That's how I got to know Mrs. Rose Kennedy—strong, powerful, and so serene. When she next came to the salon, two years after the death of her son John, I searched for words, for something to say to her from my heart. "I know, I know you thought of me," she said. "I'm in Paris to order a dress. They're having a service here in Jack's honor. I must be very elegant. I'll be looked at; I must do him proud." She always presented herself as "Mrs. Kennedy, the President's mother."

During the Kennedy administration, Mme. Alphand, the French Ambassador's wife, was the reigning beauty in Washington. Nicole Alphand was a close friend of Jackie's.

When the President's and Jackie's visit to France was announced, bets went the rounds as to who would style Jackie's hair. I had told Mme. Alphand and Mrs. Rose Kennedy that I would be happy to be the one elected, and Nicole Alphand succeeded in persuading Jackie to come to my salon. Nicole brought me the news — in great secrecy, and we conspired to make a real Parisian of Jackie.

I hastily collected every picture of the First Lady I could find. I ordered wigs and hats and jewels—and to newsmen, I proclaimed ignorance and innocence.

The big day arrived—and the 11 o'clock appointment at the Quai d'Orsay. I was there with all my assistants by 9:30. Jackie came late and honored me with: "Good morning, Alexandre. Delighted."

I kissed her hand and searched for some words of gratitude. The luggage arrived. She had to unpack and get dressed. She didn't know what to choose. I took advantage of the situation and suggested a nice, very simple suit and a hat I had brought. She had to be modest for her first appearance in public.

She hadn't brought a hat, or a handbag or furs or jewels; she wanted to have nothing to do with any of that. She was the simplest of the queens and First Ladies I had ever met.

She wore a yellow suit, and I fastened a gold pin that her secretary lent her to the shoulder. Then I gave her hair a simple and light comb-out. It was such a success that the President said jestingly to newsmen that he was the man who accompanied Jackie Kennedy to Paris.

At four that afternoon, we met again at the Quai d'Orsay. I knew her square face better now, her oriental cheekbones supporting the pretty, wide-set eyes. She was shy, fresh, and lovely. But she had just had a baby and her hair was not healthy.

I repeated my speech: "Madam, a grand gala is taking place. You must be Parisian. Your hair is in bad shape. I'm going to cut it."

The sacrifice was accepted. This is how the famous hairstyle was born—very supple, lengthened by short little waves under the ears. I gave her a chignon. Nobody used a chignon with short hair, but I was thinking of a period in history. I made Jackie Kennedy a coiffure styled after that of the 17th-century Duchess de Fontanges.

I suggested she wear the white dress embroidered with pink spangles to accompany my coiffure. She agreed and added that she was delighted to please me. The toughest battle remained to be won: the jewels.

"You need diamond earrings," I suggested.

"I told you I never wear jewels."

"The Duchess de Fontanges never went out without them."

She wore the earrings.

For the great evening at Versailles, I persuaded my "pupil" to wear a rather formal white satin princess dress, one that her mother-in-law had ordered from Givenchy. I ran from the couturier to the jeweler amid the greatest secrecy.

For that evening at Versailles, I cut a fringe at the nape of her neck and lifted the hair into a very high 1830's chignon before inserting jewels to form a crown in her hair.

"My word," Jackie exclaimed, "jewels in my hair!"

"Madam, you'll be at Louis XIV's this evening." (Louis XIV always impresses Americans!)

The next day, Mrs. Kennedy introduced me to her husband. He was waiting in the little circular hall of the Quai d'Orsay, surrounded by officials and advisers.

The indispensable handshake, and then, turning to his staff: "The genius Alexandre." All the aides felt obliged to shake my hand; Parisian taste had prevailed. Mrs. Kennedy invited me to follow them to Vienna, but I thought it wiser to trust them to my best assistant, promising to join them in London, before their meeting with Queen Elizabeth.

I joined them in London incognito, flying second class under a false name, my face hidden behind thick, dark glasses. They lived at the home of Jackie's sister, Princess Lee Radziwill.

I was doing Mrs. Kennedy's hair for the meeting with the Queen, putting on her head the jewels I had smuggled in, when the door from the bathroom opened. The President appeared, a bath towel around the waist after his shower; taken by surprise, he tangled his foot in the towel and found himself as naked as the day he was born. All three of us laughed.

Later, I made wigs and sent them to Mrs. Kennedy in Washington. One day I learned that her maid had washed the wigs in a sink, like nylons.

I had to go to New York for a hairdressing show, and Mme. Alphand and I agreed that I would stop in Washington and go to the White House. I was shown into Mrs. Kennedy's private quarters, where I cut Caroline's hair, then the First Lady's. Afterward I left for Robert F. Kennedy's home in McLean, Va., where I did his wife Ethel's hair.

The President's death—and then Bobby's—completely dispirited Jackie. History switched too quickly and crushed her. She could do nothing but leave for another life, one that would never resemble the one she had lived.

I was nonetheless surprised by her marriage to Aristotle Onassis. I am Maria Callas' hairdresser, and I had heard about him. Life has taught me much, and when I saw Jackie again, I didn't speak of the past.

Now she is a simple billionaire. Perhaps I could say, by way of criticism, that she has cultivated simplicity a little too much.

One anecdote illustrates this new "put-on" role. During a recent garden party in New York, the host gave Jackie a flower picked from the garden. Playing the amazed little girl, she drawled, "Oh, is that for *me*? Impossible!" She dashed toward her husband, and, as though announcing the most astonishing news in the world, said: "Ari, darling, look what someone gave me, look . . ." Mr. Onassis took the flower and forgot the whole thing.

Yet she has been equal to every occasion. At President Kennedy's funeral, she insisted upon receiving three chiefs of state privately: Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, the Irish President Eamon de Valera; and the French President General de Gaulle.



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Greta Garbo

It's 15 years now since I first did Greta Garbo's hair in Paris. One day, Mlle. Cécile de Rothschild told me her best friend was going to pay me a visit, but the mystery surrounding it made me fear that maybe she wouldn't come. At the peak of the rush hour, she arrived at the salon.

In dark glasses, pants, and coat, her long, straight hair hanging to the shoulders, Greta Garbo was true to her legend. Immediately I sensed that she was terrified. She apologized: "Such a crowd!" I couldn't manage to hold my tongue and I answered: "That's life . . . to live with others . . ."

Her hair was of an undefinable color, gray mixed with ash-blonde strands. Nevertheless, from her voice, from her whole person, emanated a kind of unreality and tenderness. Her blue eyes, which were alive and mobile, betrayed the constant restlessness of a scared animal.

Little by little, she relaxed, smiled, and even—amazingly—burst out laughing. Was she removing her mask? She told me, of course, of her hatred of crowds, her passion for friendship, and her taste for solitude—which she fed with long walks in the Swiss mountains: "There, there are only the cows, and they are good friends."

Now she comes once or twice a year. I give her a quick trim, but when I stumble upon a rubber band holding a miserable ponytail I'm beside myself. Sometimes I try to dress her hair *á la marquise* by bringing it all together at the back of her neck. But more often I succeed only in cutting the hair in front into sideburns, as for a man, and in freshening her bangs. That's all she'll accept.

Curious about everything and everybody, she wants to know all about my job and my customers, and asks me every time about Elizabeth Taylor or Sophia Loren, or another name in the news. It is impossible for me to explain her charm and radiance. But it exists in the Garbo mystery.

Marie-Hélène de Rothschild

Marie-Hélène de Rothschild's personality is so strong that it overflows her title and its myth and reveals a character of no little fascination. I knew her before her marriage to the baron Guy de Rothschild. She was the countess de Nicolay at the time, and I had no special reason to give her a thought. But the way she looked at me when I made her wait, her strength in resisting any sly questions I might ask, her power to have me say what no one else could have succeeded in making me say, made me understand there was no fighting her.

It's with her that I spend most of my time. When she'd come to the salon, there was an unbelievable hullabaloo. We had to guess at what moment she'd come—always past the scheduled appointment. Now that she's sick—suffering the last 13 years from a mysterious, sometimes paralyzing malady—she's the only client besides the Duchess for whom I make housecalls.

Princess Grace

I could speak at length of the Princess of Monaco—but it's not easy to speak of people you love; I'll simply tell some of my memories.

I fell in love with her at first sight . . .



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Olivia de Havilland first introduced me to Hollywood in 1957, the year Grace Kelly was to marry Rainier of Monaco . . . When I met Grace, she was shooting her last film with Bing Crosby. She received me in her trailer. She told me about her hair, which was extremely fragile and made her an impossible client for hairdressers.

At lunch, her prince appeared. I found him a little hard to get to know at first. I've learned to know him better, to know that this reserved man doesn't make acquaintances easily and that he doesn't trust people he hasn't had time to like. This meeting didn't go unnoticed. Word got around that I had come to offer my services, in view of Grace Kelly's wedding. She thought I had an eye on my own publicity.

Fortunately, this feeling gradually disappeared and, much later, she asked for an appointment. I did her hair several times, and one day I dared ask her for permission to go to Monaco. Tradition demands that every year she preside over the Red Cross Ball. Today, tradition also demands that I be the one to do the Princess' hair for this occasion. For her appearance at the Monaco Centenary Ball, I designed a hairstyle copied from a Chinese Empress. The Prince wore the pigtail and long moustache of a mikado.

I was once asked to go to Monaco for a photo story Lord *(continued)*

Snowdon wanted to do. I met him on the plane. He was terrorized by newsmen: "Every time I leave London," he explained, "they say I'm getting a divorce." So he hid behind dark glasses and tried to go unnoticed.

When I arrived at the palace, I met with the Princess to discuss her choice of dresses and hairstyles. Lord Snowdon joined us, kissed the Princess and the children, and expressed a wish to make a tour of the place. All three of us went through the palace, the gardens, and the old enclosing walls. Lord Snowdon—a little too disheveled, a perpetual smile on his lips, talking ceaselessly, lively and spontaneous—has an astonishing way of appearing relaxed, and I find his high spirits contagious. He later took me to lunch, and confessed that he preferred real life to social reportage.

Harmony and majesty

Princess Grace, thoughtful and kind, radiates harmony and majesty. Her perfect education, her religious principles, her devotion to her parents, the sobriety of her clothes, her charitable or simply humane gestures (she provoked a scandal by forbidding pigeon-shooting in the Principality) complete the image of solid American virtues combined with the good taste of old monarchic traditions. No fuss or bother but an awareness of her loyalty to her title and her family.

In five years I won't style hair anymore. I'll promote my products. I'll found my school. We'll try to improve the status of the profession, the retirement conditions. If nothing else works, I'll raise chickens. (M. Antoine is growing potatoes!)

If I think about my art and ask myself what I have contributed to it, I realize that the essentials of what I have done do not reside in any balance sheet I can draw up. True, I created fashions, practically one a season. I brought the historical chignon back into favor. I reinstated an 18th-century way of teasing the hair, using Ira de Furstenberg as a model; I presented the first modern wig in a fashion show; I invented colored hair (Antoine and his colored rinses had shown me the way); when I opened my men's salon, I launched the fashion of sideburns; I specialized in bridal coiffures and hair styles for fancy-dress balls; most of all, I strove to give a wider meaning to the term *haute coiffure*.

I'm proudest of one thing: I think I have fought the modern trend that seeks an end to elegance. I can see myself, manning the outposts alone, striking back at shabbiness and looseness, in the desperate search for an eternal and fugitive beauty, in the search for that which will last for only one day. **END**

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pect them again tomorrow. I can't pick any given one because I'm alive and still going. I think, though, the thing that changed my life was re-meeting Richard.

"I was 19 [in 1952] when I first met him quite platonically, at parties—and so on. I didn't fancy him then, though. I thought he talked too much.

"And then we did *Cleopatra* [1962]. At that time I'm afraid I was living with a ghost: I was still in love with Mike Todd and he had been dead for about five years.

"Richard realized this. Very gently he made me see that it was unhealthy, that I should still love the memory of Mike but not his ghost. I mean, Mike was a kind of barrier, a protection against reality. It was almost as if he were with me all the time. I still love his memory and I can still talk about him, fortunately now without pain, so it is a sweet memory. I don't know what would have happened if I hadn't met Richard. I would probably just have meandered on and on."

Does she fear death herself?

"I've almost died myself, so I've been through that scene. I don't fear old age as long as it's with Richard. If anything happened to him then I'd probably fear everything. At least for a long time. Well, I think I have enough strength so that it wouldn't shatter me permanently. Oh, I don't know, I don't know whether it would or not. I don't spend time considering life without Richard so I can't really answer that.

"I found strength to survive Mike's death because I knew I had to. I wanted him to be proud of me—and, of course, I had babies then.

"I've had a few big decisions to make in my life, but the biggest was when I told Richard I wouldn't marry him. I didn't want him to leave his family, but I would be available if he wanted me. If and whenever he did want me I'd be there on the other end of the phone. I was going to Gstaad with the kids.

"You know, I didn't feel like dating or seeing anybody else, because when you're in love—totally, with your whole being—you simply can't go out with just anybody—or I can't. I'm such a one-man woman. I couldn't simply pretend to have fun. It didn't seem fair."

She doesn't think women put more effort into marriage than men, though. "I've seen some women who have put in absolutely nothing. And I've seen men do the same. You can have bad moments, off moments, but that happens in every marriage, no matter how good. They're only fleeting moments and you can't even remember them.

"I think fighting is very healthy. It clears the air. I think there's nothing worse than one partner sulking especially if the other person wants to get the problem out into the open and cleared away. I have quite a temper myself, so I've been told."

Despite her "undomesticity," she says, "I've become a good cook. I do dishes I've tasted. I'll either ask for the recipe or remember it by my taste buds. I try to remember what the seasoning was and try to fiddle it. I don't know how to read a cookbook or anything like that. When it says 'fold in' and 'flap over' and all those other cooking terms, I don't know what they're talking about."

"A look of violet violence"

The barometer to Elizabeth Taylor's moods lies in those beautiful violet eyes. I have met the most beautiful women in the world eye to eye at one time or another but none of them can rive you to the spot like she can. I remember phrasing a question wrongly—about her "jet set life"—and being chilled with a look of violet violence.

"I haven't lived in a vacuum," she replied. "We don't live in the jet set at all. We go to two or three parties a year. That's how jet-set we are!"

She has little ambition now. "I sort of go with the wind. I'm not very ambitious anyway. I just want to be very happy and left alone to mind my own business. I hope and pray my children grow up tidy and I can give them all the love they want. That's all I want.

"I've talked about retiring—so has Richard—but if a really marvelous script comes along, the temptation is simply too great for me. It's too ingrained in me now. I just love acting. What I'd like to do is to slide quietly into character parts. I like parts that aren't too easy for me, that aren't too close to me, because then it's acting, and you have to do more than read through it."

She doesn't really know what has been her best screen performance, but "the most difficult and the most challenging one was *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, because I was only 32 and something and I had to gain twenty

pounds. Oh, boy, that was one of the nicest orders I've ever been given!"

In real life, she says: "I'm still a sucker; I'm gullible. I'm forever being taken—and . . . so is Richard. But I'd rather be taken than be hard and brittle."

She is a religious person and has converted to Judaism. "The Women's Lib in me resents synagogues in Europe, though, because the women have to go upstairs and the men downstairs. I don't dig that. I'm going on Saturday and I shall take Liza [her daughter by Mike Todd]. I've prayed and needed God, yes, but I usually find that I pray for other people. I think that to pray for yourself—unless it's for something real nitty-gritty—is rather selfish, but when I do, subconsciously it's more like 'Oh God, God, God, please help me, God.' You know, like when I was dying. I'm just superstitious about praying for myself. I think it's selfish."

Of Women's Lib she says: "I hope they don't carry it too far. I see no point to slinging away brassieres. Especially for women who can't afford to throw them away. Some of the broads I've seen without bras!

"Equal pay and equal rights I thoroughly agree with—but of course I've been terribly lucky because I've had them all my life, and I've had equality in marriage all my life, too."

No idea of wealth

She is a rich woman, but I feel it's the last thing that concerns her. She has no clue as to what she has earned. She has never thought about it.

"The children are safe and secure with trusts," she says. "Richard and I will never be destitute because we also have trusts. I think the only point in having money is to be able to give it away when you want to and to be able to have fun with it.

"My great-uncle just passed away. He was a multi-millionaire, but I don't think he really had fun with his money at all. I think that's a terrible shame. I mean, to worry about it and count it and be a Scrooge. God, it's a pain.

"Neither of us knows how much money we have. I know we're all right. I know we're safe and we can afford to give money away if we feel like it. We can still afford to throw a party if we want to. It's funny, we've only thrown one party ever in our lives and people resented it for some reason [her 40th birthday party in Budapest last year].

"I don't know why you can't throw one party. I said before the shindig, Whatever the party costs I'm going to give the same to UNICEF"—which we did. Not that it's anybody's business."

I wondered if she resented criticism.

"I think I can take criticism very well," she said, "but I still don't know how to take a compliment. I suffer acute embarrassment. I don't know what to say so I usually end up by making some feeble crack which is ungracious and makes the other person feel bad. I know it, I'm aware of it. I get all tied up in a terrible knot and mumble thank you. It seems as if I'm indifferent, but it's just that I simply don't know how to accept a compliment."

"But you're one of the most beautiful women in the world," I said, "surely that gives you confidence."

"I'm not, I AM NOT!" she said with a laugh. "I'm an old bag." She giggled. "There you are! I *told* you I was terrible at accepting compliments!"

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Has Elizabeth's beauty been a cross she has had to bear through life?

"I don't know whether my 'beauty' has been a disadvantage or not. I have never considered myself a beauty. When I was young I suppose I was pretty, but it was a disadvantage in a way, as I was always typecast. Men react superficially to beauty. I think I can tell if the vibrations are genuine. If it's just flattery, I find it condescending.

"People who worry about their looks and their figures and all that lose what really makes a person. If you spend all your time worrying about how you look, then you are living totally within yourself. All I see when I look in the mirror is a dirty face, an unmade-up face, or a made-up face!

"It's better to forget about keeping beautiful through diets and health farms. Enjoy life—it's much more important. No matter what people look like physically, some can have an inner glow and vitality much more beautiful than a 36-22-36 figure.

"I'll give you an example—Madame Broz [Jovanka Broz, wife of Yugoslavia's President Tito]. I think she is a truly beautiful woman because she has an inner vitality, an inner glow, great genuine charm, and a beautiful smile. I imagine that at one time she was a very dishy woman. She was a partisan—that's how she and Tito first met. Madame Broz still has great *(continued)*

beauty, but she is an enormous woman—you could sit on her chest. I don't mean *I* could, but I can just picture her cradling a baby to her chest."

And yet, despite her belief in natural beauty, Elizabeth admits that she cannot do without cosmetics. "Richard's always at me not to wear makeup, but I feel so naked without it—sort of bald."

Besides Madame Broz, which women does Elizabeth consider beautiful? "Ava Gardner is my prototype for a beautiful woman," she said. "She is earthy, honest, and absolutely there! She doesn't conceal or hide anything. I think Audrey Hepburn, Sophia Loren, and Brigitte Bardot are beautiful, although I haven't seen any films for so long that I don't really know. I think Raquel Welch is beautiful, too."

Only survivor

Elizabeth never broods about who she is or what she represents. But every once in a while she thinks, "My God, I was so lucky!"

"I was talking with my doctor about my throat operation [a tracheotomy in March 1961] and how marvelously it had worked out. It led him to remind me that I had nearly died.

"Evidently I am the only person in the world who has survived that particular kind of pneumonia, but I thought that with medicine progressing there would have been someone else, somewhere, who would have survived. They haven't, so it really does make you stop and think how lucky you are."

She can't really picture herself 20 years from now, at 60. "If I could age like my mother, I'd be very, very happy, but I doubt whether I will grow old gracefully. The thing is, I've led such a very rushed and hectic life—and my mother doesn't drink or smoke. The poor thing is very sick for the first time in her life, but she looks absolutely remarkable for her age. Somehow I imagine I'll be a nice, cuddly, gray-haired old thing. Or I'll be fat as a tub of lard, with six chins resting on my bosoms."

I asked her about enjoying the good things of life. "I'd like to sit back and enjoy! You know, sleeping, eating, drinking marvelous wine, reading lovely books, listening to music, and just never moving! It's not really hedonism. It goes further than that—it's seeking pleasure that's never really satisfied."

Elizabeth is becoming a more disciplined person now than she was. But: "I still have no sense of time. It's like a disease. If I could conquer it I would be fairly disciplined. It isn't deliberate. It isn't a subconscious rebellion. I think it began during my younger days, when I had to go both to work and to school, and I would much rather have been out riding a horse."

On fashion: "I don't have any views on fashion, really. I like to wear clothes to please myself—and Richard. I hated the maxi and the midi. I bought a couple of long skirts that I never wore. Fortunately, they were leather and I've cut them off now. I thought the mini-skirt was great fun. Occasionally I buy couture clothes—but very simple, very

Journal Shopping Center

THE GOLDEN AGE OF SILVER

PAGE 102 (top of page): Furniture and accessories from Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. at 59th St., N.Y.C. Chrome-plated plastic flower pots, stacked one atop the other, $5.50 ea. arm chair with chrome frame and black vinyl seat, $75, and matching side chair, $55 (we stretched silver ribbon across the seats to create the plaid pattern); chrome game table with glass top, 31" x 31" x 29" high, $100; chrome ice bucket, $25; silver metallic mesh shower curtain with plastic liner, $22; mercury glass ginger jar lamp with pleated mylar shade, $95; silver plated boxes: turtle, which has a real turtle shell lid, $180; cylinder with Rooster finial, $35; and elephant head, $55. Camelot metallic yarn in silver by Columbia-Minerva. Apothecary jars (filled with foil-wrapped candies), earrings, lanterns, and large silver balls, are old pieces from David Weiss Importers.* Wallpaper, Galaxy #225-2, from Palais Papers International,* 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C. (bottom of page): Silver-plated Quail, $21 pr., from Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. at 59th St., N.Y.C. Glass apothecary jars (stuffed with aluminum foil) and all other silver accessories from David Weiss Importers.* Wallpaper, Mata Hari #JS 5033, from J. Josephson Inc.,* 964 Third Ave., N.Y.C.

PAGE 103: Accessories from Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. at 59th St., N.Y.C.: 9" dia. tin mold, $8; Etain (French tin) cups with saucers, $1.75 ea.; chrome bowling ball ice bucket, $50; silver-plated watering can, $27.50; 6-bottle chrome wine rack, $35; 7¼" dia. pudding mold with cover (at far right), $3; 11½" x 17" mirror place mat, $9; 6½" dia. mould (on place-mat), $6; silver plated chop sticks, $8; silver-plated berry basket, which has a pierced lid to fit in when doing flower arrangements, $17.50; sterling silver mounted hour glass, $6.50; set of sterling silver measuring spoons, $25; and a sterling silver cookie cutter, $12.50. Crystal and silver match holder is an old piece from David Weiss Importers.* Wallpaper, Shoot for the Moon #A-105-11C, from & Vice Versa,* 979 Third Ave., N.Y.C.
*Through decorators only.

THE NEW-BORN PASTELS

PAGE 92: JOHN MEYER denim jean jacket and pants available at Altman's, New York; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Joske's, Houston; J.L. Brandeis, Omaha and branches; The Denver, Denver and branches; Macy's, San Francisco.

PAGE 93: LADY WRANGLER separates available at Dales Stores, Inc., New York; Currier & Co., Lebanon, New Hampshire; Russells Apparel, Philadelphia; Belk-Lindsey, Lake Wales, Florida; Davison's, Atlanta; Ramsom House, Oak Ridge, Tennessee; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Miller's Outpost Stores, Southern California.

PAGE 94: J.C. PENNEY'S pinafore, turtleneck and pants available at selected J.C. Penney stores.

PAGE 95: BRAETAN-FITZHUGH pastel tattersall pantsuit available at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Ivey's, Charlotte, N. Carolina; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Neiman Marcus, All Stores; The Crescent, Spokane; I. Magnin, All Stores.

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ssical. The rest of the time I like tting things together that strike my ncy, things that go with my moods. "I adore caftans and I love wearing cks. I think they're the most comtable uniform, and I have indulged having some superb slack outfits de for me by Valentino.

"I rarely buy couture clothes now cause fashion changes so much. I n't think there is a set sort of style y more. That went out when Christian Dior died: the total look that encompassed everything—the hat, the gloves, the right handbag, the right shoes. Now you can almost get away with anything. I think it's rather nice and a lot of fun that you can create your own styles and that it doesn't have to cost you a lot of money."

Sometimes this least anonymous of women craves anonymity. "Just to be able to go out shopping without being looked at. It's only happened to me once in my life, when I went to Russia about fifteen years ago. Nobody knew who the hell I was! It was such great fun. It was absolutely marvelous. But even then I was a bit out of place because none of the women wore makeup; I had this big mink coat and bright red, high leather boots. I guess I must have looked different from them, all right. They all thought I was a ballerina."

The future of the world? "I find it horrendous. I feel sorry for my children and my grandchildren, growing up in a world like ours today. It's insane, full of violence and hatred. Inhumanity to man seems to have taken over. There is no human kindness or human decency or courtesy left. Insane people are running the world."

"If you weren't yourself," I asked Elizabeth, "who would you like to be?"

"I'd like to be Mrs. Burton," she said.

Richard—her favorite subject

Which brought us to one of Elizabeth's favorite subjects—Richard Burton. What is Richard like? Elizabeth answered without hesitation:

"Richard is just like a well; there's no plumbing the depths. You can't describe a volcano erupting. You can't describe the sound of the wind in the trees when there is no wind. He's indefinable because he's on so many levels, intellectually and emotionally. He can be an absolutely idiot clown, or he can be your Professor Higgins. A great raconteur. A great lover.

"I think our favorite time together is when all the lights are off and he smokes the last cigarette in bed. Sometimes we chat for three hours, talking about everything. Especially when we don't have to get up the next day."

Compatibility is becoming a rare commodity in today's world. The Burtons share it on all levels. "Richard and I are hardly apart, but when we are it's agony. An ideal day for us is Sunday. We sleep until around 9:30 or 10, get up, preferably without any servants around, read the newspapers, and discuss whatever's going on.

"Just being together, very quiet and alone, absolutely alone—that's our idea of complete bliss. Just pottering around, going for a walk together, taking the dogs out. Just sitting around and reading a book, occasionally looking up and just talking. For a couple of weeks every year we go to Gstaad, just the two of us, when all the kids are in school. We just want to be alone, to do everything together—to go out occasionally to a little pub for a meal."

Elizabeth doesn't find that her career and her personal life clash at all.

"I don't allow them to. When I've finished acting, the minute the scene's over, that's it. I go home and it's over. I don't sit and talk to Richard about what happened on the set or talk about the scene or anything like that because it's as boring as hell to him when he's not in the film. When we do work together we chat about things because it's mutual.

"I don't allow anything to interfere mentally or physically. When Richard is doing a film, then I don't—unless I can do one at exactly the same time, preferably in the same studio. [For the last few months, Elizabeth and Richard have been working together—on a TV movie called *Divorce: Hers* and *Divorce: His*. Each will be a 90-minute special to be shown on consecutive nights on the ABC this season.]

I wondered if she could live her life as Mrs. Richard Burton, wife.

"The two years that I didn't work I was Richard's camp follower. It didn't bother me, not working or being the center of attention. Work is not my life. I am married to one man and I plan on staying married to that man."

And what of Mrs. Burton, mother?

"It's wrong for a mother to bind her children to her. It's marvelous when my children want to be with me, and

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ELIZABETH TAYLOR *continued*

they are most of the time, and I adore being with them especially when they show they really want to be with us.

"You can love your children with all your heart, but you can't make them love you. It's like when you have a crush on somebody—it doesn't mean they have to have a crush on you."

Every woman likes to be pampered.

"I love it when Richard surprises me with a bunch of flowers or any kind of present, no matter what it is. Sometimes they are big, sometimes they are tiny, sometimes it is a bunch of flowers that he has picked on the heath, just because it's Wednesday.

"Just reaching out in the middle of the night and touching . . . saying 'I love you' for no reason. Knowing that he is aware that I am there even when I am silent. *And that I matter.*"

She does not cry easily. "Not in my private life—I can be quite staunch about that—but I can be moved to tears easily by old films. I just sit there and watch an old movie and I'm gone."

What advice would she give to women who want to keep their husbands? "It depends on the woman and it depends on the husband. Richard and I play each other completely by ear, we're so in tune, so much on the same wavelength. It must be fifteen times a day that we say the same things at the same time to each other. I mean, our vibes are so together. A lot of people aren't like that."

Their favorite piece of music is Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. "You'd be surprised how many times it's played. It goes like this. . . ." Elizabeth started to hum the beginning of the first movement. "The rhythm of the first few bars of the symphony are 1, 2, 3, 4—then 1, 2. So very lightly with our fingers, we tap each other on the arm or leg surreptitiously under the table or whatever. We worked it out. I tap 'I love you' to the rhythm and Richard squeezes back 'Me, too'—but don't print that!" Elizabeth said as she burst out laughing, "it's our private thing. I guess it's O.K. We won't have a secret left."

I asked her what she thought were the three most important things in her life. Or what things she would take with her to a desert island?

"Well, you cannot bind your children to you—that's the worst thing a mother can do. I'd send mine all my love and all the knowledge and experience I have. So I'd take my animals and as many books as I could—and, of course, Richard."

Enjoy today

And if she had to sum up her philosophy of life?

"My philosophy of life? It's not live and let live. I'm too concerned. As for the world, well, one can't help but become involved. To say I go with the wind or tide is not true. But in a way I'm a fatalist in my own personal life. I try to live and enjoy every moment as it exists. Think about tomorrow but don't worry about it. It may bring ten different things but nobody knows what they are until tomorrow.

"I'm not a worrier about things like that. I really enjoy life. I relish it. I enjoy NOW!

"If I had to write my own epitaph it would be: 'Here lies Elizabeth Taylor Burton. Thank you for every moment, good and bad. I've enjoyed it all!'" **END**

WHAT'S HAPPENING
continued from page 4

fools of the Founding Fathers, *177* is diverting, touching, and occasio ally quite moving, especially the nal sequences when the Declaratio of Independence is signed. But the whole, the men who made th country deserve something bett than this foolish fiddle-faddle Philadelphia. . . . Maybe you've re ognized Federico Fellini as a geni (I have with *8½* and *La Strad* Maybe you've recognized Fellini a hype (I have with *Satyricon*). B whatever you've thought of him the past, or even if you've never see a Fellini movie, please treat yourse to the sensations of *Fellini Rom* This travelogue is an extravaga mixture of reality, memory, fantas satire, and sin. Three episodes a spectacular: a colossal traffic jam a rainy road to Rome that's an a sault of imagery and clamor. A fin uproarious spectacle: an eccle astical fashion show. Fellini h mounted a mythic tour of rece Rome, the eternal city, the intern city, the infernal city. See it.

Circle Your Calendar

And then semi-circle your TV for ABC's three-hour Saturday nig Special March 10. (I know it's n month, but I must give you this a vance tip so you'll be sure to home or to invite in friends watch.) On screen: Eugene O'Neil monumental play, *Long Day's Jou ney Into Night*, starring Sir La rence Olivier in the 3-hour p formance that's had all Lond talking, a performance America have been flying the Atlantic to Constance Cummings also stars Britain's National Theater produ tion. This will be an event.

The Small Screen Scene. Mu music music and none is happi making than the songs of Harold len who's been tuned up for a S cial retrospective called *Jack Le mon—Get Happy*, and the title is only graceless aspect. I guess producers thought that Arlen nee Lemmon's aid to lure an audien but the songs themselves, and presence of Diahann Carroll, C Elliot, and Johnny Mathis, ough have you all toe tapping on N Feb. 18. . . . Dennis Weaver, refus to be typecast as Chester in *G smoke* or even as *McCloud* on the horizon, turns up this month as Ab ham Lincoln. He stars in a dra called *The Great Man's Whisk* (NBC, Feb. 13), a two-hour tell of what is said to be an actual cident: his receipt of a letter fr a 13-year-old girl who sugges that he grow a beard. Ann Soth John McIver, Harve Presnell, Dean Jones are also written in, the 13-year-old scribbler is Ci Eilbacher. . . . Now what have here? A *Peanuts* Special that i animated? Good grief and gadzo But so it is, and merrily: the mous Off-Broadway real-people duction of *You're A Good M Charlie Brown*, in its original fr ness, brought to TV by the Hallm Hall of Fame, Feb. 9. This is *not* for the kiddies. It's a delightful t for us all.

HE WORKING WOMAN

ontinued from page 72

nough to how it gets done. I never re- ind anyone that I own the place be- ause it's irrelevant. What matters is hat we all want to get out a good aper."—Female publisher.

In the final analysis our problem is hat power is a sex-typed entity. We dmire men who seek it and wield it ffectively. We must learn to be equally upportive of women who want to make ecisions and influence policy.

The In Basket

Sixty nurses' aides in California ill receive *$27,000 in back pay* to ompensate them for the difference etween their wages and those of male rderlies. A U.S. court ruled that urses' aides and orderlies do compa- able work and merit equal pay.

Two University of California (Berke- y) students found that less than half f 27 San Francisco companies sur- eyed have set goals and timetables r women's greater representation— is despite federal rulings requiring e firms to develop a written affirma- ve action program. Is your company bject to *Revised Order #4*? If so, ask see their compliance program and d out where you fit in.

The National Conference of House- old Workers held in New York last ll, launched a campaign to improve e wages and status of domestics. At resent, their median income is $2,000, d few receive sick leave or paid vaca- ons. It is a national disgrace that ese 1.5 million working women are cluded from minimum wage laws.

FIRST LADIES: *Betty Diener* is e first female president of the Doc- al Association (comprised of can- ates for doctorates) at the Harvard siness School. . . . Schenley Affiliated lieves its first woman V.P., *Marsha e*, is the highest-ranking woman rketing executive in the U.S. liquor dustry. . . . The U.S. Navy is quite tain that *Alene B. Duerk*, former ector of the Nurse Corps, is the st woman admiral.

The Out Basket

The State of *New Jersey* has estab- ed a *talent bank*. If you are avail- e for a full- or part-time job, request application from Lawrence F. amer, Commissioner, Department of mmunity Affairs, P.O. Box 2768, enton, N.J. 08625.

The Women's Equity Action League help women seeking college teach- jobs or administrative positions. d $4 plus your résumé to Ruth R. y, 517 Central Ave., Plainfield, . 07060.

A recent candidates profile sent to major corporations by *Today's man*, a job placement service, listed hly qualified women for jobs in law, lic relations, architecture, and data cessing. *Today's Woman* places nen in the $10,000 to $30,000 range. paid by employer. Write Ms. Dee mpman, Today's Woman, 21 rles St., Westport, Conn. 06880.

s your local child care program eli- e for economic help from govern- t agencies? Facts on grants, schol- ips, free lunch reimbursements, her costs, etc., are included in Pam- t 14, *Federal Funds for Day Care iects*. $1 from Government Printing e, Washington, D.C. 20402. END

KATHLEEN KENNEDY

continued from page 85

ing bags were sopping wet, as was everyone and everything else. We piled up the air mattresses, took one to sit on, and snuggled side by side under a wet piece of plastic. No one uttered a word in the hope of getting to sleep.

Wednesday

After the storm, the weather cleared quickly. We spent a day in repair—drying out the sleeping bags, reattaching the screening, and generally recovering from the night's experiences as we moved downstream.

You see some strange water on the river. Many times we float along on a calm stretch and notice a line ahead in the water. We'd fear it was a dike (built by the Army Corps of Engineers to slow the river's power), but we'd come to a broad stretch of black, choppy water. We'd bounce along for a few hundred yards, and then suddenly all would be calm. The passing barges created huge waves of up to ten feet, but our raft was buoyant and flexible and took them well. Often, however, on a clear river with no barge in sight, large waves would come at us and rock the boat around.

There were back currents whipping upstream against the shore, matching the main current's speed. When this happened, whirlpools were created—spinning holes in the surface of the water that dropped down several feet. Occasionally we got caught in one of these, which could drag a swimmer under; but our raft just went round and round until we motored our way out. Strangest of all was the contour of the surface. At times we were going downhill, at times sitting in valleys with the water higher all around us.

At dusk, the skyscrapers of Memphis peeked out from behind a bend of the river. We ducked into the Loosahatchie River, a couple of miles upstream from the town, and Gary suggested that we visit some of his friends in Oxford. The idea of a day of rest was tempting.

Thursday

Oxford, Miss., was the site of the 1962 riots over James Meredith's enrollment as the first black at the University of Mississippi. Our host showed us the buildings that were bombed and tear gassed, and he showed us where the troops stood. According to my host, I was visiting the scene of a crime where my father, then Attorney General, had been guilty of misunderstanding and destruction. I was held guilty as well. These people of the South had suffered during those times and resented the intrusion of freedom fighters, Northern liberals, and all that they stood for. They were happy to tell me so.

On our side trip, we also visited the home of William Faulkner. We met his niece Deane, who gave us a personal tour of her uncle's home.

Friday

We returned to the raft and floated down to Memphis, where we registered at the Memphis Marina. When the Marina master found out that there was a Kennedy aboard, he announced proudly that he was a Fitzgerald and that all Fitzgeralds are related to all Kennedys because they're good Irishmen. He let us stay with him for free.

Saturday

An enormous black cloud welcomed us to the Delta. It blew up behind us and came charging down the river. We were better prepared for this storm than we had been for the last one, and we headed for shore. The storm caught us anyway. The raft smashed against a revetment bank. We tied it up, and, as the waves crashed into the cabin, scampered up into a cotton field. The *Snopes'* crew spent the next hour and a half huddled in a culvert, keeping one eye open for deadly water moccasins.

Sunday

We had all wanted to float to New Orleans, but hadn't correctly estimated how long the trip would take. Janna and Briget decided that this would probably be their best chance to visit New Orleans and Baton Rouge. They left us then.

Monday

The rains came in torrents and dogged us for two days. We halted to let the storm pass. When we tried to start the motor again, it would not turn over. After a futile half hour of coaxing the engine, we pulled out the air mattress, sleeping bags, and cream cookies. Three in a row we sat, munching away until we fell asleep. At four o'clock in the afternoon, there was nothing else to do.

After our nap, Gary tried again to start the motor. Night was coming; the mosquitoes began to bite. In the half light, we found the woodsman's fly dope. Since the lantern had broken, the flashlight needed batteries, the candles were lost, all the matches were wet, and no one had thought ahead to buy flares, we were stranded in the darkness until morning.

Tuesday

The Fourth of July, my 21st birthday, we were stranded on the left bank of the Mississippi River. How would we be rescued? David attached an 18-inch American flag up side-down to a pole and fixed it permanently above the cabin—as a distress signal. From 20 feet away I couldn't tell the flag was upside down, so there was little hope that someone halfway across the river could know what this little piece of cloth was supposed to signify. When

(continued on page 154)



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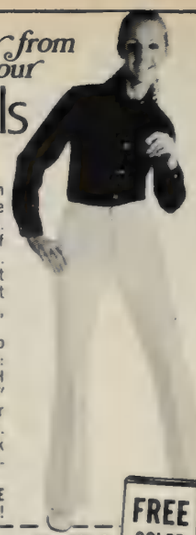
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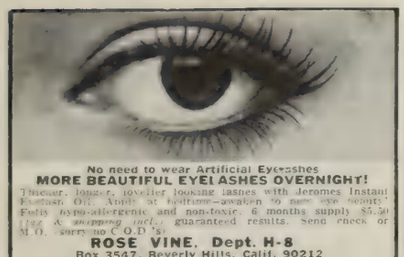


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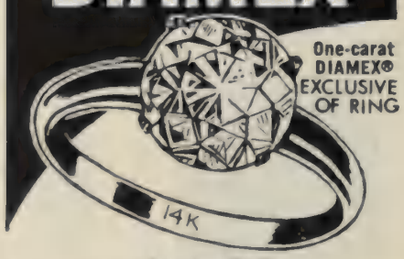
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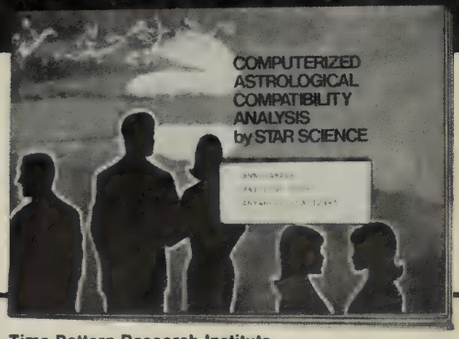
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continued from page 147

we saw a truck on the opposite bank, we madly waved a white sheet; but the driver paid us no heed. From afar, we probably looked as though we were drying our wash. Eventually we fashioned a large "help" sign on another white sheet, using one-and-a-half bottles of bright red catsup as ink.

We realized, however, that no one would be likely to rescue us, and we tried to devise a way to help ourselves. We decided that Gary and I would try to reach the nearest town. We had bought a lightweight boat to use in case of emergency, but the oars had washed overboard in the recent storm. We were just wondering what we would use for paddles when a piece of driftwood floated by and suggested itself.

The current carried us swiftly downstream. In the distance, near a grove of trees, we saw two men fishing. One of them helped carry our boat ashore; the other continued assembling his lines in silence. Gary did the talking. He's from Biloxi and felt responsible for handling his fellow Mississippians. We learned that the nearest town was 20 miles away on good road, and the first good road was four miles from the river. I relied on Gary's power of persuasion to provide us with a ride.

After some conversation, the man agreed to drive us to the main road with the idea that we could hitchhike from there. He drove us until we came to an intersection with three country stores. Then he wished us good luck and returned to his day of fishing.

The first store we entered was badly lighted. I found a pay phone and tried to call home to solicit birthday greetings, but everyone was off on a picnic. Gary and I wandered up and down the aisles checking out dust-covered cans in search of something edible. At the back of the store, the owner's wife offered sandwiches that could be heated up in an infrared oven. The man behind the counter asked what our problem was, for there was obviously something troubling us. He listened to our tale, then telephoned a friend. His friend turned out to be the local boat engine repairman. The repairman promised to come in a few hours, after attending his mother's birthday party.

Going toward the *Snopes* in the repairman's boat, we understood why so many boats had passed us by. Our small brown-and-green raft was just as well camouflaged as a guerrilla vessel. We arrived back, happy to have returned before nightfall and eager to relate our story. However, David had been fortunate without us. A barge had spotted our catsup sign and had sent two passing speedboats over to help. The rescuers had immediately discovered our problem. At our last fuel stop, someone had mixed water in our newest supply of gas.

The mechanic refused our offer to pay him. "Yankees don't think that anyone is decent down here," he said. "I want to show that they're wrong. We're good people on the whole, I want you to know that."



Wednesday

We rose early, determined to reach Greenville, Miss., by nightfall. We ran the motor continually and brazenly crossed sandbars, so that by sunset we had gone 60 miles and were within sight of the harbor entrance. By all measures of safety and common sense, we should have stopped then. It was almost dark, and we didn't have any running lights. But Gary and David wanted a shower and a decent dinner. They wanted to go five miles up harbor in total darkness. They decided to make a torch in case a barge or another boat threatened to hit us. That did make sense.

We docked with only 15 minutes worth of gas left in our tank. Between the dock and the barge we had tied to, there was a two-foot space. Gary and I noticed it before climbing onto the pier. David, who had been suffering from arthritis, didn't. Gary and I were talking to a dockhand when suddenly we heard a splash and turned just in time to see two huge men dragging David up from the water. One of the men warned us of the symptoms David would have in the morning if he had suffered a concussion. For the moment, we decided to stop David's shivering by putting him in his sleeping bag and providing him with a warm drink.

I found a teabag, and the superintendent of the Marina offered to boil water.

To make polite conversation as we walked to his office, the superintendent asked if we'd like to have a kitten from Greenville. I thought he was offering a mascot for the raft. Immediately I heard a roar and looked around to see a lion peering from a cage. As the superintendent patted the monarch on the head, he explained that he paraded "Governor" every morning in front of 150 employees, "to keep them in line."

While waiting for the water to boil, I asked our host how much binoculars cost. We explained that it was sometimes difficult to decipher the mile markers on the side of the river. He seemed to sympathize with our problem and gave us an extra pair that happened to be lying on his desk. I was struck by h generosity. Later we noticed that the glasses didn't work.

Thursday

In the morning, David still suffered from a headache. We took him to the hospital just to make sure that he was all right. We waited for about two hours in the emergency room, but no one seemed anxious to help. I asked the nurse if she would take David's blood pressure, and an hour later she finally did. She explained to us that all the doctors were very busy. If we returned in a couple of hours perhaps someone might be there to help, although she couldn't guarantee it. Then one of the nurses saw my name on a note I had been writing and figured out who my family was. Suddenly a doctor appeared to treat David. He took X-rays, found that David had a hairline skull fracture, and told him to rest for the day.

Saturday

This was to be my last day on the river. I had to leave to attend the Democratic Convention. The boys planned to continue the trip for another week. A hundred yards offshore from Greenville, the motor died. David and Gary kept trying to start it, but instead pulled the cord right out of the motor: the raft started drifting out toward the boat-filled channel. We attempted to anchor, but our weight broke the hold of the line. A few hours later, we managed to snag a piece of shore.

Sunday

I left early Sunday morning. I learned later that after my departure the motor died altogether. Gary and David decided that the river was attempting to tell them something. They tried to sell the rig and supplies for $150 and a ride to the Jackson, Miss., airport, but they couldn't get their price. The whites in town offered $35 for the lot. The blacks didn't have the cash. Gary and David considered but rejected a Snopes-like plan to sell the raft to six different whites and then clear out of town before anybody compared notes. One black man wanted the raft very much and got two friends who said they might be able to come up with the money sometime. Gary and David sold the *Snopes* on credit and headed back home. EN

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Who's Who

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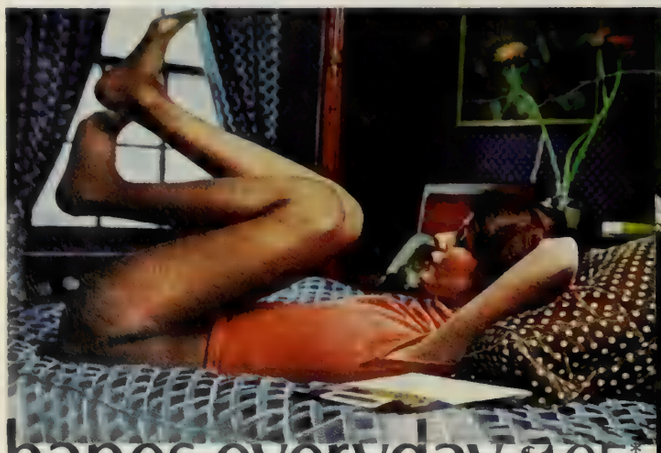


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In Hanes

AND THE WOMEN WE MADE THEM FOR.



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Cover photograph of Joan Kennedy by Otto Stupakoff. Hairstyle and makeup by François of Kenneth. Photograph, p. 60, top left, by Glenn Oesterle; p. 62, photograph top left by Sharon Shaffer, bottom right, by Walter Ard.

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EDITOR'S DIARY

BY JOHN MACK CARTER



GUESTS. When the Journal gives a party it's a news-maker. Here, two of the world's most famous sisters, Lee Radziwill and Jacqueline Onassis, at our recent literary soiree for Lee.

SISTERS, SISTERS. On our cover, Joan Kennedy heralds the fascinating story on page 90 about sisters in the news. '73 looks like a very



Lee "cuts" cake for me and other LHJ folk: Lenore Hershey, Herb Bleiweiss, and Ed Miller.

sisterly year. In our January issue, you'll remember, we featured *Opening Chapters*, the first part of Lee Radziwill's book. As befits the publishing debut of a celebrity, the JOURNAL honored her with a literary cocktail party at Manhattan's Four Seasons restaurant. Among the guests: Truman Capote, witty and full of praise for his friend Lee's new effort; towering John Kenneth Galbraith; and the sometimes stormy Norman Mailer, whose behavior at this gathering was almost courtly. Since Lee's book is still not in print, we had one made up for her in cake form, and a group of us posed with it; we didn't cut it because Lee wanted to take the baked book home to her children. The big question among early arrivals—would sister Jacqueline Onassis drop in? She did, a vision in black pants, satin shirt, and ropes of gold chains. Mrs. Onassis chatted easily with everyone, sipped champagne from a tall glass, and admired a flag in our ad director's lapel.

When I thanked Jackie for gracing our party, she smiled and said, "Why wouldn't I be here? Lee's my sister and it's an important occasion for her."

ALMOST LIKE SISTERS

Our little freckled December cover girl, Caroline Buckler, got herself a fair amount of fan mail—and a whole set of look-alike sisters. Shown here is Robin Dumont, of Somerville, N.J., whose mother says she's a "double for your cover model." We also received "doesn't - she - look-like" snapshots of Barbara Wright, of Philadelphia, and of Nancy Wisner, of Broadview Hts., Ohio. As to the many people who wanted to know more about little Caroline herself, here is some background information: she lives in New York City, was four years old in February, has an older sister named Lisa, 5½, and a black cat named Michael. At the outset, there was a bit of a strain between the sisters about Caroline's top billing, but the problem has now been resolved—both of them will be featured in the Spring issue of the JOURNAL's Needle and Craft Magazine, so we hope and trust that all's well again, as it should be between female siblings.





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3. Tomato juice, or your favorite vegetable cocktail. Add a squeeze of lemon per glass. Or, go far out: put 6 slices peeled cucumber, 1 t. dried dill weed, 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice and 2 ice cubes in your blender. Whirl. Add 1½ cups chilled tomato juice. Makes 2 cups.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

BY GENE SHALIT

It's been a super year for women in movies. When the Academy Award celebration handshakes onto the stage March 27, the winning actress will have beaten out the toughest competition in years. Not so long ago it was never mind trying to pick a winner, where are we going to find some nominees? As I asked in the JOURNAL in March 1971 (I have such swell files): "Where have all the actresses gone?" I pointed to the plenitude of stars but wondered how about some women who could *act*. In the guilt-edged halls of Hollywood good scripts seemed shrugged aside in favor of bouncing bodies over brains. So how come we've had this super year? Can so much have changed in so short a time? Of a certainty. The actresses who scored in 1972 were as varied as any in a decade. They made us laugh, they raised our hopes, they broke our hearts.

Liza Minnelli in shocking green eye shadow and black stockings was flamboyant and touching as she trifled, tripped, and plunged through the opaque days and beery nights of Hitler's Germany. Liza lifted *Cabaret* into one of the year's soaring hits and one of our time's finest musicals. **Diana Ross,** who had burst on the pop scene as the middle Supreme, quit to go it alone. Her single-mindedness led to the movies, where her 1972 debut was as auspicious as a in years—her singing singed screen in *Lady Sings the Blues*. S pretended to be Billie Holiday, she sang as Diana Ross and revea herself to be a striking new musi actress. *Lady Sings the Blues* is kind of biographical movie I afraid they wouldn't make again, they made it again, and many abs people went back to the mov again. Billie Holiday, queen of bitter blues, was 40 when she d from drugs and drink and who kn what—her life a whiplash of triun and degradation. The story of avoids chronology and fact, but M Ross gives the plot that they screened a gripping, ripping shot **Joanne Woodward** was back in 19 More: she was back in a mo directed by her husband Paul Ne man—a combination that crea the unforgettable *Rachel, Rach* More: she was back in a movie w her own daughter (billed nicel Nell Potts), and this little girl's p formance cracked my heart a The movie is *The Effect of Gam Rays on Man-in-the-Moon M golds*. As written by Paul Zinde first produced as an off-Broadw play, it won a Pulitzer Prize. Joa Woodward portrays a woman o warped bent, a widow desert She has two high-school daughte movingly played by *(continu*

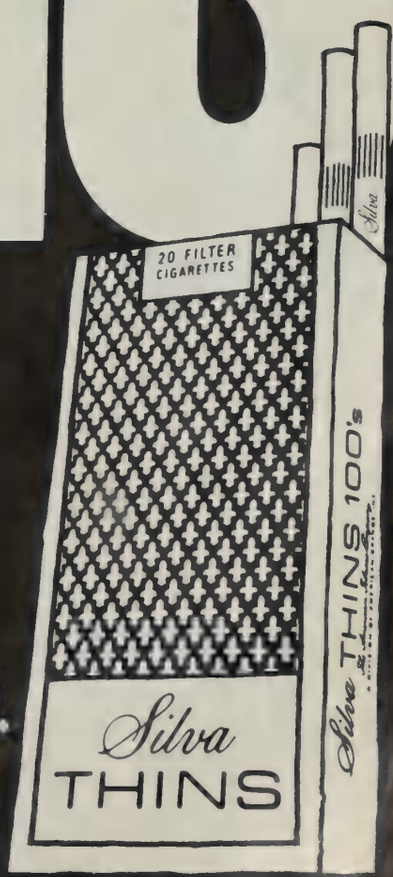


A big year for actresses (and hats), from top left: Joanne Woodward, Cic ly Tyson, Liza Minnelli, Liv Ullmann, Maggie Smith, Romy Schneid

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cording to the latest U.S. Government figures. Filter and Menthol: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report August, '72.

From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...



REC'D CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC. Richmond, Va.

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964 ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS [redacted] WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH [redacted] ARE RESTORED.

PARENT[redacted]S CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF [redacted] SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS: MARIA DASS, DECEASED OB SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS: ELIZABETH WILL CENTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM [redacted] PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE [redacted] DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

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I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____. ☐ Please send me more information.

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young Miss Potts and by Roberta Wallach, the daughter of Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach. (Is acting genetic?) These three performances dominate the film, and they wracked me up. When I left the theater, I was teary from what I took away from that film, but also from what I brought *to* it. Miss Woodward is simply (I mean complexly) stunning in the role of the weak-wise-crack messy mother on the frayed edges of life. Homage to Joanne Woodward.

Liv Ullmann (say it *leave*) is as gifted an actress as has ever attempted to demolish herself in a movie as bad as *Pope Joan*, where she proved that she cannot rescue a film from a nonscript undirected. But never mind *Pope Joan*. Mind *The Emigrants* and *Cries and Whispers*, two triumphs of 1972. The first is a three-hour impressionist painting of a film (with Max von Sydow) about some rural Swedish folk sailing to 19th-century America. It is filled with perception, love, vigor, and hope. *Cries and Whispers*, the newest film by Ingmar Bergman brings us *four* women: Miss Ullmann again, plus Ingrid Thulin, Harriet Anderson, and Kari Sylway. *Cries and Whispers* commands us with symbols and dreams and Bergman's haunting obscurities incomparably photographed by Sven Nykvist. Because this picture is in Swedish with English subtitles (as is *The Emigrants*) its distribution in American will be curtailed. This is too bad because Miss Ullmann is a woman of wonders. And since most Americans can read, why should they be deprived of her films? However, there is *every* reason not to be deprived of the voices of these actresses, and if anyone decides to dub these films, off with his head.

Cicely Tyson came along in a little picture called *Sounder*, and it developed into a *big* picture. It was based on a prizewinning children's story about black sharecropping in the South, of a father sent to a chain gang, and of the mother and three young children persevering. Miss Tyson ennobles the film with a kind of shining pride and tough work.

Those were the major performances by actresses, but there are others that you will surely enjoy. **Carol Burnett** squeezed out of th small screen and popped up on th big screen with Walter Matthau a nice movie (and nice is the precis word) called *Pete 'n' Tillie*. It whipped with wit and touched wi sadness. He is sardonic and reve in puns. She is unmarried and wa of men who are sardonic and rev in puns.

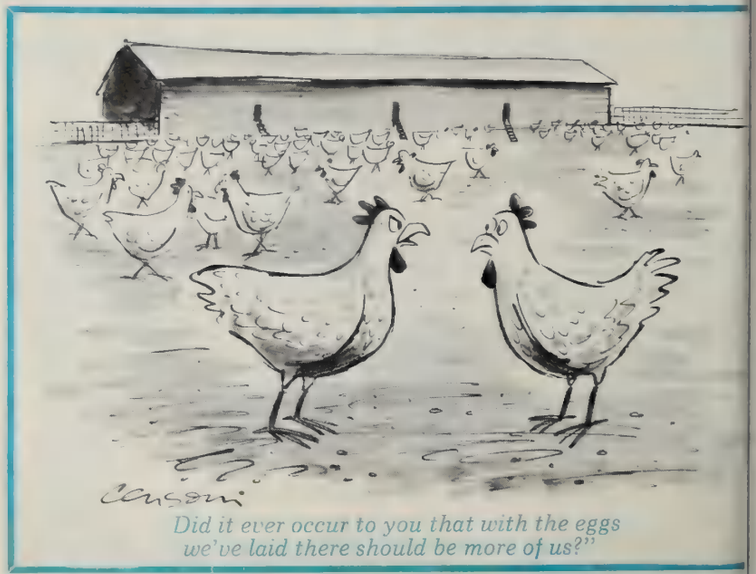
But—you guessed it—Tillie ma ries Pete, and what happens them *then* (and which happened them first in a novella by Peter D Vries) is a nifty mixture of smil and tears. Carol Burnett is a come ic actress of very special qualit and I hope we'll see her a lot more the movies.

Maggie Smith, the British redhea who gave a prime performance Miss Jean Brodie a couple of se sons ago, now returns in a film froth and fun: George Cukor's ve sion of *Travels with My Aunt* Graham Greene. She is wackily e dearing as a woman in her 70's wh is still going like 60. She lives for th moment so she's ticked off by th passing of time. She is a combine Auntie Mame and Madwoman Chaillot who flings through Euro and into Africa as she connives raise money to ransom a favori paramour of her past. *Travels wi My Aunt* features a series of soph ticated flashbacks of her romant conjunctions with men who kept h (although in *her* mind she was on on loan), and these memories ha been staged by Cukor with his ve special sheen of sophistication a chic.

Romy Schneider adds allure as s adds years and in *César and Rosal* she graces one of 1972's *most* roma tic movies. She has Yves Montan and Sami Frye to love, and she ma ages *à trois*.

Stacy Tendeter and Kika Markha are *Two English Girls*, Franç Truffaut's intelligent and bitte sweet love story about a young ma from Paris who meets two siste from Wales. Truffaut describes t girls as "romanesque, puritan, a exalted," and they are just that this glowing film.

So, 1972 will be remembered as renaissance year for actresse strong performances in satisfyi roles. Bring on the Oscars. **E R**



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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

While Ron was in Vietnam, Alice's sole companion was their son. Now Ron was back, minus a hand and demanding all of his wife's attention. Would their child break up their marriage?

Can a couple's marriage be broken up by their child? Of course! It happens frequently. In this case, Ron saw very hot combat action in Vietnam. He returned to his wife and their three-year-old son, James, with an artificial hand. During Ron's absence, Jamie had been taught to recognize and kiss his father's photograph. But while he adored his father, he still looked to his mother for everything. Ron couldn't take it. The little family immediately became almost an insane asylum. Ron and Alice were two intelligent, college-educated people. What on earth had happened? What could be done? Everything had gone wrong. But they were bright enough to finally face reality. With the help of a marriage counselor, they were able to start in the right direction and keep going. The counselor in this case was Allan Brown.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.,
Founder and Chairman of the Board of Trustees, The American Institute of Family Relations

Alice talks first

"Ron came back from Vietnam nineteen months ago. He had been seriously wounded, and I thought our baby son would be a comfort to him," said 24-year-old Alice, a long-legged, blue-eyed blonde. "Jamie was born six days after Ron, a career Navy officer, left for Vietnam. I felt sure that his first sight of our beautiful son would be wonderful therapy.

"Ron lost his right hand in a grenade explosion. He received treatment in several overseas hospitals before he was flown from Japan to an orthopedic hospital in Northern California. When he arrived, he immediately telephoned me in Los Angeles, where the baby and I were staying near my parents.

"I hadn't seen Ron in a year. A lot had happened to us both. Ron's voice sounded just the same—self-contained, light, and casual. He said he had a weekend pass and asked me to drive up. He didn't mention Jamie.

"I arrived at the hospital late that afternoon. Ron wasn't in his room. For a moment, I stared at his empty bed and was swept by a feeling of sinking terror—the same terror I had suffered every day during the long months of his absence. But then, in the distance, I heard him laugh, a loud, merry laugh.

"Ron was clowning in the next room with a bunch of enlisted men, paraplegics mostly. Like them, he was in a wheelchair and was wearing regulation pajamas. The other fellows were laughing like crazy. I didn't laugh. I was too shocked by his appearance. He had lost thirty pounds. His face was drawn and shrunken like those pictures of hollow-eyed refugees from concentration camps. What I could see of the unbandaged part of his face and shaved head was pitted with blue-black shrapnel scars. His right arm, swathed in bandages from wrist to shoulder, was swollen to the size of a watermelon.

"I managed to hold back my tears as I ran and threw my arms around him, wheelchair and all. Everybody cheered, but I could tell that Ron, a passionate, emotional man in private, was embarrassed by the public embrace. So I stepped back and pulled out the latest snapshots of Jamie. Ron didn't seem pleased, proud, or even interested in the photographs. In fact, as I passed the pictures around to the other men, he spun his chair around and steered himself to his room, brushing aside my attempts to assist him. Once in the room, he was actually insulted by my offer to help him dress. It hurt me to watch him tie his shoelaces and knot his necktie with only his left hand, but I had the sense to keep quiet. He prided himself that he could accomplish as much with one hand as the average man can with two.

"We signed out of the hospital, and I drove four short blocks to the motel where he had registered us. At the suggestion of my sister-in-law, I had bought myself a very sexy black transparent nightgown. I wanted to make our reunion memorable to Ron. I planned to step out of my own mousy character, and act like someone glamorous and seductive. But when Ron locked the door —with an extravagant flourish of h good arm—everything sudden seemed unfamiliar and out-of-key. wanted to turn and run. I didn know what to do or say. I felt bett after I unpacked Jamie's pictu Then I slipped into the bathroo and changed into the transpare nightgown.

"Ron wolf-whistled when I ca out, and we made love. It was li old times—or almost. I was scar to death that I would somehow hu his injured arm, but I was too afra of offending him to mention nervousness.

"Afterwards I called my paren Ron joked with them and challeng Daddy to a boxing match. Thr gloves for the two of them would plenty, he said. But when Moth carried Jamie to the phone, Ron stantly hung up. Talking long-d tance to a baby was a stupid was of money, said Ron, who had spe $100 on a Japanese kimono for m but not ten cents on a toy for Jam

"By then, of course, I realiz that Jamie and I were in for troub It took me a long while to admit myself that Ron hated our little b

"I met Ron four years ago o beach in Norfolk, Va. I was visiti my uncle, also a Navy man, wh trying to recover from a disastr college love affair.

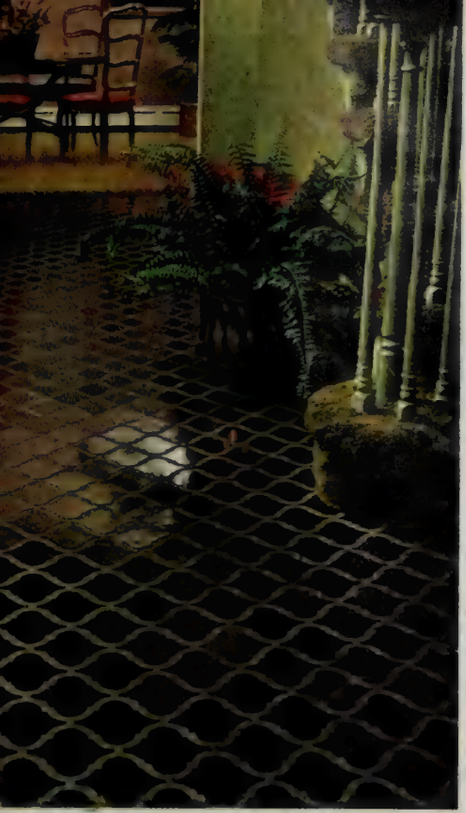
"Early one Saturday mornin was lying on a deserted section the beach reading my favorite po by Dylan Thomas. Suddenly R appeared from nowhere and dropp down on the sand beside me. I up, ready to leave at once, but grinned at me and quoted the ope ing lines of "Altarwise by O light." Well, I sat down again quoted the next two lines at him. quoted two lines back at me, a finally we chanted the closing li together.

"Ron was the only person I'd known, other than my father a ex-boyfriend, who shared my thusiasm for poetry and books. seemed perfectly matched in all tastes and feelings. On our seco date, I told him everything ab myself. I told him about my invol ment with an intelligent, agonizi ly shy boy who belonged to a ra minority. For six months this and I had been determined to d our parents and get married—or I believed. But when I became pr nant, my boyfriend left me. I was the verge of suicide when my fat found the bottle of sleeping pills my room. He asked a few sym thetic questions and I confessed truth.

"Without informing my mot whose health has always been p carious—and who would have b heartbroken at the news—Fat arranged for me to have a safe ab tion. Afterwards, I came to Norf to recuperate.

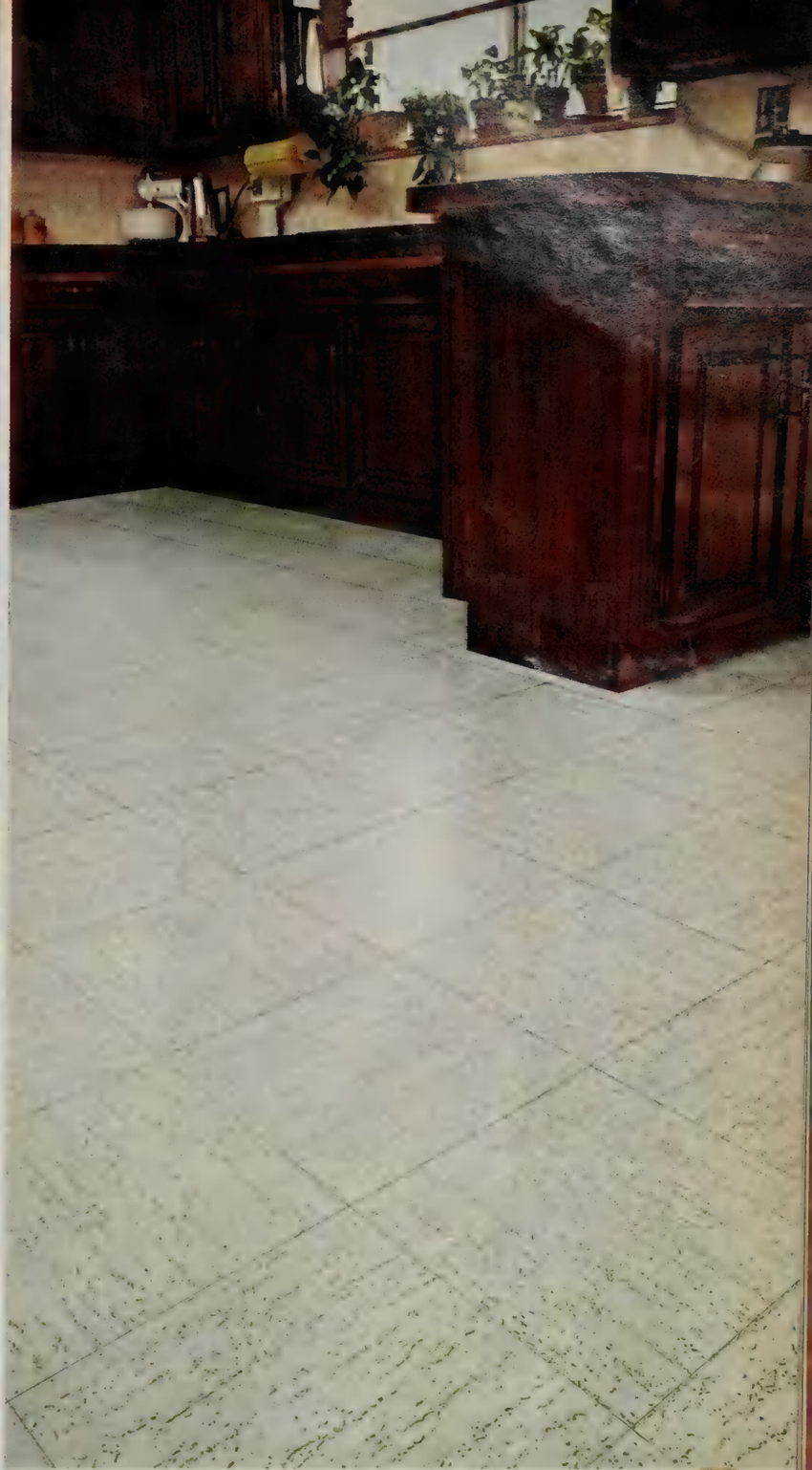
"Ron and I soon fell in love. T October he went on sea duty left me the keys to his car and apartment. As I aired it and dus his belongings, I would play favorite records on the stereo wonder what it would feel like be his wife. *(continu*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories repo here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal identi









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"A week after Ron's return, much to my surprise and delight, he proposed. His father had died recently, but his mother came to our wedding and wept dolefully through the ceremony. We honeymooned at Newport while Ron, ambitious to explore every field of the Navy, attended destroyer school. At that time I became pregnant with Jamie, a planned pregnancy. The week I announced my happy news, Ron announced that he was going to train with a special branch of the Amphibious Force that was assigned to guerrilla warfare. This force suffered such tremendous casualties in Vietnam that it was referred to in military circles as a 'short cut to sudden death.'

"I knew Ron was absolutely fearless, and I knew his naval career meant everything to him. As an officer in a super-hazardous service, he would deliberately seek out danger at every opportunity to win advancement.

"After Ron went to Vietnam, I lived in constant suspense and torment. I had hideous nightmares. I dreamed of him coming home in a sealed, flag-draped coffin. I dreamed of bringing up Jamie as a fatherless orphan. My son was my only link with life.

"I kept the TV going night and day. When Vietnam scenes were shown, I pointed to the screen and told Jamie that that was where his daddy was. I talked to him about the war, and about how sad it was for people to kill each other, half convinced that the baby understood. I taught Jamie to kiss Ron's picture before he took his nap beside me on the sofa and again before I tucked him in his crib beside my bed. Every morning I walked Jamie to the mailbox and sent off two or three letters to Ron. I sent baby pictures, reports on weight gains, cute gestures, that kind of thing. Ron hardly ever wrote in return, and he never wrote a single comment about Jamie.

"It was almost a relief when I received word that Ron had been wounded and we could be a family again. Shortly after our reunion, he was granted out-patient status, and Jamie and I moved to an apartment nearby.

'Our troubles began when I laid Ron's son on his lap for the very first time. Jamie recognized his father, smiled, and called him "Dada," a word I'd carefully taught him. Ron was not impressed. He got up, dumping Jamie on the couch, and in a crisp, no-nonsense voice addressed him as James—a ridiculously formal label for a baby.

"Of course Jamie began to howl. I gave him his pacifier, but Ron snatched it away and accused me of encouraging the boy to be a sissy. He then stomped off to the hospital for his therapy.

"In order to reduce the swelling in his arm, Ron required intensive massage treatments at home as well as at the hospital. For a solid year I worked on his arm four times a day, while also cleaning, cooking, and caring for Jamie. It wasn't easy. Ron used to keep his wardrobe in scrupulous order. Now he drops more stuff on the floor than Jamie does.

"Jamie soon learned to walk and began making the usual childish messes. Ron punished him every time unless I concealed the evidence. Before he was injured, Ron was patient and even-tempered. He would drink an occasional glass of wine, but nothing stronger. Now he drinks too much. He flies into a fury if Jamie is disobedient or noisy—noise drives Ron crazy—or if I try to comfort the child.

"From his first day back, Ron was determined to prove he was fit to remain in active service, although I had hoped he would retire. He worked endlessly to strengthen his muscle tone and to improve his manual skill. He couldn't build a toy chest for Jamie, but he built elegant His-and-Her chests and installed a double lock on the bedroom door. Thereafter Jamie entered only by invitation—my invitation.

"Our sexual relationship has deteriorated. We go through all the motions, but to me our lovemaking seems unreal and tense. Maybe it's because I'm chronically exhausted and worried.

"At any rate our sexual relationship is not the problem. The problem is Ron's relationship with Jamie. Several months ago he was fitted with a satisfactory artificial hand, discharged by the hospital, and assigned as a Naval instructor in the techniques of guerrilla warfare. Since then our existence has become intolerable. His drinking, his temper outbursts, and his impatience with our son have increased to a frightening extent.

"Ron not only yells at Jamie, he shakes him, jerks him around, and slaps him. Last weekend, at the dinner table, Ron dropped his knife and laughed at his own awkwardness. Jamie laughed, too. Well, Ron reacted like a maniac. He hauled Jamie from his high chair, and threw him in his crib so hard that the boy's shoulder was bruised. The next morning, Ron was terribly ashamed and apologetic. I'm sure his regret was genuine, but I don't know what to do. I love them both."

Ron's turn to talk

"I know I'm in the wrong," said dark-haired Ron, his eyes resting on the hook-shaped metal prosthetic arm fastened to his right wrist. "I know I

(continued on page 72)

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Dorothy Lambert Brightbill

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Photograph By Ellen Swedowsky

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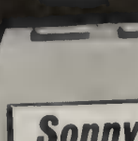
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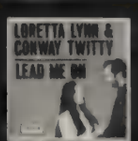
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2 lb. chuck or round beef
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¼ cup Cream of Rice
4 carrots
2 cups thinly sliced onions
1 cup thinly sliced celery
1 clove garlic, minced
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
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⅛ teaspoon thyme, crushed
1 cup Burgundy or dry red wine
1 can (6 oz.) or 2 cans (3 oz.) BinB Mushroom Crowns including broth

Trim excess fat from meat. Cut into 1½-inch cubes. Place in a 2½-quart casserole and toss gently with Kitchen Bouquet coating meat on all sides. Mix in Cream of Rice. Cut carrots in quarters lengthwise and in half crosswise. Add in carrots and remaining ingredients. Mix gently. Cover and bake in a pre-heated 325° oven until meat and vegetables are tender, about 2½ hours. Stir meat every 30 minutes. Serve with potatoes, rice, or noodles. 6 to 8 servings.

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B IN B MUSHROOMS



POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

Sometimes I have the feeling that I like the month of March better than it likes me.

It's sort of ironic, isn't it, that first we teach kids to talk and then we try to teach them *not* to?

Every once in a while I think I see the handwriting on the wall—but it usually turns out to be just another dirty word.

The one thing that really works in a hundred-year-old house is the people who live in it.

The nation's birth rate has dropped to below zero-growth level. That means our population will decrease enough so 20 years from now you'll be able to get a seat on the bus!

The *worst* laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley, too.

I'm always surprised when a restaurant with pictures of famous people on the walls turns out to be any good.

I suppose it's a sign of the times that although a dealer will sell you a car on Saturday or Sunday, he won't fix it on either of those days.

When I get sick, if "there's a lot of it going around," I don't feel quite as bad.

You usually find yourself talking more when you're with people you have nothing to say to.

Why is it when glass is so hard to break on purpose, it's so easy to do by accident?

Sometimes I think my trouble is everyone understands me.

I guess it's not unheard of to have a guest room in your house, but have you ever known anyone who had a guest room with an *empty* closet?

People who analyze things a necessarily deep thinkers.

I don't take any establishmen riously that brags about how it's been in business if it began I was born.

This is the time of year I sta yearn for something green to up—like money.

I'm really not sure if studying past mistakes helps you to do thing except make bigger and b mistakes.

Sometimes I think the most nc able trend so far this year is there aren't any trends!

The quickest way to get a chil terested in doing something you is to start doing something really want to do by yourself.

People who give the most ac take the least.

It's hard to sound as though y with it when you're not.

I know how much I weigh tc ounce, but I can never resist people's bathroom scales.

The trouble with answering le is that then you start waitin answers to your answers!

Any dessert worth the name o to be just a little bit fattening.

What's so easy about falling log?

Laugh, and the world laughs you . . . cry, and at least they you seriously.

I simply can't wait for the me inherit the earth. The people have it now seem to be awfully tant.

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New safety caps on drugs . . . speed of pain relievers . . . drug labeling . . . children's nutritional problems.

What are the standards for safety caps on aspirin products? Under the new Poison Prevention Packaging Act all aspirin-containing products must now have a safety cap that is difficult for children, but easy for adults, to open. The basic test is this: Two hundred children, aged 42-51 months old, are given five minutes to open a bottle topped with a safety cap. Eighty-five per cent of these children must be unable to open the bottle without instruction; 80% after instruction. Ninety per cent of adults must be able to open the bottle. Bufferin®, Excedrin® and Congespirin® now have such a safety cap. Safety cap or not, it is still wise to keep all medicines out of the reach of children.

Do some pain relievers start to work faster than others? Of course! And that's important because one thing all pain sufferers want is fast relief. Bufferin is on the way to your headache pain twice as fast as a plain aspirin tablet. Bufferin contains Di-Alminate™, a combination of antacids which help reduce the chances of the stomach upset plain aspirin can cause. Even more important for pain sufferers, this special ingredient helps speed most of Bufferin's pain reliever on its way to your headache while most of plain aspirin is still in your stomach. Be ready for your next headache with Bufferin. For a free sample just send your name, address and zip code to: MEDICINE CHEST, Bufferin, P.O. Box 65, Elizabeth, New Jersey 07207.

Read any good medicine labels lately? Medicine labels should be on the best seller lists because they have an important bearing on your health. Labels tell you recommended dosages of medicines and these instructions should always be followed closely. Labels also issue caution statements and warnings and tell you that you should see a physician if the symptoms persist. Most non-prescription medicines help relieve only symptoms, not the underlying disease or cause of the symptoms.

A special warning to everyone who takes a prescription drug. When your doctor prescribes a drug for your use, you should not take any non-prescription drugs in addition without first checking with him. Non-prescription drugs taken as directed on the label are relatively safe. But when some of these same drugs are taken in combination with other drugs—particularly prescription drugs—chemical reactions can take place that may be harmful. On the other hand, other combinations are perfectly safe. But be on the safe side. When you are under a doctor's care, check with him before taking any additional medication.

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MEDICINE TODAY

BY DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

When a man undergoes a vasectomy, he is invariably told that the procedure is final. But now a surgeon reports hopeful results with a reversal technique. An up-to-the-minute report.

Last year an estimated one million American men underwent the male sterilization operation known as a vasectomy—bringing to approximately three million the number of U.S. men who have had such contraceptive surgery.

Several factors have contributed to the recent trend toward vasectomies: the desire for conception-free, mess-free, fumble-free sex; disenchantment with the Pill (and its widely debated side effects); the demand by many women that men shoulder more of the responsibility of contraception; the crusade for Zero Population Growth; the rising cost of raising children; plus the "try it, you'll like it" proselytizing of TV entertainers and athletes who have undergone vasectomies—and by organizations that advocate sterilization surgery.

Those in favor of the vasectomy call it a simple operation. And it is although not as painless and complication-free as some exponents claim. Yet men considering a vasectomy have had to face one sobering fact: reversing vasectomies has been virtually impossible.

But now some doctors believe there may be a glimmer of hope for men who want their vasectomies reversed. Medical scientists have been making some progress in their efforts to develop a way to surgically restore fertility. One of the pioneers in the field of vasectomy reversal is Dr. Julius H. Jacobson of Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York City, who has reported promising results with a surgical technique he has invented and thus far performed on about 20 patients.

Recently Dr. Jacobson allowed MEDICINE TODAY into his operating room to watch him perform a vasectomy reversal operation on a 40-year-old Toronto businessman.

Ten years ago, after fathering two children, this man had undergone a vasectomy at his wife's request. Subsequently, the wife divorced him. Now he has remarried, and his second wife wants to conceive a baby by him. A previous attempt to reverse the vasectomy, performed by another surgeon, proved unsuccessful. Determined to regain his fertility, this Canadian husband is now subjecting himself to Dr. Jacobson's new surgical procedure. The operation, performed under a general anesthetic, will take two hours and cost about $2,000. (A vasectomy costs from about $150–$400 with a private physician, and less at birth control clinics.)

To understand the difficulty of restoring a man's fertility surgically it is first necessary to understand what doctors do when they perform a vasectomy. Essentially, the surgeon makes an incision so that he can reach and sever the vas deferens, the two internal passages through which sperm passes on its way toward the penis.

As Dr. Jacobson works on his patient, it becomes apparent why vasectomy reversal poses such a challenge. While the outside dimensions of each vas are workably large—each has an outside diameter of about one-eighth of an inch—these passages are not simply hollow tubes—like, say, drinking straws.

Quite the contrary! Each sperm tunnel is a tiny slit, perhaps one fiftieth of an inch across. To the naked eye, this tiny opening is an almost invisible pinhole. Yet if the surgeon who rejoins the two severed ends of a vas deferens does not get them to meet with precise accuracy he will fail to open a passage between them.

To work with such a fine tissue structure, Dr. Jacobson—whose surgical specialty is blood vessel repair—has developed a microscope through which the severed ends of each vas stand out sharply, in three dimensions, at 25 times their actual size.

While the surgeon works on a vas segment that leads back to one testicle, a trace of sought-after sperm appears at the freshly cut end. Now this open end must be connected to the vas segment leading to the ejaculatory duct in the penis.

Dr. Jacobson then sews the two ends of the vas together, using microsurgical needles the size and shape of an eyelash, and silk thread finer than human hair.

This operation is a pioneering procedure in that it is the man, not the woman, who submits to surgery in order to become a parent. News accounts of a report that Dr. Jacobson presented at a medical meeting in Vienna last year have brought him a flood of *(continued on page 12*

Advertisement

I was bottom-heavy until I lost 46 pounds.

By Jeanne O'Connor—as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

IN the dead of winter, my husband and I bought a swimming pool on sale. Right then, I set my heart on having a great-looking swim suit to go with it. There was only one problem. I needed a slim figure to get into it. And at 165 pounds with a big bottom, I had a long way to go to be the backyard beauty of Scotia, New York.

I'd always been self-conscious about my weight, even as a schoolgirl. Not that I'd ever been gross, but I was usually the largest girl in my class at weigh-in time.

Sweets were my weakness – cookies, cake, soda and ice cream. They were always more important to me than meals, even after I married. And since I hated cooking, but loved baking, you can understand why I kept gaining. Then, too, I got fatter during pregnancies and having three sons in less than five years, my weight just piled up.

I also blame part of my problem on the fact that I'm sort of a rationalizer. I'm always finding excuses for not doing what I really don't want to do. For instance, I used to look at fat people on the street and say to myself: "She's fatter than I am." That made me feel slimmer, so I'd eat and feel content. But later, I'd see myself in a mirror and feel miserable again.

Occasionally, of course, I'd crash diet. I'd give up solid food entirely and live on liquids. Drinking my meals, however, would make me desperate for something to chew on, so I'd buy gum. But chewing gum just made me hungrier than ever. Believe me, it was a vicious circle.



At 165 pounds, even holding one of my sons couldn't hide that thigh!

That's why I decided, when we got our pool, that I'd have to try some other way to eat less. I'd read a lot about people who had taken those reducing-plan candies, Ayds®, and since many were much fatter than I was, I thought maybe Ayds could help me. (Notice how I thought everybody else was always fatter than I was?)

Anyway, I bought a box of the chocolate fudge Ayds at the drugstore and I started right away to follow the plan.

I'd never been a breakfast eater, so I just had one Ayds, hot coffee and juice. Mid-morning, I'd have another Ayds, with a cup of tea or water. Otherwise, I'd be grabbing cookies or whatever else was around, as I'd run for the telephone.



How do you like how I look now? Since I'm down to 119 pounds, believe me, I'll stand alone anytime.

Lunch was light, because I wasn't really hungry. Honest. Ayds, coffee and a sandwich would hold me until 4:00 p.m. That was my weak hour —when I needed something sweet. For dinner, I might have Ayds and tea again, then eat a regular meal with my family: chicken, vegetables and salad. As I said, heavy meals were never my problem. Between-meal snacks is where I got into trouble. I sure looked forward to a couple of Ayds and tea about 9:30 p.m., watching television.

In three months time on the Ayds plan, I'd lost 26 pounds and felt just marvelous. Particularly as the compliments began coming my way. Then I discovered I was pregnant. Even though I knew Ayds contained vitamins and minerals, but no drugs, I thought it best to stop reducing. Especially since I always felt nauseous during my pregnancies.

I must say, however, that losing those 26 pounds made the next nine months the easiest I'd ever had. I even looked good enough to wear a 2-piece maternity swim suit. In fact, I was so delighted with what the Ayds plan had done for me, I was back on it two weeks after I came home from the hospital. And I only had eight pounds to lose over again. As the weight came off once more, I started to look at slim girls instead of fat ones. I'd say to myself: "Is she slimmer than I am?" Then I'd try harder than ever to get another pound off.

I knew, of course, that there was no magic potion in Ayds, but for me there was the sweet satisfaction that I needed to help me eat less. Those Ayds candies actually helped curb my appetite enough so that I was able to get down to 119 pounds on the Ayds plan and into a terrific swim suit.

My next door neighbor just can't get over it. She keeps saying: "You looked so motherly when you moved in!" And another friend, when she saw me slim, blurted out: "You look like you're 18 again!"

Sometimes I even get treated that way. Like a few weeks ago, when my husband Bob and I went to a party. As I walked in, one of the men stared at me so hard, I got all flustered and self-conscious. But it was a great feeling! For Bob, too. After all, he'd had eight years of never having to think twice about what other men thought of me. Now, thanks to the Ayds plan, he can feel proud again. Oh, yes. And I don't have to worry about who sees me, poolside.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After
Height	5'6"	5'6"
Weight	165 lbs.	119 lbs.
Bust	37"	34"
Waist	31"	26"
Hips	40"	36"
Dress	16-18	7-9

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BRINGING UP CHILDREN

BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

How do divorced parents—particularly a mother—cope with the problems of being the only parent? Advice on raising the children of divorce from the noted child psychologist.

During our weekly mothers' discussion group, one divorced woman wondered how she should prepare her son for a visit to his father. Her seven-year-old son Danny had received a letter inviting him to go see his father in California. Except for this letter, the boy had not seen his father for two years, or even heard from him, since after the divorce Danny and his mother had remained in the Midwest while the father moved to California and remarried. So Danny's mother expected that her son would be anxious about flying to California all alone. She wondered how to prepare him for the trip.

I asked how Danny had taken the news about the trip—did he seem excited? The mother said that ever since she had told him about the trip he had been extremely upset. He had cried a lot, and told her repeatedly how worried he was that the plane would crash or be hijacked, or that he would get lost.

Danny's anxieties seem logical enough on the surface. But what the child appears most anxious about is not necessarily what really worries him the most. Trying to get to Danny's primary worry, I asked his mother what the first fear he mentioned was. She had no trouble remembering, because it had seemed so unreasonable: Danny had been concerned that he wouldn't be able to find his father at the airport. She'd reassured Danny that his father would be certain to find him among the people coming off the plane. Then Danny had begun with the other worries—hijacking and crashes.

From the mother's account, it seemed likely that Danny's anxiety about being unable to "find" his father was actually his basic concern, and that the other worries had appeared when his mother hadn't taken his basic fear seriously. The mother herself was perfectly convinced that his father would meet the plane and recognize Danny, so she didn't pay much attention to the way Danny phrased his anxiety: Danny hadn't said he was afraid his father might not find him; Danny had said that he was afraid he might not find his father—psychologically and emotionally, that's quite a different statement. Not only did Danny's mother fail to take Danny's worry seriously, she even misunderstood what he was saying. So Danny had found a worry his mother shared—fear of a hijacking.

To adults, children's anxieties sometimes seem so strange and illogical that we don't realize that they take them seriously—if not literally, then certainly symbolically. Danny was worried that he wouldn't find his father, but his mother couldn't sympathize with that worry because it seemed so unrealistic.

Children are quite ready to hide their true feelings when they sense they are not likely to get help with them; they become very clever in discovering what emotions and fears parents are likely to respond to. Danny substituted his mother's fear for his own, so he could derive minimal comfort. But unfortunately, this minimal comfort does nothing to touch the original worry, which becomes encapsulated and perhaps unconscious—but remains a source of anxiety.

If parents want to help ease their children's worries, they must pay careful attention to their children's specific expressions, and the exact details they reveal when talking about those worries. When Danny said he was afraid he would not find his father, he offered his mother a vital clue to his real worry. If one looks at Danny's statement in slightly more general terms, it makes good sense. When Danny's father left the family two years ago, the boy had indeed "lost" him—a terrible blow to any child so young. When we lose something, we wish to "find" it again. But is meeting a father only occasionally, on very brief visits separated by long absences, really "finding" him again? Under such circumstances, can a boy fully recover his father as a father?

To see whether this interpretation was likely, I asked the mother to tell us what Danny's initial reaction had been when his father *(continued)*

Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, one of the world's most distinguished child psychologists, recently retired after 28 years as Professor of Psychology and Psychiatry at the University of Chicago. He is Director of the Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School for chronically disturbed children, and has written many books about children—their psychological development and problems.

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had left home. She reported that at the time of the divorce, Danny had been positive that his father was leaving home because he, Danny, had done something wrong to drive him away. Nothing the mother said could convince him otherwise.

This mother's behavior was typical of a parent bent upon reassuring a child about the facts of a matter. Knowing in her own mind that Danny's anxiety had no basis in reality, the mother concentrated on telling him so—instead of delving into the reasons for the child's "unrealistic" behavior. The mother then said that she felt if she had taken Danny's views about being the cause seriously, she would have been reinforcing those notions. This mother's position is understandable, but the parent who mistakenly believes this will not be able to reassure her child effectively. Danny's fear that he had driven his father out of the house can be taken perfectly seriously, without implying that it had any validity.

Actually, children frequently convince themselves that they are the cause of their parents' separation; this is quite a natural reaction to divorce. What is clear to us adults—that a divorce is caused by the incompatibility of the parents—is by no means equally obvious to the child. In fact, it might prove much less acceptable to the child than the notion that he caused the separation. After all, if the separation was his fault, the child can hope that by reforming himself he will cause his parents to reunite. Such an expectation is unrealistic, and should not be encouraged, but at the time it seems a genuinely hopeful possibility to the child.

There is, of course, another reason why a child may feel that he is the cause of a divorce: he may be right. Not in the sense that he imagines: namely, that his naughtiness drove his father away; but in the sense that his arrival on the marital scene may have destroyed a shaky equilibrium. The birth of children, particularly the birth of the first child, causes a great change in the family constellation. Some fathers, for example, feel that the child demands too much of their wife's time and interest. While he rarely puts the blame directly on the child, the husband no longer finds the same satisfaction in his marriage as he did before the baby's arrival. It is unlikely that the parents would actually blame the child—but from his own observations, the child may sense that he is at least a contributing factor.

By chance, this circumstance had been a strong element in the divorce of Danny's parents. The marriage had proceeded fairly smoothly until Danny was born, although there were storm clouds developing on the horizon. Almost as soon as Danny was born, the father began to complain of how he was being cheated. He was generally jealous of the boy, and complained at great length about how Danny cheated both the parents out of time for doing things together. It seems probable that Danny might have come to feel that his father was dissatisfied with his presence—or at least with what his presence meant to the parents' relations with each other.

Parents, feeling guilty about the hardships a divorce creates for the child, cannot accept that he himself would feel guilty about the d
They reassure him that the sep
had nothing to do with him, w
what they ought to tell the child
the truth. But parents overlook t
that the child may have strong r
for wanting to think that he w
cause of the divorce.

The child who blames himself
parents' divorce at least has th
solation of being an important
in the drama of his life—not m
hapless bystander. But if such a
tering tragedy can happen to th
without his involvement, he
admit that a similar terrible thi
befall him at any moment, with
being able to do anything about

Also, if the child can believe t
had much to do with the divorce
he can hope that acting differe
future will protect him against t
currence of a similar calamity. H
even cherish unrealistic hopes t
mending his ways he can also me
parents' divorce. Or he may tak
opposite approach; children some
become very "bad" after a divor
cause by becoming bad they fee
can influence what happens to
Previously they had tried to be
but bad things had happened; thu
feel by being bad they can activel
tribute to the bad things they f
in store for them anyhow.

Not lovable enough

Usually, however, the first re
of a young child to divorce is t
clude that the parent who leaves s
did not find the child lovable enou
stay around. That seems to have
Danny's reaction. By seeing hims
responsible for his parent's divor
reflects this fear and also says: '
not helpless; I have something
with what happens to me."

If Danny were really eager to
the trip, he would hardly have th
about the frightening possibilities
travel. His mentioning them sug
that he must have some doubts
how safe the trip will be for him
ically and emotionally. Since chi
are extremely sensitive about
goes on in their parents' minds, I
this mother what her own tho
about the trip to California had
It turned out that she herself had
grave doubts about the whole
sion; she was irrationally afraid
Danny might want to stay with h
ther. On a much more realistic
she had little confidence in her fo
husband's understanding of what
safe and pleasant recreations for a
en-year-old; she was afraid that D
might be led into doing something
gerous and frightening. Before th
vorce her former husband was
short-tempered with Danny, and
often spanked him for no good re

Given these circumstances, I
much surprised that the mother
agreed to let Danny go on the
When pressed, she revealed that
was partly worried about the su
money she received for Danny;
feared that if she crossed her fo
husband about the trip, he might
payment—as he had often done i
past. But, she continued, the m
was not the main issue; she kept a
her negative feelings toward her
band to herself because she was af
that if the truth came out, Da
would be deprived of a father.

(continued on page

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HOW TO CRY YOUR PROBLEMS AWAY

There's nothing "weak" or "feminine" about having a good cry; it can be one of the healthiest, most human things you do—although, curiously, scientists know too little about the why's and wherefore's of crying. By Nancy Lyon

Are you ashamed to cry?

Crying is as natural a physical and emotional release as the orgasm, yet our culture has labeled it "for women and children only," and equated it with weakness of character and inability to cope. Jacqueline Kennedy was praised for her lack of tears during and after the assassination of her husband. Why? Senator Edmund Muskie was ridiculed for crying during a 1972 campaign speech. Why? Why do we consult psychiatrists for frigidity (which they diagnose as an inability to feel, respond, and express) yet value stoicism over displays of emotion? When did crying get a bad name?

Adam shed such tears after his expulsion from Paradise, that "all beasts and birds satisfied their thirst therewith," and Eve's tears flowed into the ocean and "were changed into costly pearls, which fell on the earth and brought forth all beautiful flowers." Adonis was resurrected by Aphrodite's tears. Some ancient cultures held weeping rites because they believed that the more tears shed the more rain would fall. Throughout civilization, crying has been seen as having restorative, rejuvenating powers, as beneficent as a nourishing rain.

But psychiatry, the modern-day validator of all human activity, has strangely ignored crying. Though people often remark how relieved they feel after a good cry, no psychiatric proof exists to show that a person is better off if he cries, or in trouble if he doesn't.

Psychoanalytical literature contains a few "theories" about the meaning of crying. Namely, that crying is a biological regression to the pre-natal state when the fetus was bathed in protective fluid; that crying echoes an infantile memory of having been loved and having lost that love; that sobbing is a reflex, symbolic of separation, initially conditioned by expulsion from the womb; that crying in women is an unconscious wish to urinate like a man; that an asthma attack is a form of the cry which was suppressed in childhood; that bedwetting and excessive urination are substitutes for crying; that ulcers, eye tics, and skin rashes are forms of dry crying. All academic poppycock. But there seems to be little curiosity about what crying is *for*.

Shedding tears (lacrimating) is an inborn physiological response. Tears clean and wet the cornea of the eye, and contain sugar and proteins to nourish the corneal epithelium. Our tear ducts are fully developed at birth and are capable of secreting tears, but for the first three to five months of life tears are stimulated only by corneal irritation, not emotions. (The naturalist Charles Darwin discovered this when he noticed his two-month-old son's eye tear when it was accidentally brushed by Darwin's coattail. Darwin observed that there were no tears in the eye that had not been irritated, and it wasn't until several weeks later that his son cried with tears.) The initial cry at birth, which is without tears, is purely a life-saving reflex that serves to expand the lungs.

Weeping, on the other hand, is not merely a physiological response. In 1896, Darwin distinguished between tearing and weeping, asserting that, from the standpoint of evolution, weeping developed much later than tearing. Tearing, he explained, "is a function of the nervous system originally intended as a physical response, which gradually evolved into an expression of psychological helplessness."

Darwin had nothing conclusive to say about weeping in animals, except to note that the Indian elephant was known to weep. He related an instance in which a group of Indian elephants, captured and bound, "lay motionless on the ground, with no other indication of suffering than the tears which suffused their eyes and flowed incessantly. . . . One elephant uttered choking cries, with tears trickling down its cheeks." Tears are believed to be an expression of fatigue in the wolf pack. When a wolf cries, the herd is said to respond by placing that animal to the rear of the pack, to allow it to rest and recover. Whether or not other animals in distress actually weep is not known.

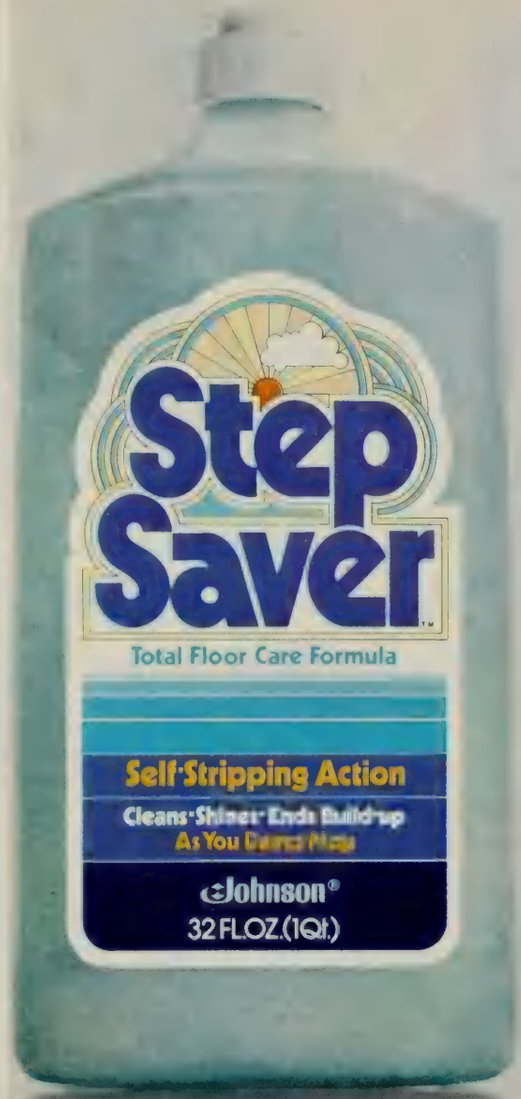
Despite the expression "crocodile tears," crocodiles don't cry. The notion that the crocodile will weep over a man's head after it has devoured the body—and then will eat up the head, too—was the theme of one of the "scientific" anecdotes of Pliny the Elder of ancient

ome. So today "crocodile tears" are
e tears a person sheds in false pity
r someone he has treated badly.
ne person who sheds crocodile tears
empathizing tearfully with his vic-
n to soothe his own conscience.

Weeping is a conditioned response
nich we are taught to use (or taught
ot to use) in the first few months of
e. A baby that is attended to when
cries learns to use crying to com-
unicate physical and psychological
ed; a baby regularly left alone in its
ib when it cries for attention soon
arns that crying doesn't achieve the
sired result, and it eventually stops
ying. In a group psychotherapy
ssion at the Casriel Institute in
ew York (a center for "scream
erapy"), I once heard an obese
an in his forties give this explana-
on for his inability to cry: "When
y mother fed me as a baby she fol-
wed a strict regimen of feeding me
ery four hours, whether I was hun-
y or not. Because of this schedule
e never picked me up when I cried,
t picked me up when I didn't cry.
soon learned that crying didn't
ork to get attention, and I guess I
t to feel, 'the hell with you, I'll
ck my thumb.' Now I feel overfed
d underloved and have trouble ex-
essing my emotions."

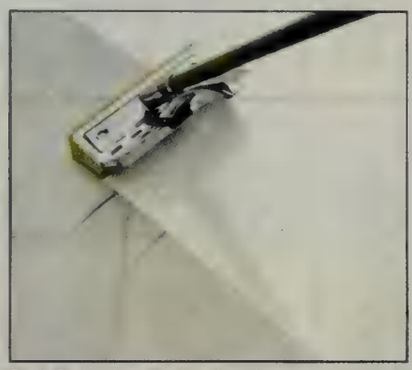
A child can be conditioned not to
y at a later age—through different
eans. A friend of mine who seldom
ies recalls how, when she was a
nsitive teen-ager, her mother would
y to her, "You're impossible. I
n't criticize you, because when I do
u start to cry—and that makes me
el horrible." Another woman, now
psychotherapy, told me: "My par-
ts always taught me never to cry.
ne one and only time I did let go
as on my fifteenth birthday. I cried
d yelled—and they called an am-
lance and took me to the psychi-
ric ward of the hospital, where I
ayed a day."

Men don't cry only because they
e taught not to. A little boy sees his
ster cuddled when she cries, but
hen he cries he is told it isn't manly.
ttle girls are taught that crying is
eful ("woman's water power");
tle boys are taught that it is useless.
his conditioning carries over into
dult attitudes. Men usually regard
ying as an escape, as an incapacity
cope with a problem, whereas
omen usually regard crying as a ca-
artic release. Witness: a male ther-
ist says, "You don't learn anything
om crying. It doesn't get to the
asic feelings. It's like water running
er the sides of the tub; it's not pull-
g out the plug. (Dr. Daniel Casriel,
sychiatrist and author of *A Scream
way from Happiness.*) Yet a female
erapist says: "Once you've cried
ourself *(continued on page 154)*



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PET JOURNAL

This month, JOURNAL readers get a chance to report on acts of bravery performed by their animals. Turns out not just dogs, but cats and horses, too, can be man's best friend.

Cow vs. coyote. One day I glanced out the window to a scene I'll never forget. In a remote corner of the field was a range cow and her wobbly calf. She had left the herd to give birth, as is the custom of cattle on open range, and now her baby was in danger. A coyote had crept in from a nearby canyon and was trying to nab the calf. The mother kept circling her offspring, keeping herself always between the coyote and his prey—her baby. Then another cow, sensing danger, came across the ravine to the rescue. The two cows, one on each side of the calf, walked it to safety.—*Mrs. Beryl Kunkel, Twin Falls, Idaho.*

Crowned cat. "Dumb-Dumb," pet 5-year-old half-Siamese black "watchcat" of the Russell Carter family in South Wichita, Kansas, is sporting a crown these days. She has been named "Hero Cat of 1972" (heroine, in her case) by the Friskies Cat Council, an award she won after she had routed a burglar!

One afternoon, Mrs. Rosa Lee Carter writes, "I heard ungodly screams coming from my garage. I rushed out to find Dumb-Dumb entangled with a would-be burglar. The man was so frantic to shake the clawing feline off his head and shoulders that he never even noticed me when he fled out the back door with Dumb-Dumb still clinging on—until he managed to get out of our yard. The burglar was lucky, because Dumb-Dumb is a respecter of territorial boundaries!"

The Carters' 10-year-old Chihuahua ignored the whole incident, as is his wont. Could be not-so-dumb Dumb-Dumb feels she must make up for his canine cravenness!

Along with the Hero Cat title, awarded annually, come fringe benefits: a U.S. Savings Bond, a year's supply of cat food, and an engraved silver feeding bowl. Dumb-Dumb is the sixth feline to be so honored. Nominees for next year's award may be submitted to Friskies Cat Council, 5045 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90036.

Horse tactics. When Sunni, my half-Arabian horse, whom I raised from birth with the help of her mother, Marti, was three years old I began to ride her. We often exercised in a large arena-pasture. One day, just as we were slowly walking into the arena, a strange horse emerged from a clump of trees. Somewhat scared, I started for the gate, but before I reached it the foul-tempered horse came straight at us and landed a kick on my right leg. The jolt sent me flying from the saddle. I was dazed but not Sunni, who immediately took over. First she nudged me to see if I was all right. When I stood up and brushed myself off, Sunni turned her attention to the intruder, to whom she delivered several well-placed kicks. Then, satisfied, she trotted back to me with one look at the belligerent beast as if she were just daring him to come back and kick some more.—*Miss Louise Stange, Englewood, Ohio.*

Bull session. We spent last winter in a small Indian village in southern Mexico, where the villagers allow animals to roam freely. One evening a small hen and her chicks unknowingly walked into the path of cattle returning from pasture. Four frisky young bulls decided to have some fun with the mother hen, and one by one charged at her tiny family.

The hen was not to be "cowed." As each bull attacked, she ruffled up her feathers and leaped into his face cackling and screeching as she scratched at his eyes and finally managed to chase him away. As each new challenger approached, mother hen gathered her chicks into a circle and prepared to defend them once more. We watched in fascination as she chased each of the first three bulls. But our four-year-old son could not stand any more—grabbing a stick, he rushed to her aid as bull number four approached. After the last assailant had been run off, mother hen scooted her babies along the path home, her head high and her feathers still ruffled. We knew then that she hadn't really needed us.—*Mrs. Ted Jones, Turlock, Calif.*

Send your anecdotes (500 words or less), along with your name, address and telephone number, to: Pet Journal, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Send pictures only if you don't want them returned.

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5. Prizes are non-transferable. No substitutes for prizes as offered, except for the 5 Grand Prize winners and 8 first prize winners. Only one prize to a family. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All 613 prizes will be awarded.
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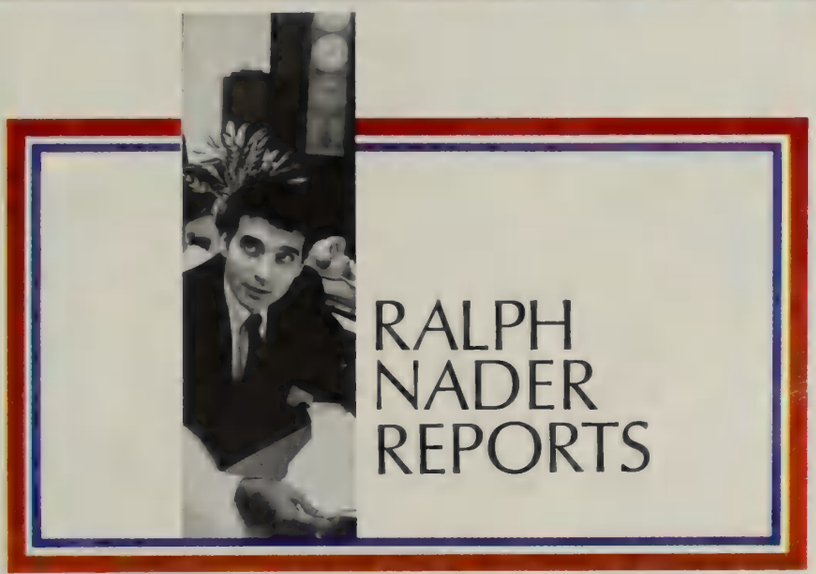
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Do your protests about shoddy goods get you nowhere? Don't give up! Let the famed consumer advocate show you how to form a community buyers' complaint center that will fight your battles for you.

No law or government agency is equipped to handle one of the consumer's biggest problems: what to do when you wind up with a defective product. By and large, you are on your own when the new dishwasher won't work or the new car has an ominous rattle or the new mobile home leaks.

In my December 1972 column I explained how consumers can complain. But for every seller who listens to the complaint of a customer who buys a "lemon," there are other sellers who ignore her or make adjustments only when she complains loud and long enough. They know that individuals don't have much practical recourse when their complaints are ignored. The courts are usually too time-consuming and expensive, since most consumer grievances involve more anguish than money, and help from government agencies is usually found at the end of a dense bureaucratic maze.

Because we lack an effective complaint system, defective products and sloppy consumer services abound. According to Consumers Union, new cars reach their owners with an average of 25 defects. Household appliances, toys, television sets, and the quality of home repairs, may be equally irritating.

The best remedy remains direct confrontation between the aggrieved consumer and the store or manufacturer responsible for a faulty product. To this end, local consumer complaint centers are being established around the country to advise people how to complain, and to provide follow-up help when initial efforts fail. These centers are entirely feasible, relatively inexpensive ways to build an important base of consumer power in your community.

The Connecticut Consumer Complaint Center in Hartford handles about 20 complaints a day. The Center is staffed by housewives during the day and by employed volunteers, including a group of local insurance agents, in the evening.

First the Center advises the consumer on what she can do herself. (The Center is writing a guidebook on how to handle your own complaints.) The initial effort involves contacting the seller with a well-documented case on what is wrong with the product. The second step is to write the manufacturer if the seller fails to act on the problem.

If these steps fail, the Center will intervene, and a representative will meet with the seller on the customer's behalf. Toby Moffett, who helped establish the Center, says an increasing number of complaints are resolved at these levels. Moffett notes that as a Center builds a record for effective persistent action on complaints, its percentage of successes will also rise.

There are more stringent approaches if dealer and manufacturer refuse to act on valid complaints. The Consumers Education and Protective Association (CEPA) in Philadelphia has picketed auto dealers who refused requests for repair of faulty cars. In some cases, adverse publicity succeeds where private efforts do not. Such tactics may be particularly appropriate where a dealer habitually turns a deaf ear to consumer complaints. A complaint center is in a good position to find out about a store or a product that is causing problems, and might want to initiate legal action in behalf of a whole "class" of consumers.

People who have operated complaint centers report, however, that most complaints are resolved at the negotiating stage. Joyce Cady, supervisor *(continued on page 69)*

In the last seven years, Ralph Nader, 38, has become America's foremost consumer defender. He is credited with the passage of at least six major laws that imposed new Federal safety standards on cars, meat and poultry products, coal mining, gas pipelines, and radiation from electronic devices. In 1970 Nader founded the Public Interest Research Group, which investigates and researches consumer issues.



SYLVIA PORTER

SPENDING YOUR MONEY

Miss Porter knows how you can save money at tax time. First, she asks the leading questions; then gives the cogent answers. Read on—the dollars you save will be your own!

Did you use your car in traveling to and from your doctor's office in 1972?

If so, you are entitled to a medical expense deduction of 6¢ per mile. Total the number of miles you drove for medical purposes last year and multiply the total by 6¢. For example, if you drove 2,000 miles during '72 for medical purposes—easy to do if you live in the suburbs and your physician, obstetrician, and pediatrician are miles away—you can deduct as medical expenses $120. Be sure to add to this $120 what you paid for parking fees and for tolls in connection with your trips for medical help.

Are you a married person who separated but did not obtain a divorce or legal separation last year?

If these are your circumstances and you file separate returns, you may qualify for a major tax break on your 1972 returns. Generally, a married person who files a separate return without having been divorced or legally separated cannot qualify for head of household rates and is limited to a standard deduction of $1,000 as against the $2,000 standard deduction ceiling for other taxpayers. If, however, you meet certain requirements, you may qualify as an unmarried person—and may become eligible for head of household rates and also be entitled to the benefit of the $2,000 ceiling for the 15 percent standard deduction.

The requirements for qualifying as unmarried persons are: (1) You, the separated husband and wife, must file separate returns; (2) he or she must maintain as his or her home a household that for more than half of 1972 was the principal place of abode of a son, daughter, or stepchild for whom husband or wife was entitled to a dependency deduction; (3) you must furnish more than half the cost of maintaining your household during 1972; (4) you must have lived apart for the entire year of 1972.

Meeting these tests qualifies you, husband or wife, as an unmarried person entitled to the benefit of the $2,000 rather than the $1,000 ceiling on the standard deduction. If you also meet the additional tests for head of household, you can use the much more favorable head of household rates instead of the 1972 rates for married persons filing separately—and by this alone save substantially on your 1972 taxes.

Did you drop cash into the collection box at church last year, or contribute cash to charity without getting proof of your contribution?

Millions of you did—so here is a tip for you. If your return is pulled for an audit, the Treasury will probably accept a deduction of up to $50-$80 for these contributions without requiring proof.

Did you have a baby in 1972?

Then don't forget to include in your medical expenses the not-so-obvious as well as the obvious costs. Include doctor bills, including use of delivery room, x-ray, etc.; dentist bills; registered nurse; laboratory tests; special equipment and supplies; "stork service" (ambulance to and from the hospital); travel expenses essential to obtaining medical care; medical treatments, such as blood transfusions.

Can you include the cost of maternity clothing? No. Nor are you entitled to deduct for antiseptic diaper service or the cost of a practical nurse to take care of a healthy child.

Did you get a big bonus in 1972—or make a killing in the stock market or at the race track, or earn an exceptionally large fee or commission—that sharply increased your income and your liability for taxes?

If so, quite possibly you are eligible for "income averaging"—a major tax break indeed if you qualify.

Get a copy of Form 1040, Schedule G for 1972. Then take out your 1968-69-70-71 tax returns, and copy off the figures as required by the instructions for line 1 of Schedule G. Add the amounts for each year, divide by 4 *(continued on page 160)*

Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.





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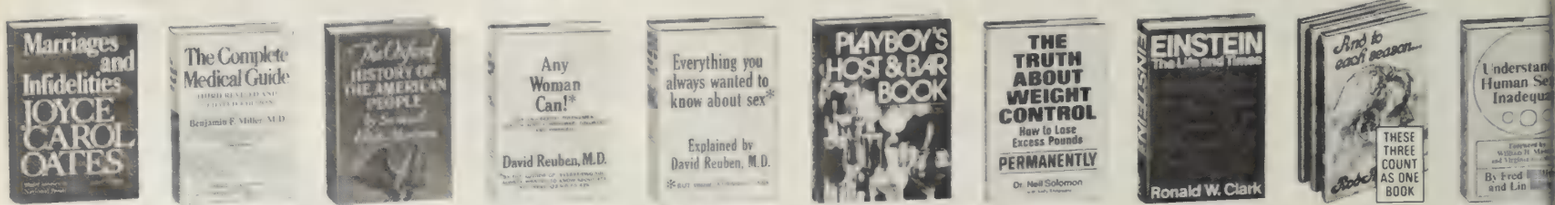
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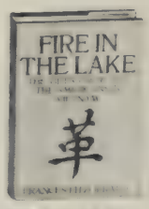
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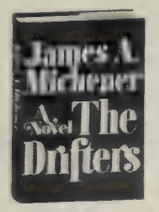
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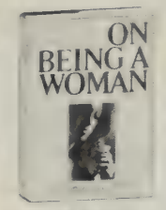
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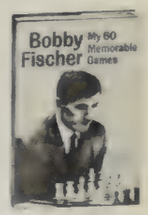
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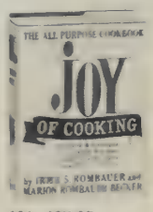
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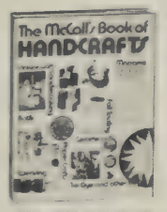
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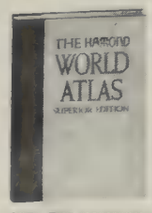
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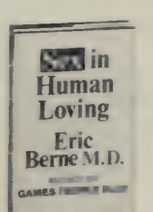
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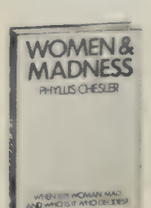
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AMY VANDERBILT

Eating Melon
A friend always embarrasses me by eating melon right down to the rind. He says it is proper. Is it?

I'd let him eat the rind, too, if he wanted it.

Lingering House Guest
A close friend has invited herself up to my house in Vermont for "a few weeks." I'd like to spend some time alone, to get settled. How can I tell her that politely?

Be frank about it. Say what you have just said to me—and set definite limits on such visits. Even the closest friends can be less than welcome after a "few weeks." The Spanish have a saying which, roughly translated, means: "After three days, fish and friends stink." (Their word, not mine.)

Bouillon Cups
When using bouillon cups and saucers, does one use a spoon to drink the broth or pick the cup up by the handles?

After spooning up part of the bouillon, you pick up a one-handled cup with one hand only, or a two-handled cup with both hands. If there are any solids in the bouillon, lift them out first with a spoon.

Wearing Gloves
Should you wear long or short gloves with a mink cape when you are wearing a short dress?

I think it depends on the cape. If a considerable amount of arm is exposed you might look better in three-quarter length gloves than in short ones. Stand before a mirror and try both lengths to see how they look.

Terrible Handwriting
I love to write to people, and I get wonderful answers. My handwriting is terrible, however, and my wife says I should stop writing. Should I?

Anyone who loves to write letters should certainly write them. I'm sure that the recipients are pleased. I find your writing completely legible—but you need to work on your spelling. Write on!

Correct Names
The press always refers to Mrs. Patricia *Nixon* Cox and Mrs. Julie *Nixon* Eisenhower. Why aren't they referred to as Mrs. Edward F. Cox and Mrs. David Eisenhower?

The proper reference in each of these cases should be either Tricia Nixon Cox and Julie Nixon Eisenhower (no title) or Mrs. Edward F. Cox and Mrs. David Eisenhower. Newsmen often do not realize that proper social titles include the husband's name, and that the title is omitted before the wife's given name. I am certain that the President's wife dislikes being called Mrs. Patricia Nixon. She should be referred to either as Mrs. Richard M. Nixon or as Patricia Nixon.

Leaving the Napkin
My niece says you should leave your napkin folded as you found it in a restaurant. Is she correct?

Your niece is wrong. You leave your used napkin, loosely gathered, to the left of your place setting. Not on the plate. Never on the chair. And you do not re-fold it.

Afternoon Wedding
My daughter will be married at a 2 P.M. ceremony, with a reception following at a country club. Would a dress two or three inches below the knee be appropriate for me to wear? I'd prefer that to a long one. My two sons will be ushers. May they both escort me down the aisle?

As you are the mother of the bride, you have the first choice of a dress. Therefore, if you wish to wear a short one, it is your privilege.

You should not be escorted by both your sons. The usual choice for the head usher, who escorts the bride's mother, would be the older of your sons. You might compromise and permit your second son to escort you out of the church. Discuss the matter with the sexton.

Seating Guests
I am having two couples for dinner but don't want to single out one couple as "guests of honor." How should I seat them?

Nobody really worries very much about this. You would seat the husband of the older woman to your right (or perhaps the husband of the couple that has been to your house less often). Sometimes out-of-town guests also have the privilege of being "guests of honor" at a dinner party.

Nun's Title
My aunt, a Roman Catholic nun, recently received her doctorate. Should one say Sister Doctor Mary or Doctor Sister Mary?

Neither is correct. She is addressed as Sister Mary.

Nickname
I am about to marry again and want to know what I should use for a legal name and initial in my new life. I've always been known as Toni, although my real name is Eileen. I now sign checks Toni. Should I use the initial of my former husband's name together with my new initial?

If you are going to send out announcements, use your proper name—Eileen. If you are a divorcée making the announcement jointly with your new husband, use Mrs. Eileen Simpson (maiden name) Cross (your former husband's name). Optionally, and more formally, you may give your name as Mrs. Simpson (maiden name) Cross (former husband's name). If you are a widow, you would use Mrs. John Cross.

When you open charge accounts, bank accounts, etc., explain that you prefer to sign your name as Toni rather than Eileen. On legal papers, however, your attorneys may very well instruct you to sign Eileen.

Your initials on stationery and towels would be E (for Eileen), S (for Simpson), and the initial of your new husband's name. Do not use the name of your former husband as a middle name.

Reader's Help
Someone asked about giving baby showers when the family already had enough things for the baby. May I suggest a mother shower? Some good gifts we have given at such showers include: A smashing bed jacket. Bottles of good wine. TV dinners (or casseroles) for the freezer. A pre-paid visit to the beauty parlor. An offer to baby sit so she and her husband can enjoy a night out.

I think this is a very fine idea. Perhaps my readers have other such suggestions.

New Idea
For our 25th wedding anniversary we are having a dinner-dance for 50 close friends and relatives. Would it be in poor taste to enclose a card in the invitations stating: In lieu of gifts, please bring a donation for the money tree which will be presented to the local Crippled Children's Society?

This is a very nice idea and quite acceptable. ENI

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers and answers them in this column as space permits.

Now ready for JOURNAL *readers Miss Vanderbilt's new booklet "Large Parties" (open houses, anniversaries, house warmings, showers). Also "Letter Writing," "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," and "Table Manners." Send 75¢ in coin for each booklet to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*



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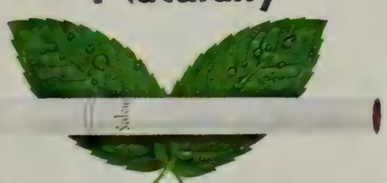
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THE WORKING WOMAN

BY LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

Less than three percent of America's 324,300 lawyers are women, making the legal profession the most rock-ribbed of all male preserves (yes, worse than medicine!). But the times they are a-changing.

Did you ever want to be a lawyer? When I was small, I didn't dream about being an actress or a ballerina. I saw myself defending innocent people and I imagined my impartial face peering down from the judge's bench.

I have discovered that I'm not alone. Many, many women once wanted to be lawyers, and many little girls play-acted in black judicial robes rather than a white nurse's uniform. But gradually most of us were deflected from that goal. The discouragement of parents and guidance counselors, the general joking attitude toward "lady lawyers," discrimination in law school admissions, and the expense and time required for legal training caused most of us to give up the impossible dream and watch Perry Mason instead.

That's why less than three percent of the nation's 324,300 lawyers are women. Of all the sex-typed occupations, the law is perhaps the most rock-ribbed male preserve. (Even medicine, which requires longer study, can boast that seven percent of all doctors are female.) But women's role in society and conditions in the legal profession are changing so radically that we frustrated would-be attorneys owe it to ourselves to reconsider this career.

In order to practice law in any state, you must be admitted to the bar. To take the bar exam you must have completed up to four years of college study (state rules vary) and also be a graduate of an accredited law school. A few states recognize apprenticeship in a law office as a partial or full substitute for law school attendance. In some places, you must complete a period of clerkship before being admitted to the bar.

Your college record plus your performance on the Law School Admissions Test (LSAT), added to subtle personality and character judgments made during the admissions procedure, will determine whether or not you are accepted to law school. If you attend full time, it's a three-year program, but about a quarter of all law students take the four-year night school course, which may better suit your life style.

Admissions: Women are applying to law schools (and getting accepted) in record numbers, but the sex bias is not licked yet. Last December, Rosalind Avnet Lazarus and Alice W. Ballard, third-year students at Harvard Law School, filed a complaint against the school, charging sex discrimination in admissions. While other schools have up to 50 percent women in their entering classes, Harvard—which only began accepting women in 1950—has worked up from eight percent in the class of '73 to 14 percent in the current freshman class.

Ms. Lazarus explains how the admissions mechanism is unfair: "After they accept the few top-rated applicants and reject the few bottom-rated ones, the faculty admissions committee reviews the middle group of students on the basis of something called 'sparkle,' which translates to impressive extra-curricular activities. However, it is only male college students who can qualify for a Rhodes Scholarship or play varsity football; and it is mostly males who get to be editor of the college paper or work in a state senator's office during the summer. No wonder even the most glittering female applicant has no 'sparkle.'"

Ironically, despite the propaganda about the important job we do at home, women get no tangible credit for child-rearing, household organizing, budgeting, or putting a husband through school. So with good college grades and top LSAT scores, you'll still have to convince admissions officers that all *your* extra experience adds up to "sparkle."

Some schools continue to justify separating applicants by sex. But accepting the top ten percent of each sex can also be discriminatory. If they simply chose the top 50 students, regardless of sex, they might find that 35 of the top 50 are women. It's time we started taking credit for our academic achievement, rather than letting it get lost in that shuffle called "separate but equal."

In Class and on Campus: A 1969 study shows that of 2,500 law teaching positions, only 53 were held by women. Activist efforts, plus threat of governmental action, have increased the female ratio somewhat—but it isn't an easy process.

Elisabeth Ann Owens, who had been teaching on consecutive on year appointments since 1956, wa last year made the first tenure woman professor in Harvard La history. At the same time, Rut Bader Ginsburg became Columb Law School's first female full pr fessor. (She graduated from Colum bia Law in 1959 and tied for fir place in her class, yet for a long tim she could not get a job in any la firm. This year she is teaching course on sex discrimination an the law.)

Most schools have far exceed these Ivy League male bastions terms of female faculty hiring. An most schools have gone on to purif the classroom atmosphere of its tr ditional sexist overtones. Still, the are professors who fail to call on woman student more than once semester; who use sexist jokes to j lustrate a legal principle ("civil pr cedure is to criminal law as Margar Mead is to Raquel Welch"); who e joy embarrassing a woman by dri ing her on the graphic details of rape case.

But, thanks to a new feminist co sciousness and to the activism women's groups, female students longer have to stand before the de and justify why they are taking the place of a man. Law school wo en have gone beyond attitude-chan to take action: They've gotten wo en administrators on admissio committees, added new courses women's rights law, establish child-care facilities to free both pa ents during class hours, changed t student insurance policy so th women students can qualify f benefits which were formerly on allowed to wives of male studen cooperated in research projects study women's status under the la and founded law clinics to advise the legal problems of women in t community.

In both admissions tests and l school performance, women by a large have done splendidly, despi the myth that "feminine" qualiti are ill-suited to the tough disciplin of the legal profession. In 1971, percent of Radcliffe's graduati class were accepted and went to l school. Last year, the top-ranked st dent at Hofstra Law School was mother of three.

This year three women studer are on the prestigious Columbia L Review. On the average, women o score men by seven points on t LSAT. And a recent study fou that at 56 schools, the cumulati grade average of women law st dents exceeded the overall stude average!

Hiring: Opportunity still has strin attached in the jobhunting area, b some progress is visible. It is know that women law students have mo job interviews than men but recei fewer job offers. At last law firm are being held accountable for th law school *(continued on page 13*

☐ *Letty Cottin Pogrebin, 33, is a thor, wife and mother of thr During her 13-year business caree she rose from file clerk to vice-pr ident—and she wrote a best-selli book:* How to Make It in a Ma World.

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NEW DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN FAMILY NAMES

By Elsdon C. Smith

Jones. Cohen. Smith. Kennedy. Rockefeller. Do you know what your family name means—and where it came from? Here's a fascinating, A-to-Z compendium of many common (and some uncommon) names.

Surnames are not just words or sounds; they originated as personal descriptions for the purpose of better identification. These early bynames (a name in addition to the Christian name, not necessarily a family name) described one individual, not his whole family. As long as this name (such as *atte Hill*—at the hill; *filius Alann*—son of Allan) was descriptive of the person to whom it was applied, it was not handed down from father to son—although in some cases the same name might be borne by both father and son, as when both had red hair or both followed the same occupation. It was only gradually, over several centuries, that bynames or surnames became hereditary family names.

In England by the end of the 14th century, surnames were generally hereditary; in France the process evolved a little earlier, and in Germany a little later. In Italy the patricians of Venice adopted an hereditary surname system during the 10th and 11th centuries, and they were the first in Europe to do so. The Chinese were the first to have hereditary family names, having had them for more than 2,000 years. On the other hand, many family names became hereditary in very recent times in Norway, Sweden, Turkey, in the mountainous districts of Wales and Scotland, and among the Germanic and Slavic Jews.

In most countries, names first became hereditary among the nobles and landowners; most of their names were the names of the lands they held, and when the son inherited the land, it was only natural that he inherit the name. Among the lower classes, since the son generally followed the trade of the father, the same occupational name was applied. Eventually, the name came to be inherited even when the son followed a different trade from the father. Even today, if one had to identify another person whose name was not known, it would likely be done in one of the same four ways it was done for practically all European family names: it would be derived from the man's place of residence, either past or present; from the man's occupation; from the father's name; or from a descriptive nickname.

In fact, practically all surnames belong to one or another of these four classes. In European countries names are uniform in meaning, the difference is only in regard to the language from which they are derived; that is, the English name Drinkwater is spelled Boileau in French, and Bevilacqua in Italian. In some countries one class of names is emphasized more than others. Among the Welsh, Scots, Irish, Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians, patronymical names (surnames derived from the father's name) predominate; they are also very popular among the Germans and Poles. Many descriptive nicknames are found among the Italians and Irish; place names are common with the English and Germans.

Before spelling became frozen by the universal use of dictionaries and the spread of education, family names were in a constant flux in all countries. The component parts of a name may change in form. For example, the ubiquitous *-ham* may be altered to *-am,-um,-om,-man,-num,-son,* and *-hem*. As languages and dialects changed in spelling, so did many of the names; if a name retained its archaic spelling, its meaning was lost to the modern person. Various laws in the different European countries, particularly military rules and regulations, have, in this century, tended to restrict the alteration of family names.

It is not surprising that this process of name corruption and change was greatly accelerated in America. To the unlettered pioneer, names of all nationalities took on a roughly phonetic spelling. There was, and still is, a strong propensity to alter an unfamiliar name into a familiar name or to a word with a similar sound; the Dutch Roggenfelder became the American Rockefeller; the German Dietz became Deeds in America. The number of alterations of this kind is endless. Many names that appear to be English are really derived from other tongues; some are deliberately translated into the more popular names. Therefore many English Millers are really German Muellers; many English Smiths are really German Schmidts.

The nationality or nationalities listed after each name in this dictionary merely designates the *country* from which most of the persons bearing that name came; it is not meant in any way to denote the language from which the name or its root comes. Names from one language frequently spill over into another, especially into the language current in the country in which the bearer lives. For example, if a dozen people in America have a name marked as German, one can be very sure that at least one or two among them will not be German. They may be French, Belgian, Russian, or Polish, but their names originally were so near the German name in spelling or sound that they gradually changed to the German form.

Many Jewish names are of comparatively recent origin and artificial in nature—because they were consciously adopted. In Europe, many Jews did not have surnames until compelled to assume them by laws promulgated in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. While a great many Jews accepted as surnames the names of the cities or villages in which they were born, and others were known or identified by the name of their father, it is clear that some knowingly adopted unusual or fanciful names. Some names are borne only by Jews; others are borne by both Jews and Gentiles; no attempt has been made to identify Jewish family names as such. A curious practice found among Jews has been that of adopting surnames formed from abbreviations or contractions of a man's own name added to the *(continued on page 128)*

From "New Dictionary of American Family Names" by Elsdon C. Smith. Copyright © 1956, 1973 by Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc.



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THE KEYS TO HAPPINESS

BY THEODORE I. RUBIN, M.D.

Happiness is hard to find and even harder to keep, given the pressures of modern life. But the quest will be much easier if you follow this noted psychiatrist's emotional road map.

Whenever I have been asked to name the most sought-after condition of human existence, I have always answered (and probably always will) that the condition is happiness. We all know the story of Diogenes, who long ago took a lamp and set out to find the truth. Today, the world—and psychiatrists' offices—are filled with men and women who are trying to find a road to happiness.

While happiness is certainly not everything in life, it is an enormously important facet of human existence. Happiness is, to many, the feeling that makes life truly worthwhile.

What exactly is happiness? Well, to me happiness is feeling good. Other simple ways of describing happiness include: being at peace with oneself; feeling comfortable; enjoying self-acceptance; being basically pain- and tension-free.

As simple as it is to define, happiness is not simple to find and is even less simple to sustain. Fantastic experiences, magnificent accomplishments, tremendous good fortune, and enormous assets sometimes make for moments of brilliant glory, exhilaration, and triumph, but these moments of great stimulation and heightened sensations or "highs," usually have little or nothing to do with happiness.

Happiness is seldom composed of what I call mountain-peak experiences highs or lows. Happiness takes hold in more down-to-earth, less rarefied air; it breeds in the atmosphere of just plain everyday life, and is nurtured by the ordinary rather than the glorious.

Happiness is found more frequently in times of struggle than in times of triumph. Again and again I have heard wealthy and famous people tell me that their days of happiness were over that they had been happy long ago, when they were "struggling" to make a living, to attain a career, or to raise children. Once they had successfully achieved these goals, once they had "arrived," everything seemed empty and happiness disappeared completely from their lives.

If happiness is composed of prosaic, common, everyday stuff, why is it so difficult to attain?

To answer this question, it is necessary to realize that we live in a society that deprecates simple happiness. Our society puts down the "feeling good" quality that I consider so important. Instead, society extols the value of supreme moments, heightened sensations, and great accomplishments. As a result, most Americans have come to regard that simple, "feeling good" quality as not good enough—and possibly even something to be ashamed of—because it doesn't measure up to all kinds of glorious standards that society sets. These standards include a great variety of impossible goals, many of which exist purely on an unconscious level and are, therefore, impossible to reach. When these false goals are not attained, people feel disappointed, depleted, and empty.

One of these false goals includes expectations about happiness itself. Not only have human beings been falsely led to believe that happiness is supreme, ecstatic bliss, but they have also been led to believe that once achieved, this divine state of total euphoria should continue endlessly.

Society believes that in order to achieve happiness you must enter a land that is not open to everyone and that, once entered, the land is never left. This is the "Shangri-la Fantasy" that I have spoken about before in my columns. The key to this Eden-on-earth is thought to be money, marital status, looks, power, fame, admiration, owning the right things (car, clothes, jewels, etc.). How many times have you heard (or thought): "If only I had this, I would be happy." Sometimes these possessions do help give to you a momentary "high," but the sudden realization that they did not, after all, bring lasting *happiness* often results in disappointment and depression.

Unhappiness is as much a part of the human condition as happiness. Acceptance of all facets of the human condition contributes to realistic happy possibilities. But our culture and society in general fails to prepare people for life's more difficult times. Too many of us unconsciously feel that these negative things should not happen to us. We feel especially resentful and unnecessarily miserable when unhappiness occurs despite the fact that we have done all the "right" things. I've heard many people say "How can this happen to *me* when I've worked so hard?" Being unhappy in unhappy situations is entirely appropriate, but so many of us suffer more than we have to by unnecessarily prolonging unhappiness.

There are two main destroyers of happiness. The first is impossible expectations. These include fantasies and unrealistic, idealized expectations that we have of ourselves, parents, children, mates, friends, Congress, the President, the country, the world, and the human condition generally. They also include our unrealistic hopes that the joy of attainment of things, prestige, status, etc., will be enormous and will last forever. In my psychiatric practice, I see many people who suffer from severe depression. Most of these individuals achieved the particular goals to which they always aspired, yet their impossible expectations remained unfulfilled. Loved ones still got sick and even died; aging took place; children went off to lead their own lives (and became relatively disinterested in their parents); friends turned out to be less than perfectly devoted; and all kinds of familial problems stubbornly remained a part of life—despite success.

The fact remains that no matter what a person achieves, he or she is not exempt from the simple truth that life is indeed tough. We not only make it tougher, we also destroy our potential for happiness by refusing to recognize this fact, and by insisting on building and clinging to expectations that must eventually lead to disappointment, frustration, and unhappiness.

The second destroyer of happiness is self-hate. As human beings, we have a capacity for happiness beyond the realm of any other creature on this planet. We have greater intelligence, feelings, sensitivity, humor, the ability to relate, to cry, to laugh, to make choices and decisions, to love, to think, to reproduce. But we also have many limitations and human characteristics that are less than ideal. Not one of us is exempt from being suspicious, distrusting, untrustworthy, hypocritical, prejudiced, self-serving, possessive, jealous, envious, and capable of bad judgment.

We must accept these human frailties. If we don't, we close ourselves off from the human satisfactions that are possible and available. Self-idealization and self-glorification lead to self-hate, and cut us off from the very real assets we have and need to use in order to be happy. Hating any aspect of ourselves is hating the human condition. Despite our noblest attempts, we will all remain limited and imperfect, as will the world at large. Cries for personal perfection and justice will invariably lead to frustration. You must learn to accept human shortcomings.

Times of personal liabilities are times when we most need self-acceptance, self-love, and compassion. It is at such times we must protect and cherish ourselves. But to do so we must recognize self-hate. The most common forms include second-guessing, self-recrimination, depression, worry, excessive moodiness, accident-proneness, psychosomatic illness. Outside pressures are also functions of self-hate; such pressures consist of relationships with people who treat us badly; working in jobs we hate; seeking or remaining in situations that are degrading, dehumanizing, and even dangerous. True compassion for ourselves entails taking a firm stand against self-hate, whatever form it takes—as soon as it is recognized. Self-compassion leads to self-esteem, and puts us in touch with constructive aspects of ourselves, aspects that are necessary for the effective pursuit of a human, realistic happiness.

The fact is we *can* be the captains of our own lives and we *can* do a considerable number of things to help ourselves to happiness, if we are so motivated. Here are six things you can do to help yourself "feel good" or find happiness—within the human possibility:

1. Remember these truths: Life is tough. Justice is good, but rare. Exorbitant expectations of any kind must lead to disappointment and unhappiness.

2. Learn to accept your human assets as well as your human limitations. You can be right or you can be wrong. You can be sick or you can be healthy.

3. Learn to recognize self-hate both inside and outside yourself, and immediately take a firm stand against it.

4. Make maximum use of compassion in accepting all aspects of yourself, so that you can grow and attain happiness.

5. Remember that happiness is everyday living. Eating, breathing, seeing, relating, loving, talking, listening, walking, etc., are the things that make life beautiful. Using your whole being as much as possible to experience these wonderful aspects of life is what makes you feel good—and "feeling good," after all, is what happiness is all about.

6. If you have made a genuine, wholehearted attempt to achieve the "feeling good" kind of happiness, but it still is unobtainable, professional help may be necessary in order to help you extract yourself from an unhappy emotional morass.

There are times when all of us need compassion, tenderness, and love from another human being to stir up our own dormant self-compassion and love of self—both of which are necessary in order to be happy. **END**

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin answers questions on your personal marriage, family, and emotional problems. The doctor is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York and is the author of Lisa and David *and* The Thin Book by a Formerly Fat Psychiatrist. *His new book is* Emergency Room Diary *(Grosset & Dunlap, Inc.). If you have questions for Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.*


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HELP US CHOOSE WOMEN OF THE YEAR '73!

On May 21st, at the John F. Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., the *Journal* will recognize the achievements of American women with the first "Women of the Year" honors. (The program will be telecast before a nation-wide CBS-TV audience in an hour-long special sponsored by Clairol.) Here's how you can participate in choosing "Women of the Year, 1973": 1. In each of the eight categories below, there are 10 suggested names and room for two write-ins. *Please check three names in each category, including your own recommendations.* 2. **TO SUBMIT A NAME,** write it in the blank spaces provided. You may also attach a single typewritten sheet about the woman you are suggesting. 3. **CUT OR TEAR OUT THIS MAGAZINE PAGE AND MAIL TO WOMEN OF THE YEAR, 1973, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 641 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, 10022.** Don't forget to sign your name and address. Deadline: March 20, 1973. Final selection will be made by a distinguished jury of women leaders after sifting and screening of your recommendations and submissions. (Jury will be announced in next month's *Journal.*) Please read names carefully, checking off three names in each category. Then tear or cut out this page and mail in today!

Make your recommendations here for the Ladies' Home Journal Women of the Year '73. Check or write in three (no more) choices!

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Women who care enough to assume public responsibility in politics and citizen organizations from the local precinct to Congress and the White House.

- ☐ ANNE ARMSTRONG, Counselor to the President
- ☐ HELEN DELICH BENTLEY, Chairman, Federal Maritime Commission
- ☐ SHIRLEY CHISHOLM, N.Y. Congresswoman; ran for President
- ☐ FRANCES FARENTHOLD, Texas candidate for Governor
- ☐ MARTHA W. GRIFFITHS, Mich. Congresswoman; E.R.A. sponsor
- ☐ SHIRLEY HUFSTEDLER, Judge, U.S. Courth of Appeals, 9th Circuit
- ☐ VIRGINIA KNAUER, Consumer affairs advisor to President Nixon
- ☐ MARGARET CHASE SMITH, former Senator from Maine
- ☐ JAYNE B. SPAIN, Vice Chairman, Civil Service Commission
- ☐ LEONOR K. SULLIVAN, Missouri Congresswoman; truth-in-lending crusade
- ☐ _____ ☐ _____

ECONOMY AND BUSINESS

With more women working . . . many in leadership posts . . . others are pioneering in new fields . . . all are consumers, as well as economic partners.

- ☐ CATHERINE CLEARY, President, First Wisconsin Trust Co.
- ☐ KATHARINE GRAHAM, President, Washington Post Co.
- ☐ PATRICIA ROBERTS HARRIS, lawyer, educator, former Ambassador
- ☐ OLGA MADAR, Vice President, United Auto Workers
- ☐ BESS MYERSON, New York City Commission of Consumer Affairs
- ☐ ESTHER PETERSON, Consumer Advisor, Giant Food, Inc.
- ☐ MARY G. ROEBLING, Bd Ch., National State Bank, Trenton, N.J.
- ☐ GERALDINE STUTZ, President, Henri Bendel, N.Y.C.
- ☐ MARY WELLS LAWRENCE, top advertising executive—Wells, Rich, Greene
- ☐ MARINA WHITMAN, member, President's Council of Economic Advisers
- ☐ _____ ☐ _____

SCIENCE AND RESEARCH

To extend the frontiers of medicine and the social sciences to meet the needs of people in urban centers and rural areas.

- ☐ VIRGINIA APGAR, M.D., prevention birth defects
- ☐ JULIANNE BLUITT, D.D.S., Assoriate Dean, Northwestern's Dental School
- ☐ NINA BRAUNWALD, M.D., heart surgery
- ☐ MARY S. CALDERONE, M.D., M.P.H., sex education, planned parenthood
- ☐ REAR ADMIRAL ALENE B. DUERK, Navy Nurse Corps
- ☐ JUDIANNE DENSEN-GERBER, J.D., M.D., rehabilitation of drug addicts
- ☐ SIBYLLE K. ESCALONA, Ph.D., early childhood education
- ☐ LEONA BAUMGARTNER, M.D., M.P.H., public health administration
- ☐ VIRGINIA JOHNSON MASTERS, scientific sex research
- ☐ KATHARINE BOUCOT STURGIS, M.D., M.P.H., preventive medicine
- ☐ _____ ☐ _____

YOUTH LEADERSHIP

To link youth as responsible citizens with the community, in all their diversity of activities . . . to recognize their dynamic force for change.

- ☐ JOAN BAEZ, folk singer and anti-war activist
- ☐ JULIE NIXON EISENHOWER, teacher and volunteer
- ☐ CHRIS EVERT, youngest tennis champion
- ☐ FRANCES FITZ GERALD, author, *Fire in the Lake*
- ☐ PEGGY FLEMING, Olympic ice-skating champion
- ☐ NIKKI GIOVANNI, Black consciousness poet
- ☐ ELIZABETH HOLTZMAN, young Brooklyn, N.Y., Congresswoman
- ☐ BETSEY JOHNSON, avant-garde fashion designer
- ☐ BILLIE JEAN KING, three-time world tennis champion
- ☐ CARLY SIMON, popular folk-rock singer
- ☐ _____ ☐ _____

ARTS AND HUMANITIES

By their creative efforts they help all women relate to the total environment . . . in education they profoundly influence the nation we become.

- ☐ DOROTHY BUFFUM CHANDLER, Los Angeles publisher; cultural leader
- ☐ HELEN FRANKENTHALER, painter
- ☐ NANCY HANKS, Chairman, National Endowment for the Arts
- ☐ HELEN HAYES, actress
- ☐ ADA LOUISE HUXTABLE, Architecture critic, *New York Times*
- ☐ LOUISE NEVELSON, sculptor
- ☐ JOYCE CAROL OATES, author
- ☐ ANNE SEXTON, poet
- ☐ BEVERLY SILLS, opera star
- ☐ BARBARA TUCHMAN, author and historian
- ☐ _____ ☐ _____

VOLUNTARY ACTION

To become involved in the community through the free gift of time and talent . . . not only to serve but to act for all the disadvantage and neglected.

- ☐ DOLLIE ANN COLE, volunteer activist
- ☐ RUTH M. HILDEBRAND, Recent Red Cross Chairman of Volunteers
- ☐ LOUISE WALKER McCANNELL, Interfaith Housing Project, Minneapolis
- ☐ CAROL MORSE PERKINS, Conservationist, international wild life
- ☐ MARY RIPLEY, President, National Council of Social Welfare
- ☐ MARY FRENCH ROCKEFELLER, World Relations Committee, Y.W.C.A.
- ☐ ELLEN STRAUS, Call for Action radio "hot line"; volunteerism reformer
- ☐ CYNTHIA CLARK WEDEL, Retiring President, National Council of Churches
- ☐ BEATRICE WILLARD, Founder, Colorado Open Space Council
- ☐ HELEN WRIGHT, President, National Association for Mental Health
- ☐ _____ ☐ _____

HUMAN RIGHTS

They turn to solutions, not away from problems, of sex, race, age and all forms of discrimination . . . they right wrongs and fight for rights.

- ☐ BELLA ABZUG, New York Congresswoman
- ☐ BETTY FRIEDAN, author and feminist
- ☐ FANNIE LOU HAMER, Founder, Freedom Farm Cooperative, Mississippi
- ☐ LA DONNA HARRIS, civil rights activist for American Indians
- ☐ AILEEN HERNANDEZ, National Organization of Women
- ☐ CORETTA KING, Martin Luther King Jr. Center for Social Change
- ☐ ELIZABETH DUNCAN KOONTZ, former Women's Bureau Director
- ☐ PATSY MINK, Congresswoman from Hawaii
- ☐ MARGUERITE RAWALT, lawyer, Coalition Equal Rights Amendment
- ☐ GLORIA STEINEM, feminist, an editor of *MS* magazine
- ☐ _____ ☐ _____

QUALITY OF LIFE

By their own example they inspired millions of women who seek self-fulfillment through their commitment to concern for others.

- ☐ PEARL BUCK, author and humanitarian
- ☐ DOROTHY DAY, exponent of social justice; religious leader
- ☐ MARY INGRAHAM BUNTING, biologist; former President of Radcliffe
- ☐ MAMIE DOUD EISENHOWER, President's lady; all-time admired woman
- ☐ LADY BIRD JOHNSON, former First Lady, doer in many areas
- ☐ ETHEL KENNEDY, wife, mother, community leader
- ☐ ROSE KENNEDY, in personal and public tragedy, courage and strength
- ☐ MARY LASKER, health and beautification benefactor
- ☐ PATRICIA RYAN NIXON, First Lady since 1968; long-time volunteer
- ☐ ETHEL WATERS, singer, actress, and author
- ☐ _____ ☐ _____

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ CITY & STATE _____

Cut out this page and mail to Women of the Year 1973, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022



Some people know how to live.

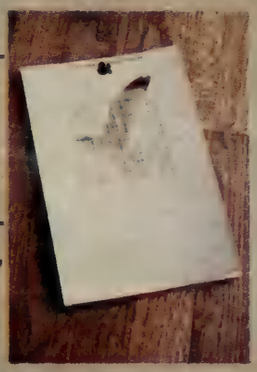
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HOW AMERICA LIVES

A COLLECTION OF SPECIAL FEATURES FROM OUR READERS EDITED BY EVAN FRANCES

FAMILY OF THE MONTH



Ever know a couple who not only had a happy marriage but also told others about it in a college course? Meet the David Imigs of Mason, Mich., and share with us renewed hope for family life in America.

Is there such a thing as the perfect marriage? Probably not, if for no other reason than the fact that you'd never get people to agree on the terms. But one couple we met recently is the best example of, if not the perfect, most certainly the happiest marriage we've seen in a long time. Gail and David Imig of Mason, Mich., have not only been happily married for eight years, they also tell other people about it in a course at Michigan State University called "Marital Enrichment."

Both their marriage and their teaching careers are somewhat out of the ordinary and have something valuable to tell, we feel, about the constantly changing pattern of family life in America.

Gail, 29, and David, 31, are both from comfortable middle class families—she from Rochester, N.Y., he from Grand Haven, Mich. They met as undergraduates at MSU in the biochemistry lab and quickly discovered mutual interests and concerns. One of the first, and most lasting, was for what sociologists call the "family unit." What is it, what are its strengths and weaknesses, how do environment and heredity figure in? What started as lively discussion then, continues to this day. But as Gail says, "We both feel the need to maintain a strong family unit is something that can't be exaggerated."

No more stereotype roles

The two were married in 1966, while Gail was a senior and David a grad student working on his Ph.D. From the outset, theirs has been a highly companionate relationship—what the Imigs themselves term as an "egalitarian" rather than a "traditional" marriage. What does this mean exactly? Says Gail, "We look upon each other as individuals having different skills and strengths. Whoever has a greater skill for a specific chore, employs it. We've gotten away from stereotyped roles for wife and husband just because society ascribed them to female and male arbitrarily." And David clarifies: "We both wash and change diapers, but, for example, Gail is better at bartering than I am or can ever be—so she takes over when we're buying a car, or a house as we did in 1970" (a lovely place, parts of which are over 100 years old, 15 minutes from the MSU campus). Gail's a better cook (loves to bake wheat bread or cinnamon rolls), but David will take over at any time if Gail is indisposed or otherwise occupied. Both clean house but explain, "We put a low priority on having a spotless house."

Do they talk about role playing; do they discuss various theories about keeping a marriage vital? "All the time," says David. "But without wrecking our relationship," adds Gail. "For instance: when we first started talking about having a baby, we were both curious about research that showed marital problems and divorce rates spiraling about 2½ years after marriage. We realized that this was the time at which most couples had their first child, a time when roles change from husband-and-wife to mother-and-father. A couple's togetherness dwindles. Many of the things that made them happiest are no longer possible.

"David and I were intellectually aware of that danger, so we put off having a baby until we'd been married 6½ years (we felt and still feel it's better to wait until a husband gets settled into a life's work he really wants before having a first child—he should have a chance to flex career muscles)."

"And if ever a man should have been prepared for fatherhood," says David, "it was I, but when Jennifer arrived in June of 1971, I found my new role overwhelming. I was resentful and jealous. The baby came between Gail and me and somehow seemed to shut me out. When I finally recognized what was happening and was able to communicate my feelings to Gail, we made a good adjustment."

Marketing's a hobby

The Imigs enjoy Jennifer the more because, as Gail says, "she is not the be-all, end-all of our lives. We use baby sitters when we can't spell each other or when we want to be alone together."

The Imigs also pay about $60 a month for day-care of Jennifer two days a week when they both have schedules so full that neither can pinch-hit (or want to, since they think it's good for them and for Jennifer to be exposed to peers). None of which is to say that the Imigs are not a family together. Marketing, for instance, "is a three-person system"—Gail, David, and Jennifer make a hobby of scouring food markets within a radius of 25 miles. And clothes shopping is a similar affair, although Gail gets a kick out of sewing most of Jennifer's. She also made draperies for their home. David's hobby is woodworking in the basement while Gail sews nearby. And it's "communicate, communicate, communicate at the same time—maybe it's a simple matter of deciding what to say to Jennifer about a new mood or action she's trying out for size. We feel, whether yes or no, we have to be consistent and united in exercising discipline—even now, when she's not quite two. She's a person and deserves that much respect."

"There's such a need for parent education before children come," says David. "Maybe we ought to set up a rent-a-kid program—take one home for a week to see how it goes first." David laughed, but there was a quick change to the serious as he commented, "the whole experience taught us a lot we're teaching our students in turn."

When did the Imigs get the idea of team-teaching? While they were taking a course at MSU in "Marriage and Family" and became involved in a debate: Gail arguing against trial marriage, David for it. Students and faculty who heard this lively exchange urged the Imigs to try teaching together, were most persuasive in getting university officials to sponsor it. The course, entirely of the Imigs' creation, is open only to students and to groups of couples brought from all over the state through the university.

Both practical and personal

The Imigs make a point of discussing practical matters such as family finance and buying a home, as well as such personal relationships as "the fight and how to have one . . . sexuality and sexual expression in marriage . . . children—yes, no, when."

Apart from their team-teaching work in "Marital Enrichment," David and Gail also work separately: David teaches courses in the area of family and child sciences; Gail works on a family living program with the university's extension department.

Together the Imigs earn about $25,000 a year, which of course makes some luxuries possible—a horse for Gail, golf for David. There's also more schooling: David has his doctorate—Gail still has some to go. Both see two children as maximum and optimum "because of the amount of energy and creativity it takes." Professionally, both hope to "build more courses and team-teach them to help students to understand themselves in relation to the families they came from and to the families they want to create."

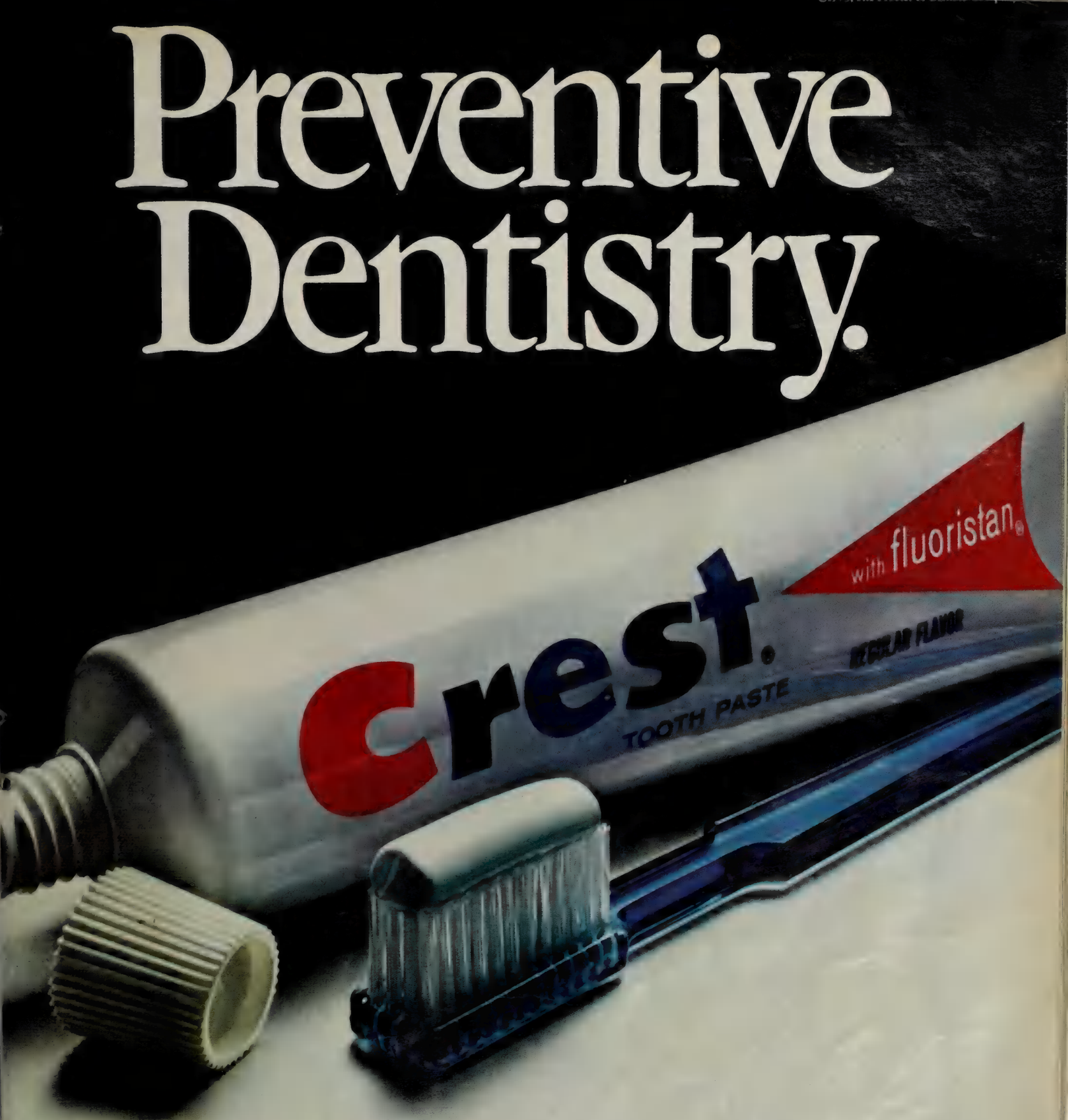
In so doing, the Imigs will continue to put their own marriage on the line every time. But because they are so secure in their own relationship, they are able and eager to tell others about it—and try to help others achieve it. The Imigs, it seems to us, are one very good reason to think that family life in America has a bright future.

BABY OF THE MONTH

We've all been surprised to find Michael and Christopher more popular boys' names than John among JOURNAL readers. But John's not far behind—our up-to-deadline tabulation finds it number three. In a further break with tradition, we've chosen a John spelled without the "h"—Jon Lamar Rowland of Smyrna, Ga. Said mother, Elise Rowland, whose husband and son are both "h" droppers, "I told my husband that if his name had been spelled with an "h," I might never have married him, so naturally, there was never any question about any son of ours!" Jon Jr. was born on June 12, 1971, and has been called "Buzz" ever since—mainly because he buzzes around constantly with tiny motorized cars or his pup, Barney.



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WHY CAN'T THEY?

From a Minnesota mother of three and grandmother of seven, comes this complaint: "Yesterday I was moved to tears by the sight of a very young mother ogling every Main Street fashion window and paying no attention to her little boy who straggled behind her, attached to her waist, believe it or not, by a harness strap! Our high schools teach teen-agers how to drive cars, play musical instruments, be gourmet cooks, avoid V.D., program computers—everything except how to be a parent. Why can't our schools prepare them for their most important role in life?"

For an answer we turned to Frederick C. Green, M.D., Associate Chief of the Children's Bureau, Office of Child Development, Department of Health, Education and Welfare. "Many parents are asking the same question, and because of the growing concern, parenthood-education courses are now being offered in some schools. To make courses of this type more widely available, the Office of Child Development and U.S. Office of Education have launched a new nationwide program called Education for Parenthood. It is designed to help schools and voluntary organizations set up programs to teach adolescents about child development and the role of parents. One of its major objectives is to develop a new junior high and high school curriculum that will combine classroom instruction with the practical experience of working with little children in neighborhood day-care centers and kindergartens. This course will be tested in 200 public schools during the 1973-74 school year. If you are interested in knowing more about this program, write: Education for Parenthood, Office of Child Development, P.O. Box 1182, Washington, D.C. 20013."

PARTY OF THE MONTH

Mrs. Bert Kraus of La Grange, Ill., writes about a novel recipe party: "Eight of us—four couples—planned a farewell party for friends who were moving hundreds of miles away. We felt they would want something familiar in their new surroundings, something more than their furniture—something with built-in nostalgia to bring the tastes and smells of home to a strange city. Many a woman in a new town has warded off loneliness by opening her recipe file and trying a recipe known and loved by a dear friend. This, then, was the theme of our party: each woman would give to the honored guests a secret, never-before-shared recipe. Presentations would be made during the course of a progressive dinner party.

"The night of the party we began the delicious repast at the Robert Caseys' dining table with her cream of watercress soup. Then we skipped across the street to the home of the John Farmers' for spinach salad and divine buttery rolls. The entree, my specialty, was cassoulet, and from our home we ended the meal with Mr. and Mrs. Rex Jones' marvelous cheese tart and demitasse served in their living room. As we finished the last delicious morsel of each gourmet special, the creator/hostess handed the guests-of-honor a *sealed* envelope containing its recipe (we stay-putters were not privy to the secrets inside).

"Since that memorable evening we've all had invitations from our now distant friend to visit and enjoy a replica of our special recipes from what is now *her* secret menu file."

SPARE-TIME MONEYMAKER



After thirteen years of marriage and three children, our bank account was defunct," Mrs. Norma Jones wrote. "Whenever I hid a little money for 'extras' something happened, and, poof!—an empty sugar bowl! We surely needed more than my husband earned as a heavy duty operator with a steel company. That's when I announced I'd had it—that I was going *out* to earn money!"

The Jones youngsters (Kim, 14; Joyce, 12; Edward, 9) were miserable until Otis Jones vowed he'd think of a job his wife, Norma, could do at home. And he did—selling bait to fishermen! Because Lander, Wyoming, is lake country where fishing is *the* sport—even through the ice in winter—his idea triggered the tribe into action. They repaired a shack close by their trailer home, so Mrs. Jones could tend to household chores and serve customers too. Mr. Jones outfitted the shack with tanks for minnows and containers for worms, a freezer, cooling system, and a stove. Basic expenses totaled $600.

At first the Joneses dug all their worms and caught their night crawlers, but now they order them by the thousands from a wholesaler. Stocking minnows is something else. Mrs. Jones seines and sets traps in nearby waters to get them.

Mrs. Jones' work hours increase from the usual few minutes here and there to as many as eight hours a day in spring and summer. Then she clears about $100 a month, but her annual net income is about $800. Bait sells by the dozen: minnows, $1; crawlers, 50¢; angleworms, 25¢. "Besides fishermen, our best customer is the local ecology center—its bullsnake eats lots of minnows. Another regular customer has an alligator, which dines on crawlers and we have many customers who buy lots of bait to feed their tropical fish," Mrs. Jones said.

We asked what the Joneses do with their extra money. "We bought a horse, three bicycles, clothing, and we're saving for the home we hope to build," Mrs. Jones replied.

Our "How America Lives" pages are based entirely on letters from our readers. We welcome any and all suggestions you have. Address letters to the appropriate section: Family of the Month, Party of the Month, Spare-time Money-maker, Women of the Month, Why Can't They?, and Baby of the Month. For the last, send us pictures of your baby, up to two years old, but please keep a duplicate since we cannot return pictures. We'll send an enlargement of all pictures we choose. Send letters to *Ladies' Home Journal*, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

WOMEN OF THE MONTH



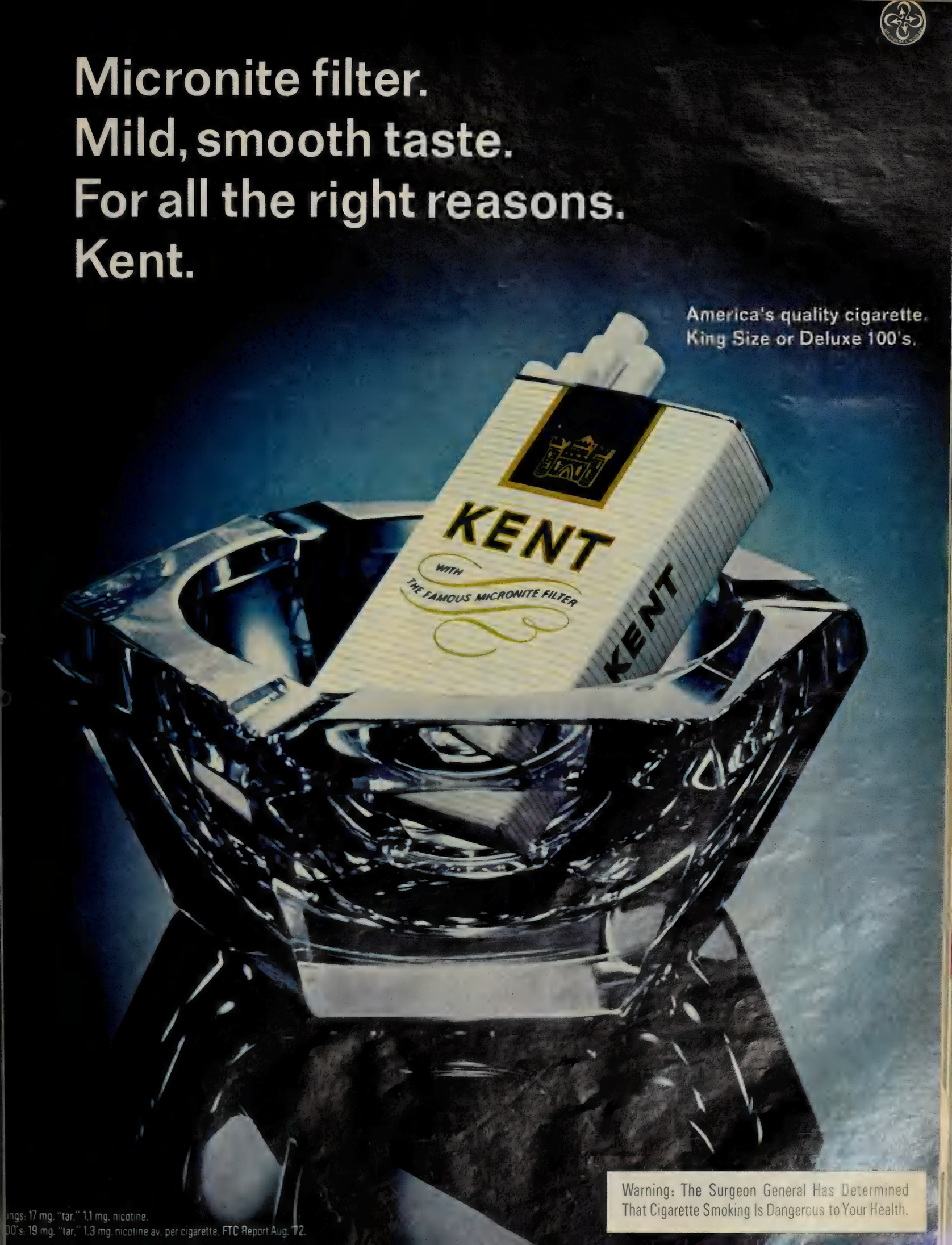
Harriet Louise Edson is a college graduate with a year of graduate work in social service, a full-time wife, and mother of three teen-agers. She also has a sense of social consciousness, and her particular way of expressing it is to spend her free time alleviating the loneliness and alienation of prisoners at The Correctional Institution in Concord, Mass. She lives in that town with her husband, Ed Edson, an interior designer, who inspired her when he led a drive to furnish Boston's Brooke House, a 48-room halfway house for paroled prisoners. With the permission of authorities, Harriet and about 14 other women visit the prison every Tuesday night to talk with inmates and give them an opportunity to discuss frustrations inherent in prison life. Harriet constantly propagates her faith in the prisoners' right to and desire for rehabilitation . . . and her conviction that our system today is archaic and useless, yet costly in dollars. Her recent triumph was helping to get elected to the State Legislature a young man, Chet Atkins, who shares her feelings about prison reform. His bills, recently submitted, seem assured of passage in the near future.

Mrs. Alverna Williams of Grand Prairie, Tex., lost both legs in an accident when she was a year old, but she can not only walk—she can fly! Impossible? Maybe to most of us, but not to this indomitable woman who learned to walk on her hands, keeping pace with anyone, and to fly a two-control plane without the rudder controls, which require the use of the pilot's legs. Mrs. Williams, who became the first handicapped person to be medically certified to fly, has had a private plane license since 1946 when she took the CAA (now the Federal Aviation Agency) to court and won. She was a pilot before she met and married her husband, Albert Williams who is also a pilot and a master aircraft mechanic. He has quite a way to go to log as many hours of flying as his wife has. Together they go aloft at every opportunity, sharing "a feeling of freedom and tranquility after the hassles of the day." Says this mother of a son, David, 23, a Ph.D. candidate at North Texas State University, and a daughter Scarlett, 21, married and in Germany with her Air Force husband, "It's a different world up there. It's just so peaceful. It's just you and the sky and God." Mrs. Nathalie Minney, who wrote us about Mrs. Williams, corroborates: "I've never known anyone more at peace with herself and the world."



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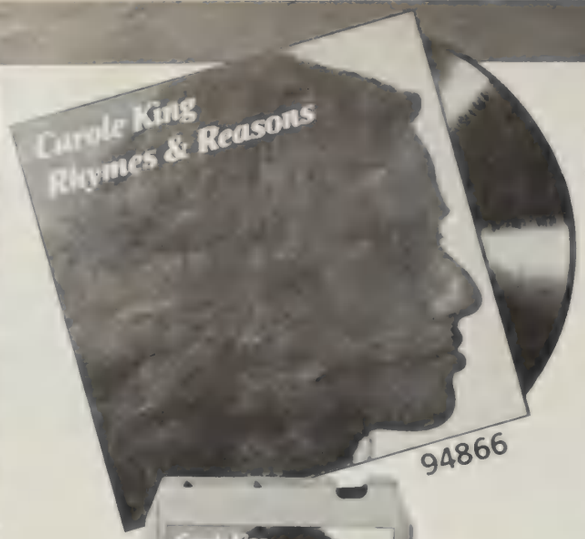
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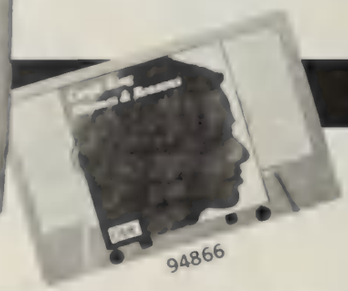
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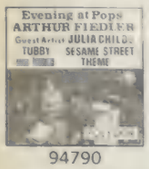
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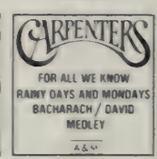
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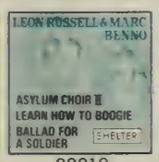
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DOCTOR, MAKE ME BEAUTIFUL!

BY JAMES SMITH, M.D., AND SAMM SINCLAIR BAKER

A New York plastic surgeon explains how to help prevent facial lines and wrinkles—so that you may not need his services. Second installment of a fascinating new book on cosmetic surgery.

The suggestions here can be effective for anyone who wishes to hold back or delay the onset of further lines and wrinkles on her face. They can be especially valuable if you've had a face-lift or eyelid-lift and wish to do everything possible to slow the development of telltale lines of aging on your face.

It helps to keep your muscles of expression relaxed and at rest when you're not using them to convey some purposeful expression. In order to make each facial expression more meaningful to onlookers some theatrical schools, teachers, and coaches have trained actors and actresses to exercise muscle control to a sensible degree. Their recommendations can also prove valuable for you.

Drama teachers know that when a facial muscle is not being used to show some sign or aspect of expression, it should be rested and saved until needed for the next scene. Similarly, these coaches discourage tensing of the facial muscles and grimacing except when necessary to convey some significant emotion—anger, disgust, joy.

Teaching control of muscles, not only those of the face, but all over, is also part of the practices of some Far Eastern cults—usually to help the person have a sense of repose and relaxation. Such control frequently is also part of yoga training. Whatever the goal, facial muscle control does to some extent help to delay the increase of deep lines on the face.

You may also profit from the tips of the theatrical coaches to become aware of your personal "unconscious exaggerated facial mannerisms," as one teacher calls them—and then work to control them. Some of these common mannerisms (check your own habits) include scowling, scrunching down your eyebrows in a severe frown when pondering a problem, batting the eyelids excessively, lifting the eyebrows in an exaggerated fashion, and furrowing the brow, and contorting the mouth and face excessively when talking, laughing, or arguing.

Such excesses of expression tend to bring on lines sooner, and they deepen and develop further those creases you may already have. A theatrical teacher advises: "When you have to frown, on the stage or in daily living, here's how to cure the hammy, overemphatic 'clenching' of the eyebrows. *Think* a quarter frown instead of your accustomed full frown. This will put a slight downward tension on the muscles involved—as you think consciously about your expression—so that you *can't* squeeze your eyebrows excessively without definite further effort."

He concluded, "Try it, keep practicing it, and you'll find that it works." Teachers tend to agree that it's definitely possible to cure your inherent, exaggerated facial expressions and mannerisms if you try hard enough.

Avoid the Fixed, Empty Look

On the other hand, theatrical coaches warn that if you wipe away your facial expressiveness completely, you will have a fixed, vacant look. The solution is to try for repose and economy of movement in your facial aspect. (If this imposes a strain, or makes you look deadpan, then forget the whole thing. However, it's fun to try the suggestions here, and you will probably find it quite easy and pleasant to control any of your more exaggerated facial expressions.)

How to Avoid Overexpression

Look in the mirror and try to recreate your usual facial reactions. When you find yourself grimacing too strenuously—gesturing too violently with your eyebrows and mouth, for example—just "turn down the volume some"—as in moderating sound or speech, or in fine tuning a TV set. If you keep doing this consciously, just subduing your expressions a little, some experts will assure you that, based on their experience in training actors, you will register on others more subtly—and you will be more impressive and convincing.

More to the point here, this fine tuning of your facial expressions will become a natural, effective subconscious control. You won't develop wrinkles and grooves as rapidly, which is especially important once a face-lift has smoothed away many of those unwanted telltale lines.

Try this exercise, recommended by some theatrical coaches: Close your eyes. Imagine that you're relaxing the knots of muscles and nerves behind each eyeball, and in the area

(continued on page 131)

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ntinued from page 39

the Buyers Action Center in Colum-
s, says that one phone call can
metimes settle a dispute. The Ohio
enter has also found a number of
anufacturers who are responsive to
mplaints about local dealers. In two
ses in which the Ohio Center was in-
lved, one concerning a mobile home
aler and the other a home improve-
erts company, manufacturers re-
sed to renew the franchises of the
al agencies that committed the of-
nses. Automobile complaint centers
Columbus and Cleveland have also
hieved high records of success.

Steps for centers

The following are steps that have
unched successful buyers action cen-
s or automobile safety and com-
aint centers in several communities:

1. You need at least one or two dedi-
ted people able to devote full time to
racting volunteers and overseeing
e operation of the center.

2. Volunteers who staff the center
ed not be experts. They should be
rdial in dealing with consumers and
lers; they should be able to learn
ickly about issues involved in com-
aints; and they should *not* be easily
ared off by an embattled seller.

3. Volunteers may be recruited
rough local service organizations
ayCees, League of Women Voters,
example). Since the center should
open at right, to serve consumers
o work during the day, employed
ople may be tapped as volunteers.

4. Start with a training course for
lunteers, to familiarize them with
nsumer problems and ways of han-
ng them. Most volunteers say that
e best way of learning is by doing.

5. You may need money for office
nt, telephones, supplies for mailing,
d the salary of a full-time director.
penses should be minimal: many
nters operate for less than $100 a
nth, though most advise having
,000 on hand for the first six months
operation. A small fund-raising
ive is often enough to launch the
ogram.

Before starting a new center, it is
rth investigating any citizen groups
at might offer financial assistance.
rtainly contact the Consumer Fed-
ation of America (CFA), 1012 14th
reet, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005,
see whether there is a CFA chapter
your area.

6. Most centers handle complaints
e, but you may want to consider a
minal charge to meet costs.

7. You should consider publishing an
xpensive mimeographed newsletter,
nform your community of consumer
ises. You can get such information
ough complaints to the center and
wspaper reports from public or pri-
e consumer agencies.

8. Be careful not to open your cen-
with too much fanfare or you may
flooded with complaints before you
velop the expertise to handle them.
o, don't be discouraged by failures,
ecially at the beginning.

9. Detailed information on how to
ganize a complaint center, as well as
ggestions for other consumer action,
n be found in *A Public Citizen's Ac-
n Manual*, by my colleague Donald
ss, to be published this spring by
ossman Publishers. **END**

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JEAN PETERS: HOWARD HUGHES' EX-WIFE SPEAKS OUT



In 1957, Jean Peters quit making movies to marry Howard Hughes. Now she's back acting again. In this rare interview, she tells why.

BY D. L. LYONS

"I've come back to acting," Jean Peters said, smiling, "because once a ham, always a ham, I guess." There was a new lightness and ease in Jean's voice, because she has recently taken her first public step to reassert herself as an individual and as an actress —free, she hopes, of the identifying label, "the former wife of Howard Hughes." A youthful-looking 46, Jean Peters is still slender, wears little makeup, and always seems to be an instant away from bursting into hearty laughter. There is something wholesome and likable about her.

On March 5, over Public Broadcasting Service stations across the country, she will star in a television production of Sherwood Anderson's memorable "Winesburg, Ohio." It will be the first acting job in 17 years for Jean (herself a farm girl from Canton, Ohio)—or since she made her last motion picture, "A Man Called Peter," in 1955. After that she retired to become Mrs. Howard Hughes. She married the mysterious billionaire in 1957 and divorced him in 1971.

Why did she decide to resume her acting career, breaking with her recent past as the seldom-seen, seldom-heard-from wife of the world's richest man? Jean says that the man behind her reemergence is her movie producer husband, 20th Century-Fox vice president Stanley L. Hough, 52, whom she married in August, 1971. (Hough was a widower when he married Jean; he is her third husband.)

Her road back began last summer on location in Cottage Grove, Ore. (population: 6,300), where Hough was producing "Emperor of the North Pole." The director of the film, Robert Aldrich, had been Jean's director when she made "Apache" in 1954.

Jean made the trip as wife and spectator. She brought along her stepdaughter, Christina, 12, and Hough's niece, Carol.

They rented a house for their stay in Oregon, which became a three-month lark for Jean and the girls. They rented horses every day and took long rides into the countryside, or went wading in cool brooks, often accompanied by Aldrich's wife Sybille and Lee Marvin's new wife, Pam. There was also a bowling league in which both Jean and Stan participated every Tuesday night, along with the usual parties and get-togethers that make life bearable for movie people on distant locations.

It was a dramatically different life from her hide-and-seek existence as Mrs. Howard Hughes. Friends said Jean blossomed in her new and happy life, free from the overwhelming shadow of Hughes. She was no longer a curiosity to be singled out and whispered about. Jean wore blue denims most of the time. She did the family cooking for Stan and Chris—which she continues to do at home in Beverly Hills.

"We hadn't been in Oregon very long before I found myself being drawn to the set with Stan to see Lee Marvin and Ernie Borgnine work," Jean recalls.

At first her visits were occasional and brief, but they became more frequent as the picture progressed.

"Watching Lee and Ernie at work rekindled my interest in acting. It was very exciting. So I say it's Stanley's fault that I did "Winesburg, Ohio." If I hadn't gone along with him, I wouldn't have sat on the sidelines watching Bob Aldrich direct the picture. I felt like a football player wanting to get back in the game."

Through July and August Jean's fascination with the picture increased. By the time filming was completed in October, she was emotionally and psychologically prepared to return to acting. She was approached by the producers of Hollywood Television Theater to star in "Winesburg, Ohio." The teleplay was taken in Hollywood.

No announcement was made that Jean had returned to acting. She had hoped to do the show without fanfare. Gradually, however, Hollywood became aware that Jean had surfaced and was working again. The clamor for interviews and photographs was overwhelming. To enable the cast to rehearse uninterrupted by the media, Jean was advised to call a press conference and pose for photographers—to get it all over with at once.

"I was a little shaky during the press conference," she said, biting her lower lip. "It had been a long time since I'd talked with a group of newsmen. I never did enjoy interviews."

The conference was held in a small theater jammed with reporters and photographers. Jean was astonished and somewhat intimidated by the large gathering. She swallowed deeply and read a prepared statement.

Clearly, the newsmen were there to inquire into her life with Howard Hughes. She countered with outward calm and friendly, open responses—curiously, not as an actress but as Mrs. Stanley Hough. Reporters were caught off balance by her candor.

"I'm not so naive as to think your only reason for being here is your interest in my career," she told the assembled newsmen, "but my life with Howard Hughes was and shall remain a matter on which I will have no comment."

Asked if she thought she could ever escape her identity with Hughes, Jean replied, "I'd like to think so, but I'm a realist. I know what the score is, and I know who the superstar is."

To a question about the secrecy surrounding her former husband, she said, "I would assume that anyone who knows Mr. Hughes and likes him knows that he doesn't like publicity."

Under further prodding about her activities during the almost 14 years she was Mrs. Howard Hughes, Jean said she had attended UCLA at night, studying painting, psychology, and anthropology under her real name of Elizabeth (continued)



Jean Peters today: "I've come back to acting," she laughs, "because once a ham, always a ham, I guess."

Photograph by Peter Borsari/Camera 5

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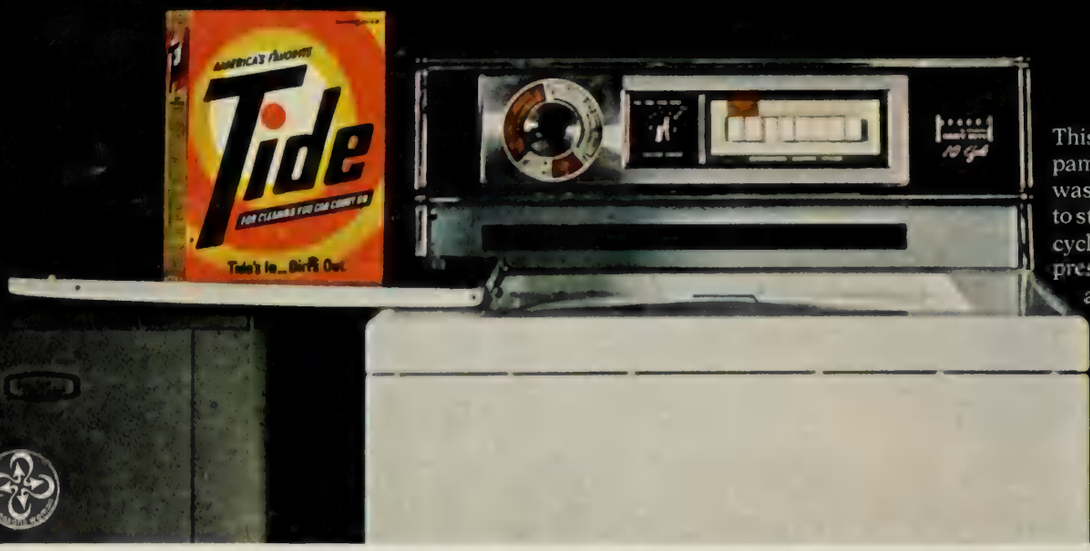
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HUGHES' EX-WIFE *continued*

Jean Peters. During that time only a single story appeared about her—in *Ladies' Home Journal* (November 1968).

"I read text books for the Braille Institute," she said, "until I couldn't stand the sound of my own voice any more. I also made an opinion survey for the last Los Angeles mayoral election. Only once was I recognized—by an actor who said he'd seen me on television in one of those old movies."

The press conference behind her, Jean returned to the grind of taping the show in three weeks. Her role was particularly demanding.

"I was surprised how much work there is in television," she says. "The hours are so darned long. I'd never seen a television camera before. I didn't know what one looked like. Suddenly I found myself working with four or five cameras shooting simultaneously. Movies were never like that. Nor did we have to rush so fast in the old days. But I enjoyed getting back to acting.

"I discovered that I missed the actors. I like them. I was a little nervous when we first began shooting because it seemed so new to me. As we went along it all came back to me.

"My part has a good many long speeches. All the character does is talk. Most of the dialogue is taken directly from Anderson's book, and the prose is beautiful. The words have a certain poetic quality that makes them easy to perform. I was exhausted when we finally completed shooting. I play a woman in her forties, which is just right for me. I wouldn't be comfortable trying anything glamorous. I wouldn't even be tempted.

"It wasn't until we finished the final scene that I remembered how awfully tired you can get when you work too long at acting. During the last two years I worked at 20th Century-Fox I went from one picture to another and really needed a rest."

It may be many months before Jean works again. She and Stan Hough live in two Beverly Hills homes—the ones that each occupied before they were married. They retain Hough's home because it is close to his daughter Christina's school.

Jean is redecorating her own Mexican-style house, adding a room for Christina near the swimming pool. "But first I want to get my home organized," she says. "But doing the television show, and then the Christmas holidays, took so much time that it distracted the architect."

Asked if she plans to display her own paintings when work on the house is complete, Jean laughed. "I'm not sure about that. But I plan to start painting again, and maybe if I like some of the new canvases I'll have them framed and put them up on the walls."

"Can be selective"

Has her venture into television whetted her desire to make a motion picture comeback?

"Oh, no," she replied. "Stan is the filmmaker in the family. I don't think I'll make a movie for a long while. I can be selective. I believe I'd rather do a play, but even that is in the future. But, yes, I'd like to act again. I'm afraid I'll always be a ham." **END**

THIS MARRIAGE

continued from page 32

should love my son. Unfortunately, I just cant make the grade.

"Alice contends that I hate the boy. That's untrue. A grown man has no business hating a small child. But it's true James and I have never hit it off. It's been nineteen months since I got back from 'Nam, and we still haven't warmed to each other. I doubt that he and I will ever grow close. It happens in the best of families. I respected and admired my own father, who died just before I married Alice, but he didn't get soft with me: and there were lots of things I didn't confide in him.

"While I was in 'Nam, I idealized Alice and our boy. I haven't told her that; she probably wouldn't believe it. I had two steady correspondents—Alice and my mother. As a rule I threw Mother's letters away unread, wishing to spare myself her dire warnings and premonitions. I was an only child, and my mother never expected me to survive the mumps much less a war.

"Fortunately, my father, a tough man of German stock, had the say in our household. From the time I was a small boy, he encouraged me in my ambition to follow a military career—a luxury he had to pass up to help support eight younger brothers and sisters. My father was contemptuous of weakness in himself and in everybody else.

"Alice's letters were great morale builders. Perhaps I should have written to her more, but I couldn't seem to decide where or how to start. I used to carry her picture and the latest snapshot of the baby—James was then a tiny infant—under the lining of my helmet. At that time, we patrolled miles of jungle streams and waterways along the Mekong Delta. At night, we would track down and destroy the VC at their hidden bases. We used heavily-armed, shallow-draft boats that could practically walk ashore, and I engaged in more fire fights than I can remember.

"Whenever I came in from a mission and was alone in my quarters, I would pull off my helmet, shake out the photos, and say a mental thank-you to my family for bringing me luck. Other times I would think of the two of them, cozy and safe at home with no bombs or rockets falling anywhere, and think that the thanks were due me.

"In those days, I used to dream of holding Alice in my arms. But I never thought of her with a baby. I kept my thoughts to myself, of course. I had no one to talk to, no buddy. In my position, I couldn't afford to let anybody get close to me. I had full responsibility for enforcing night curfew hours, planting electronic sensing devices along the stream banks, collecting intelligence, and policing the jungle villages. I was only a lieutenant, but out there a naval lieutenant carried as much weight as a colonel back in the States. I saw myself making captain and then admiral. It seemed impossible to miss. I believed in myself and what I was doing. I frequently remained on duty eighteen to twenty hours. Once I went forty hours without sleep. My subordinates had begun calling me Superman, and I was flattered by the image. Without actually realizing it, I was on drugs a good deal of the time. Instead of taking a couple of bennies to stall off drowsi-

ness, I frequently swallowed a fistful.

"My luck ran out on a ridiculously routine mission. One night we dug up and hauled aboard one of our own sensing devices. It had been booby-trapped by the VC. Just as we recovered the slimy, muddy package a live grenade popped out and fell on deck. Three of us saw it. I was the farthest away. Well, I lunged forward, grabbed the grenade and tried to throw it like a baseball. It exploded in mid-air, perhaps six inches from where I stood. My flak jacket was ripped apart, my helmet was knocked sideways, and I was hurled to one knee. The place was a blizzard of flying shrapnel.

"I don't recall feeling any pain, except a kind of stinging sensation, as though a rubber band had snapped across the back of my head. I could see a bloody stump hanging out of my tattered right sleeve, but I still thought I had a hand.

"Ten minutes later, we were evacuated by helicopter. The other guys kept saying that everybody would have been killed if it hadn't been for me, that I deserved to be decorated.

"Twelve minutes away from deep, enemy-infested jungle, we landed at a well-staffed, fully equipped hospital. Exactly twenty-seven minutes after the grenade explosion, I was on the operating table. Two young field doctors reconstructed my arm, piece by piece, from a pulpy mishmash of shattered bone, tissue, and muscle; they even patched together a partial thumb.

"Everything about my return home disillusioned me—the press, TV, the peace marchers. Even seeing Alice was a let-down. I set the scene at the hospital so I would look hale and hearty. But she practically fainted at the sight of me. She then whipped out snapshots of Jamie, as though he were the big star of the occasion.

"I told a bunch of skeptical hospital therapists that I wouldn't need professional aid to master simple chores like putting on my clothes. In two weeks I taught myself to knot my tie and lace my shoes. I taught myself to use a typewriter, change a washer or electric fuse, and handle a power saw in three weeks. I astounded the therapists, but Alice didn't say a thing when I performed these feats for her.

"This last year has been rough on Alice, I know, but it's also been rough on me. I'm grateful for all the work she did on my arm. But whenever she was busy with me, it seemed that Jamie hollered for her attention and got it.

"I needed all of her attention for myself. I suggested that James stay with her parents a while, but she wouldn't hear of it. So far we've never even found a sitter that satisfied her. I had to put a lock on our bedroom door to keep him from running in and out. Alice acts as if she loves our son the same as she loves me.

"Our sex life hasn't really been good since my return. Alice seems distant, remote. Sometimes I blame the boy. Other times I blame my injury. I wonder if Alice thinks of me as maimed and ugly.

"I'm no longer the Navy's fair-haired boy. My hearing was impaired by the grenade blast, and unless I pass a series of tests, my teaching assignment will be terminated and I will be a civilian again.

"I got this jolly news just before my last big tangle with my son. I had had a few too many drinks on the way home. When my prothesis wobbled that night at the dinner table and my knife spun to the floor, I couldn't stand to hear the boy laugh. Alice beamed at him, and it was just too much to take. But I behaved abominally and I've bitterly regretted it. Alice can rest assured such a thing won't happen again.

The counselor's turn

"Alice and Ron admired and loved each other, but they were hard to help," the counselor said. "Jamie was not the primary difficulty, although Alice was too permissive with the child while Ron was too harsh.

"Both Alice and Ron were bowed down by unresolved problems from early youth. Throughout childhood Alice felt guilty because of the ill health of a hypochondriac mother. Both she and her father attended the woman, but they also deceived her and lied to her. This unhealthy situation made Alice less able to stand up for herself. Very early in life, she learned to withhold justified resentments and honest anger.

"Ron's almost slavish veneration of his old-style Prussian father was his stumbling block on the road to maturity. As a boy, Ron was severely punished for the slightest infraction of household rules and regulations. Consequently, as an adult, Ron believed that boys needed punishment to grow strong. Moreover, he was jealous of Alice's affection for their son.

"While Ron was in Vietnam, Alice and Jamie had lived abnormally close, in a world of their own. Ron had lived in another abnormal world. Both worlds collapsed when Ron returned. To save their marriage, Alice and Ron needed to build a world for themselves.

"Ron talked out and freed himself of bondage to his autocratic father. He was more concerned with preserving the marriage, and he admitted it. Alice learned to express her inner feelings, including anger and weariness.

"Some of their sexual dissatisfaction was based on simple fatigue. Nowadays if Alice is too tired for sex, she says so frankly, gives Ron a pleasant kiss, and goes to sleep. Ron exercises the same privilege.

"Ron is also less tense, less competitive, and less inclined to argue unrealistically that his injury is no handicap. He ruefully admits that one hand can't always do the work of two, but at the same time he does a creditable job at everything he attempts.

"Ron failed his hearing tests—he is now wholly deaf in the right ear—and was retired from the Navy some time ago. He took the disappointment in his stride. He is currently employed as an instructor in a camp for delinquent boys. Recently a secret vote was taken among all the teen-age boys, several hundred in number, to choose the most popular and most understanding instructor. Ron won the balloting by a landslide.

"Not long ago Ron told me he still has a way to go before qualifying as a top-notch father to young Jamie, who is now six years old. Alice acknowledged that this was true, but proudly added that Ron was the favorite of their two-year-old twins." END





The Phone Call

Like a once-bright painting, an old love fades beyond repair. And then the phone rings. By Perdita Buchan

No, it can't be you. It's Tuesday afternoon and I have the playgroup here. Outside, it's snowing still. It must be a trick. Someone playing a joke. But I know your voice too well, and I don't know any very good mimics. But if it's you, you can't do this to me, fill this place with what once was and leave me to wipe clean a herculean slate, filling as you talk with the symbols and formulas of memory. The telephone is magic, a perverse wizard's magic, to call up all those scenes and crowd whole months and all of the city of (continued on page 148)



Leslie Anderson was voted Potaskey, Vermont's Snow Queen of 1912. Forgetting her place as a woman, she excitedly lit up a cigarette. And immediately became the ex-Snow Queen of 1912.



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Olay Vitalizing Night Cream is especially beneficial for the problems of older skin. To make wrinkles less noticeable by softening away dryness. To provide a wealth of moisture, emollients and soothing unguents to smooth and cherish skin. Age signs on your face and throat soon become far less obvious as your complexion grows clearer, softer and younger-looking.

Olay Vitalizing Night Cream is thick, rich and concentrated. This is no fluffy, lightweight cream to slick on casually. It is a serious cream, particularly appropriate for the very real dry-complexion problems of older skin. It is meant to be massaged on, faithfully every night, with firm but gentle upward strokes, to soothe in the moisturizing ingredients that combat aging dryness of your face and throat.

Leave a light film of Olay Vitalizing Night Cream on the surface of your skin. If you have used a great deal, you may want to tissue off some of the excess. But be sure a little remains as a protective barrier that helps retain nature's own moisture, so essential for excessively dry and wrinkling skin.

For a most beneficial result, knowledgeable women apply Olay Vitalizing Night Cream just before bedtime to let it work its wonders as they sleep. The quiet nocturnal hours are a most propitious time for skin enrichment. But any time, day or night, is an effective time to pamper and smooth your face and throat with this enriching cream.

Beauty Hints

Faithful nightly massage helps maintain muscle tone and firmness. Olay Vitalizing Night Cream makes this ritual simpler and more satisfying. Hold your fingers flat together and circle the cream gently onto the skin, starting at the base of the throat and working upward to the chinline. The cream's precious moisturizing ingredients alleviate wrinkle-accenting dryness in this needful area.

* * *

Aging signs show early around the eyes. During the day, pat a little Olay® Vitalizing Night Cream into this crucial area to ease away the dryness that can make little tell-tale lines far too noticeable. Be sure to use delicate, featherlight strokes of your fingertips.

4 Seasons Woman

SHOULD TEACHERS SPANK KIDS?



The harsh rule of "spare the rod and spoil the child" still prevails in many classrooms—as alarmed parents are fast finding out. By Bernard Bard

A 9-year-old West Virginia boy was "black and blue on the back of his thighs" after being paddled for bringing potato chips and bubble gum to school, said his father, who brought the case to court.

Teachers in Dallas admit that they spank pupils for misspelling words, for inattentiveness, and for failure to say "sir" or "ma'am." A teacher at Dallas' Stockard Junior High School has a "double-stamp day"—during which he gives a double ration of whacks for each transgression.

For throwing a paper airplane in class, a Pittsburgh 6th-grader was made to eat the airplane, and was then paddled soundly by both the principal and the teacher.

A Los Angeles father told the American Civil Liberties Union that his son was hit with a stick because "he had put his foot on the desk while tying his shoelace."

The beating, paddling, and spanking of children still goes on in our schools, and a growing number of parents are asking why. Many are going to court, raising the issue before school boards, and trying to enlist support in an effort to halt bodily punishment as a method of classroom discipline.

These parents have had some, but not many, successes. Pittsburgh, Chicago, Washington, D.C., New York City, and Grosse Pointe, Mich., are among the communities whose school systems have outlawed corpo punishment. But they are the ceptions. All states but New J sey, Massachusetts, and Ma land still permit corporal puni ment in schools; and even Maryland, some rural count have won the option to use ph ical force on pupils.

Psychologists say spanking ten increases the aggressiven and defiance of maladjust children; they say it breeds sentment and hostility. Other ponents of corporal punishm believe that the child who beaten in school will erupt i violence at some later date. A civil libertarians maintain t the practice is unconstitution

While some parents—back by educators and child-care perts—are challenging corpo punishment, others favor "stif discipline" in schools; they gard spanking and other forms physical punishment as acce able disciplinary techniques. A teachers in many cities are manding more freedom to spa as a method of maintaining ord

In large cities especially, s many teachers, schools have be a sort of "dumping ground" often overcrowded and und financed, filled with bored, re less youngsters and teachers w are poorly equipped to motiva their charges. Take away the pa dle, argue these teachers, and y invite chaos.

The argument appeals to ma teachers. When the National E

ation Association polled its mem-
ship in 1969, 57 percent of the
chers said they favored "judi-
us use of corporal punishment."
d when Pittsburgh initiated a
ee-year program to phase out
idling in all schools by the au-
nn of 1973, 73 percent of the
chers signed a petition demand-
that the ban be lifted.
Nowhere has the battle over pupil
nishment raged as hotly as in
llas, where teachers are not sup-
ed to strike students without
ental permission. Recently, a
llas teacher spanked a student so
erely across the buttocks that
norrhages resulted. The student's
raged parents persuaded a board
education member to introduce a
olution banning corporal punish-
nt. But Dallas School Superin-
dent Nolan Estes, one of the
unchest supporters of corporal
nishment, vigorously objected. "I
l not be superintendent in a dis-
t where principals are not al-
ed to spank," Estes said. The
olution was withdrawn, and
nking continued.
As much as we might wish it to
otherwise," said Estes, "when
ldren are spanked at home, this
he form of discipline they re-
nd to best. We often have to use
ative reinforcement to help the
ld learn self-discipline." His
nd had widespread backing
hin the community. In the 1971
llas school board elections, four
mbents were defeated by can-
ates who urged an even tougher
icy on school discipline.
While the "law-and-order" back-
n has solidified the hold of
oral punishment in some com-
nities, most professionals in the
ntal health field believe that the
g-range trend is against this
ctice. A mother in Garland, Tex.,
nsferred her son out of Ed
dges Elementary School after
t she insisted were repeated in-
nces of "abuse." In a letter to the
ool principal, she said: "In less
n two years, we watched a
lthy, happy little boy who loved
ning become a tense, nervous
ld. He spoke of school with dis-
n and constantly complained
having stomachaches on school
rnings."
Parents in Oakland, Calif., went
court to have corporal punish-
nt declared unconstitutional on
grounds that it "tends to inhibit
ning, retard social growth, and
e acceptance of class position."
er suits are underway in Florida,
nsylvania, Vermont, Alabama,
v Mexico, and West Virginia. In
ny cities, citizens' groups have
ned to combat corporal punish-
nt, and a national clearinghouse
collect information on the prac-
is now in the planning stages.
till, the chances for rapid aboli-
of corporal punishment in our
ools are not promising. Accord-
to *(continued on page 161)*

PLAYTOOLS TO SHAPE A CHILD'S WORLD no. 2

Putting something together all by yourself is a big thrill when you're three.

You've watched children sit and do puzzles for hours. Sometimes they'll do the same one over and over again till you'd think they'd be bored with it.

But have you ever seen the look on a little girl's face the first time she finishes a puzzle?



The child gets a little of that feeling every time she puts a puzzle piece in the right place. And when she's finished, she wants that feeling again. So she'll reach for another puzzle. Or even do the same one over.

And every time she does a puzzle, she learns a little more about how to get that feeling of achievement in other situations. She learns things like the basic ways to approach a problem. How to tell what a whole thing is going to look like just from seeing part of it. And that if there's an answer to a problem, sooner or later you can find it if you just keep working long enough.

Playskool puzzles are famous for careful design and construction. They're made of inlaid woodboard and the colors are bright, safe and fadeproof. The number of pieces per puzzle ranges from 4 to 28. When a child outgrows the easiest ones, he can move up to harder puzzles. There are 108 Playskool puzzles to choose from—including our new Walt Disney and Sesame Street puzzles. So they're not just Christmas or birthday toys.

Don't wait for a special occasion to give a Playskool puzzle. Your child is learning now.

If you have any questions about toys, we'll be happy to answer them. We'd also like to send you free copies of the other ads in this series, as well as our booklet, Playtools to Shape a Child's World. Just write to:

Wes Sharer, Playskool, Inc.,
Dept. 3A, 3720 North Kedzie Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois 60618.

PLAYSKOOL®
A Milton Bradley Company

MARCH

Poppy Cannon's Meal-a-Day Menus

1. In Spain, on this opening day of March, they celebrate the first news of discovery of the New World. And the first taste of several new foods, such as . . . avocados, tomatoes, corn, pumpkin, squash, turkey.

Guacamole with Wheat Crackers
Turkey Roulades
Tomato-Stuffed Squash
Savory Corn Fritters ☐ Pumpkin Pie

2. Texas Independence Day. In 1836, the Lone Star State went its own way, briefly, by declaring itself free from Mexico. Celebrate today's across-the-border good feeling with a bit of Tex-Mex for lunch: Kraft's new jalapeño pepper cheese slices (each one wrapped) on hamburgers.

Cheeseburgers
Shredded Lettuce and Tomato Salad
Three-layer Raisin-Rum Cake

3. It's National Peanut Week. About half of all peanuts produced go into peanut butter, but there are many other uses for this protein-rich food. For instance, Goober Nut Slaw: combine 5 cups shredded cabbage, ⅔ cup mayonnaise, 2 teaspoons each parsley, sugar, vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, and ½ cup chopped dry roasted peanuts.

Frankfurters ☐ Baked Beans
Goober Nut Slaw
Bittersweet Chocolate Sundae

4. National Procrastination Week. To give yourself time to do what you put off from yesterday, reach for one of Jeno's new Add 'n Heat dinners.

Celery and Black Olives
Chicken Tetrazzini with Noodles
Broccoli with Lemon Butter
Pear and Blue Cheese Salad
Coffee Parfait

5. Dieting is made easier with avocados, because they really "stick to the ribs," 150 filling calories per half. The California crop is in peak season now.

Broiled Mackerel
Spinach and Mushrooms
Avocado Half ☐ Lime Juice Dressing
Low-Calorie Cherry Gelatin

6. Shrove or Pancake Tuesday. In towns in Missouri and England, time for the International Pancake Race, where wives dash a quarter mile, skillet and pancake in hand, flipping twice en route. On your mark . . .

Orange Juice Frappe with Ginger
Pancakes (mix) ☐ Honey ☐ Blueberries
Sausage Cakes ☐ Croissants (frozen)

7. What else for Lent but lentils? Think beyond lentil soup to our super-quick Lentil Chicken Stew. In a saucepan combine 2 (10½-oz.) cans chicken soup with dumplings, 1 (16-oz.) can baby carrots, drained, 2 cups cooked lentils, 1 (4-oz.) can mushrooms, ½ cup frozen grated onion, 2 tablespoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon each salt and thyme, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Heat and serve.

Stuffed Tomato Salad
Lentil-Chicken Stew
Coconut Cream Pie

8. For a quick lunch Campbell's Curly Noodle Soup. Add a dash of sherry, garnish with watercress.

Curly Noodle Soup
Grilled Swiss Cheese Sandwiches
Spiced Tea

9. If you yearn for a fresh strawberry dessert, but the price of fresh berries seems high, try this substitute: Betty Crocker's Strawberry 'n Cream Cake Mix with Strawberry Cream Whipped Frosting.

Baked Chicken Breasts, Chablis Sauce
Buttered Green Asparagus
Herbed Rice (pkg.)
Boston Lettuce ☐ Dressing
Strawberry 'n Cream Cake

10. Go fly a kite at the Ocean Beach, Calif., Kite Festival. Then come home and dress up a store-bought angel food cake with marshmallow frosting and Durkee's Peppermint Flavored Coconut.

Beef Stew ☐ Swiss Cheese Dumplings
Buttered Spinach
Molded Black Cherry and Almond Salad
Peppermint 'Mallow Angel Cake

11. Sunday supper's a good time for kids to learn what fun it is to cook. This quick brownie recipe: Fold 2 (3-oz.) pkg. softened cream cheese and ½ cup chopped nuts into 1 (15½-oz.) pkg. brownie mix. Bake as directed.

Fresh Mushroom Soup
Submarine Sandwich ☐ Oregano Dressing
Potato Chips ☐ Assorted Relishes
Brownies

12. Start the week with the latest in salads—Salad Crispins from Swiss Chalet. Four crouton mixtures are available: we liked Italian style.

Roast Duck with Orange Sauce
Barley Pilaf ☐ Brussels Sprouts
Mixed Greens ☐ Salad Crispins
Red Cherry Criss-Cross Pie

13. Stuffing for meat and poultry is always a budget notion; it makes the meat go farther. New from Uncle Ben's is a Brown and Wild Rice with onions, mushrooms, and savory seasonings. Add 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Flank Steak with Brown and Wild Rice
French Peas ☐ Broiled Tomatoes
Pineapple, Grated Carrots, and Cress
Chocolate Almond Pudding

14. The sap of Vermont's stately sugar maple trees begins to run at the first hint of warm weather. Maple sugar or syrup is great in frostings, ice cream, candies, and sauces.

Chilled Cranapple Juice (bottle)
Chicken Pot Pie
Fried Potatoes ☐ Buttered Baby Limas
Maple Sugar Pie

15. The Ides of March and Caesar's last day back in 44 B.C., but his name lives on in Caesar salad. For a new twist add one of the new combination salad-seasoning spices. Includes everything you need.

Caesar Salad
Shoulder Lamb Chops ☐ Mint Sauce
Home Fried Potatoes with Rosemary
Baked Rice Pudding

16. We like to think that Dolley Madison made her famous seed cake for her husband's birthday on this day. Make yours by adding 2 tablespoons each poppy seeds and brandy to a pound cake mix (17-oz. size).

Chicken and Okra Soup
Crab Omelet ☐ Julienne Potatoes
Fruit and Walnut Salad
Poppy Seed Cake

17. St. Patrick's Day, a day to let your imagination run wild to serve things green and/or Irish.

Green Pea Soup ☐ Watercress Garnish
Sliced Corned Beef
Irish Potato Salad
Braised Cabbage
Irish Branbrack

18. Thin-skinned Florida Valencias are late-maturing oranges, available now and ideal for juice or sections. Whip up a brunch for the family.

Orange Sections in Almond Sugar
Waffles (pkg.) ☐ Loganberry Syrup
Little Smokies (pkg.)
Café Chantilly
(Cognac & Whipped Cream)

19. To celebrate the return of the swallows to Capistrano in California, we've concocted Soup Capistrano: rich, rich chicken broth, with sherry added to taste.

Soup Capistrano
Stew with Garbanzos
Western Lettuce Hearts, Dressing
Bread Pudding, Sherry Sauce

20. Give winter an extra push from the scene as they do in Michigan with their annual Snowman Burning—a ceremonial burning and eating of the snowman. We serve snow pudding.

Salad of Artichoke Hearts (frozen)
Salmon Steak ☐ New Potatoes
Mexican Vegetables (frozen)
Snow Pudding ☐ Sunshine Sauce

21. The month for Aries people. For these positive, often "fiery" folk, try a Red Eye. It's an eye opener. To ⅔ cup tomato juice, add ½ teaspoon lemon juice and ⅛ teaspoon each salt and Tabasco. Great for brunch.

Red Eye
Scrambled Eggs ☐ Canadian Bacon
Hot Cross Buns ☐ Coffee

22. Sears' new electric range with glass ceramic cooktop is a joy to use, as there are no coils, burners, or drip pans to take apart and clean.

Gazpacho Salad Soup
Salisbury Steak
with Herbed Mushroom Sauce
Italian Beans ☐ Chive Potatoes
Peach Melba

23. On this day in 1956 Pakistan declared itself a republic. Let's all celebrate with a simple Near East menu:

Feta Cheese and Olive Salad
Roast Pork ☐ Mint Chutney
Turmeric Rice with Raisins
Fried Zucchini
Baklava

24. Rhubarb is the harbinger of summer's fresh fruit bounty. The stalks are so delicious in pies that it is also known as pie plant. Stewed rhubarb and desserts of many kinds are equally delightful.

Roast Leg of Lamb
Scalloped Potatoes (frozen)
Green Beans ☐ Bibb Salad
Rhubarb and Strawberry Pie

25. Maryland Day commemorates Lord Baltimore's arrival in Maryland. Make his cake by adding ¼ cup each chopped pecans and almonds, ½ cup chopped candied cherries to a package of white frosting mix and frost a yellow cake.

Baked Bourbon-Glazed Ham
Yams ☐ Spinach Soufflé
Bowl of Crisp Greens
French Dressing
Lord Baltimore Cake

26. Entertaining on a week night? Dazzle them all with this quickie anchovy canapé idea: Mix 2 (2-oz.) cans anchovy fillets, 1 (8-oz.) pkg. cream cheese, 1 Tb. butter, and 2 tsp. mustard. Spread on crackers.

Anchovy canapés
Mint-Breaded Lamb Chops
Potato Puffs ☐ Peas and Baby Onions
Cherry Tarts

27. Vanilla beans are the fruit of an orchid vine, and most come from the Malagasy Republic—or Madagascar, as we've always known it. Foods flavored with the real thing may now carry a new trademark called Vanillamark.

Mixed Seafood Cocktail
Roast Eye of Round ☐ Baked Potato
Green Peas ☐ Watercress Salad
Real Vanilla Ice Cream

28. Next time you serve buttered spinach, add just a dash of nutmeg before serving. A hint of spring.

Savory Baked Liver
Oven-Creamed Potatoes with Peas
Buttered Spinach with Nutmeg
Baked Indian Pudding

29. John Tyler's Birthday. It's said he was fond of oysters and an old saying about the typical oyster supper of his day: "Oyster stew and oyster fry; oysters raw and oyster pie."

Scalloped Oysters
Broccoli with Lemon Butter
Celery Hearts and Olives
Sour Cream Walnut Cake

30. Celebrate the start of the weekend by relaxing over an after dinner coffee: half coffee, half cocoa, topped with sweetened whipped cream flavored with almond. Mmmmmm . . . TGIF.

Baked Tuna and Stuffing Casserole
Medley of Beans Vinaigrette
Brown and Serve Rolls
Peach Cheese Cake
Coco-Coffee

31. People are usually in a hurry on Saturday night. Time for quick dessert ideas. Here's one from Pillsbury: Fruit 'n Crunch Snack and Dessert Cake Mixes. Apple, cherry, or blueberry.

Turkey Roll Sandwich, Country Gravy
Potatoes au Gratin with Carrots
Molded Cranberry Salad
Blueberry Fruit 'n Crunch

Here's what Myra Waldo wanted to know about her new General Electric microwave cooking center.



Myra Waldo has written more cookbooks than any other person. Some of her most popular cookbooks include: *The Complete Round the World Cookbook, Myra Waldo's Chinese Cookbook* and *The Complete Book of Wine Cookery.* Miss Waldo's questions about microwave cooking are part of a continuing series answered by General Electric.

Q. How does microwave cooking differ from conventional cooking?

A. In conventional cooking, the air or liquid surrounding the food is heated and heats the surface of the food. This heat is conducted into the interior of the food and cooks it. In microwave cooking, the microwave energy is absorbed only by the food and does not heat the surrounding air. This energy causes the food molecules to vibrate against each other, resulting in friction and creating heat which is conducted through the food and cooks it faster. General Electric markets two complete microwave cooking centers (Model J896 and Model J856), plus a countertop portable microwave oven (Model JET 80). Cooking speed varies with the type of food being prepared, but here are some comparison times:

FOOD	CONVENTIONAL COOKING TIME	MICROWAVE COOKING TIME
Chili	35 Min	15 Min
Thaw Frozen Fruit	10 Min	2 Min
Lasagna	45 Min	17 Min
Stuffed Peppers (6)	60 Min	22 Min
Brownies	25 Min	9 Min
Salmon Loaf	60 Min	14 Min
Scalloped Potatoes	90 Min	21 Min

Q. Can I put something from the freezer directly into a microwave oven?

A. Yes. Frozen vegetables (even those in cooking pouches), frozen package entrees and home-frozen dishes can all be prepared quickly and easily with microwave energy. You can soften ice cream or butter to serving consistency in only a few seconds. Meats, depending on size and thickness, generally take only minutes to thaw.

Q. Can I make pastries in my microwave oven?

A. Yes. You can expect excellent results with General Electric's complete microwave cooking centers because they have heating elements to provide the conventional heat for browning, while the microwaves provide the speed in cooking. Our portable microwave oven is very effective for pastries which do not require a brown crust for appearance, such as brownies.

Q. When foods are cooked in liquids, does the liquid boil out more rapidly than in conventional ovens?

A. No. There's usually more liquid left because of the shorter cooking time. In a conventional oven, heat and longer cooking time result in more evaporation of liquids and natural juices.

Q. Will a potato skin turn crisp in the baking process?

A. Yes. By using the combination of microwave energy and conventional heat in the General Electric complete microwave cooking centers, potato skins can become very crisp. However, in our portable microwave oven, the natural moisture in a potato keeps the skin moist, and because of the speed of microwave cooking, the skin does not dry out enough to become crisp.



Q. Can I bake a soufflé in my microwave oven?

A. Yes. You can create superb soufflés with a General Electric complete microwave cooking center because it supplies conventional heat for browning at the same time the microwaves are baking the soufflé. Because soufflés require delicate treatment, they're not recommended for our portable oven.

Q. Does a microwave oven require any special electrical installation?

A. No. The total connected load of a General Electric complete microwave cooking center is about the same as required by comparable electric range models. Our portable microwave oven requires only a standard 120 volt, 15 ampere grounded outlet.

Q. Is my microwave oven self-cleaning?

A. Yes. General Electric's complete microwave cooking centers feature our P-7® Total-Clean™ oven, because they also have a conventional oven and conventional heat bakes on food spills and splatter. The surfaces inside our portable microwave oven remain cool enough so food soils don't bake on. You can clean them easily with a damp cloth.

Q. Can I get my microwave oven serviced easily, should I ever need it?

A. Yes. General Electric's Customer Care Service Everywhere goes with every microwave oven we sell. It's our pledge that wherever you are, or go, there's a qualified GE serviceman nearby.



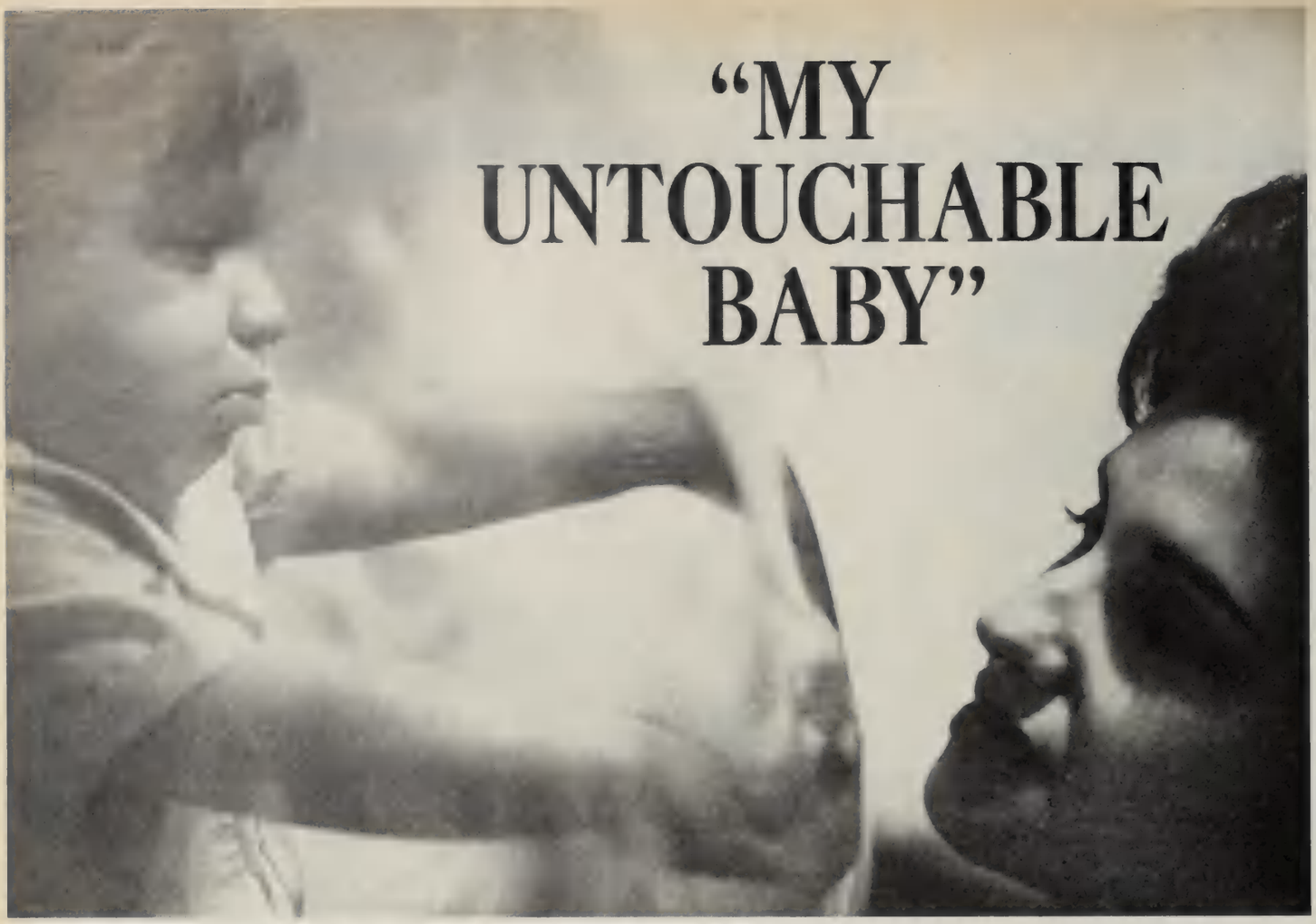
If you'd like to know more about microwave cooking, write: General Electric, Dept. M.O., Ap4-206A, Appliance Park, Louisville, Kentucky 40225.

Microwave cooking... another reason why General Electric is America's #1 major appliance value.

Number 2 in a series.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

"MY UNTOUCHABLE BABY"



David Phillip (last name withheld) is one year old. He lives with his parents and sister 40 miles from Houston, Tex. Because of a rare hereditary disease, David must live his life inside a plastic bubble, isolated from the world, and his loved ones, by transparent walls—alive, but untouched and untouchable. Photographs and text by Ernie Baxter.



Carol knew the risks of bearing a son. "But if I had it to do over, I wouldn't change it."

The bubble takes up most of the space in what was once the dining room of the family's comfortable, ranch-style home. It is approximately 12 feet long and three feet wide and rests on a two-by-four base. Because it is made entirely of plastic, it looks very fragile; when I first saw it I found myself afraid to touch it for fear it would burst. At the same moment I first saw the bubble, I spied the small, moving figure inside. It was like looking into a fishbowl once the glass has become clouded and seeing something living and moving inside. The beautiful, dark-haired child playing within looked healthy and happy. In fact, I suddenly realized, he looked and acted as any one-year-old child would look and act if put inside a big plastic-covered playpen filled with toys.

But then I noticed the fans leading to the air-filtration system that sifts every germ and bacteria particle from the air little David breathes. And I remembered—this child has a terminal disease for which there is no known cure. Any exposure to our normal environment would be fatal to him in a very short while. Unless a cure is found, David's home for the rest of his life will always be some kind of "bubble."

David suffers from a rare hereditary disease known as Combined Immune Deficiency Disease. It occurs once every 32,000 births. The disease is linked to the X chromosome, which means that females can be carriers but only males are affected. Carol, David's mother, is a carrier; David was born with a severe form of Immune Deficiency. He has no thymus gland and no lymph nodes. He was born without tonsils. He doesn't have an adequate supply of white blood cells, and the few white cells he does have are incapable of producing antibodies. This means that David's body is incapable of fighting off any kind of disease or infection. Without a defense system, even a common cold would quickly overwhelm him and kill him. To keep him alive and "healthy" until a cure can be found, doctors at the Texas Medical Center in Houston have designed and built a huge, air-tight, germ-free plastic capsule called an Isolator. Except for the first 30 seconds of his life, David has never been outside that bubble. He has never been touched by an ungloved hand.

Little David is not the first son born to Carol and David Sr. Their first boy, David Joseph, Jr., died two years ago last Thanksgiving—of the same disease. "The *(continued)*



Until a cure is found for his disease, David's world will be an air-tight, germ-free capsule such as the Isolator, shown at right. Food, toys, and clothing are passed in to him through a decontamination unit. He can be held and cuddled only by means of black rubber gloves built into the bubble's side. For now, David seems a happy child. But, as one doctor asks, what happens when he decides he no longer wants to live in an envelope?

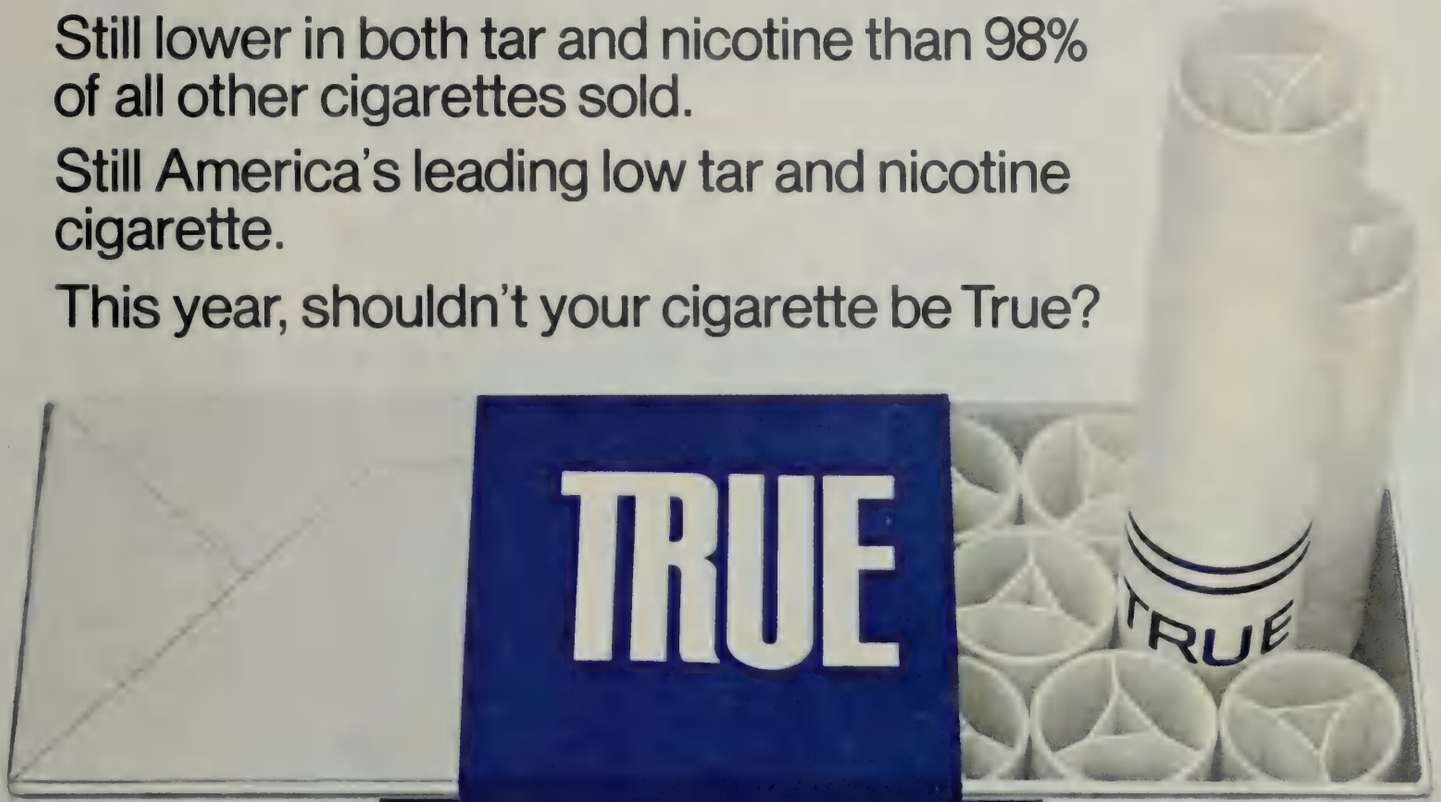
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Still lowest in both tar and nicotine of the top 20 brands.

Still lower in both tar and nicotine than 98% of all other cigarettes sold.

Still America's leading low tar and nicotine cigarette.

This year, shouldn't your cigarette be True?



20 CLASS A CIGARETTES

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LATEST U.S. GOVERNMENT TESTS:
12 MGS. TAR, 0.8 MGS. NICOTINE

Regular: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

baby was six months and twenty days old when we lost him," Carol said as she sat beside her husband at their kitchen table. She held her daughter Katherine in her lap. Katherine has a 25 percent chance of being a carrier. The little girl is too young to understand what is being said, but intuitively she seems to know that her family is somehow different.

"Our first indication that anything was wrong came when our first son became ill," Carol said, her voice roughened by the strain of talking about something still so painful. "He was sick for two months before they could find out what was wrong with him. You see, at first he was normal. But then, when he was three months old, he started vomiting. He got diarrhea. The doctor thought it was his diet. Finally we decided to admit the baby to Texas Children's Hospital at Baylor University Medical School for a series of tests.

Just like a vegetable

"They could find nothing wrong with him. But the baby continued to lose weight. He was obviously sick. He just lay there. He slept a lot and he couldn't retain anything. We took him back to Texas Children's, and that's when they pinpointed it." Carol set her empty coffee cup down and looked out of the kitchen window. "They were trying to clear up the pneumonia," she said, "but they never could. They gave him a bone marrow transplant. Katherine was the donor. It probably would have worked if they could have cleared up the pneumonia. But they never could."

Carol got up to pour more coffee. "After the tragedy of losing David Joseph, there was a terrible void in our lives. The only way to fill that void was to have another baby. I became pregnant almost immediately. The doctors ran tests and found out that it was a boy. That meant there was a fifty-fifty chance of his being born with Combined Immune Deficiency. They offered us an abortion, but I didn't want that. We conceived the child knowing that we were taking a chance. We just said to ourselves that it wasn't going to happen to us again. God wouldn't do that to us a second time."

Her husband, David, Sr., nodded silently in agreement, then stood up to leave. It was time for him to begin his 40-mile trip to his job in Houston. "Conceiving David was silly, really," Carol continued, "but if I had it to do over, I wouldn't change it. Not after having the baby—even under these conditions. Little David was sent here for a purpose—not just to help fill our lives. He's doing work; he's helping the medical community. He's helping us all. He's helping us to understand ourselves and to understand others. He's helping us to love."

Carol walked her husband to the door. She sipped her coffee and searched for the words to express the deeper emotions. "My husband and I would never intentionally bring an afflicted child into the world. If the doctors had said that the child would definitely be born with the disease, we would never have done it. But we did not believe that it would happen to us again. [Statistically, the disease strikes only one male in four.] One of the reasons we got married was to have children. One of the first things my husband said after I agreed to marry him was that he wanted to have a son." Carol excused herself and left the room to dry her eyes "I'm sorry," she said when she returned, "but sometimes it's hard for me to talk about it."

Dark-haired, doe-eyed David Phillip is much like a normal child. He laughs a lot. He cries. He has learned that the plastic walls of his capsule are fun to bounce on, so he bounces from one wall to the other as he plays. He recognizes both parents and runs to them for love and affection when they approach. With the help of rubber gloves built into the side of the Isolator, they can respond by holding him, feeding him, changing him, and cradling him to sleep. David recognizes his sister, and she in turn knows that the tiny figure inside the bubble is her brother. He recognizes the doctors, and knows the difference between friends and strangers. He recognizes things like hypodermic needles and cries when he sees one. He is above average in physical development. He is undergoing intensive therapy for a speech problem, but otherwise he is bright and comprehending and easily disciplined.

I watched David playing happily. But soon the sound of the air filtration motors broke into my thoughts. I remembered, as I looked at the soft, fuzzy toys, that before anything is passed to David through the decontamination unit it must first be examined for sharp corners or ragged edges—anything that might rip through the plastic skin of the bubble. I looked around at the boxes of food that have been shipped from the hospital to David's home, food that must be carefully sterilized before David can eat it. I noticed just inside the front door, the shiny new generator kept in perfect working order in case of a power failure—even though the electric company has installed a special line for just such an emergency. And across the street, a neighbor—the family's closest friend—keeps a van specially equipped to transport David and the bubble to the hospital twice a month for his week-long visits.

Texas Medical Center is a sprawling complex of enormous buildings located in the center of Houston. It is here that David Phillip spends more than half his life, because it is here that most of the intensive research into Combined Immune Deficiency Disease is now being done—around the clock. Every millimeter of David's body is constantly being examined for some idea, some hunch, some clue. He is the tenth baby to be admitted to Texas Children's Hospital for treatment of Immune Deficiency. Because of the newly designed Isolator, David has survived the longest. (Attending doctors have forbidden the parents to reveal their last name for fear that some maniac, after reading about little David, might attempt to "free him" by destroying the bubble.)

The usual procedure in cases such as David's is to attempt a bone marrow transplant. If the transplant is successful, the donor marrow starts to manufacture those cells that the child lacks. However, in order to attempt a transplant, a donor must be found who is genetically similar to the child. This means the donor must come from the immediate family. Here, too, David lost the flip of the genetic coin. His sister, who was a perfect genetic match for the first son, does not come close to matching David's genetic composition. Any attempt to use a nonmatching donor would kill him.

"There are those who say that it might be a mistake to keep this child alive," said Dr. Raefield Wilson as we walked toward Texas Children's Hospital to check on David. Dr. Wilson, who was primarily responsible for the design and construction of the Isolator, is the doctor who baptized David seconds after the child was born. He is also the baby's godfather. (Dr. Mary Ann South, who is currently in charge of David's case, and is also coordinator of the various connected research projects, is the baby's godmother.) "They say if you can't really cure him, if he's not going to live a normal, productive life, he will become a burden to himself and to others. And the longer he lives, the more distressing his death will be

(continued on page 161)

Another case of "The Drabs" cured by Happiness.®



Before Happiness.



After Happiness and setting.

"The Drabs" is dull, drab, or graying hair, which leads to (sob) depression.

Young women, 18 to 34, often suffer from "The Drabs."

But there *is* a cure! It's Happiness®. The wonderful no-peroxide haircolor from Clairol that lasts through 4 or 5 shampoos.

It takes 15 minutes—and no previous experience with haircolor—to use Happiness.

Just pick the shade closest to your own color. Foam it in. After 15 minutes, rinse it out.

You'll have glorious Clairol color. Lovely softness—Happiness actually contains conditioner. And no problems from peroxide. (Remember, we said there *isn't* any peroxide.)

Now, no woman need suffer from "The Drabs." She can have Happiness! From Clairol.



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goodbye loose pantyhose!

Pantyhose with hug-fitting "Lycra*" *Stretch* are here. In super-sheer, control-top and, of course, support.



Lycra", that little hug of a fiber you love, is happening now in sheerly beautiful pantyhose. So fine, so sheer you'll never recognize it as the fiber you dote on in foundations. We've thinned it. Refined it. And come up with a new, super-sheer, hug-fitting pantyhose. In a whole collection of styles. Ask to see pantyhose with new hug-fitting "Lycra*" *Stretch*. Today. At stores everywhere.

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HUG FITTING LYCRA *STRETCH* SPANDEX

* Pont registered trademark for its spandex fiber.
Pont makes fibers, not pantyhose.



Dorothy Lambert Brightbill

One of the nicest things about these handsome handbags is that they do not require expensive blocking and mounting. All three needlepoint handbags are worked on a special plastic canvas that gives body and maintains the shape of the bags. It never stretches or becomes distorted. Brass handle fittings are included in kits where shown. We could not resist the delightful little boxed crocheted straw bag; the size is 7½ by 8 inches and boxing is 2 inches wide. The jolly Cardinal and Owl boxed tote bag has double brass handles and measures 9 by 12 inches, boxing is 3 inches. The Classic Wild Rose tote has an unusual shape with double brass link-chain handles and it measures 10 by 13 inches by 3 inches at bottom. The standard tote at bottom of the rack has a double self handle and it measures 11½ by 12 inches.

86 Photograph by Ben Swedowsky

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You're just at the age when you start to know what you're doing. Then up crops the old myth that sex is only for the young. Relax. Enjoy. Love's candles won't go out for years.

BY SONDRA GORNEY AND CLAIRE COX

Laughter greeted Cornelia Otis Skinner on her return home from a confidential interview with Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey when, during the early 1950's, he was collecting the sex secrets of American women. Her husband and son were convulsed at the thought that the actress-author, in her dignified middle age, had been deemed an appropriate subject for interrogation about her sex life. Whatever in the world, they demanded to know, could *she* possibly have to tell Dr. Kinsey that would be of scientific interest?

Her family's reaction may reflect a typical attitude toward the middle-aged woman when it comes to matters of sex. Somehow, it is difficult for young people to believe that a mother —or, heaven forbid, a grandmother!—could possibly enjoy the marriage bed. But the late Dr. Kinsey and his team of investigators reported that the facts are quite the contrary. In their famous study, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, Kinsey and his colleagues observed that women tend to become *less* inhibited and *more* interested in sex as they move through their 40's into their 50's—and even on to their 60's.

In another notable study, Dr. William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson of the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis found "significant sexual capacity and effective sexual performance" among 61 women aged 40 to 78. In their book, *Human Sexual Response*, Masters and Johnson concluded that "the aging human female is fully capable of sexual performance at orgasmic response levels, particularly if she is exposed regularly to effective sexual stimulation.... In short, there is no time limit to female sexuality."

The Masters and Johnson and the Kinsey studies found no absence of sexual satisfaction among women beyond the age of menopause. Rather, many women said they had benefited because they were no longer inhibited by the fear of pregnancy. Another boon to the middle-aged woman is the fact that she is likely to have completed the job of child-rearing and, once released from the physical, mental, and emotional demands of motherhood, may be filled with new vim and vigor. In seeking fresh outlets for her energy, her interest in sexual activity may be heightened.

Unfortunately, our cultural attitudes inhibit the middle-aged and elderly in expressing themselves sexually. Women especially have suffered from inhibitions, (*continued on page 132*)

Copyright © 1973 by Claire Cox and Sondra K. Gorney. From their book "After Forty," to be published by The Dial Press. Photograph by Charles Gold

Sisters

How do sisters feel about each other? Is there much jealousy? What if both like the same man? To find out, the JOURNAL talked to five pairs of famous sisters. We think you'll be fascinated by what they say about each other—especially if you happen to have a sister of your own. **By Mary Fiore**

Through the ages, the relationship between sisters has been the subject of books, plays, songs, and poems. Depending on who was writing, the spectrum of sisterly feelings ran the gamut—from enmity to friendship. Wrote Rudyard Kipling: "Never praise one sister to another sister in the hopes of your compliments reaching the proper ears." English poet Christina Rossetti, on the other hand, felt: "For there is no friend like a sister,/ In calm or stormy weather,/ To cheer one on the tedious way,/ To fetch one if one goes astray/ . . ."

We thought it would be interesting to see exactly how five sets of well-known sisters feel about each other. Are they friends—enemies? The JOURNAL interviewed each sister separately. All talked openly about one other, revealing feelings that will strike a chord of familiarity among sisters everywhere.

Joan Bennett Kennedy, wife of Senator Edward M. Kennedy, and her sister Candace (Candy) Bennett McMurrey, were interviewed and photographed at Candy's home in Houston, Tex. Candy's husband, Robert McMurrey, is an attorney.



JOAN TALKS ABOUT CANDY

I haven't thought of Candy as a younger sister since I was 18. We became complete contemporaries then; we used to double date a lot. Candy is outgoing and lively and I love those qualities in her. Candy is my best friend. I'm lucky to have someone like her for a sister. It's nice to have a sister, and when she turns out to be a best friend—that's lucky, isn't it?

With Candy, I laugh an awful lot; I can kick off my shoes, say any silly thing that pops into my head, and not have to worry that feelings will be hurt and I'll have to soothe them. We accept each other as we are; we don't want to change anything. We do things together, and we each do our own thing. My thing is music; Candy's is art. After college she went to art school. She's wonderful with colors. She did most of the paintings here in her house, and I bet she never mentioned that to you. She also has a small decorating business here in Houston—a part-time thing. Her husband Bob encourages her to keep up with her painting and her decorating and the things she enjoys—just as Ted encourages me to keep up with my music.



Candace Bennett McMurrey
and her sister,
Joan Bennett Kennedy

Photograph by Otto Stupakoff

Sisters

Lately, I've been encouraging Candy and Bob to come skiing with Ted and me. The one and only time Candy was on skis was when she was 16. I was 18. We were on a slope in New Hampshire with our dates. The boys suggested we go all the way to the top and ski down. Wanting to impress them with our daring, neither of us admitted that I had only been on skis once before and that this was Candy's first time out. On the way down, Candy fell and broke her leg. She hasn't been on skis since. But I think she's beginning to weaken about getting "back on the boards," as they say. Her boys are at a good age to learn to ski and she could learn right along with them.

Candy's a doer; she's always on the go. She just moved into this house and she got tired of waiting for the painter to come—so she had the paints mixed to her specifications, got a ladder and brushes, and painted one bedroom, then the den. If that painter doesn't get here soon, my sister will have done the entire house herself. That's Candy. She makes things happen.





CANDY TALKS ABOUT JOAN

Next to my husband Bob, Joan is my best friend. I see her as often as I can. When each of us got married we made a pact to see one another at least once a year—she'd visit me once and I'd visit her. We've stuck to that pact. Joan is 22 months older than I am, but she's never given me a little-sister complex. Well, yes, once she did. She was 14 and I was still 12, and she was going out on her first date. I was too young to date so I sat glumly

(continued on page 155)



Top left: Jamie Curtis, 14, and Kelly Curtis, 16, daughters of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh

Top right: Nancy Sinatra, 32, and Tina Sinatra, 24, daughters of Nancy and Frank Sinatra

Right: Katy and Laurie MacMurray, 16, twin daughters of June Haver and Fred MacMurray.

Opposite page: Zsa Zsa (left) and Eva Gabor

Photographs by Otto Stupakoff



Photograph by Sherman Weissburd

CLOTHES FOR DAY & NIGHT PEOPLE

There are day people and there are night people. And then there are the others, who like most of us, are a little bit of both. It used to be very confusing for all these people to dress. There were daytime dresses and cocktail dresses and evening dresses. It was all very expensive, too. And unnecessary. These days a single wardrobe will do if it's well chosen. A small collection of low-key, well-cut classics can have a chameleon quality. Accessorize one way and you're a night person. Another, and you're a daytime type. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.



The shirtdress: *By day this fluid beige jersey shirtdress by Anne Fogarty goes to the office with a patterned scarf at the neck, a narrow leather belt, sturdy sling back pumps and touches of tailored gold jewelry. The office—Knoll International.*



By night, the effect is pale and romantic with ropes and ropes of warm-hued pearls, ivory panty hose, and pale satin pumps. A dressy gold watch and jeweled clutch bag complete this soft evening look. Photographed at the ANTA theater in New York.



Fashion, Accessory, and Menswear information on page 131.



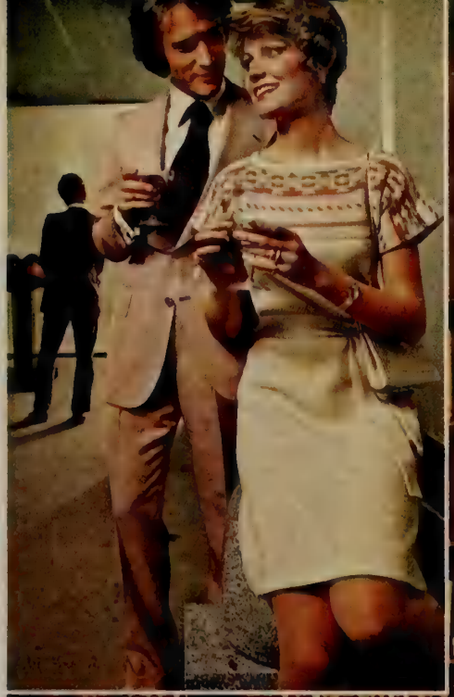
The man-tailored pantsuit: *By night this gray wool pantsuit looks surprisingly feminine worn with a fragile pink ruffled shirt, soft gray hose, and sexy platform sandals. The whole effect is accompanied by huge square cut "diamond" earrings, a rhinestone belt, and other bits of glitter here and there. Pantsuit by Marshall Klugman for John MacDougall.*



By day the suit is ready to travel anywhere worn with a tailored plaid shirt and chunky walking shoes. A scarlet jersey turban, fake ivory beads, and a reptile belt help brighten the day. At the TWA terminal —Kennedy Airport.

Photographs by Hal Davis.
Hairstyles by Christiaan.





The sweater dress, right:
By night this softly ashed knitted chemise urveys the art scene at he Waddell Gallery. pale satin quilted bag on a gold chain, gold oop earrings, a dressy watch, and gold and ivory rings subtly help attract attention. To complete the evening ok, ivory tights blend with satin pumps (not shown). Dress by orgio di Sant' Angelo for Great Times.

By day it's a jumper, yered over a caramel-colored turtleneck weater. Also added: a skinny leather belt, porty wood and ivory ngles, toast-tone panty hose, and luggage colored shoes.

wrap jacket t, left:
night he removes the g wrap jacket of this ch gabardine suit to eal a gray matte sey halter. With it go endant on a fine er chain mixed in h strands of tiny rls; dressy buckled mps, pale gray tights, l a satin brocaded ning purse. Suit by ctor Joris for ddlecoat. The taurant is Maxwell's m.

day a rust-colored lored shirt goes under tuxedo-lapeled ket for a shopping pedition to Boutique lmain in New York. unky beads and own leather strapped tch, pumps (not own) and envelope complete this chic time look.

essory and Shopping rmation on page 131.

Tables: Double Dressing

Two cloths are better than one—and so are two prints. Dress a bedroom with a frankly feminine table: Here, a large-scaled flame-stitch cotton print circles a round table; over it, a fragile, flowered square with a shirred border and picot-edged bow knots. If two prints are too much for you, replace one with a solid color.



Photographs by Charles Gold. Brunschwig & Fils fabrics, left; & Vice Versa fabrics, right. Shopping information on page 131.

Layer a table with a bold flower and animal print. Crown it with a small-scaled paisley square in matching colors. Quilt the borders or add jumbo welting for extra dimension and individuality. Instructions for making are on page 158. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.



DINAH

WHY SHE LOOKS GREAT

By Sally Obre, Beauty Editor

On television, you might chalk up the brilliant effect to careful camera angles and good lighting. But seen at close range in the studio you realize she's the real thing. After three decades in show business Dinah Shore—singer, actress and talk show hostess—is still in full bloom. As she interviews actor Hal Holbrook for her half-hour morning show, Dinah exudes a sense of well-being. Her dark brown eyes are alive. Her skin is enviably fresh and taut. Her 123 pounds sit firmly on her 5′ 6″ frame. After the taping, we talked to Dinah about her staying power:

"Not being pretty really helped. I never sat back and said 'look, I'm pretty.' Nobody ever said I was. So I always worked on my appearance."
Even as a teen-ager growing up in Tennessee Dinah experimented a lot with makeup. In those days she'd send away for any product advertised in the magazines that promised to make her beautiful. In Hollywood, she watched the makeup men and refined her technique. Although she's hooked on makeup, she uses it sparingly. "It took me a while to learn that too much makeup, especially a lot of powder, is aging," she said.

"It was lucky I always wore makeup because it protected my skin."
Although she's always been an outdoors girl, Dinah's skin doesn't suggest years of overexposure to the sun. It was always protected by her foundation. These days she also wears a sun bloc under her makeup to shield her from the California sun. When she plays tennis or goes boating she adds a visored hat. As a result Dinah's skin doesn't have that cracked, parchment look too many outdoors women we know have.

"Although I always wanted to have a smooth, round face, I've discovered I'm fortunate in having hollow cheekbones. If you don't gain too much weight, your skin always stays pretty."
While Dinah still likes to soften the contours of her face with her makeup, she is lucky to have a strong bone structure. Not only does it give her skin staying power, but it makes her very photogenic.

"I don't have a weight problem because I don't take seconds."
When Dinah's weight starts edging over the 125-lb. mark, she knows she's in trouble. She starts eating smaller portions. Working hard is one of her most effective means of weight control. The two days a week that she tapes her show she is usually too busy and too tired to eat a lot. Those days she starts off with a big breakfast. The day we visited, it consisted of orange juice, bacon, eggs, grits, rye toast with butter and coffee.

"I love to exercise. Tennis, swimming, and I really love golf."
Dinah plays weekend doubles with friends. But for a really good work out she plays with a tennis pro. She adores golf, but plays less than she'd like because as a single woman she is barred from joining any of the Los Angeles clubs. "It's so old hat. Of course they let single men join."

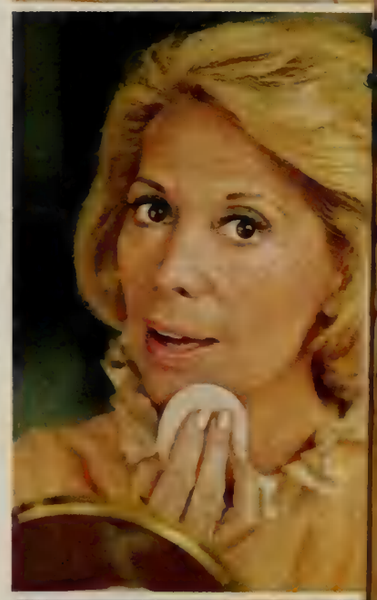
"As a child I had polio. Struggling hard to beat something may have given me a drive I wouldn't have otherwise had."
At 18 months, Dinah had to learn to walk again. She underwent physical therapy, she swam and studied ballet. "I had a mother who wouldn't let me stop." Today when Dinah jogs with her two grownup children she outlasts them. "I'm not competitive—it's just the way I feel."

"In staying young, a feeling of achievement and being loved makes a big difference—and having the ability to love. I think a lot of women aren't giving enough. I really like to give."



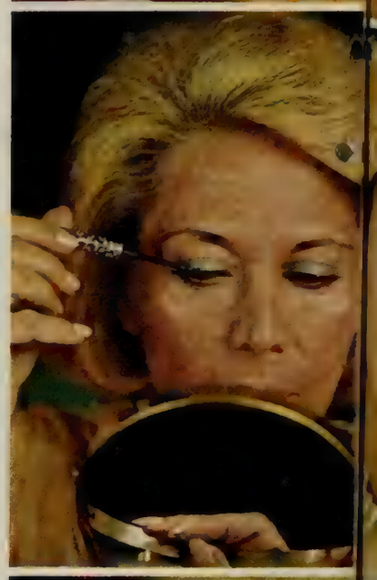
Clean skin is essential in Dinah's beauty regimen. She applies cleansing lotion followed by warm water. The process is often repeated three times.

Over a moisturizer goes a light golden foundation to balance her natural skin tone.



Next, a darker foundation with a rosy tone is patted on.

A light dusting of powder goes on with a dry sponge. The powder, she says, helps set her makeup for the day.



A thin line of taupe liquid eyeliner goes on her upper lid.

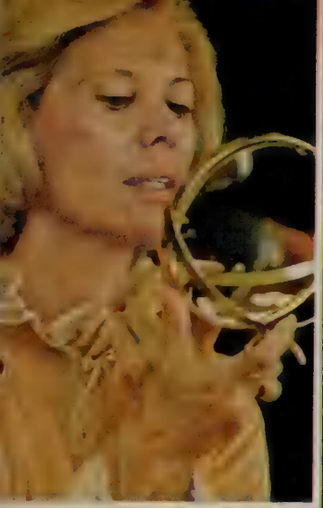
Dinah thinks her dark brown eyes are her best feature. She highlights them with a taupe eyeshadow.

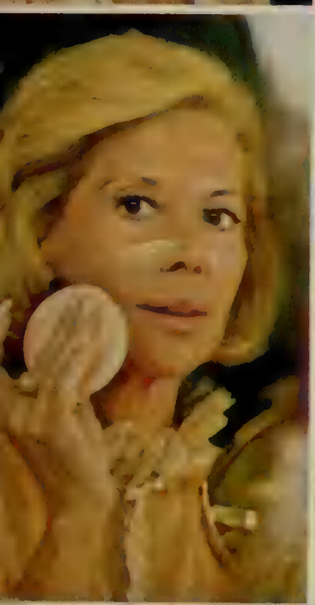


Dark mascara is applied to top and lower lashes. Dinah says she feels naked without her false lashes. (They don't look "fake" because they're short and she trims them to the natural contour of her eyes.)

Instead of rouge, she applies a matte finish rose shader that goes over her cheekbones and the bridge of her nose. On her lips goes a soft coral lipstick. Dinah stays away from harsh, unnatural colors.

Photographs by Arthur Elgort











DINAH

WHY SHE LOOKS GREAT

By Sally Obre

On television, you might chalk up the brilliant effect to careful camera angles and good lighting. But seen at close range in the studio you realize she's the real thing. After three decades in show business Dinah Shore—singer, actress and talk show hostess—is still in full bloom. As she interviews actor Hal Holbrook for her half-hour morning show, Dinah exudes a sense of well-being. Her dark brown eyes are alive. Her skin is enviably fresh and taut. Her 123 pounds sit firmly on her 5′ 6″ frame. After the taping, we talked to Dinah about her staying power:

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A happy combination: mattress ticking and multi-colored machine stitched trimming. The ticking stripe provides an easy stitching guide. Jacket and dress: Simplicity #5508. Freund, Freund fabric.



Our spring collection has the edge. The season's best looks—dolman-sleeved jackets, wrap coats, cardigan jackets, smock dresses, and floppy hats—take on special excitement with our own machine-made trims. The one-of-a kind colorful borders and satin-stitched appliqué designs can be created by you on your own sewing machine, too. Most machines now do a zig zag and a satin stitch as well as a number of other patterns—just check your instruction book to discover which ones. Then start experimenting, as we did in our workroom, with different combinations of stitches and threads. Feel free to steal our ideas. (A tip: Do decorative stitching or appliqués before assembling pieces.) By Nora O'Leary, Patterns Editor.

Create your own fabric with satin stitching, apply stripes of colorful Marimekko cotton on to canvas. The wrap coat, Simplicity #5190. Stanley Looms canvas, Adolfo II hat.

Photographs by Otto Stupakoff. Backviews on page 152.



Colorful rows of machine stitching detail the crown seams and brim of a gay orange denim hat. Simplicity #5422.



The desert flowers on a canvas cowgirl shirt with gingham trim. Appliqué is decoratively stitched. Simplicity #5517.



The wrap wool skirt, with the special cachet of an appliquéd monogram and border trimming. Simplicity #5521.



A navy cardigan accented in satin stitching; bands of appliquéd ribbon trim the sleeves and pockets. Simplicity #5193.



The judo jacket in mattress ticking edged in decorative stitching and braid trim. Simplicity #5685. Willie Woo beads.



The gingham battle jacket. The star effect is created by rows of triangle stitching on check. Simplicity #5422.



An Edge on Spring

The smock dress, a great little girl look with geometric top-stitched trim. Simplicity #5405. Brunschwig Fils gingham. Adolfo hat. K.J.L. white cross.



Brazilian Roast Pork and Black Beans

Tinga Poblana—Mexican Pork Shoulder Stew

Pork Loin with Olives

GOOD CHEAP FOOD

Journal Cookbook of the Month: Number 77 in a Series

Good Cheap Food (Viking, $6.95) is a cookbook for skin-flint gourmets, says its author Miriam Ungerer. Unlike most budget-minded books, however, one simply forgets there's any penny-pinching going on here. The author's premise is that the best food doesn't always bear the biggest price tag. Who is to say, for example, that beef tenderloin is intrinsically better than fresh ham (which costs half the price) – especially when it's the author's Roast Pig en Sanglier marinated in cider? Her recipes for pork are on page 123.



Roast Pig en Sanglier—Marinated Pork, with Cranberries

pyright © 1973 by Miriam Ungerer. From "Good Cheap Food," by Miriam Ungerer, to be published by the Viking Press, Inc. Photograph by Arthur Beck. Silver by James Robinson, New York City.

TUNA A FISH FOR A FEAST

Tuna may be America's most popular fish, but it is also one of its least understood. In this country it's too often pigeonholed as a lowly lunch-time snack. The French and Italians know better. They cook with it, they make sauces with it, creating great dishes fit for a feast. It's an example worth following. Try tuna blended with ricotta and nuts stuffed into jumbo pasta shells and topped with a savory tomato sauce (below). Or try tuna in a pâté spiced with anchovy, olives, and capers and baked in a flaky pastry crust for a sensational appetizer. Or marinate tuna with fresh green beans and onions and serve in a ripe tomato boat for an elegant—and inexpensive—fish feast. (Both shown at right.) Canned tuna, by the way, continues to be one of the best buys on the supermarket shelf. The two most common grades are the fancy solid white meat albacore tuna. Less expensive, but equally good eating, is the chunk tuna. The latter is perfect for recipes like the pâté or pasta where the tuna is flaked. Use the fancy tuna where it shows off to advantage. Recipes, page 120. By Margaret Happel, Food Editor





Photographs by Charles Gold



WORK WONDERS WITH INSTANT BREAKFASTS

The great untapped talent of packaged convenience foods is the convenience they can bring to the making of all manner of other dishes. The new protein-fortified instant breakfasts, available in a soda fountain's worth of flavors, are a case in point. Experimenting in our kitchens we used them to enhance these dishes: (1) Chicken with Piquante Sauce (2) Sweet Potato Bavarian Dessert: both are flavored with egg nog instant breakfast (3) Fruit Soup with white wine uses the strawberry breakfast (4) Tortillas with Beef Mole uses chocolate flavor (5) Coffee Spice Cake uses coffee flavor (6) Creamed Vegetable Tartlets, vanilla. Recipes on page 122.

Photograph by Michael O'Neill

Stop working on company time.

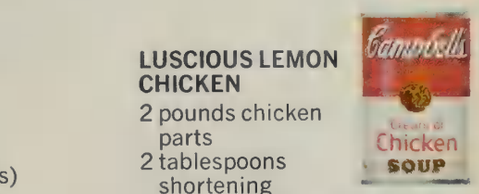
Make the main dish ahead with Campbell's and enjoy the meal along with the guests.



ROMAN HOLIDAY BAKE

1 pound ground beef
½ pound hot Italian sausage, cut in ½-inch slices
1 cup chopped onion
2 teaspoons oregano leaves, crushed
1 can Campbell's Cheddar Cheese Soup
1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Tomato Soup
1 cup water
4 cups cooked wide noodles
4 slices (about 4 ounces) Cheddar cheese, cut in half diagonally

In skillet, brown beef and cook sausage and onion with oregano until done; stir to separate meat (use shortening if necessary). Pour off fat. Add soups and water. Chill overnight. In separate container, chill noodles overnight. Combine meat mixture and noodles; pour into 2-quart shallow baking dish (12x8x2"). Cover; place in cold oven. Bake at 400°F. for 40 minutes or until hot; stir. Top with cheese; bake until cheese melts. Makes about 7 cups.



LUSCIOUS LEMON CHICKEN

2 pounds chicken parts
2 tablespoons shortening
1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon tarragon leaves, crushed
Dash pepper
Lemon slices

In skillet, brown chicken in shortening; pour off fat. Add remaining ingredients except lemon slices. Cover; cook over low heat 45 minutes or until tender. Stir now and then. Chill overnight. Reheat in covered skillet about 15 minutes or until hot. Stir now and then. Garnish with lemon. Makes 4 servings.



Anything worth cooking is worth Campbell's.

SAUCY SIRLOIN SURPRISE

1½ pounds boneless sirloin steak (1-inch thick)
2 tablespoons shortening
1 can Campbell's Golden Mushroom Soup
¾ cup water
2 tablespoons sherry
1 large clove garlic, minced
1 medium bay leaf
1 package (9 ounces) frozen whole green beans

Trim fat from meat; cut into 1-inch cubes. In skillet, brown meat in shortening; pour off fat. Add remaining ingredients except beans. Cover; cook over low heat 1 hour; stir now and then. Remove bay leaf. Chill overnight. In skillet, combine meat mixture and beans. Cover; cook over low heat 15 minutes or until beans are tender. Stir now and then. Makes about 4½ cups.



30-MINUTE MENU

Everyone on a diet? Here's a quick gourmet dinner for four that costs only 501 calories per person. • Start by preparing the Tomato Aspic. Sprinkle 1 envelope plain gelatin over ½ cup of tomato juice from a 12-oz. can. Allow to soften 2 minutes. Heat gently to dissolve. Add 4 ice cubes and stir to dissolve. Pour in remaining juice from can. Pour entire mixture into lightly oiled jelly roll pan. Place in freezer 20 minutes, then remove to refrigerator. At serving time spoon into 4 consommé cups and accompany with cucumber fingers. • Assemble brandied peach dessert. Thaw 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen peaches under hot water. Whip a 4-oz. pkg. diet whipped topping according to directions. Top each serving with 1½ tsp. brandy and 2 Tb. topping. Refrigerate. • The Mixed Seafood Grill: Preheat broiler. Thaw an 8-oz. pkg. frozen crabmeat by placing container in hot water. Scrub 1 doz. oysters under cold running water. Rinse 2 (½ lb.) haddock steaks. Pat dry and cut each in half, making 4 individual steaks. Wash 1 lb. shrimp, pat dry. Shrimp may be peeled and deveined or left with shells on if preferred. Place all seafood on a large oven-proof platter. To make marinade, combine ¾ cup lemon juice, and ½ cup each chopped parsley and chives, plus 5 cloves crushed garlic, 1 tsp. salt, and ¼ tsp. pepper. Pour over seafood. Broil 10 min. and turn. Baste and broil another 5 minutes. • While seafood broils, prepare asparagus. Cook 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. frozen asparagus spears. Drain. Place in serving dish, sprinkle with 3 Tb. cider vinegar and 2 Tb. grated Parmesan cheese.

Photograph by Roy Coggin



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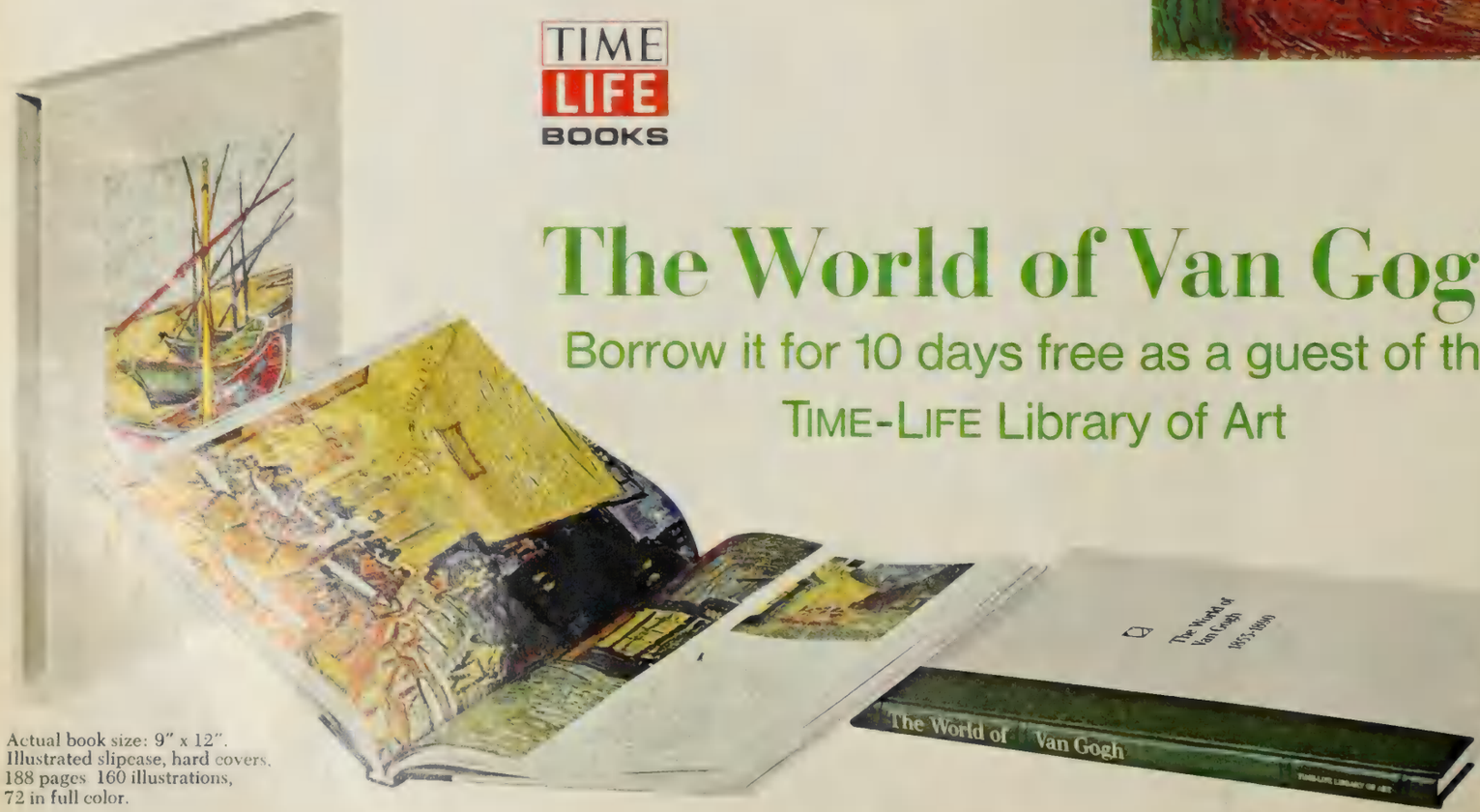
Signs of Van Gogh's grief—and his fears—abound in this turbulently emotional work. The sky is a deep, angry blue that overpowers the two clouds on the horizon. The foreground is uncertain—an ill-defined crossroad. A dirt path seen in part in the foreground runs blindly off both sides of the canvas; a grass track curves into the wheat field only to disappear at a dead end. The wheat itself rises like an angry sea to contend with the stormy sky. Crows flapping over the tumult swarm toward the viewer. Even the perspective contributes to this effect; the horizon rolls relentlessly forward. In this picture Van Gogh painted what he must have felt—that the world was closing in on him and his roads of escape were blocked, with the land rising up and the sky glowering down. Created in the artist's deepest anxiety, the painting nevertheless reveals Van Gogh's power, his expressive use of color and firm sense of composition.

Now look at the painting again.

Do you see more in it this time? Is it more interesting to you? Do you feel the emotional impact in a way you didn't before? Would you be able to interpret the painting for a friend or a younger member of your family? Do you think you've learned something not only about this work, but about *all* works of art?

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ook at this painting?

Vincent Van Gogh Foundation, Amsterdam.



Wheat Field With Crows, Auvers, July 1890

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Fish.

1. Frozen, breaded fish.



2. Cold salmon, fresh baked or canned.



3. Crab meat, fresh or canned.



4. Whole trout, frozen.



Fish for compliments.

1. Frozen, breaded fish. Serve with plenty of lemon to squeeze on, and a cocktail sauce. What a difference! The sauce: stir together ½ cup ketchup, 1 Tb. horseradish, and 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice.

Cold salmon, fresh ked or canned. Dress it: mbine ½ cup sour cream, t. dill weed and 4 t. fresh non juice. Stir in cup coarsely ted cucum- r. It's like y do in e restau- nts.

3. Crab meat, fresh or canned. All it needs is a classic lemon butter sauce. Just add 2 to 3 Tb. fresh lemon juice to ¼ cup melted butter or margarine. And dip in.

4. Whole trout, frozen. When you want to go all out: put 4 trout in a casserole. Combine 2 cups chicken broth, 1 cup white wine, ½ cup fresh lemon juice, ¼ cup celery leaves, ¼ cup onion rings. Pour over trout. Bake covered at 350° for 20 minutes, turning once. Garnish with lemon slices. Spectacular.

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Worcester Broiled Halibut Steaks

2 pounds halibut steaks
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 tablespoon grated orange peel
4 teaspoons Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Arrange fish on rack in broiler pan; set aside. Combine orange juice and peel, Lea & Perrins and salt. Brush lightly over fish. Dot with butter. Place under pre-heated hot broiler 10 to 12 minutes or until fish flakes when tested with a fork, basting with remaining Worcestershire mixture. Serves four.



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and chicken, ribs, salad or punch tomorrow.

Fried Chicken Worcestershire

2 tablespoons Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce
1¼ teaspoons salt, divided
2½-pound chicken, cut into 8 pieces
½ cup flour
¼ cup dry bread crumbs

Combine Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire with 1 teaspoon of the salt. Brush over chicken; let stand 1 hour. Mix flour, bread crumbs and remaining ¼ teaspoon salt. Dredge chicken in flour mixture. Fry in hot oil, ¼-inch deep, until chicken is brown and tender, about 25 to 30 minutes. Serves three to four.

Spareribs Worcestershire

3 pounds spareribs, cut into serving pieces
6 tablespoons Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce, divided
½ cup orange marmalade
3 tablespoons finely chopped onion
1½ teaspoons salt

Brush 3 tablespoons of the Lea & Perrins over both sides of ribs. Bake on rack in pan in 400°F. oven 45 minutes, turning occasionally. Pour off drippings. Reduce heat to 350°F. Combine remaining Lea & Perrins with remaining ingredients; mix well. Brush sauce over ribs. Bake 20 to 30 minutes, basting until nicely glazed. Serves four.

Quick Zip Salad Dressing

½ cup bottled French dressing
1 teaspoon Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce

Combine dressing with Lea & Perrins. Toss with salad greens or chilled vegetables. Yield: ½ cup.

Hot Tomato Rum Punch

1 can (10¾ oz.) condensed tomato soup
1 soupcan water
1 tablespoon Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce
6 tablespoons light rum

In a small saucepan, combine soup, water and Worcestershire sauce. Bring just to the boiling point. Pour about 1/3 cup soup into small mugs, each containing 1 tablespoon rum. Serve with lemon wedges. Yield: 6 portions.

TUNA: A FISH FOR A FEAST

continued from page 108

In these recipes we have used various can sizes of tuna. Not to worry, however, if you end up with the wrong size can. To convert can size to cups: 6½ oz. equals ⅔ cup, 7 oz. equals ¾ cup, 9¼ oz. equals 1¼ cups.

TUNA STUFFED PASTA SHELLS (pictured)

2 Tb. olive oil
3 cloves garlic, crushed
1 (35-oz.) can Italian tomatoes
1 (6-oz.) can tomato paste
2 Tb. sugar
1 Tb. oregano
2 tsp. salt
1½ tsp. basil
1 tsp. pepper
2 cups jumbo pasta shells (6-oz.)
3 qt. boiling water
1 (15-oz.) container ricotta cheese
1 (6-oz.) pkg. Gorgonzola cheese
2 (9¼-oz.) cans tuna, drained
1 cup chopped walnuts
¼ cup freeze-dried Italian parsley
1 Tb. horseradish
½ tsp. pepper

In a heavy saucepan sauté garlic lightly in olive oil. Add tomatoes, which have been put through a coarse sieve to remove seeds. Then add tomato paste, sugar, oregano, salt, basil, and pepper. Cook uncovered for 30 minutes, stir occasionally. Makes about 3½ cups.

Preheat oven to 350°. Drop pasta shells into boiling water. Bring back to a boil and cook briskly, uncovered, for 9 minutes, stirring occasionally. While shells are cooking, whip ricotta and Gorgonzola cheeses. Add tuna, walnuts, parsley, horseradish, and pepper; whip until thick and smooth.

Drain shells in a colander and fill immediately with tuna mixture.

Cover the bottom of a 2-qt. ovenproof serving dish or pan with 1 cup of the tomato sauce. Arrange filled shells side by side in a single layer in a dish. Pour remaining sauce over the filled shells and bake in a 350° oven for about 30 minutes. Serves 5–6.

MARINATED TUNA WITH TOMATOES (pictured)

4 large tomatoes
½ lb. fresh green beans, cut in 2-inch lengths
1 (6½–7-oz.) can tuna
3 Tb. olive oil
2 Tb. lemon junce
2 Tb. finely chopped onion
1 Tb. anisette liqueur
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 tsp. dried basil
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
watercress for garnish

Scald tomatoes by placing them in a saucepan of boiling water for 30 seconds, then drain and cover with col water. Peel and cut out stem-end cor of tomatoes. Starting at the bottor (not stem end), cut into sixths, three quarters of the way down. Scoop ou centers with a teaspoon, leaving oute wall. Discard seeds and chop remair ing pulp into ½-inch pieces. Place pul in a medium bowl. Cover tomato shel with plastic wrap and refrigerate.

Cook beans in boiling water for 10 12 minutes until barely tender. Drai beans and add to tomato pulp. Drai tuna, separate into large pieces, an add to vegetables.

Combine olive oil, lemon juice, onio anisette, garlic, basil, salt, and peppe Pour mixture over tuna and vegetable marinate in refrigerator for one hou

When ready to serve, fill tomato with tuna salad and garnish with wa tercress. Serves 4.

TUNA PÂTÉ EN CROÛTE (pictured)

For this recipe you will need a speci croûte mold that can be opened– spring-form mold or a straight-side pan with a removable bottom, althoug if you are extremely careful a 1 q ovenproof loaf dish can be used.

1 (10–11-oz.) pkg. pie crust mix
3 (6½–7-oz.) cans tuna in vegetable oil
¼ cup capers
3 Tb. lemon juice
1 Tb. anchovy paste
1 clove garlic, crushed
¼ cup brandy
1 (3½-oz.) can pitted ripe olive drained
3 eggs
2 cups fresh brea crumbs
1 Tb. milk

Prepare pie crust mix according package directions. Chill.

Put tuna (do not drain), capers, ler on juice, anchovy paste, and garlic the container of a blender. Blend abo 3–5 minutes, turning off and stirri down occasionally. When mixture smooth, add brandy and olives; ble only until olives have been chopp into ¼-inch pieces. Lightly beat 2 eg plus egg white from remaining egg in mixing bowl (save yolk). Stir in brea crumbs and then tuna mixture.

Preheat oven to 350°. Roll out thre quarters of pastry into a long strip ⅛ inch thick on a lightly floured surfac Cut out a 19x3½-inch rectangle. Ro out remaining pastry and cut 2 piec the same size as the bottom of a 5-c



"Remember my pineapple upside-down cake? Well, this is my chocolate cream right-side-up pie."

val pâté mold (7x4x3-inches). Line
ne sides of mold, pressing pastry firm-
to sides and leaving ½ inch hanging
ver top edge. Press one piece of dough
fit bottom, moistening edges with
old water.

Fill prepared mold with tuna mix-
ure. Brush the overhanging edge of the
astry with cold water. Carefully lay
ne pastry top over the mold and crimp
ne edges together. Decorate top with
ttle designs from leftover pastry
raps. Make several small openings in
astry top to allow steam to escape.
ake in 350° oven for 1 hour.

Lightly beat remaining egg yolk
ith milk. Brush pastry top with egg
ixture and bake pâté for another 15–
0 minutes.

d. Note: Pâté may be served warm,
cool to room temperature and chill
efore serving. Serves 6.

UNA-CRANBERRY CHOWDER

- cups thinly sliced celery
- cup boiling water
- (9¼-oz.) can tuna in vegetable oil
- Tb. butter or margarine
- Tb. all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. paprika
- 2 cups cranberry juice cocktail
- 1 cup milk
- 2 cups grated sharp Cheddar cheese

ook celery in water, covered, over me-
um heat for 8–10 minutes. Meanwhile
rain oil from tuna into a large sauce-
an. Add butter or margarine and heat
ntil melted. Blend in flour, salt, and
aprika.

Remove from heat; add cranberry
ice. Then return to heat, stirring con-
antly until thick. Add milk and
heese, stirring until cheese melts. Stir
tuna and celery with cooking liquid.
erves 6.

RECIPES TESTED IN THE JOURNAL KITCHENS

UNA SAUERKRAUT BALLS

- (9¼-oz.) cans tuna in vegetable oil
- cup finely chopped onion
- clove garlic, crushed
- cup clam juice
- ⅓ cup sifted all-purpose flour
- tsp. dry mustard
- tsp. salt
- 1 (16-oz.) can sauerkraut, drained
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- ⅔ cup milk
- 1 egg
- 2 cups fresh bread crumbs
- vegetable oil for deep fat frying

rain tuna, pouring vegetable oil into
illet. Add onion and garlic; sauté un-
golden. Add tuna. Combine clam
ice, 1 cup flour, mustard, and salt,
ixing until all lumps disappear. Grad-
lly add this to skillet and cook, stir-
ng constantly, for 2–3 minutes until
ixture thickens. Remove from heat.
nely chop sauerkraut and drain on
per towels. Combine sauerkraut and
rsley with tuna mixture. Chill thor-
ghly for several hours or overnight.
Shape chilled mixture into ¾-inch
lls, using a melon baller or teaspoon.
p balls into ⅓ cup flour to coat light-
. Beat milk and egg until well mixed.
p balls into egg mixture, drain and
ll in bread crumbs. Refrigerate until
ating dries.

Meanwhile pour oil to a depth of 1½
ches into large saucepan or deep elec-
c skillet. Heat to 360° on deep fat
ing thermometer or set control at
0°. Fry tuna balls for 1½ minutes
until brown. Drain on paper towels.

Serve hot as an accompaniment to roast pork or as an hors d'oeuvre with mustard sauce. Makes 72.

BAKED RAINBOW TROUT WITH TUNA

- 4 (8–10-oz.) trout, cleaned
- ¼ cup minced salt pork or bacon
- 1 cup chopped celery
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- 1 (9¼-oz.) can tuna
- 1 cup fresh bread crumbs
- ⅓ cup milk
- ½ cup chopped parsley
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 1 cup dry white wine

Thoroughly defrost trout if frozen. Wash briefly under cold running water and pat dry with paper towels. Remove backbone of the trout.

Preheat oven to 375°. Render salt pork or bacon in a skillet. Add celery and onion, and sauté over medium heat for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, add drained tuna, bread crumbs, milk, parsley, and pepper. Mix thoroughly and fill cavity of fish with tuna stuffing.

Place trout in a 2-qt. oblong baking dish. Pour wine over trout and bake in a 375° oven for 15–20 minutes or until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. Remove fish to a hot platter while you prepare the sauce. Serves 4.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Pour ¾ cup wine mixture from baking dish into a small saucepan. Stir in 1 (1⅛-oz.) pkg. hollandaise sauce mix and 2 teaspoons sugar. Cook over medium heat, stirring *(continued)*



TUNA *continued*

constantly, until mixture comes to a boil and thickens. Stir in 1 tsp. prepared mustard and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Makes ¾ cup.

TUNA AND PRUNES

- 1 cup dried pitted prunes
- 1 cup dry white wine
- 1 cup light cream or half-and-half
- 3 Tb. all-purpose flour
- 1 egg yolk
- 2 (6½–7-oz.) cans tuna, drained
- 1 (6-oz.) can button mushrooms, drained

Place prunes and wine in a small saucepan and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer, covered, for 10 minutes. Drain, returning wine to saucepan.

Beat cream, flour, and egg yolk together until all lumps disappear and the mixture is very smooth. Stir into saucepan and bring to a boil. Then stir in tuna (which has been separated into large pieces), mushrooms, and prunes. When all the ingredients are heated through, serve on buttered toast or in pastry shells. Serves 4–6.

TUNA SOUFFLE

- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ¼ cup minced onion
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 1 (9¼-oz.) can tuna, drained
- 1 Tb. chopped chives
- 3 Tb. all-purpose flour
- 1 Tb. anchovy paste
- ¾ cup milk
- 4 eggs, separated
- ¼ cup grated Cheddar cheese

Preheat oven to 375°.

Sauté onion and garlic in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until golden. Remove from heat. Flake tuna and mix in gently. Add the chopped chives and set the mixture aside.

To make a white sauce, melt 2 Tb. butter or margarine in a saucepan. Stir in flour and anchovy paste. Remove from heat; add milk, blending until smooth. Return to moderate heat and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Then remove from the heat and beat in egg yolks, one at a time. Add the cheese, and carefully fold tuna mixture into egg yolks.

Beat egg whites until they hold a stiff peak; using a metal spoon fold one-quarter of them into the tuna mixture. Add remaining egg whites and fold together as lightly as possible.

Transfer to a buttered 1½-quart soufflé dish and bake in a 375° oven for 30–35 minutes or until soufflé is firm in the center. Serve at once with anchovy sauce. Serves 4–5.

ANCHOVY SAUCE

In a small saucepan melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Then stir in 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour, remove from heat, and pour in 1 cup milk. Return to moderate heat and bring to a boil. Simmer 2 minutes, stirring continuously. Stir in 1 fresh tomato, which has been peeled, seeded, and diced. Add 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 teaspoons anchovy paste, and ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg. Makes 1½ cups.

WWW INSTANT BREAKFAST

continued from page 110

CHICKEN WITH PIQUANTE SAUCE (pictured)

- 3 lbs. chicken pieces
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tb. water
- 1 cup cornflake crumbs, crushed
- 1 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. tarragon leaves
- ½ tsp. pepper
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ¼ cup salad oil

Wash chicken pieces well in cold running water. Pat dry on paper towels. Beat eggs and water together in a small bowl. In a large plastic bag combine crushed cornflake crumbs, poultry seasoning, salt, tarragon, and pepper.

Dip chicken pieces, a few at a time into egg mixture. Drain slightly before placing in plastic bag and shaking in cornflake crumbs to coat. Place coated chicken on baking pan to dry or refrigerate until ready to fry.

Preheat oven to 350°. In large skillet heat butter and oil. Fry chicken, a few pieces at a time, for 2-3 minutes on each side. This will seal and crisp coating in place. Place fried chicken in baking pan. Bake at 350° for 30–35 minutes or until tender. Serve with Piquante Sauce below. Serves 6.

PIQUANTE SAUCE

Pour off pan drippings from skillet. Return ¼ cup to pan. Blend in ¼ cup flour, and cook 1 minute. Remove from heat. Stir in 1 (1.19-oz.) envelope egg-nog-flavored instant breakfast and ½ teaspoon poultry seasoning. Slowly stir in 1½ cups chicken broth. Return to heat. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Reduce heat. Add ½ cup dry white wine and ¼ cup tarragon vinegar. Simmer 10–15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour sauce over or serve alongside chicken.

SWEET POTATO BAVARIAN DESSERT (pictured)

In a medium bowl, combine 1 (17-oz.) can sweet potatoes, drained, 2 (1.19-oz.) envelopes egg-nog flavored instant breakfast, and 2 teaspoons grated orange rind. Beat with electric mixer until well blended. Set aside.

In a small saucepan combine ¾ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed, and 1 envelope unflavored gelatin. Blend in 1¼ cups milk. Heat until sugar and gelatin are dissolved, but *do not boil.*

In top of double boiler, with an electric mixer, beat egg yolks until thick and lemony. Continue to beat, slowly adding hot milk mixture in a thin stream. Set over simmering water. Stir until mixture thickens.

Gradually blend egg mixture into sweet potatoes, keeping mixture smooth. When sweet potato mixture is cool, fold in ½ cup heavy cream, stiffly beaten. Pour the mixture into a lightly buttered 5-cup mold and chill 4 hours or until it has set. Unmold by dipping mold in hot water for 30 seconds. Then carefully invert and shake onto serving platter. The dessert can be served with additional whipped cream, if desired. Serves 6.

FRUIT SOUP (pictured)

Thaw 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. quick-thaw frozen mixed fruit according to label directions. In a medium bowl, with an electric mixer at low speed, blend 2 cups (1 pt.) half and half, 1 (8-oz.) carton sour cream, ⅓ cup white wine and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Beat in 2 envelopes from a (7.2-oz.) pkg. of strawberry-flavored protein-fortified instant breakfast. Gently stir in thawed fruits with liquid, reserving some of the fruits for a decorative garnish if desired.

To serve hot: Place soup in top of double boiler over gently simmering water. Do not allow to boil, but heat until *very hot.*

To serve cold: Place in refrigerator and chill soup for at least 2 hours. Garnish with the reserved fruits. This recipe serves 4–6 people.

TORTILLAS WITH BEEF MOLI (pictured)

- 2 lbs. ground round
- 1 cup chopped onion
- ½ cup diced green pepper
- 3 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 envelope chocolate-flavored, protein-fortified instant breakfast
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 (10-oz.) can hot enchilada sauce
- 2 Tb. red wine vinegar
- Oil for frying
- 1 (10-oz.) can tortillas
- 1¼ cup grated Monterey Jack cheese
- 2 medium tomatoes, skinned, seeded, and chopped
- 1 avocado, sliced

In a large skillet, combine ground round, chopped onion, diced green pepper, and crushed garlic. Cook over low heat, breaking up meat with a fork. Sauté until meat is brown and onion and green pepper are tender. Drain off any surplus fat.

Sprinkle chocolate-flavored protein-fortified instant breakfast and salt over meat. Blend in enchilada sauce and vinegar. Bring mixture to a boil, then reduce heat and simmer, covered, for 20 minutes.

Heat oil to a depth of ½ inch in medium skillet. Fry tortillas two or three at a time until crisp—about 1-2 minutes on each side. You will have 18 tortillas.

To assemble: Place tortilla on serving platter. Top with 3-4 tablespoons me



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ure, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, a little diced tomato and sliced ado. Repeat to make a stack of 3 llas and 3 layers of filling for each ing. Serves 6.

EE SPICE CAKE (pictured)

e cake: Preheat oven to 350°. se and flour 2 (9-in.) round cake . Set aside.

a large bowl prepare 1 (18½-oz.) spice cake mix according to label tions, adding 3 eggs (not 2) and .26-oz.) envelopes coffee-flavored ant breakfast. Fold in ½ cup finely ped walnuts. Divide batter evenly een the prepared cake pans. Bake cool according to label directions.

e frosting: In a medium bowl com- ⅓ cup dairy sour cream and 1 6-oz.) envelope coffee-flavored in- t breakfast. Gradually add 3½–4 sifted confectioners' sugar, beat- after each addition.

assemble: Place one cake layer on ing platter. Spread with ½ cup cinnamon apple jelly. Top with nd cake layer. Frost top and sides coffee frosting. Decorate sides of by pressing 1 cup chopped walnuts frosting. Serves 10–12.

AMED VEGETABLE TARTLETS (pictured)

pare tartlets: Prepare 1 (9½-11- pkg. pie crust mix according to l directions adding 1 teaspoon pow- d sage before blending in water. out on a lightly floured surface cut pastry into 6 (4-inch) rounds. vert 6 (⅓ cup) fluted tart molds 6 [5-oz.] custard cups) onto a bak- sheet. Press one pastry circle over . Prick each well with a fork. Bake 00° for 12-15 minutes until golden crisp. Place on wire rack to cool.

pare vegetables: In a medium epan bring 1 qt. water and 4 chick- ouillon cubes to a boil. Add 1 cup pared sliced carrots, parsnips and d celery and ⅓ cup coarsely ped onion. Cook 10–15 minutes un- he vegetables are tender. Drain, re- ing 1 cup cooking liquid.

e sauce: In same saucepan melt 2 espoons butter or margarine. Blend tablespoons flour. Cook 30 seconds ing constantly. Remove from heat. h a wire whisk, gradually beat in 1 reserved liquid, 1 (12-oz.) enve- of vanilla-flavored instant break- 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 poon each powdered sage and grat- emon rind and ¼ teaspoon ground e or nutmeg. Return sauce to heat. ng to a boil, stirring constantly. Boil minute. Add cooked vegetables. on into prepared tart shells. Sprin- each with 1–2 tablespoons grated yère cheese, using ½ cup altogeth- Bake in 400° oven until cheese melts vegetables are hot. Serves 6. **END**

OD CHEAP FOOD

inued from page 106

ZILIAN ROAST PORK AND BLACK EANS (pictured)

cipe Black eans, below
ork loin roast, out 4 lbs.
ove garlic, ivered
Glaze:
and pepper
¾ cup orange juice
¼ cup thick honey
½ tsp. ground ginger
¼ tsp. ground cloves

pare the black beans. Have the her remove the chinebone and k the bones between the chops so t carving is simplified. Preheat oven to 450°. Make some tiny incisions on the underside of the loin and stick the slivers of garlic in. Rub the roast well with salt and pepper after trimming off any excess fat, which should be about one-third of an inch thick. Put the roast on a rack in a shallow pan and brown it (or you can brown it in a heavy skillet) for about 20 minutes. Reduce the heat to 325°, pour a cup of water in the roasting pan, cover loosely with foil, and cook the meat for approximately 1 hour longer. Boil together the orange juice, honey, ginger, and cloves until it thickens enough to cling to the meat. Uncover the roast and brush the top and ends well with the glaze. Continue roasting another half hour, glazing twice more. The total roasting time is 1 hour and 50 minutes, but the pork may require less or more time, depending on its age and quality. Put it in a warm place for 30 minutes before carving. Serves 4–6.

BLACK BEANS AND RICE

1 lb. frijoles negros (turtle beans)
2 qts. water
1 Tb. salt
2–3 Tb. olive oil
2 large onions, chopped
2 large cloves garlic, minced
1 lb. ground chuck beef
1½ Tb. ground cumin
3 Tb. fresh chili powder (see note)
1 tsp. dried thyme
salt and dried red pepper (pequins or crushed Italian peppers) to taste
2 cups beef bouillon
About 6 cups dry, fluffy cooked rice, white or yellowed by saffron or turmeric

(continued)

The working woman's household wrap.

It's strong all over, for freezer-to-oven cooking.

One thing a busy woman needs (and never gets enough of) is time. So Reynolds Wrap created new freezer-to-oven cooking just for you.

The basic idea is beautiful . . . foil-wrapped frozen meats, poultry and fish go right from the freezer into the oven, without thawing. It saves time, and everything you cook comes out tender and flavorful because you don't lose the juices, as you do when you thaw. It's all done with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap, oven-tempered for flexible strength to resist tearing.



Start right. Wrap it right.

Food experts agree . . . heavy duty aluminum foil is best for freezing. So remove the plastic wrap food comes in. This wrap is fine for display in the meat counters, but was not made for freezing.

Place food in center of large sheet of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. Bring foil up over top of food and double-fold, pressing down tightly to remove air. Frigid air can cause food to dry out and lose flavor. Reynolds Wrap keeps air out, moisture in. After you fold ends up tight against food, label package with contents and date. Freeze.



No-thaw roast. Delicious and juicy.

1. Remove foil-wrapped meat from freezer and place in foil-lined roasting pan. Preheat oven to 400°. Loosen foil across top and ends of meat to allow heat to circulate.

2. For a 4 lb. roast, allow 45 min. per lb. for rare, 52 min. per lb. for medium, up to 60 minutes per lb. for well-done.

3. During final half-hour of roasting, turn foil back from meat completely so roast can brown. Insert meat thermometer for desired degree of doneness. Meat comes out beautifully brown, actually tastier than if you'd thawed it.

No-thaw poultry. Tender and moist.



1. Place frozen foil wrapped bird in foil-lined roasting pan. Preheat oven to 450°. Loosen foil across top and at ends to allow heat to circulate.

2. Roasting time:
3½ to 4 lb. chicken . . . 2 hrs., 20 min.
4½ to 5 lb. bird . . . 2 hrs., 50 min.
5½ to 6 lb. bird . . . 3 hrs., 45 min.

3. For final 20 minutes, turn foil back from bird, baste for browning.



Elegant freeze-and-serve English Trifle.

Line a bowl or ■ mold with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. Layer as follows . . . a layer of lady fingers sprinkled with sherry, raspberry jam, vanilla pudding. Continue layering until bowl is filled. Cover tightly with foil and freeze. When ready to serve, remove foil from top of dessert, invert on platter. Remove bowl, strip off foil, garnish with whipped topping and candied fruit.





Reynolds Wrap. Strong all over. Count on it.

The 7-minute tuna with a secret.

You've probably got everything on hand. (Everything but the secret ingredient.) All it takes is 7 minutes to mix it all together. And 30 minutes more to bake an inexpensive casserole that tastes like an expensive casserole.

- 1 can (6½ oz.) tuna (drained)
- 1 can Durkee O&C Real French Fried Onions *(The secret ingredient.)*
- ¾ cup celery (thinly sliced)
- ¼ cup green pepper (thinly sliced)
- ¼ tsp. Durkee onion powder
- 1 can (4 oz.) mushrooms (drained)
- 1 can (10½ oz.) condensed cream of celery soup



Combine one-half can of French fried onions with other ingredients. Place in greased casserole. Bake at 350° for 25 minutes. Sprinkle remaining onions on top. Bake 5 minutes longer. Serves 4-5.

Durkee O&C Real French Fried Onions. Think of them as crunchy cooking ingredients, and use them every chance you get.



GOOD CHEAP FOOD *continued*

Wash the beans in cold water, drain in a colander, pick over for shriveled, broken, or discolored beans; put them in a pot and cover with two inches of cold water. Soak in a cool place overnight. Or bring the beans to a boil for 1 or 2 minutes. Turn off heat, cover, and let stand at least 1 hour before continuing.

Add 1 tablespoon of salt to the water, which will now be a deep purplish black. Bring the beans to a boil and simmer 2 hours, leaving lid slightly askew. Check occasionally to see that beans don't cook dry. Add water if needed.

Meanwhile, heat the oil in a heavy skillet and sauté the onions, garlic, and ground beef for about 5 minutes. Stir in the cumin, chili powder, thyme, salt, and dried red pepper and stir-fry a couple of minutes. Pour in the bouillon, stir, simmer briefly, and set aside.

After 2 hours of simmering the beans should be semi-tender but quite firm. Put them and their liquid into a rather deep earthenware casserole with a cover. Use the handle of a wooden spoon to stir the meat and onion mixture into the beans (a spoon tends to mash things up). The casserole should be full almost to the top, with about ½ inch of liquid above the beans. Set the casserole, covered, in a 325° oven and bake until the beans are tender, about 2 hours. Toss with rice to serve.

TINGA POBLANA (pictured)

- 2 Tb. lard or salad oil
- 3 lbs. boneless pork [shoulder], cut in 2-inch cubes
- Salt
- 2 *chorizo* sausages, skinned and sliced [pepperoni is a possible substitute]
- 1 onion, finely chopped
- 1 clove garlic, chopped
- 1 pound (about 3 medium) tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and chopped, or 1½ lb. can of whole tomatoes, drained and seeded
- ½ tsp. oregano
- 2 canned *chipotle* chiles, chopped
- Pinch of sugar
- freshly ground pepper
- 12 new potatoes, freshly cooked and peeled or cut in chunks
- 1 avocado, peeled and sliced [marinated in a little lemon juice to prevent darkening and sharpen flavor]

Heat lard in a large, heavy skillet, and brown the pork. Transfer pork to a flameproof casserole with a lid; barely cover with water; season with salt; and cook, covered, over a moderate heat until the meat is tender when pierced with a fork—about 2 hours. Strain off the stock, leaving the pork in the casserole, and set it aside.

In the fat remaining in the skillet, fry the sausages, and add to the casserole. Then fry the onion and garlic until limp. Add the tomatoes, oregano, chiles, and sugar to the pan, and cook, stirring, for about 5 minutes. Stir in about 1 cup of the reserved stock. The sauce should be quite thick. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add the potatoes to the casserole, and pour the sauce over all. Cook, uncovered, over very low heat for about 15 minutes. Garnish with avocado. Serves 6.

PORK LOIN WITH OLIVES (pictured)

This dish is perfect served cold at a large buffet.

- 1 center-cut boned loin of pork of about 6 lbs. (it can be as small as 3½ lbs. but no less)
- 6 medium-size California ripe olives, water-packed
- 1 or 2 cloves garlic, slivered
- ½ tsp. rosemary, crushed
- salt and pepper
- 1½ cups beef stock
- 1 cup dry white wine
- ¼ calf's foot (or ¼ lb. fresh pork rind cut in strips)
- 1 Tb. Madeira (optional)

Your butcher will bone a loin of pork for you. Ask him to saw the rack and chinebone into two-inch lengths. Pr heat oven to 400°. Pare the fat to smooth covering about one-third of a inch thick. You may have to slit slightly deeper opening in the loin make room for the garlic and olive Cut the olives in small chunks and p them, along with the garlic and ros mary, into the opening. Add a bit pepper but no salt unless your oliv are especially bland. Roll and tie th loin firmly at one-inch intervals; the rub it well with salt and pepper. P the roast and all the bones into a lon narrow baking dish about three inche deep and place it in the pre-heate oven until it turns a biscuit brown about 30 minutes. Heat the stock ar wine together (ideally this should be veal stock because a strongly flavore beef bouillon overwhelms the love flavors of the pork and wine) and pou it around the roast. Cover the bakin dish, reduce the oven temperature 325°, and cook the roast gently f about another 2½ hours, basting tw or three times.

While it is still in its trussing string cool the roast to room temperatur then wrap it closely in foil to seal in th flavors and moisture. Chill it for hours or more. Strain the stock and st in the Madeira; then chill it until th fat forms a hard cake. Lift off the f in one piece, if possible, and mop u any stray bits with a damp paper tow

To serve, remove the strings, sli

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**Eight-piece set pictured.*





"Hey, Mom. Cha[illegible]"

nly, reassemble on a chilled platter, l surround with the jelly broken up h a fork and some kind of greenery arsley or watercress. A large loin ves 10 for dinner or 20 as part of uffet.

AST PIG EN SANGLIER (pictured)

ether or not this actually tastes like d boar (the Sanglier*) is question-e, but it does have an interesting l decidedly "gamy" flavor after ng steeped in wine and flavorings.*

- or 7-lb. shank alf leg of fresh ork
- ups Burgundy
- cup cider or wine
- inegar
- cup chopped nions
- arrots, thinly liced
- loves garlic, ashed
- prigs of fresh hyme (or 2 tsp. ried)
- 8 juniper berries, mashed (or ¼ cup gin)
- 2 bay leaves
- 2 whole cloves
- 1 tsp. cracked black pepper
- 1 can beef bouillon
- 1 can water
- 2 Tb. oil or bacon fat
- 2 Tb. flour
- salt to taste

ve the leg half boned or not, as you fer, but the marinade penetrates ter if it is boned. Ask for the bones, ed up. Remove the rind but keep it; n the fat smoothly to about ¼-inch kness. Make several gashes in the all the way down to the flesh. Bring cider or wine vinegar to a boil with vegetables, herbs, and spices and mer 5 minutes; then let it cool. Put leg into a china or earthenware sel that just leaves room for the rinade. Pour the cooled marinade r the leg, cover it, and put it in the igerator at least 24 hours but no re than 4 days, turning at least once ay.

ake the leg out of the refrigerator ours before you wish to cook it. Put marinade with all the vegetables a saucepan. Add the bones, pork d (save half the rind for another v) and 1 can beef bouillon and 1 can er. Simmer this for 1 hour; then in stock and discard all the vege-les, herbs, and spices.

eheat oven to 350°. Brown the leg fer drying it well) in oil or bacon Remove it and sprinkle 2 table-ons flour in the casserole. Stir and k slightly. Pour in the hot, strained th and beat it smooth with a whisk. the leg back into this sauce, baste over the casserole, and bake it slow-n the preheated oven for about 2½ rs or longer until the meat is very der. Remove the roast pork to a rm platter and keep it in a warm ce, loosely covered with foil. Skim as much fat as possible from the ce, check it for flavoring and con-ency, and, if necessary, correct the soning or reduce the sauce to a me-m thickness. It should not be too vy in texture, as the flavor is quite ng and rich.

his wonderful sauce just begs for subtle, bland counterpoint of amy mashed potatoes. Cranberry ce might be served with this and the shness of a green salad would make leasant *digestif* to end the meal. ves 8–10.

FFED PORK CHOPS

- enter-cut loin ork chops, 1½ nches thick
- cup butter
- cup minced scal-ons or onion
- b. chopped arsley
- ¼ tsp. dried thyme
- 1½ cups soft bread crumbs (made from day-old bread)
- salt and pepper
- 1 egg, beaten

ve the fat trimmed to a quarter-h rim and ask the butcher to make ocket without splitting open the whole chop—this is done with a small curved knife, or a small straight boning knife. Melt 2 tablespoons of the butter and sauté the onions or scallions until limp but not browned. Stir in the parsley, thyme, and ¾ cup of the soft bread crumbs, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Stuff the chops with this and skewer them or sew them closed. Coat each chop in beaten egg and then in the rest of the bread crumbs, pressing them into the meat. Leave pork chops on the side to dry 15 minutes. Preheat the oven to 325° and proceed to next step.

Brown the breaded chops in the remaining 2 tablespoons butter; then lay them on a rack in a baking pan. Bake, uncovered, for 1 hour, or until tender. If the pork chops begin to look dry, baste them with a little melted butter. Buttered parsnips and cabbage salad are good side dishes to serve with this meal. Serves 2.

BRAISED HAM

- 1 whole or half "tenderized" ham (average weight of a whole ham is about 10–12 lbs.)
- 2-3 carrots, sliced
- 2 large onions, sliced
- 2 Tb. oil or butter
- 3 cups dry white or Rosé California jug wine (or the same amount of hard cider)
- 1 bouquet garni: 2 sprigs parsley, 1 bay leaf, ½ tsp. thyme, ½ tsp. rosemary, all tied in a cheesecloth bag
- water
- 1 Tb. cracked black pepper

These amounts are for a half ham; more wine, cider, or water *(continued)*

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will be necessary for a whole one. However, the vegetables and the bouquet garni can remain the same.

Preheat oven to 300°. Wash the ham in cold water and dry it. Gently simmer the carrots and onions in the oil until the onion is limp. Lay the ham, skin side down, on top of the vegetables, add the bouquet, the wine, and enough water to come halfway up the sides of the ham. Add rather a lot of cracked pepper, at least 1 tablespoon. Bring everything to the simmer, cover the pan, and braise in the preheated oven for approximately 20 minutes to the pound. Baste occasionally and turn the ham over halfway through its cooking time. The iliac bone near the shank can be pulled out easily when the ham is done, or test the ham with a sharp kitchen fork for tenderness. Let the ham cool in its cooking liquid. After this, skin it and trim the fat smoothly. You may serve it as it is, carved in thin slices, or you may score the fat, cover it with your favorite glaze, and bake it until it is browned and heated through. Serves 10.

Another classic way of finishing a ham is to skin it when it's cooled, cover it with a mixture of fine soft crumbs and ground parsley, bake it in the oven at 350° until the coating is golden, and then cool again to room temperature.

You can use the cooking liquid for soup (bean, for instance), or make sauce for the ham as follows: strain th braising liquid, skim off the fat, reduc the liquid to 2½ cups. Mix together little cornstarch and sherry, port, o Madeira. Stir in enough of it to mak the sauce the texture of very heav cream. Add to this ¼ cup of heav cream, taste for seasoning, and serv as a sauce for warm ham.

Ham prepared in this way is exce lent in any recipe calling for cooke ham; in soufflés and omelets, ha mousse, scalloped ham and potato sliced ham in cheese sauce, ham ligh ly warmed in butter to serve with egg or just plain cold slices.

TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE

This English favorite, "a homely bu savoury dish," is actually sausages en bedded in Yorkshire pudding, or, in pinch, mashed potatoes.

1 lb. pure pork link sausage, preferably fat ones	Preheat oven to 450°
¼ cup beef dripping (or clarified butter)	2 eggs, beaten we
	1 cup milk
	1 cup flour
	¼ tsp. salt

Prick the sausages and simmer the in water to cover for about 5 minute Pour the beef dripping or butter into pie pan and set it in the oven to heat do not let it burn. Beat the eggs in blender or electric mixer; then gradua ly add the other ingredients. Beat u til the batter is very smooth. Take th pie pan out and pour in a thin layer batter. Lay the drained sausages on to of this and pour on the remainder the batter. Bake at 450° for 10 minute then reduce heat to 350° and continu baking for another 20 minutes, whe the pudding should be puffed, golde Serve at once. Serves 2–3. EN

Hotpoint suggests five things to look for before you buy a washer.



Model DLB 2980P

Model WLW 5900P

1 The first thing to look for is capacity. Does the washer have a tub big enough to handle all your family's washing needs? Hotpoint's handsome automatic washer does. The porcelain-enamel tub takes up to 18 pounds of wash in one load. Also there is a unique pattern of perforations in the tub that helps assure complete washing and thorough rinsing results.

2 Next, look for a washer that can gently wash items you normally have to do by hand. Hotpoint's exclusive Handwash® control does both. And it can save you water at the same time. Simply remove the regular Power Agitator and there, concealed underneath, is our special Handwash Agitator.



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3 It's important that you look for a washer that has a complete selection of wash controls. The Hotpoint model shown offers five individual wash cycles, five temperatures and five speed settings. For quick laundering, our "Rapid Wash" cycle puts your clothes through a complete wash-rinse-spin cycle in only 10 minutes. And the Soak and Wash control allows you to soak from twenty minutes up to ten hours. Then it automatically goes into the wash cycle of your choice with fresh, clean water and detergent.

4 Look for work-saving extras. Like our unique filtering ring. It has five feet of filtering surface that strains the wash water throughout every cycle. Then it cleans itself when the washing is done.

5 Finally, Hotpoint has what every washer needs. A matching permanent-press dryer. We believe you won't find a better value than our washer and dryer, no matter how long you look.

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quiries. Invariably the initial inquiry not from the man who will be the tient, but from the woman who hopes bear his child.

The Manhattan surgeon uses as his lterion of success his patients' ability ejaculate apparently adequate nounts of apparently adequate erm. All but one of the first 19 men whom he operated were able to do is. But Dr. Jacobson says he has not tained follow-up data on all of the en, and so can prove that only four ves subsequently became pregnant. Dr. Jacobson is by no means the only rgeon who is attempting to make vered vas ends meet. While his eticulous microsurgical method has elded one of the highest recanaliza-on (restoring the vas canal) rates yet ported, urologists who have attempt- the same feat—and who may work eehand and without the use of micro-opes—report recanalization in up to percent of their patients. But in any of these men the sperm is not able—for reasons not wholly clear—so at the ultimate success rate, counted pregnancies, is about one in every ur or five attempts; such results seem mparable to Dr. Jacobson's.

The demand for vasectomy reversal large, rising, and bound to increase. ne recent study indicates that one in ery 200 vasectomized men returns to k for refertilization. At that rate, 000 men sterilized in 1972 will seek sectomy reversal this year. Since the ish for it may first arise several years ter sterilization, the demand for re-rtilization no doubt will grow.

An alternative exists for those men ho are prudent enough to act upon it an insurance measure, before under-ing vasectomies: they can deposit a mple of their semen in the sperm nks that now exist in many cities. e the sperm remains, fresh-frozen, about —250 degrees Fahrenheit.

This frozen sperm later may be awed for artificial insemination of e vasectomized man's wife. However, erm storage is costly, and fertiliza-on with frozen sperm is not assured.

Given the current limitations of both sectomy-reversing surgery and erm freezing, fertility expert Dr. aymond Bunge of the University of wa sums up the feelings of many octors when he says: "At present, the ndidate for vasectomy should con-der the procedure permanent."

And, despite the heartwarming suc-ss stories from surgeons like Dr. acobson, there is wide agreement with is recent pronouncement by the merican Public Health Association: "When the decision for sterilization reached, the individuals involved ust be informed [by their doctor] at all surgical methods currently vailable should be considered irrevers-le, and that the biologic potency and enetic adequacy of . . . frozen . . . ored . . . human sperm has yet to be stablished." END

HILDREN

ontinued from page 32

Here is a crucial issue: almost all di-orced mothers feel that any child, ut particularly a boy, needs a father—nd that the divorce deprives the child of having one. This is true, but the father's behavior can make a great difference in the *extent* to which it is true. Some fathers cannot or do not take those responsibilities seriously; Danny's father seems to be one of them.

Danny's mother feels guilty because she cannot make up for the absence of a father. Since she couldn't decide the issue in her own mind, Danny could have no clarity about it—no wonder that all this indecision, doubt, and fear came out of their mutual anxieties.

It is a much greater burden to a child to feel himself the cause of his mother's anxiety than it is for him to face the reality of his situation with his father. By not talking about the issue, Danny's mother had engaged in a sort of wishful thinking, trying to pretend that her son still had a bona fide father. Yet from all she had said about her former husband, there was very little likelihood that he would ever play a true paternal role in his son's life. Neither mother nor son may like it, but both of them will be much better off if they face the fact that unless his mother remarries, Danny will have to grow up without a father in any real sense. Danny will have to learn to live with a father who appears rarely. He will be able to live with it well, but only if his mother also faces the facts. She must do so, because a pretend father is worse than no father at all. END

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Hebrew titles and names of his father or of the father's Hebrew name. Thus descendents of Ben Rabbi Judah Lowe became Brill. Segan Leviyyah became the surname Segal or Segel. Often Jews have assimilated their Jewish names with non-Jewish names current in the countries where they lived, changing to a similar-sounding name, generally starting with the same initial as their Jewish name; thus Rabbin becomes Robin.

Very few people have consciously selected their family names. They have merely acquiesced, generally unconsciously, to bearing a name by which they have become known. Even those who deliberately change their names are strongly influenced by the name they seek to discard. Most of the people who change their name merely shorten the one they have, alter its spelling to simplify it, or translate it into the language current in the place where they live.

In arriving at an explanation of a surname, it must be remembered that the meaning of the word or stem from which the surname is derived is not the dictionary meaning at the present day, but rather the meaning of the word at the time and in the place where the family name came into existence. Over the years words sometimes change radically in meaning and sometimes they change only slightly. Seeley once referred to "the happy or prosperous one"—and later, to "the good, simple innocent" man. The word subsequently changed in meaning to the silly, foolish or stupid person. As a surname it chiefly carried the earlier and more felicitous connotations. Thus, the meaning of the surname is different from the meaning of the word today. Although a family name may have more than one origin, only the most important ones are listed here. In fact, most of the very common names are common because they owe their existence to several different origins.

Here are 100 of the most common American surnames and their meanings—along with some other unusual names you may have wondered about:

Adams, Adamson, Addams, Adam (*Wel., Eng.*) The son of Adam (man of red earth; red).

Agnew (*Eng.*) Dweller at the sign of the lamb; one who was angelic or lamblike.

Alexander (*Scot., Eng.*) Descendant of Alexander (helper of mankind).

Allen, Allan, Alan (*Eng., Scot.*) Descendant of Alan (a very old name of obscure origin); dweller near the Allen (green plain), the name of rivers in Cornwall, Dorset, Northumberland, and Stirlingshire.

Anderson, Andrews, Andrew (*Eng., Scot.*) The son of Andrew (manly).

Armstrong (*Eng., Scot.*) The strong-armed man.

Bailey, Baillie, Bailie, Baily (*Eng., Scot.*) One charged with public administrative authority in a certain district by the king or a lord; or one who acted as agent for the lord in the management.

Baker (*Eng., Wel.*) One who makes bread.

Barnes, Barns (*Eng., Scot.*) Dweller near the barn, or grain storage building; the bairn or child, often a young person of a prominent family; descendant of Beorn (nobleman); one who came from Barnes in Surrey and Aberdeenshire; descendant of Barn, a pet form of Barnabas (son of prophecy or consolation).

Bell, Belle (*Eng.*) Dweller at the sign of the bell; the handsome one; descendant of Bel, a pet form of Isabel (oath to Baal); and of Arabel (eagle, heroine).

Bennett, Bennet (*Eng.*) Descendant of little Benne, a pet form of Benedict (blessed).

Bouvier, Bouyer (*Fr.*) One who took care of cattle.

Brooks, Brookes, Brook, Brookman, Brooke (*Eng.*) Dweller near the spring or brook, sometimes marsh.

Brown, Browne (*Eng., Scot.*) One with a dark complexion; descendant of Brun (brown).

Burns, Burnes (*Eng.*) Dweller at the brook.

Butler, Buttler (*Eng.*) One who made or had charge of, bottles; one in charge of the butts or casks of wine.

Campbell (*Scot.*) One with a wry mouth, or, perhaps, arched lips. It has been suggested that the epithet was applied by neighboring clans on account of moral, rather than physical, defects.

Carter, Cartter (*Eng.*) One who drove a cart.

Clark, Clarke (*Eng.*) A clergyman

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scholar, scribe, or recorder (British pronunciation of clerk).

ohen, Cohn, Cohan (*Heb.*) The priest. This name indicates a family claiming descent from Aaron, the high priest.

ollins, Collinson, Collings, Colling (*Eng.*) Son of little Cole, a pet form of Nicholas (people's victory).

ook, Cooke (*Eng.*) One who prepared food.

ooper, Couper, Cowper (*Eng.*) One who made and sold casks, buckets, and tubs.

ox, Coxe (*Eng.*) Dweller at the sign of the cock, a common signboard; dweller near a small hill or clump of trees, variants of Cook.

avis, Davies (*Eng., Wel.*) The son of Davie, a pet form of David (commander; beloved; friend).

reyfus, Dreyfuss, Dreifuss, Dreifus (*Ger.*) One who made trivets; three feet; one who came from Treves or Trier (place of the tribe of the Treviri), in Germany.

dwards, Edward (*Wel.*) The son of Edward (rich, guardian).

isenhower, Eisenhauer (*Ger.*) The iron cutter, or iron miner; maker of eisenhauers, a saber or sword blade capable of shearing an iron nail.

llis, Ellison (*Eng.*) Descendant of Ellis (God is salvation).

vans, Evan (*Wel.*) The son of Evan, Welsh form of John (gracious gift of Jehovah).

iore, Fiori (*It.*) Dweller at, or near, a place where flowers are grown.

isher (*Eng.*) One who caught or sold fish.

oster (*Eng.*) One in charge of a forest, a forest warden; a gamekeeper, a manor official.

raham, Grahame (*Eng., Scot.*) Dweller at the gray homestead; one who came from Grantham (Granta's homestead), spelled Graham in Domesday Book, in Lincolnshire.

ray, Graye (*Eng., Fr.*) The gray-haired man; one who came from the Gray (Gradus' estate), in France.

reen, Greene (*Eng.*) Dweller at, or near, the village green, or grassy ground.

riffin, Griffen (*Eng.*) Dweller at the sign of the griffin, a fabulous monster, half lion and half eagle; one with a ruddy complexion; descendant of Griffin or Gryffyn (fierce lord).

Hall, Halle (*Eng., Ger.*) Dweller in, or near, the manor house; or in, or near, a stone house; servant in the principal room of the manor house; dweller at the rock or stone, generally a boundary marker; one who came from Hall or Halle (saltworker), the names of places in Germany.

Hamilton (*Scot., Eng.*) One who came from Hambleton (bare or treeless hill), the name of several villages in England; one who lived at Hamela's farm or enclosure.

Harris, Harrison, Harries (*Wel., Eng.*) The son of Harry, the English version of Henry (home, rule).

Hayes (*Eng.*) Dweller at the hedge or hedged enclosure; keeper of the hedges or fences; one who came from Hayes (enclosure), a common name of minor places in England.

Henderson, Henryson (*Eng., Scot.*) The son of Henry (home, rule).

Hill, Hills (*Eng.*) Dweller at, or near, a hill, or on rising ground; one who came from Hill (hill), the name of various places in England.

Howard (*Eng.*) Descendant of Howard (high, warden; eweherd; heart, protection); a corruption of Hayward.

Hughes, Hugh (*Wel., Eng.*) The son of Hugh (spirit; mind).

Jackson, Jaxon (*Eng.*) The son of Jack, a pet form of John (gracious gift of Jehovah).

James (*Wel., Eng.*) Descendant of James, Old French form of Jacob (may God protect; the supplanter).

Jenkins, Jenkinson, Jenks (*Wel., Scot., Eng.*) The son of little Jen or Jenk, pet forms of John (gracious gift of Jehovah).

Johnson, Johnsen, Johnsson (*Eng., Danish, Nor., Sw.*) The son of John.

Jones (*Wel., Eng.*) The son of Jone, the Welsh pronunciation of John.

Jordan, Jorden, Jourdain, Jordon (*Eng., Fr.*) Descendant of Jordan or Jourdain (flowing down), a personal name sometimes given to one who was baptized with holy water from the river Jordan.

Kaplan, Kaplin, Kaplon (*Ger., Pol.*) Descendant of the chaplain or high priest.

Kelly (*Irish, Scot., Eng.*) Grandson of Ceallach (contention); one who came from Kelly (holly; woods); dweller in a grove.

Kennedy (*Scot., Irish*) One with an ugly or misshapen head; descendant of Cinneididh (helmeted-head).

King (*Eng.*) One who played the part of the king in a play or *(continued)*

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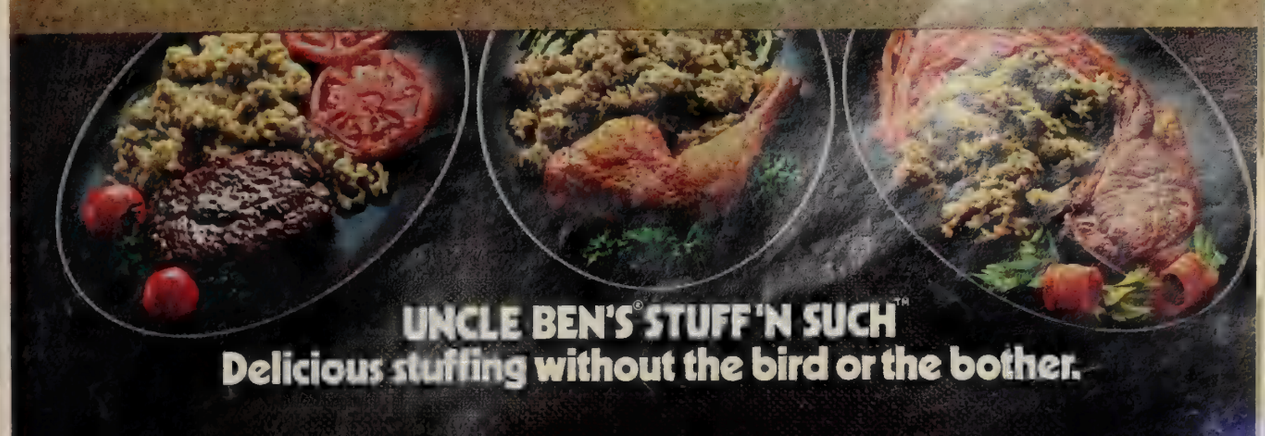
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pageant; one connected in some way with the king's household; one with a royal appearance or kingly qualities.

Kissinger, Kissing (*Ger.*) One who came from Kissing (swamp), in Germany.

Lee, Ley (*Eng., Chin.*) Dweller at the meadow, or open place in a wood; one who came from Lee, the name of various places in England; plums.

Levy, Levey, Levee (*Heb., Eng.*) Descendant of Levi (united).

Lewis (*Wel., Eng.*) Descendant of Lewis (glory, battle; hear, fight; hale, wide).

Long (*Eng., Fr.*) The tall man.

Lopez, Lopaz (*Sp.*) The son of Lupe (wolf).

Martin, Marten, Martens, Martyn (*Fr., Spanish, Eng.*) Descendant of Martinus (belonging to the god Mars, the god of war); one who came from Martin, a place name from Spain and France. The popularity of the name in Western Europe is due to St. Martin of Tours, the 4th-century French saint.

McDonald, Macdonald, McDonnell, McDonell, Macdonell (*Scot., Irish*) The son of Donald (dark or brown-haired stranger); the son of Domhnall (world mighty).

Miller, Millar (*Eng.*) One who grinds grain.

Mitchell, Mitchel (*Eng., Scot.*) Descendant of Michael (who is like God); the large man.

Moore, Moor, More (*Eng., Scot.*) Dweller in, or near, the marsh or the high wasteland; descendant of More, a form of Maur Moorish or dark); nickname for one dark as a Moor.

Morgan (*Wel.*) Descendant of Morgan (great, bright).

Morris, Morice (*Wel., Fr.*) Descendant of Maurice (Moorish, or dark-skinned).

Moskovitz, Moskowitz (*Cz.-Sl., Yu.-Sl.*) The son of Mosko (child; drawer of water; saved from the water).

Murphy, Murphey (*Irish*) Descendant of Murchadh (sea warrior).

Murray, Murry, Murrie (*Scot.*) One who came from Moray (beside the sea), in Scotland.

Myers, Myer (*Ger.*) An overseer, or head servant; later, a farmer.

Nelson, Neilson, Nelsen, Neilsen (*Sw., Nor., Dan., Eng.*) the son of Nel or Neil (champion).

Nixon, Nickson (*Eng.*) The son of Nick, a pet form of Nicholas (people's victory).

Olson, Olsen, Olsson (*Nor., Sw.*) The son of Ole or Olaf (ancestor).

Onassis (*Ger.*) The useful, serviceable man.

Parker (*Eng., Wel.*) One in charge of a manor; a gamekeeper.

Patterson, Pattison, Paterson (*Scot., Eng.*) The son of Patrick (noble or patrician).

Peterson, Petersen (*Eng., Dan., Nor., Sw.*) The son of Peter (a rock).

Phillips, Philipps, Phillip, Phillipp, Philipp, Philips (*Wel., Eng.*) The son of Philip (lover of horses).

Powell, Powel (*Wel., Eng.*) The son of Howell (eminent); descendant of Powel, an early English form of Paul (small); dweller at a pool.

son of little Rob, a pet form of Robert (fame, bright).

Rogers, Rogerson (*Wel., Eng.*) The son of Rober (fame, spear).

Roosevelt (*Du.*) One who lived at, or near, the rose farm or field.

Ross, Rosse (*Scot.*) Dweller at the promontory or peninsula; one who came from Ross (promontory), in Scotland.

Russell (*Eng.*) The little red-haired man.

Stewart, Steward (*Eng., Scot.*) Keeper of the sty, pen, or hall, later manager of a household or estate; one who had charge of a king's or important noble's household.

Taylor, Tayler, Taylour (*Eng.*) One who made outer garments, a tailor.

Thomas (*Wel.*) Descendant of Thom (a twin).

Thompson, Thompsen (*Eng., Scot., Sw., Nor.*) The son of Thom, a pet form of Thomas (a twin); one who came from Thompson (Tumi's homestead), Norfolk.

Truman, Trueman (*Eng.*) The faithful or loyal servant.

Turner (*Eng.*) One who fashioned objects on a lathe.

Volpe, Volpi (*It.*) Dweller at the sign of the fox; cunning person; one with fox-like characteristics.

Wagner, Waggoner, Wagoner (*Eng., Ger.*) Driver of a wagon; one who made wagons, a cartwright.

Walker (*Eng.*) One who cleaned and thickened cloth, a fuller; one who came from Walker (marsh by the Roman wall), in Northumberland.

Wallace, Wallis (*Scot.*) The foreigner or stranger; one who came from Wales.

Watson (*Eng.*) The son of Wat, a pet form of Walter (rule, folk or army).

Wayne (*Eng.*) Dweller at the sign of the wagon; metonymic for a maker of wagons.

Wells, Welles, Well, Wells (*Eng.*) Dweller at, or near, the spring or stream; one who came from W (spring or stream), the name of several places in England.

West (*Eng.*) One who came from the West, a westcountryman.

White (*Eng.*) The light or fair-complexioned person; one with white hair; descendant of Hwita (white), a variant of Waite (watchman or lookout); dweller by a bend or curve in a river or road; dweller near a look-out post.

Williams, Williamson (*Wel., Eng.*) The son of William (resolution, helmet).

Wilson, Willson (*Eng., Scot.*) The son of Will, a pet form of William (resolution, helmet).

Wood (*Eng.*) Dweller in or near, a grove or dense growth of trees; the wild or frenzied man. Much of England was still thickly wooded even in districts that had long been settled during surname times.

Wright (*Eng.*) One who worked in wood, or other hard material, a carpenter.

Young, Younger, Younge (*Eng., Ger.*) One younger than another with whom he was associated; or of two bearing the same Christian name, the younger son.

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Price, Preece (*Wel., Eng.*) The son of Rhys (ardor, a rush); a person who came from Prees (brushwood), in Shropshire or from Preese, in Lancashire.

Reed (*Eng.*) The red-haired or ruddy person; one who came from Reed (reedy or rough growth), in Hertfordshire.

Reynolds (*Eng.*) Descendant of Reginald or Regenweald (counsel, govern).

Richardson (*Eng.*) The son of Richard (rule, hard).

Roberts, Robert, Robart (*Wel., Eng.*) The son of Robert (fame, bright).

Robinson, Robison (*Eng., Scot.*) The

Ryan (*Irish*) Grandson of Rian (little king).

Sanders, Sander (*Scot., Eng., Ger.*) The son of Sander, an abbreviation of Alexander (helper of mankind).

Schmidt, Schmitt, Schmid, Schmit (*Ger.*) The worker in metals, a smith.

Simmons, Simmonds (*Eng.*) The son of Simon or Simeon (gracious hearing; hearkening; snub-nosed).

Smith, Smithe (*Eng., Scot., Irish*) The worker in metals.

Snyder (*Du.*) One who made outer garments, a tailor.

Stevens, Stevenson, Steven (*Eng.*) The son of Stephen (a crown or garland).

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mall batches, fine quality .another reason people ith sensitive skins won't e without Neutrogena.

"DOCTOR, MAKE ME BEAUTIFUL"

continued from page 68

above the nose and between your eyebrows. With eyes closed, and without consciously using any muscles of expression, fix those points of relaxation in your mind. Don't strain; simply focus your attention on those targets quietly for two or three minutes.

Then allow your eyes to become relaxed completely (eyes still closed); soon the expression lines around your eyes, and elsewhere on your face, will tend to smooth out. Open your eyes slowly for a minute (not too wide), remain relaxed, then close your eyes again (*not* squeezed tight), and repeat the quiet concentration as before. Do this at least three times.

If you'll repeat this one little relaxation exercise about a half dozen times a day, it will ease your facial lines to some extent, and as a bonus, will relax you mentally. Soon this improved, calmer expression should become a natural part of you.

Finally, to express yourself most effectively in daily living, just remember:

Don't give your all in every sentence you speak. Don't squeeze your face into overdramatic expressions. Always hold a little something back.

If you take this advice, you will be more rather than less expressive as an individual—and you will help keep lines and wrinkles from developing on your face more quickly than they would otherwise. **END**

Journal Shopping Center

CLOTHES FOR DAY & NIGHT PEOPLE

PAGE 94: ANNE FOGARTY polyester matte jersey shirtdress has a softly flared skirt and low torso, with a self sash. About $80. Available at Lord & Taylor, New York; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Jacobson's, Michigan; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Sakowitz, Houston; Frost Brothers, San Antonio; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles.

ACCESSORIES—TOP: Patterned scarf by Burmel. Narrow belt by St. Laurent. Open-toed slingback pumps by Herbert Levine. BOTTOM: Warm-toned pearl ropes, ring, and earrings by KJL. Koret jeweled clutch bag. Satin ankle-strap shoes from I. Miller.

MAN'S SUIT . . . Polo by Ralph Lauren.

PAGE 95: MARSHALL KLUGMAN FOR JOHN MACDOUGALL grey wool flannel pantsuit features a one-button blazer with wide lapels and white top-stitching. $120. Matching flared pants with narrow waistband, $50. Available at B. Altman, All Stores; Gengarelly, Greenwich, Conn.; Hochschild-Kohn & Co., Baltimore; Hess's Mary Sachs, Harrisburg, Pa.; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Betty Johnson's Inc., Thiensville, Wisc.; Cates First Avenue, Denver; Back Street, Calif., Dallas, Houston, Atlanta.

ACCESSORIES:—TOP: Ruffly pink blouse, Gregory & Goldberg. Rhinestone bow pin, square-cut earrings, and ring by KJL. Glittery rhinestone belt by Christian Dior. Beth Levine silver platform sandals. BOTTOM: Tailored plaid shirt by Franck Olivier. Sally Gee jersey turban. Ivory-like beads and reptile belt by St. Laurent. I. Miller walking shoes. Canvas shoulder tote from Sears. Samsonite "Action Pak" soft corduroy luggage.

MAN'S SUIT . . . Polo by Ralph Lauren.

PAGE 96: VICTOR JORIS FOR CUDDLECOAT peach wool gabardine suit has a long wrap jacket with tuxedo lapels that ties with a self-belt, and an A-line skirt. About $130. Available at Bloomingdale's, New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Montaldo's, All Stores; Jacobson's, Michigan; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; I. Magnin, All Stores.

ACCESSORIES—TOP: Matte jersey wrapped halter by Maxine de la Falaise for Blousecraft. Pearl ropes, earrings, and ring by KJL. Mother of Pearl dove neckpiece on silver chain from Celia Sebiri. Judith Leiber obi cloth brocade handbag. Pearly-toned buckled pumps from I. Miller. BOTTOM: Rust-colored silk shirt by Franck Olivier. St. Laurent peach beads. Envelope bag from Charles Jourdan.

MAN'S SUIT by Pierre Balmain.

PAGE 97: GIORGIO DI SANT' ANGELO FOR GREAT TIMES T-shaped sweater chemise & of DuPont Wintuk acrylic knit, accented by an Aztec design along the yolk and sleeves. It comes with a self sash. About $35. Available at B. Altman, All Stores; Hecht Co., Washington, D.C.; F. R. Lazarus, Columbus; Strauss', Youngstown, Ohio; Bramson's, Chicago; Harzfeld's, Kansas City, Mo.; Joseph Magnin, Calif., Nevada, Colorado, Hawaii.

ACCESSORIES—TOP: KJL hoop earrings. Satin quilted shoulder bag and gold and ivory rings by Judith Leiber. BOTTOM: Caramel colored turtleneck from DeNoyer. Skinny suede belt by Judith Leiber. Celia Sebiri ivory and bamboo baneles. I. Miller loafer-like shoes.

MAN'S SUIT . . . Polo by Ralph Lauren.

Hosiery is DuPont "Cantrece"; **watches** by Dynasty. Prices are approximate.

THE PRETTIEST TABLES WEAR SKIRTS

PAGE 98: To-the-floor table skirt is made from Siamoise print, =73315, a 54" wide cotton, and the short square cloth & made from Broderie D'Anjou, =77654, a 55¼" chintz, both from Brunschwig & Fils*.

PAGE 99: To-the-floor table skirt is made from Jungle Talk, =K905-4F, and the short, square cloth & made from Persia, =K915-4F, both 54" cottons from & Vice Versa*.

Accessories on both pages are one of a kind pieces from David Weiss Importers*.

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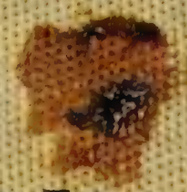
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The Warm Cream
Scented and Unscented

SEX AFTER 40

continued from page 89

as well as from the mistaken notion that menopause is a punctuation mark ending femininity and sexuality. All "the change" really means is the end of a woman's reproductive years; it certainly does not signal the end of the enjoyment of sex. Recently a dynamic woman in her early 50's returned from a trip abroad and confided that not one but two men had expressed an interest in making love to her. She rejected both offers, but her morale was boosted by the knowledge that she was still desirable. She, like many other women, had been equating love, romance, and sex with youth.

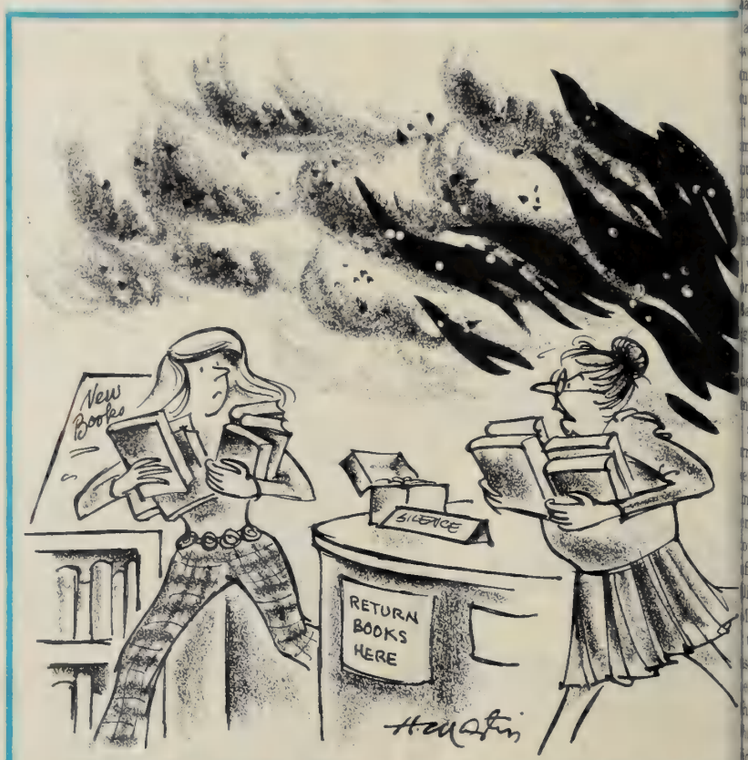
There has been a tendency to assume that most women over 40 are still caught in the cultural bind of Victorianism that plagued their grandmothers and great-grandmothers. But as women of all ages have progressed through the 20th century, they have changed their attitudes toward sex. Holdovers from the past do persist, of course, as attested to in a survey conducted by *Psychology Today* magazine to measure sexual practices and attitudes. Of the more than 20,000 responses, only nine percent were from men and women over 45. Among the replies was a particularly revealing letter from a woman who wrote: "I lost my first husband when I was forty-five; the second, after only three weeks' honeymoon, at forty-eight. What happens to a woman such as I, wanting 'sex, copulation, love' only within the 'proper Victorian bounds,' yet feeling very wanton at times?"

Sex Education for Mom and Dad

Many adults are woefully ignorant about sex, despite years of experience. Because of the revolution in sex education in our schools, some parents may be less knowledgeable than their children. Yet it is never too late to get a good understanding of the facts of life, either from doctors or from bo

Marriage counselors, physicians, chologists, and family life author recognize the need for sex educa for the mature and the young a In the past, this teaching, geare adolescents, was limited to the re ductive aspects of sex. Very little said about human sexual behavior u researchers such as Kinsey, and M ters and Johnson—and the host of v ers who have interpreted their stu —came along to fill the void. Psyc trist David R. Reuben, M.D., auth *Everything You Always Wante Know About Sex, But Were Afrai Ask*, maintains that men and wome their 40's and 50's know more a their automobiles or golf clubs t they do about sex and sexuality. "W you buy an automobile," he says, " give you a wonderful book that how to turn the key and what to d something goes wrong. Most pe find out about sex through on-the training. They start at fourteen or teen and make mistakes for th years. By the time they really get hang of it, it's too late."

Dr. Reuben recommends frank cussions between husband and and prescribes that both consult fessionals who will be sympathetic understanding. Physicians have bec more open and receptive, and are o ing guidance to patients now that recognize the extent of sexual i rance and sexual problems. Says Joshua Goldin, assistant professo psychiatry at the University of Cali nia School of Medicine, "We're forbidden, the way we used to be, to knowledge that there are sexual p lems for older people—problems ha to do with normal heterosexual r tions, difficulties pertaining to im tence, frigidity, and premature e lation. By routinely inquiring about patients' sex lives, by working to velop an open-minded attitude a sex, we can encourage them to c municate and thus educate them.



"For God's sake, Miss Willson, don't bother with Philip Roth! Save Galsworthy!"

ome mature people are inhibited in r sex lives because of traditionally essive environments, says Dr. Gol- but they are beginning to recog- that normal, healthy people over lo engage in sexual intercourse. ey no longer feel guilty about what are doing," he added. "Nor do deprive themselves of sexual eriences. Often it becomes more fortable to acknowledge sexual mal- stments once they realize how mon such problems are."

Sex and the Woman Alone

ex, or the lack of it, emerges as one e principal problems of the woman e—whether she has been married as remained single. For centuries en have been limited to two social- ceptable alternatives—marriage or sterhood (spinsterhood meaning tity). Isn't it about time that wom- ad the same opportunities as men? isn't it time that older women de- ed the options now open to young- more liberal-minded women? Dr. fred B. Broderick, professor of ly relations at Pennsylvania State versity, attributes changing femi- attitudes toward sex to a general ease in the freedom and responsi- y women are experiencing in all s of life. Although he expresses e concern lest this freer life style nger the social institutions of ch and family, Dr. Broderick con- s that changing sexual mores have been accompanied by a rise in niscuity. His studies indicate, rath- hat the increase in premarital sex primarily involved couples who are g steady or are engaged.

an article entitled "Problems of owed, Divorced, and Unmarried nen," the late Dr. Richard H. ner, former chairman of the De- ment of Child Development and ily Relations at the University of th Carolina at Greensboro, found me women are "delighted" with sexual freedom that accompanies aining single—"freedom for more as well as freedom from too much." vever, most women who saw him for nseling were afraid of establishing tations for being promiscuous. "It that they don't want sex; many of n are passionately eager," he said. t most women want some sort of tional commitment. They don't t to be 'used,' and they feel de- ned by sex bargains. Most Ameri- women have been conditioned to a ng sex-love association."

asically, the unmarried woman who ht Dr. Klemer's counsel to help through middle age had to learn er to accept the probability and the desirability of living a success- single life, or, alternately, must n to improve her relationships with r people in order to increase her nce of finding a husband. Dr. mer urged the second alternative, ugh which a woman can gain self- idence, evaluate herself, and set istic goals.

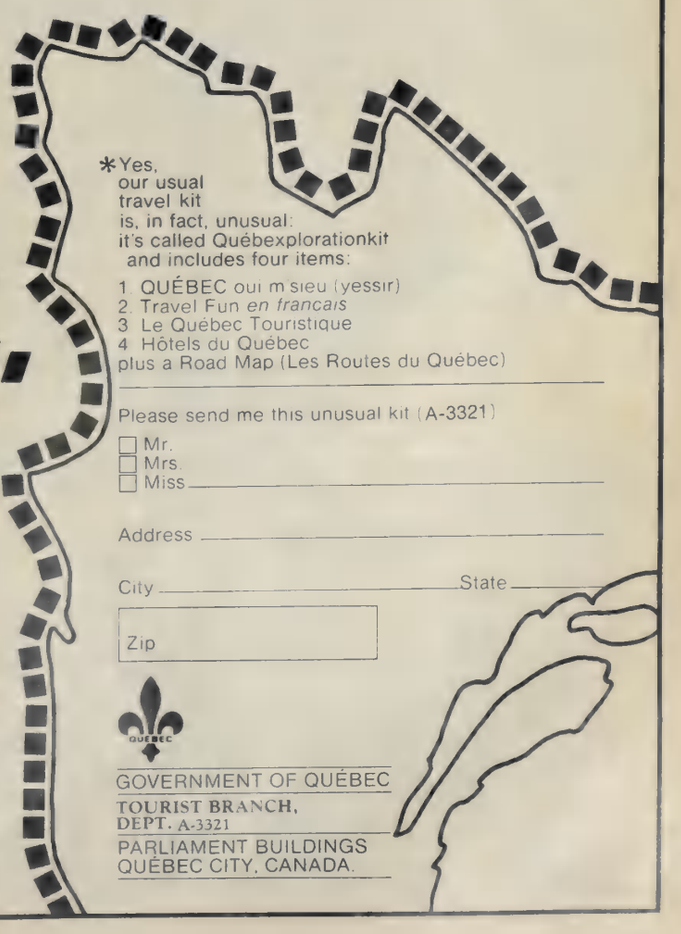
lany perennial "bachelor girls" in- that they have remained single be- e of obligations to aged parents; rs protest that they have never had ance to meet men—or at least the t men. While such claims may be l, Dr. Klemer felt they were more n excuses than reasons. "Many nen who talk about family obliga- s don't bother to add that they were emotionally dependent upon their parents even before their parents became dependent upon them," he said. "They just couldn't leave emotionally when they might have left financially. And it's true that a few women live such isolated lives that they haven't really had a fair opportunity to meet men. But most women come in contact with enough eligible males in a week's time to provide them with all the dates and love affairs they might need."

In Dr. Klemer's opinion, the inhibiting factor is a woman's own feeling of self-worth—or lack of it. Women who do not meet men have very low levels of self-esteem; they are convinced that anyone they encounter will not like them. This makes them either so standoffish or overly eager to impress that men really *do* react negatively. "On the other hand," Dr. Klemer added, "the woman who has self-confidence doesn't have to spend all her time thinking, 'What is he thinking now?' or 'I wonder if I look all right?' Instead, she can think about helping the man to be more comfortable in the situation. Consequently, he likes her, and she is even better at relating to the next person."

In the final analysis, Dr. Klemer found that the most important step the single woman can take when seeking a love relationship is to become emotionally indispensable *(continued)*

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SEX AFTER 40 *continued*

to a man. "A curious fallacy held by many people, including many older unmarried people, is that they can make someone fall in love with them by being so irresistible that the other person cannot help himself," he explained. "This is nonsense. People fall in love and stay in love because they have an emotional need for the other person."

Love and Sex

In a letter to an advice column, a woman recently posed this question: "I am forty-five and my husband is forty-eight. We get along just fine. But lately there's been so much talk about marriage manuals and how-to books on sex, I wonder if we're missing something. Do you think we should buy one?"



The recent spate of "how-to" sex books raises a basic question: What is the distinction between love and sex? In his discussion of *Love and Will*, psychiatrist Rollo May maintains that American sexual freedom has become a new form of Puritanism, consisting of three elements: alienation from the body; separation of emotion from reason; and use of the body as a machine. In other words, a kind of depersonalization of sex has occurred.

"When we cut through all the rigamarole about roles and performance," Dr. May writes, "what still remains is the amazing importance of the sheer act of intimacy in making a sexual encounter memorable: the meeting, the growing closeness, the excitement of now knowing where it will lead, the assertion of self, and the giving of the self." Dr. May advocates a greater knowledge of love than of sex. He has no quarrel with scientists such as Masters and Johnson who apply technology to sexual relationships. "The more we learn about sex, the better," he declares. But sex is only one part of the true marital relationship. "What people need and want is intimacy and authentic love."

Sex relations are important to everyone—particularly to the mature woman—not only for the pleasure received or for ego support, but for the *quality* of intimacy the relationship communicates. But sex can provide those rewards only if it is accompanied by tenderness. Dr. May observes that in our society, the sharing of tastes, fantasies, dreams, and hopes that goes into building a relationship makes people more vulnerable when going to bed together. "They are more wary," he says, "of the tenderness that goes with psychological and spiritual nakedness than they are of the physical nakedness of sexual intimacy."

Sex and the Menopause

Dr. Alvin Goldfarb, associate professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, lists the five common causes of sexual problems during and after menopause as: fear of pregnancy; loss of libido; painful intercourse (dyspareunia); family discord; and the fatigue associated with aging.

Fear of pregnancy can, of course, be allayed with the use of contraceptives until a woman is certain she can no longer conceive (usually a year after her last menstrual period). A decline in libido may be related indirectly to the diminished production of hormones. Physiological effects of estrogen deprivation, such as hot flashes, night sweats, insomnia, and fatigue can also interfere with sexual responsiveness. These discomforts can often be alleviated through estrogen replacement therapy.

According to Dr. Sherwin Kaufman, a New York gynecologist, one common physical problem usually attributed to estrogen deprivation is a gradual thinning and drying of the vaginal tissue. This condition, known as atrophic vaginitis, can make intercourse a painful experience. A normal vagina is moist, soft, and elastic. With advancing years it begins to tighten, the vaginal lips become thin and shrunken, and the lining becomes rough and sometimes ulcerated. Itching, irritation, and dis-

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rge or dryness are also common
nptoms.

Once the diagnosis is made," Dr.
ufman says, "treatment is specific.
e simplest therapy is estrogen ap-
d locally, in the form of a cream
suppository. Estrogen can also be
en by mouth. Improvement is then
matic. Within a week or two, the
, brittle vaginal tissues are again
k, moist, and elastic. But treatment
st always be administered under
dical supervision."

ome gynecological problems that
ur during and after menopause are
ated surgically. The physician's first
in these cases is to carefully ex-
in the procedure in order to dispel
ecessary fears. Many couples be-
e, for example, that a hysterectomy
s a woman's sex life. This need not
true. A hysterectomy involving the
oval of the ovaries will bring about
artificial menopause, but any re-
ing difficulties can be alleviated
ough the same hormone therapy
t is available to women going
ough a normal change of life. [The
RNAL will publish a more detailed
ort on hormone therapy in a forth-
ing issue.]

Men Have Problems, Too

Women are not alone in going
ough a physical transition that af-
s their sex lives during middle age.
n undergo changes that create, for
e, a real crisis. Panic may set in
en a man experiences his first epi-
e of impotence, which can result
m tension, anxiety, or pressure on
job.

Dr. David Reuben maintains that
e men who suffer from impotence
reject or avoid sex because they
afraid of another failure. Others
ble in promiscuity in an attempt to
ve to themselves that it is not they
have the problem—it is their wives!
a degree, this may be true, for there
been cases in which wives have
ped to resolve their husband's prob-
through open communication,
pathy, and love. Both need the re-
urance of a physician that they are
ood health before they start trying
analyze their problem together.
ey might begin by asking, "Are we
ually bored with each other?" This
key question, for boredom appears
be a common cause of sexual fail-
. Masters and Johnson have helped
ples overcome this handicap by
ching them to seek new stimulation
ile trying to be as attractive as pos-
e to each other.

We would like to emphasize that
t as a husband, through patience
l understanding, is expected to help
his wife through the difficult moments of menopause, so a wife needs to be compassionate and sympathetic toward the troubles of her middle-aged husband, even when she is having problems of her own. And according to Dr. Theodore Lidz, professor and chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at Yale University School of Medicine, one of the principal ways in which a woman can communicate love to her mate is through sexual intercourse. While the sex life of a middle-aged couple may be less "frenzied," says Dr. Lidz, each knows the needs and unspoken signals of the other. They have, by now, found ways to satisfy one another. They have greater control, perhaps, or skill or even "artistry," as Dr. Lidz puts it; and they derive more "subtle pleasure" from the sexual act.

Some insightful wives do everything they can to keep romance alive and prolong a successful marital sex life. They try to keep their homes free of dissension, and they work at staying physically fit and attractive—yes, even seductive. They may even go so far as to "set the scene" for marital happiness. Such was the case with the wife of a newly-elected Governor of Pennsylvania. She refused to move into the $2,000,000 gubernatorial mansion until twin beds had been removed from the master bedroom. "We prefer a double bed," she said. **END**

SSION'S STORM

Bette Battaglia

e purpled storm clouds
ast violet in your eyes
en you came to me in
he valley webbed with rain.
kisses ran down the side of
our mouth in rivulets,
d your hair, drenched from
he sky wash,
ck to crushed ferns.
Then the prying sun singed
he edges of our passion.
n has been special to me
ver since . . .



continued from page 50

recruitment practices, as well as for their in-house record of discrimination against women attorneys. Firms have been banned from using the job placement facilities at a few schools. Interviewers have been reprimanded for making statements to women such as: "If you don't use birth-control measures, we can't hire you." Or, "We've already hired our woman this year." Or, "Our corporate clients will not accept a woman lawyer."

In New York City, women law students filed complaints against ten major law firms with the Human Rights Commission. In the Commission's first finding thus far, one firm has been charged with: rejecting women who had qualifications superior to those of the men eventually hired; failing to advance women to partnerships; and restricting women to one division of the firm.

On the Job: The sex-typing of specialties within the law is an old story. Women are routed into trusts and estates, domestic relations, research, poverty, and tax law. Litigation, criminal law, labor relations, and corporate law are considered "masculine" specialties. (Starting salaries for men are between $11,500 and $15,000, while women average $1,500 less.)

But today's woman lawyer isn't necessarily choosing the familiar path. She is not limiting her practice to law that is social work or clients who are deceased. She is pressing for equality in the various bar associations. She is fighting the generalization that women will marry, bear children, and automatically shortchange their professional duties. (Two-thirds of women lawyers are married and about 70 percent of them have children.) She is taking *pro bono* (no fee) cases to help women suffering job discrimination. And always, she is coping with sexism in her own way.

Denver District Court Judge Zita Weinshienk has been on the bench for eight years. She has long since grown weary of hearing lawyers say: "You have the best looking legs of any judge I know." And she and her lawyer husband no longer smile when people laughingly introduce them as Judge and Mr. Weinshienk. Judge Weinshienk wishes more women judges would come along and make her less of an exception: "For all women, and for my three daughters especially, I become more of a feminist every day," she says.

Lesley Oelsner covers the legal beat for *The New York Times*. A lawyer herself, Ms. Oelsner is particularly tuned in to sexism in the courtroom. "It's outrageous," she says, "that judges can get away with charging the jury with, 'You are not to take into consideration that the defendant's lawyer is very pretty.' "

Carol Libow, who plans to organize an all-woman law firm, remembers that the first day she was admitted to the bar she asked a family court judge for a conference in his chambers. "I never had a chance to discuss my case. I became a woman alone with him in a room—not a lawyer. The judge chased me around his desk until I finally backed out the door."

Shirah Neiman is New York's first woman in the criminal division of the U.S. Attorney's office in more than 20 years. As a prosecutor she must cope with defense lawyers' attempts to charm or discredit her. "It's a double bind," she explains. "Either I'm supposed to have an advantage with a jury because I'm a woman, or I'm supposed to have trouble getting a jury to believe me because I'm a woman."

Equality for women *under* the law should be a national priority. But equality of women *in* the law will only be possible when more of us enter the profession to plead our own case.



The Out Basket

- Illinois women can get legal counsel on sex bias in housing and jobs from *The Women's Advocate Corps.* For a copy of their *Guidelines* send 25¢ and a stamped envelope to Ms. Ginger Corrigan, 420 W. Eugenie, Chicago, Ill. 60614. The group also welcomes inquiries from volunteer attorneys and from those in need of legal assistance because of sex discrimination.
- *The Women's Legal Defense Fund* handles similar cases in Washington, D.C. The WLDF also offers women help with tax, corporate, and commercial problems. Non-lawyers can help the Fund process forms, investigate cases, raise money, or recruit lawyers. Contact Ms. Gladys Kessler, 1910 N St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.
- A directory of about *5,000 women attorneys* is available for $10 from Ford Associates, 701 S. Federal, Butler, Ind. 46721. Profits from this will be used to promote legal rights for women.
- *The Women's Rights Projects* of the American Civil Liberties Union takes cases of constitutional significance relating to women. For the n of the liaison person nearest you wr Ms. Brenda F. Fasteau, ACLU, Fifth Ave. New York, N.Y. 10011.
- *New Women Lawyers* needs n women lawyers to take referrals matrimonial and sex discrimina cases. If you're a member of the N York bar, contact: Ms. Carol Lib 26 Horatio St., New York, N.Y. 10
- *Women and the Law: A Col tion of Reading Lists* compiled by women lawyers, may be ered for $1 from KNO Box 86031, Pittsburgh, 15221.
- *The Center for Cor tutional Rights* takes c on job discrimination, ternity leaves, and sexis education, at no fee. center is willing to share experience with law stud and other attorneys. W CCR, 588 Ninth Ave., N York, N.Y. 10036.
- *The Women's Fund* has a Ford Four tion grant to help it liti cases of sex bias in hous employment, insurance efits, and education. Con Ms. Rita Page Reuss, W Keith Building, Room Cleveland, Ohio 44115.
- *Wanted by the Women* is the title of t invaluable booklets on legal profession and how get into it—even if you been out of school for ye Request the blue and pur booklets for general in mation ($1 for the two); the red booklet (50¢) you're interested in Cali nia law schools. From Boalt Hall Women's Ass ation, School of Law, U versity of California, Ber ley, Calif. 94720.
- *Human Rights Women* provides free le assistance in key sex- cases, educational publi tions and research on social condition of wom To get on the mailing send a tax-deductible con bution to HRW, 1128 tional Press Building, Wa ington, D.C. 20004.
- Women lawyers, ar tects, scientists, engine etc., make the *Professio Women's Caucus* an ef tive force working to vance the status and welf of women. For informati write PWC, Box 1057, Ra City Station, New Yo N.Y. 10019.

LOVE LETTER

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

You are a rocket exploding into my life
After a long season of darkness.
You are the fingers of music
Tapping against a caged heart.

You are a cup of new milk
Set in a garden of violets.
You are a far voice singing
Serene in the promise of morning.

WHAT LIZ KNOWS



By Liz Smith

America got a much better look at **Sargent** and **Eunice Shriver** during his run for the Vice-Presidency. The amazingest thing about this bouncy, energetic duo is how close they are—that is to say, how close the in-fighting is and how this modern Punch and Judy go at it hammer and tongs without either ever taking the count. Eunice never pulls *any* of her punches, no matter who is around. In another wife, this might be called henpecking. But Sarge —former Ambassador to France, onetime Peace Corps head, and good public servant that he is—simply takes all of Eunice's gibes, sarcasm, and chiding in his stride. He answers right back when his wife tells him off. (True, some people think it *is* a bit much when Eunice calls Sarge by her pet nickname—"Creepy Crawly.")

It is just possible that the Shrivers thrive on fighting in much the same manner as those other famous combatants, **Elizabeth** and **Richard Burton.** After all there is a psychoanalytic theory that couples who fight in an open, healthy manner are better off than those who never say a cross word to one another. (Incidentally, a family friend once remarked to Shriver that he understood all the Kennedys but Eunice. Cracked Sarge: "What don't you understand? Eunice is just **Jack Kennedy** in drag!")

Don't you love the title of **Peter Ustinov's** new play, *Who's Who In Hell*? "Of course, it's not a complete Who's Who," Ustinov says, "that would be too heavy to carry around!" . . . Don't invite New York's ex-model, now entrepreneur **Jackie Rogers** and Mrs. Henry Ford II to the same hash-sling. In a recent interview with a fashion trade paper, Jackie said things about Christina that have made the tawny-haired Mrs. Ford absolutely want to smash Jackie's cylinder block. . . . Critic **Rex Reed** has a new feud going with urbane and elegant columnist **George Frazier** of the *Boston Globe*. After George called Rex "the best high-school writer in America," Reed responded by saying that George looks as if he has been "embalmed." Listen, these witty, waspish writers are not about to turn any of their other cheeks. . . **Truman Capote** and **Lee Radziwill** are on the "outs" with **The Rolling Stones.** It seems after taking that tour with **Mick Jagger** and his group, Lee and Truman heard that they had been classified as "pains" by the rock singers. Truman even dumped his plans to write about the whole bit.

Is heiress **Gloria Vanderbilt Cooper** getting herself be needled? One of her frequent Southampton houseguests is hypnotist-psychotherapist-doctor **Frank Warren,** New York's resident Occidental versed in the Oriental art of acupuncture. Frank's a handsome devil; he looks a bit like Gloria's first husband, **Pat Di Cicco.** . . . **Ryan O'Neal** wouldn't let himself be interviewed by Proust, Tolstoy, or Shakespeare, provided one of them came back and wanted a crack at the *Love Story* boy. He's that upset over reporter **Tom Burk's** analysis of him in a magazine, especially the part about Ryan taking his little boy to the potty. "Outrageous invasion of privacy," sputters O'Neal. . . . **James Brady,** who was recently fired from *Harper's Bazaar*, is planning a whistle-blowing book about the experience. Title: *Super Chic*. . . . Say it isn't so—that **Dr. Henry Kissinger's** stock is falling with the President. Watch for Kissinger to exit and **John Connally** to move right in as Secretary of State as soon as the silver-haired Texan makes a few million bucks in private business . . . You too can have special shirts as beautiful as former President **Lyndon B. Johnson's.** All you have to do is pal around with **Mollie Parnis** and **Adele Simpson,** be an ex-Prez, and get these fashion ladies to make up their left-over fabrics in your size.

All the movers and shakers are cutting their hair off short—that goes for the **Baroness Marie Hélène de Rothschild,** who tells *tout Paris* where to get off, **Joan Kennedy,** who isn't your average little Miss Washington, D.C. nobody, and **Bianca Jagger,** who is the hottest new "now" personality on anybody's continent. . . . It wasn't exactly the kind of thing you'd buy for your own walls from some place like the super-elegant firm of **Hannett, Morrow & Fischer,** but it sure was expensive. I'm talking about the antique rare book **Jackie Onassis** tore apart to paper her bathroom. Ari blew sky high, if you can believe the servants. (Now you didn't think we'd go another whole month without writing about *them*, did you?) . . . **Loretta Young** is a terrifically nice person who spends lots of time working for underprivileged children in Arizona. But she is nobody to fool around with in business. When Loretta saw how the innocent clips from her old films, *Alexander Graham Bell* and *Call of the Wild*, had been used to introduce scenes of sex and sodomy in *Myra Breckinridge*, she hit the ceiling. Not even her old friend and then California Senator **George Murphy** could talk Loretta out of suing for invasion of privacy. Result: Loretta has just won her suit against 20th Century-Fox and the money will go to charity. How did she do it? By invoking the old "morals clause" of her ancient Fox contracts for those early pictures. Loretta argued that the clause was as binding on the studio as on the actor, and that Fox had acted immorally in misusing her film clips. . . . Now that Loretta won the first round, **Mrs. Kay Gable** may also sue on behalf of her son, **Clark Gable, Jr.,** whose famous dad appeared in *Call of the Wild* opposite Loretta. . . . Incidentally, what will 20th Century-Fox do about its dear old-fashioned name in the year 2000?

END

Advertisement

Create a glowing complexion with *Hungarian Beauty Rituals!*

FAMOUS SKIN CARE EXPERT REVEALS EUROPEAN BEAUTY SECRETS.
By Helen Makari, Special writer

When Queen Elizabeth of Austria wanted to improve her complexion about 100 years ago, she dispatched her secretary to Budapest, Hungary for help. Hungarian women have always been famous for their beauty and knowledge about complexions. Today, most of the successful skin care salons in the world have these Hungarian beauties with their skin care secrets, in charge. What are the secrets of these unquestionable beauties? To find out I visited ILONA OF HUNGARY, a famous beauty expert who maintains a successful and busy skin care Salon in Denver, Colo.

FLAWLESS COMPLEXION.
Ilona with her ivory-like, flawless complexion made me realize on first sight, that she knows the secret to a radiant skin. According to Ilona, complexion care, or facials as we know them in America, originated in Hungary centuries ago. Hungarians place a great emphasis on properly maintaining the skin. They believe in light make up only, which is enough if you have a radiant and glowing complexion. The maintenance of the skin during the growing years and all through life will result in either a radiant or a problem skin condition. Ilona's European Skin Care Center in Denver is so busy and the demand for her services are so great that she must now accept evening appointments to accomodate her ever growing and expanding clientile. People come from all over the United States and those who cannot visit the salon order her cosmetics by mail.

SHE DOESN'T PROMISE MIRACLES, SHE DELIVERS RESULTS.
People with dry skin, oily skin, acne, large pores, wrinkles, etc. have at long last found help by following her skin care methods. Those who suffered for years, who tried everything from antibiotics to "miracle products" without results are now happy with Ilona. Her remarkable methods work for every type of skin, even sensitive ones, without the use of diet or medications.

DON'T USE MOISTURIZER ON DRY SKIN!
Knowing that practically every cosmetic manufacturer in America offers various moisturizers for dry skin, Ilona's statement that she doesn't use moisturizers, shocked me.
She explained: "the greatest damage to complexion is caused by wind, sun and other weather elements which dry out the skin very fast and produce little channels under the skin, forming wrinkles in the process. Just look at the Americans Indians! Why do they develop deep wrinkles at an early age? It is a scientific fact that once the natural moisture escapes from the skin, it is next to impossible to penetrate the paper thin outer layer with a moisturizer. Your family doctor will confirm this. If external application of moisturizers would do wonders, fishermen who work under the most humid conditions, would have beautiful complexions. But they don't! True, you can soften the skin temporarily with a moisturizer, but soon it evaporates, leaving the skin tighter than before the application. So, a very logical approach to proper skin care is to preserve the natural moisture your own body produces."



Ilona of Hungary

Ilona continued: "I don't have a moisturizer in my cosmetic line, but my Protection Creams prevent the escape of natural moisture from the skin and protect it all day against weather extremes. If the skin still needs moisture replenished or to be lubricated it can be done more successfully with my special night creams."
Climate is an important factor in Ilona's skin care program. "I don't believe in 'all purpose' cosmetics and I am the only cosmetic manufacturer in America who offers skin care products according to the climate of the user. After all," she added, "even lawns need different treatments in dry climates than in humid ones."

SKIN CARE WITH PHENOMENAL SUCCESS!
Over two thousand people came to Ilona for help and letters pour in daily with request for cosmetics by mail and praises about the results. Here are a few excerpts from letters in her files: "The cleanser for my oily skin really works. My face feels soft, yet not greasy" Mrs. E.S. Winnipeg, Canada ● "My skin has shown a definite improvement.' Mrs. C.S. Leadville, Colo. ● "My skin is nearly perfect, that is something I had doubted would ever happen." Mr. L.F. Greeley, Colo. ● "I had acne for almost 10 years and the older I got the worse it became. Finding you was the miracle I was praying for. My skin looks wonderful and I am finally getting some confidence in myself." Miss G.W. Seattle, Wash. ● "I was very satisfied with the skin care products I bought from you. I would like to order more by mail." Miss N.R. Franklin, Idaho ● "From my early teens until middle age I was plaqued with facial problems which began with acne and continued as a chronic skin condition. Beginning your course of treatments has cleared by skin almost completely in four months." Mrs. G.R. Denver, Colo. ● "Dry skin is a problem here, but I think you have found the secret to its cure. I have a terribly dry skin and am allergic to almost everything, however, with your cosmetics I have no problem."Mrs. K.M. Phoenix, Ariz.●And the praises continue in many other letters.
A special skin care booklet containing Ilona's successful methods for complexion care at home is available by sending $1 to: **Ilona of Hungary, Dept. 11. 361 So. Colorado Blvd. Denver, Colo. 80222.** The full price will be credited on your first cosmetic order. If your present cosmetics just don't give you the results you want, a letter to Ilona with a $1 can be the best investment you ever made for your skin and a beautiful start to a radiant and glowing complexion.
On your next trip stop in Denver for an appointment with Ilona in her European Skin Care Center. You will be glad you did.

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Style 40308
SIZES 10-20 14½-22½



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THE LAST OF THE SOUTHERN GIRLS

CAROL HOLLYWELL, *being a Southern girl, was both romantic and pragmatic, and given to caprice.*

ELAINE ROSSITER, *a Manhattan magazine writer, was drawn to Washington politics as iron filings are drawn to a good magnet.*

JIM HOLLYWELL, *a New England Yankee from Hartford, had inherited 30 million dollars and dealt in the stock market.*

JENNIE GRAND, *a willowy brunette from California, married to a TV executive, had long since lost all her girlish illusions.*

JACK WINTER, *freshman congressman from an unnamed Southern state, did not lack for ambition, nor the will to make good use of others.*

BY WILLIE MORRIS

Carol Hollywell is a fictional heroine—or is she? Read this new novel of love and intrigue in Washington. You'll no doubt recognize a lot of real people in the highest places. You may wonder even more about politicians and what makes them tick. In any case, you'll be fascinated by a story told with grace and wit about a world in which passion, power—and heartbreak—are bedfellows. The author, Willie Morris, former editor of *Harper's*, wrote the widely acclaimed *North Towards Home*. An exclusive pre-publication condensation of a book destined to become a best seller.

Her friends and enemies had been wondering what would become of her. She had lived in Washington for twelve years. They asked themselves if she intended to remain its enfant terrible for the rest of her days. Most of the women disliked her and were jealous of her, for good reason. Most of the men desired her but were somewhat obsequious before her, for better reason still.

Washington was a large city, but not a truly communitied one, being as it was and always had been a kind of national way station, a least common denominator of a disparate society; it was the capital of a great modern power but the practitioners of that power, as they knew best of all, were impermanent residents, susceptible to the arcane predilections of our people. So that in the best echelons of its society the truly permanent citizens—the politicians who managed to stay on year after year, the journalists and the television personalities, the lawyers and businessmen with the most fruitful connections, the most entrenched of the civil servants, the foreign service officers, three or four dozen key foreigners, the retired diplomats and respectable hangers-on—were not a very large group at all. Practically everyone in this community knew everyone else.

Washington's political character and

Illustrations by Howard Terpening. Copyright © 1973 by Willie Morris. From "The Last of the Southern Girls," by Willie Morris, to be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

small-town ambiance gave an unusual quality to the nature of its talk. The political melted into the social in ways that were childish and destructive. They seemed not to understand the consequences of words. They babbled away to anyone about anything, principally about each other. The most rapt confessionals between friends, the most desultory persiflage between confidantes, entered the public domain swiftly, circling and gyrating and eventually returning home. One tended finally to become confused, perhaps, about truth and fantasy, about sympathy and malice, about friendship and enmity.

This was the milieu in which Carol Hollywell, née Templeton, a Southern debutante from the Mississippi River town of De Soto Point, Arkansas, had grown from girlhood into maturity. In a town where females were considered appendages to ambitious husbands and where the more independent seethed under this inferiority, where society was ordered for males and the urges of their politics—a place of powerful men, and women they married when they were young—of hostile wives whose men had vanished long before into the toils and sweats and circumlocutions of their calling—she was both unattached, being a divorcée for two years, and outspoken.

She could be charming, fine-humored, and inexhaustibly garrulous, but she was a girl of immediate caprices: swift to act, often perhaps a little too swift, and swifter yet to anger. There was a large strain of design and crudeness in her; chaos, commotion, and even emotional calamity often followed in the wake of her tempestuous pride. But all this coexisted with a loveliness and grace, for an aura of romance and beauty surrounded her, there was a rare electricity to her movements, she seemed touched with gold. Strangers might sense that she was fully observant of herself, and that she viewed herself with an unusual regard.

She had had affairs with a Yale man in the State Department, a Presidential adviser, and three mighty men of the media—and in the bright new spirit of the day had proven superior to them all. In a society where young women were expected to sit quietly, she teemed with anecdotes, hence she was much in demand among the younger political set, and though she considered herself a solid moderate-to-liberal Democrat, she crossed partisan lines with little difficulty and, in fact, considerable pleasure.

Little wonder that most Washington matrons considered her an unfeminine parvenu, and that in the moods of sad introspection before she turned thirty-three she told herself she was wasting her life, and indeed had become little more than the court jester.

Just what did she want? they asked. With her trenchant tongue and her flamboyant Southern wit, she could take over the leadership of the movement for the liberation of women, but she had had her moments with the movement and had found that the camp followers and foot soldiers of it left an emptiness in her. Then why did she not marry another wealthy man, a better breed this time, and seek power more tactfully than before? Because, she said, she had known wealth when she was merely twenty-six and had found it restricting. Or transport herself to Manhattan and find a niche there? Because, she replied, Washington was her town and because she was bound to it with all her longings and hopes.

What, indeed, did she want? She herself did not know.

The truth is that Carol Hollywell, being a Southern girl, was American to the blood, and hence was both an irredeemable romantic and a fitful pragmatist. She might suffer along the way, as indeed she had, but she was going to do all right before it was over.

She was tall and slender, about five eight, with dark brown hair and wisping curlicues that tumbled into her eyes, enough of it to set off a face with expressions so varied that she could seem a different person altogether from the one she had been five minutes before: a healthy American face with sturdy bloodlines. It could be an amusing face, and a mean and calculating one, and then straightforwardly and wholesomely beautiful, and mock serious in a way that fooled everyone, and in rare moments there would be a look around her mouth, an expectant look, at once tender and vulnerable. Her bright green eyes were touched with mischief. She had never thought of herself as beautiful, yet she had heard it told her so often she had taken full advantage of the proposition, and it had spoiled her. But her wit could be self-deprecatory, "I've had two rivers in my life," she would say, "the Mississippi and the Potomac. I'm fast, murky, and polluted." Those who dwelled with their feelings were the ones who were drawn to her, and people hated her and people loved her, for she defied prediction, and she was not to be effaced.

She had come up to the Hill to work on the staff of a congressman from Arkansas, a remote acquaintance of her uncle. She was twenty-one, recently out of Ole Miss with a degree in political science. She had been the most "popular" girl on campus, a little too irreverent perhaps for her own good but not excessively so, and she had read enough textbook politics to get her by in Washington.

On a fine June morning in 1957 she stepped off the Crescent Limited in Union Station. On arriving in the vast echoing hall, she followed a porter, walking gingerly on her toes, smiling



Just what did she want? they asked. Carol herself did not know. But she knew Washington was her town and she was bound to it with all her longings and hopes. How she loved the city she was part of!

for no reason at all at inessential strangers. She radiated warmth and foolishness and good will—even when she recognized somewhere down in the heart of her the restless gnaw of ambition. Because she was intelligent and resourceful, heiress to a good Southern name and recipient of 750 dollars a month for life from her grandfather's estate, she harbored scant fears of intimidation or inferiority.

How she loved the city! She loved to stand in high places on spring evenings and look down at the monuments and edifices and the broad boulevards bordered with their great shade trees, to admire the vistas opening from the circles, to gaze across from the Lee House at Arlington in a hazy autumn light toward the nest of its bureaucracies, its parks and plazas, to walk the quiet back ways of Georgetown and browse in the tiny shops, to hear the bells of Washington Cathedral on dark lonesome Sundays. Here, on Capitol Hill, down the Mall and Pennsylvania Avenue to the Treasury, was the class and play of the intractable Continent. And she would be part of it!

Naturally she was disillusioned when one of her first tasks for the congressman was to read all of Winston Churchill's major speeches and prepare a memorandum for him on how he could best emulate Churchill's oratory in Arkansas. The congressman saw himself as a descendant of the lordly Southern Bourbons, but in fact he was a small back-country farmer who had once raised cabbage and soybeans. "This man has no class," her uncle had told her. "Learn the Hill fast, then get something better."

"Well, little lady," the congressman had said to her, "I think you've done a real good job on the Churchill memo."

"Thank you, Congressman."

"Little lady, you're goin' a far way."

Not too far as it turned out, but just up the street to the Senate Office Building. She worked four months for the congressman. Then quite unexpectedly one night she found an entrée into Georgetown society, and this event would rearrange her whole existence.

She went to a dance that autumn with a young Democratic congressman from Pennsylvania, a Rhodes Scholar whose impeccable intellectual credentials disguised a mighty pomposity, but who stood in good stead with a number of the powerful, wealthy Democrats and diplomats who were waiting there for the dawn of a better day.

The host that evening was a Georgetown eminence, ambassador to Moscow, the Court of St. James, and Paris under various past administrations, a rich New Englander, one of the most respected diplomats in America. "He is really quite charming," Congressman Sidney Ricks told her in the taxicab.

It was a massive cream-colored brick house with severe lines, and under a pedimented portiere they walked up the stairway leading to the entrance.

She and Congressman Ricks stood in a corner, drank champagne, and watched the dancers, and she saw the reflections in the enormous Venetian chandelier and felt a sharp twinge of excitement, a giddy weightlessness.

"I'm having a pretty good time, Sidney."

"I'm glad to hear that."

"What are you frowning over, Mr. Congressman?"

"I was wondering if anyone ever asked you to marry."

"Oh, honey!" She could tell him, she supposed, about the handsome Ole Miss football captain who had promised her two million dollars before she was thirty. Even if her 230-pound linebacker had been the best Ole Miss could offer, she thought it would be neither fitting nor politic to tell her histories to a varsity squash player from Princeton.

At that moment a tall, powerful gentleman of advanced middle age broke in for a dance. "Hello, Senator," Sidney Ricks said. "This is Miss Carol Templeton."

"Ah, Miss Templeton, you're the most beautiful lady on this dance floor."

"Senator," she said, tilting her head far back to catch his gaze, "you're even more handsome than your photographs. I've watched you at work from the gallery, you know."

"Do you live in Washington, young lady?"

"Yessir, I do. I work on the Hill. For Congressman Purdy of Arkansas."

"Purdy!" The senator from Kentucky looked down at her.

"Senator, don't be cruel. It would be like a big old cat playing with a tiny mouse."

"That it would." It was a whispered reply, crackling and unexpected, and she barely heard it. "Well, you drop by and see me sometime, or Mr. Brandt of our staff. Maybe we can find a good job for you on one of my . . ."

Someone else tapped the senator on the shoulder, a graying man of medium build, with pale blue eyes and the profile of a hawk. "Miss Templeton," the senator said, "have you met our host?"

"Hello, Miss Templeton. Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Mr. Ambassador, I'm having more fun than I ever had in my life."

"I believe Sidney tells me you work on the Hill. Do you like it?"

"I do, Mr. Ambassador, but I believe I prefer the diplomatic corps."

The Ambassador laughed. "Well, Miss Templeton, tell me about yourself."

She told him about De Soto Point, Arkansas and the University of Mississippi, and that she was learning about Washington.

"And what is the most important lesson you've learned, my dear?

"Well, sir, I've learned that it can all be so *accessible* if you love it and have a mind for it. And one other thing."

"Yes?"

"Mr. Roosevelt didn't appoint his Ambassador to Moscow on the basis of ability."

"No. On what then?"

"On virility and good looks! I've said it. Don't be angry."

"Hah!" He whirled her around the floor. "So you work on the Hill? What do you do?"

"Sir, I'm talking out of school, but let me just tell you what happened to me recently." She told him about her congressman and Winston Churchill's speeches.

"Young lady, I can't bear this. Come have a glass of champagne and meet my wife." He led her into a drawing room nearby, where a charming and rather pretty woman was talking to several people. "May I present Miss Carol Templeton, from De Soto Point, Arkansas?"

"I'm delighted to see you, my dear." She introduced her to two senators and a magazine correspondent.

"Now, Miss Templeton. Will you repeat that story about Winston Churchill?"

She did so with relish, adding a few rich embroideries of her own. She felt no guilt. She wanted to be as entertaining as she had ever been in her whole life.

She danced again until her legs were weary, and just as she and the other guests were leaving, the Ambassador's wife caught her by the arm at the stairway.

"Miss Templeton, we're giving a little buffet next Thursday for the British Ambassador, an old dear friend, and my husband and I were wondering . . ."

Many years later she would look back on the night with complicated hindsights. It had been a crucial moment in her life. She had just turned twenty-two. Her whole life, the grace and the ease and the good-natured badinage, seemed to have prepared her for it, sprang from the soil of her birth. It had been so easy. She had learned a very important secret: *they were starved for a beautiful, irreverent woman.* And she became a giddy, accomplished master of the Washington monologue.

There were times, also, when she was serious and quiet, listening to someone expressing his frustrations over conference committees or reelection difficulties or diplomacy in Latin America. But mostly they expected her to sparkle, to scintillate with her extravagant anecdotes or raillery. For large parties she often helped the hostess with recipes and with the service, and more than a few of them, lacking in urbanity but desiring it badly, asked her help in choosing clothes or furniture or important gifts.

And then there were times, also, when her telephone rang late at night.

"Carol?"

"Hello, Mr. Secretary."

"I wish you'd come by for a couple of drinks."

"It's pretty late. Does your wife want to stay up for a while?"

"Well, she and the children are back home for a couple of weeks."

"Oh."

She did not go, but that would come in time.

She made a close friend in those months of initiation, a friendship which served her well. Elaine Rossiter was four or five years Carol's senior. She was a Manhattan girl, the daughter of a rich Jewish lawyer, a prodigy at Dalton and a Phi Beta Kappa at Barnard, knowledgeable in the theater and the arts and indeed in most aspects of Manhattan culture. She had a good job with one of the liberal magazines based in New York. Elaine was drawn to Washington politics like fine iron filings to a magnet. She lived, talked, and absorbed the minutiae of politics in a condition bordering on the euphoric. Art, religion, literature, men, the temperature, fashion became mere impedimenta to her. For people like Elaine, with rather narrow imaginations, often fall so easily under the sway of the town's number one industry.

One might think it strange that Carol and Elaine became friends for life: the beautiful Southern belle with an eye for the romantic happenstance, and the delicately scornful Manhattan prodigy. If Carol existed by her whims, Elaine thrived in the essential rootlessness of her adopted place.

"Buy yourself a new dress, for God's sake," Carol would say. "Get a boyfriend. Come drink beer with us in the Congressional."

"I can't," Elaine would reply. "I have a deadline on the Senate hearings."

"Then tell me about the hearings. What are they about? Who does what to who? I just want the key words."

Then Elaine Rossiter would outline in detail the significance of the issues which had engrossed her. And Carol, listening with an eye arrogantly cocked while slicing squash and baking casseroles, would be more than adequately briefed for the next evening's dinner at the home of the *Post*'s editor.

The years passed, four of them; she became known there as one of the most unusual young women in the city. She had gotten a job as an assistant for the senior senator from Kentucky. She wrote drafts of speeches for the Senate, conferring at length with Elaine Rossiter before she set about her work. Sometimes she supervised the office secretaries, or oversaw the correspondence with powerful constituents. She became on occasion an ornament of the idle rich. There were weekends in the hunt country of Virginia, or sometimes at beachside mansions in the Caribbean; the prerequisites of unchallenged wealth came easy to her.



Never follow a loser, advised Jennie. Then along came Jim Hollywell. He had 30 million dollars and he did not look at all like a loser. P.S.: The engagement ring was a winner, too—14 expensive carats.

It was a year or two before the change in administration that she met Jennie Grand. Jennie was a rather plain, willowy brunette from the West, the wife of a television executive who specialized in the politics of Washington. If Carol soared, Jennie was earthbound: at twenty-nine, solid, independent, exceedingly intelligent. She had lived long enough to know that she was not invulnerable nor invincible nor any of the things that the more misty-eyed, such as Carol Templeton, believed themselves to be. She had only recently survived, with the help of a psychotherapist at Bethesda, a love affair, confused and badly understood. Now she believed she had an understanding, only lately assumed, of the ways of the world, of the plots, the tricks, the skepticisms available to those who cared to use them, and since she was growing older and approaching the sharp divide of thirty, she had become cynical in the ways of her city. She was thus a counterpoise to Carol, and because they had so little in common they became the closest of friends. "No one in Washington has much of a sense of irony about himself," she told Carol. "This is a town full of interesting women who've been drained of their vitality. The really ambitious ones grow masculine, and the gentle ones grow sorry for themselves."

"Never follow a loser," was Jennie's favorite watchword.

They pooled their resources. Jennie, the preeminent conversationalist in this city of unencumbered talkers, knew everyone, and she invested Carol with her private intelligence and set out to make matches. Carol made her shrimp and pork and chicken dishes for Jennie's parties, and it was at Jennie's Georgetown townhouse, when she was twenty-three, that she was introduced to the attractive Yale bachelor in the State Department and had the first serious affair of her life, and at Jennie's also that she later met the writer for one of the mighty news weeklies and had the second.

It may have worried her at first that love seemed inessential and of little consequence. She was becoming aware of a certain vague interior need, but she gave little thought to these curious stirrings, for she did not truly perceive them. She was having fun! And in both instances, she could tell with a satisfaction which amused her more than it disturbed her, the Yale man in State and the writer for the mighty news weekly began by being deeply in love with her, and proud of her, and then became intimidated by her. Sometimes her comments at parties embarrassed them; the raw earthy South in her became entirely too much for them. Both affairs ended acrimoniously.

The tongues of a dozen women who had suffered her artistries in silence, who had witnessed their husbands attending her fawningly in the presence of others, began finally to assail her.

"She's a vulgar prattler," Jennie's friend who was a senator's wife would say. "Nothing but pure ambition."

"She's a flirtatious little nymph," the wife of a civil servant would add.

"She's young and uninhibited and full of life. Don't fault her for that," Jennie would say.

"She won't be young forever," said one of the wives.

Jim Hollywell. She met him finally at a dinner party given by her senator. At thirty-six he was ten years older than she, a darkly handsome young man, tall and angular, who had inherited thirty million dollars and dealt leisurely in the market. A New England Yankee from Hartford who had spent most of his adult years in Washington, he was one of the most eligible bachelors now in the city's *haute* society.

Jennie Grand had been criticizing her recently because she had been going out with a succession of journalists and television correspondents and making light of them all. She was delighted to hear about Hollywell. "I've met him once or twice. Very handsome and quiet. And, my God, rich! Haven't you always liked money?"

Indeed she had. She had liked it more than she had heretofore admitted. Fortunes in Washington, she had noticed, could go a very long way.

Hollywell was determined. At their first dinner engagement, in an exquisite new French restaurant on M Street, he had spoken for her before the first course arrived. "You're the most unusual woman I ever knew," he said. "I want you to marry me. I'm not going to let you go."

At first she was not interested. Except that he loved her and adored her and would give her everything she had ever wanted, he had very little else to say on any subject that might enchant her. But what was a purposeful and aspiring Southern girl, scioness of a vanished and gentried wealth, to do? What indeed? One soft April night during cherry blossom time, on a boat drifting down the Potomac with a dance ensemble playing her favorite tunes, he asked her for the tenth time to marry him, and she accepted. The engagement ring was fourteen carats.

It took her six months to know she did not care for him, and never would.

He bought her a house in Cleveland Park,

with three stories and ten fireplaces, and a living room large enough to have a dance in. Within the year she had a child, a son named Templeton Hollywell. Her marriage lasted eight years, less by dint of effort than by her ultimate pursuit, as before, of her own separate wants. As the months passed she grew to believe that her husband's extraordinary silences sheltered a banality of imperial proportions. He was accomplished enough when it came to the more casual pleasantries, but beyond that she saw a witless vacuity, an absence of life and curiosity so profound that his dark good looks became to her merely deceitful. She thought him a stranger to dreams, emotions, passions, laughter. He could not talk with her; she tried and failed, tried again and gave up. "For heaven's sake, *say* something. Say anything! Do you agree or disagree?"

He looked at her with the baffled, tremulous eyes of a very large dog who does not quite comprehend his master's commands but would make the effort if only he grasped the motives behind them. He was gentle and solicitous and deeply in love with her, but this only fed her scoffing impatience.

To her discredit she would needle him in front of others, cruel pinpricks expressive of a nearly venomous disregard. Almost as a rational act of her own will, he ceased after a time to be a presence for her.

But since she was at heart a Southern girl of her day, instilled with the final guilt at adultery and divorce, she was determined to remain true; in a word, to endure. She would find her fulfillment in the joy and station that money could bring. She even began to suspect she had married for this very reason. She hurled herself with gaiety after the good things.

She became an arbiter of high society, she helped organize the balls in the Shoreham and the Statler, and she and her husband were one of the most sought-after of young Washington couples on Embassy Row. On her twenty-ninth birthday he gave her an elaborate costume party to which three hundred guests turned out, including practically every notable person in town. The President's press secretary, a notorious wag, was asked at the daily press briefing: "Is the President planning to attend Mrs. Carol Hollywell's birthday party?" The secretary replied: "We're sending the Vice President."

Her pictures were now occasionally in the news weeklies, accompanied by the adjectives *dynamic, explosive, charismatic, irresistible.* Occasionally, in rare moments of solitude, she looked about her and saw, beneath the veneer of felicity and accomplishment, the troubled people and broken lives, the grievous marriages spawned at the apex of our last American revolution. Was something lost in her as well?

She was becoming a little crude and voluptuous and, at moments, rather destructive. She began to make cruel observations about everyone around her. Her girlish charm had become peevish. She felt there was nothing else to learn or feel. She was overly proud of herself, and she thought herself very unhappy.

"Something's wrong with me," she said to Jennie Grand.

"Perhaps you're tired of Washington."

"I have a confession to make. It hurts me to make it."

"What is it?"

"I've never loved a man."

"Consider yourself lucky. It doesn't last these days. It's the price of the freedom."

"I should start throwing more things."

"Well, divorce the man," Jennie Grand said.

"It's not him. I don't want to divorce him. I just feel unsettled."

"You have a rotten marriage but you don't want to leave it. You think you have an insipid husband and I disagree with you but you like the life. Have an affair?"

Why not? she thought. It would be a little more complicated than that.

"Sir, I danced with you quite a few years ago at a party."

"Of course I remember. How could I forget?" He wrinkled his broad rough features, searching that endless procession of faces which must have drifted like wisps across his past. "Well, get yourself a drink and come join us."

She turned to her friend, the White House assistant. "I'm nervous," she whispered.

"Don't be. This time of day he wants to relax."

There were ten or twelve people in the elongated corridor of a room. She and her husband chose a sofa on the fringes of the group. The conversation was aimless.

"Sir," the White House assistant finally said. "Mrs. Hollywell has been doing some yeoman work in the East Wing of the women's side of the campaign. They can't do without her."

"I'm not surprised to hear that. I'm all in favor of a little more glamor. Someone over there told me she's fixing up all the ladies with new wardrobes. That campaign train south could end up looking like one of those discotheques."

"No, sir," she said. "We're going to be very dignified. But I learned a long time ago from my people in Arkansas that folks in the South want their leaders to look prosperous."

"You and your husband sit next to me at dinner. You can tell me how they spend their time over in the East Wing and I'll tell you all I know about Arkansas."

"Yessir. We'd consider it an honor."



The President's press secretary was asked at the press briefing: "Is the President planning to attend Mrs. Carol Hollywell's birthday party?" Replied the secretary: "We're sending the Vice President."

From stuffing envelopes and suggesting clothes, she began advising the Lady and her assistants on entertainments. For the more gala occasions she volunteered as a hostess. She helped with the state dinners. She traveled with the ladies to distant cities. She guided them to the best hair stylists. She frequently went to the casual family dinners at the mansion and joined in the friendly banter; leaving her husband with the evening papers, she sailed with them on nocturnal cruises down the Potomac, and three or four times she traveled in a helicopter to the weekend retreat in the mountains. At first she was a lady-in-waiting, but they knew she enjoyed a rare constituency all her own in the city, and with her good looks and her enthusiasms she became a felicitous counselor to them of the good life, a loyal retainer from the vanished Camelot. The plainer ones in the entourage, she knew, were beginning to talk. What did it matter? In four months she had become the court favorite.

"You're spending a lot of time with them," her husband said. "Won't you wear out your welcome?"

"If so I'll be the first to know it," she replied.

They were having dinner at Trader Vic's. It was their ninth anniversary. "Besides, I really think they need me."

The silence to which she had grown accustomed fell again between them. Occasionally she saw someone she knew, a diplomat, a politician. She would wave them to the table.

"Carol, sweetheart," a columnist greeted her. "Are you going to New Orleans with us next week?"

"I wouldn't miss it. I'm flying down early to help with things. I'll even meet everybody at the train."

When he had departed Hollywell said: "What about New Orleans?"

"A big function. I'll only be gone two days."

"We don't see enough of each other," he blurted, almost as if he had rehearsed the lines.

"Well . . ." When she looked at him again she saw an expression of travail cross his features that she had never seen before. For a brief instance she was touched with something not unlike pity.

"I don't think you spend enough time with the boy. I hope all this is worth it."

"Are you feeling all right?" she asked.

"Sometimes I feel I married you and became your mistress."

A liaison with the White House assistant was perhaps preordained. He was her sponsor, her lord advocate in the proper places and moments. But there had been one scandal in the press, only recently forgotten. She was being foolhardy. He was courting danger.

Whenever she was with them he was there, shuffling documents, taking calls, whispering commands to others. It was almost as if they were in complicity: he the broker for the imperial will, she the entertainer of the imperial whim.

Once at the retreat in the mountains she tiptoed from the dining room and found him sifting papers in a tiny office.

"He wants the Prime Minister of Great Britain on the telephone," she said.

"That's the second time today. Even I don't know what it's about."

"Can I listen on the other end?"

"Over my dead body."

"I used to do that when I was a girl. We had a party line, and in the middle of some serious conversation between lovers I'd start barking like a dog."

"I wouldn't recommend that tonight." He picked up the telephone. She returned to the dining room and came back to him a few moments later.

"I asked him if I could listen in and he said yes."

"He didn't."

"He *did*! I was just joking but he told me to come tell you."

"If you're lying I'll have you guillotined."

"He says after this call he wants you to get the Governor of North Carolina. I can listen to that too."

"You're getting uppity."

Later that night the two of them strolled onto the lawn. The air was cool, and blue lights twinkled far below.

He took a deep breath of the mountain air and looked down into the dark valley below. "You know," he said, "I'm about the happiest I've ever been in my life. Sometimes I say to myself, who would've thought?"

"Me too. But I wouldn't expect you to say it."

"I'll tell you something else. I wish I could take you off somewhere for a couple of weeks. Nassau maybe."

"Shhhh!" she said. "Someone's coming."

"*Hello sir!* Come get some of this good clean air."

The next evening she was helping serve coffee on the lawn to a group of guests who had come in by helicopters from town. He gave her another message and she walked down the hall to the small office. She heard a woman's voice, one of the assistants she knew from her native state.

"I tell you I don't trust her. You listen to me! I don't trust her. She talks too much. She's in with that whole other crowd."

"She's not any more. She's good for everybody."

"And the way she carries on. She has the men eating from her hand."

"Honey, I do think you're jealous."
She walked into the room. "Excuse me."
"That's all right," he said.
"He wants the Governor of New York, the ecretary of Commerce, and the Commissioner f Baseball, in that order."
"Very well. Come sit down." The woman left.
"She doesn't like me. I can't help being the ay I am."
"Don't worry. You have to expect these ings."
He met her for lunch one day at the Sans ouci with his secretary. The secretary left the able to make a call.
"Remember what I said—about Nassau," he aid. "I've given a lot of thought to it."
"I have a family, of course."
"So does everybody."
"And your wife?"
"It wouldn't be the first time."
"I'd guess not."
"I'll pick you up at the corner of M and 31st night at eight. On the northeast side. I'll be riving a new black Plymouth."

In the days after the whole town dropped her ke an errant chambermaid and her marriage as broken apart, she believed some embarrass-ng disclosure at the penultimate source was ne cause of it, but she was wrong. It was not ne affair itself, for the security measures were iscreet enough. The reason, although she ould never know it, was nothing more subtle nan his unreasoning cowardice, for in his fear was he who negotiated that she never come ear him and those he served again.
But since she did not know this, she would ter ask herself, in great hurt and puzzlement, hy she had gone to him in the first place. Had ne been attracted to the man? Not so very, al-hough something in his nature had startled er, leaving her slightly equivocal. No: she ould never confess to herself until long after-ard the more tangible possibility. Was she ishing to make secure that which she had at-ained? Not knowing the true circumstances of hat would make her overnight an outcast, she as robbed of a lesson about her fellow beings, nd of the desperate milieu in which she had sted her fates.
In that illusory town where modern emperors ad been made, and lesser men broken and rown away, she too had reached the highest ne would go. People turned to look at her in ublic. Politicians courted her favors. The pow-rless and the aspiring valued her invitations. elevision and the newspapers sought her arbs and quips. She was almost thirty-three, nd she was blind to her own vanity.
"Would you like his job?" she asked him.
"Lord no. I see what he endures. I'm with im when he suffers. When this is over I'm go-ng home to make money and go to football ames." They were in the restaurant of a se-luded inn in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, n a cold dry Saturday night in the autumn.
A stricken look crossed his face, an expres-ion of such unbearable horror that she thought e had become ill.
"What is it?"
"We're being followed."
"No."
"That man over there. I'm sure I've seen him wo or three times before."
"It's got to be your imagination."

They drove back to Washington in silence. He dropped her at a taxi stand. After half a year of preordained, purposeful, consummately rranged, and expertly logistical adultery, she ever saw nor heard from him again.
"It's an axiom of my life," Jennie Grand told er. "The bad things always come in streaks. omebody's reminding us of our weaknesses."
A week or so before she saw the last of her White House assistant, Carol had been at a und-raising dinner in one of the large hotels. One of the assistant's colleagues, an earnest young man of considerable brilliance whom she had known since their days together on the Hill, hailed her from across the room.
"You won't be hurt if I tell you something I shouldn't?" he said.
"Of course not."
"Watch yourself."
"What do you mean?"
"Some of our ladies are out for you."
"I know the ones who don't like me. They didn't from the start."
"This time it's different. This time they're *motivated*. That damned newspaper interview. Even *he's* mad."
"Oh come on. All I said was he eats steak with his fingers."
"That hits him where he lives."

The Monday after the weekend in Pennsylvania, her private pass to the mansion was canceled. So was her luncheon with the ladies there on Tuesday. She was not needed to serve tea at a reception on Wednesday. The invitations to all the appropriate parties ceased. The Georgetown eminences turned their backs on her in the street. All this came with a swiftness and a concert so unceremonious that it left her disbelieving.
But the most unexpected blow of all came from her husband, Hollywell. He had fallen in love, he told her one night with an almost courtly gentleness, with a young secretary in one of the embassies. They had been badly matched from the beginning, he said, and he had become lonely and unhappy. He wanted to try again with someone who respected him, as she never had and never would.



eople turned to look at her in public. Politicians courted her favors. The powerless and the aspiring (Washington had both) valued her invitations. She was almost 33, and she was blind to her own vanity.

"Why didn't you ever tell me?" she asked.
"I don't think you would've listened." Their son would remain with her. Of course he would support them both until she remarried.
In the bitterness of her defeat she told him she would try to do better.
"No," he said. "For me it's too late. I may not keep up with your friends, but I have to think well of myself. It's about time I did."
For the first time in their years together she felt a respect for him.
She took a small house in Georgetown. She was more wretched than she had been in her whole life, the agent, she knew, of her own suffering. Since despair was new to her, she did not know quite how to confront it. She lived for a time on pills. She spent endless hours in bed. She promised whatever Being it was she envisioned up there that if he got her out of this misery and humiliation she would not traffic with her own ambitions again. Her years in Washington had bridged the faltering time of Cold War, the aftermath of McCarthy, the struggles for civil rights, the dark time of assassinations, and the problems of Asia, yet as she had grown older it would seem she had been curiously apart from them.
On the night of Dr. King's death she stood on the top floor of her house and watched the smoke rising from the fires of the city, gray spirals raging in the distance, mirroring her own drastic mood: was her town being devastated before her eyes? Was the nation itself weighted with destruction? Were they somehow bound together—her own intractable frivolity and a greater impending doom?
But adversity and loneliness finally stirred the old spirit in her, and she promised herself she would not leave. She devoted more of her time to her son; she bought an inexpensive cottage in Virginia; she even began entertaining again with a younger and less established crowd.
Such, of course, was the final character of her city that power at its center came and went, as it always had, power that flickered and waned and disappeared, change being its last and rudimentary sustenance, and gradually in time she became once more a little of the radiant girl of her younger days.
Yet in her vacillating heart she felt something had been lost to her forever, some prideful trust in the arrangement of things. Life had assumed a new edge. She was feeling her own mortality.

On a prosperous sweep of the Eastern Shore, not far from the tip of the tapering peninsula that separates the Atlantic Ocean from Chesapeake Bay, Carol and Jennie lay motionless in an early summer noon. She looked up and saw the slender figure of her son Templeton, brown as a berry, curly blond hair and large blue eyes and slouching frame, eight going on nine. He was walking now in the water in their direction. Directly behind him, also in the water, was a large black dog. The boy threw a stick far into the water and the dog went after it.
"Where did he get that?"
"That's Andy Jackson," Jennie said. "He belongs to these people I know down the beach. I'm going for a swim."
Suddenly she sensed that someone was quite close to her, and when she looked up there was a man.
"Are you Carol?"
"Yes I am."
"I thought so. I'm looking for a black dog."
She looked up at him. He stood in front of her, bending slightly. An expression in his eyes caused her to stare.
"Jack Winter!" The boy jumped at him from nowhere with a flying tackle and came close to knocking him off his feet.
He was of medium height, with blond hair streaked light from the sun. His face was wrinkleless except for the faint suggestion of a furrow across the brow. What kept him from being straightforwardly handsome in the simple American grain was a distinct crack in the noseline, that and his curiously assessing eyes. He had the body of an athlete.
"I want you and Jennie to come to my house if you can. I'll only be here three days."
Carol was about to speak, but he laughed and shrugged. "I've got to go." Jennie returned from the water and he kissed her on the cheek and said good-bye. "Come on, dog!" He and the dog walked away down the beach. The boy reappeared then and raced in their direction, and for one explosive moment the boy, the dog, and the man wrestled in a heap on the sand. Then the man and the dog were gone.
"Who is he?"
"He's another new congressman Elaine's dug out of the grime."
"Another of your intellectuals? Is he married?"
"I believe divorced like everyone else. Down there these days it's become a political advantage."
Carol made a gesture of annoyance. "The more they change the more they're the same," she said.
"I believe you're finally growing up," Jennie said.
The next morning she was shopping at a grocery in the village. She felt an unexpected touch on her shoulder. She turned and saw the congressman. "You have a beautiful suntan," he said. "I've got to work today, but can I meet you on the beach later? I'd love to talk with you."

"I may not go."

He pointed to the items in her shopping basket. "I can see you're serious about cooking."

"I've been that way a long time. That makes it easy to poison freshman congressmen."

"I don't blame you," he said. "We rank between the janitors and the receptionists."

She was at her spot on the beach. Her son was playing with the neighbor's children on the dunes, and Jennie had gone into the village to fetch beer. She was feeling quite healthy and content.

"Hello."

He had come up behind her.

"Hello." She barely hid her disappointment that he had come.

"May I sit down?"

"Yes."

"Where's your son?"

"Right over there."

"That boy and I have a feeling between us. I think I could be his father."

"No, you couldn't." The remark did not amuse her.

"I brought you something." He reached in his pocket and handed her a plain silver necklace, very old and fine.

"It's beautiful!" she said, taken by surprise. "Why are you giving it to me? I've done nothing to deserve it."

"It belonged to a great-aunt of mine. She bought it in New Orleans a long time ago. Ever since I was a boy I've used it as a good luck piece."

"And now you no longer need good luck?"

"It got me elected by 1,222 votes." He shrugged. "I considered that much too close."

There was a silence; she had looked away, toward the tiny islands in the distance. She heard him sigh, and then he said, "I know a few people around Washington, but not many. I imagine you know that town pretty well."

"How long have *you* been there?"

"Only a little more than a year. First a special election, and now for the whole endless two years."

"I know it better than any woman *my* age. I've been on the make and that gives you a lot of insights because most everybody else is too."

"Maybe you were better," he said finally.

"No. Just more rambunctious."

"I'll bet more *imagination*. Imagination gets you into a lot of trouble, especially when you're around people without it. Sometimes it seems I've been slowly drowning for a whole year just to stay out of trouble. Imagination makes you play around with other people even when you're not especially cruel."

"Where did you pick all that up?"

"On the River. We should compare rivers." He brushed the sand off her shoulders. "You're golden. Look at you."

"Is that how you get the female vote?" Carol said. "I don't have an inkling how bright you are, but you're certainly the strangest congressman I ever met. You haven't even talked about politics yet. Don't you believe in it?"

"Of course I do. Of course, when I won it seemed so important, and then when I got up there I saw I'd sort of overestimated myself. I'm on a four-day vacation. It's the first one I've had in two years. Please be patient with me."

From behind the dunes Jennie Grand arrived with a cooler full of beer. She sprawled in the sand and looked at them. Her son raced down the dunes and landed at their feet.

"Look," Carol said on an impulse, "why don't you come to my place for dinner?"

"I'd like to. Can I give you my compliment for the day?"

"Yes."

"I believe you're the most beautiful woman I ever saw in my life. But everybody's told you."

"No. Not quite."

"Why on earth did you do that?" Jennie asked, when he left.

"I don't know. I think I feel a little sorry for him."

"*Sorry?*" Jennie sharply exhaled. "He's glib."

"He was trying hard to impress me."

"I believe he's weak."

"No. Selfish, maybe, but not weak."

"Well, in Washington they're a dime a dozen. I'm glad I'm dining out."

They sat at a large round table in the kitchen and drank a martini. The congressman was more guarded than before, even a little moody; she had the curious sensation that they were each, with considerable wariness, looking one another over. She was glad when the food was ready and she could call in her son.

"Where do you work, anyway?" the boy asked the congressman.

"In that big white building in Washington with the round top."

"Do you make a lot of money?"

"I'm so much in debt I have to go home all the time to make speeches."

"You mean people pay to come hear you?" the boy said.

"Reluctantly. Would you mind if I took your mother to that fancy roadhouse down the way for a little while?" he asked the boy. "I'm leaving in the morning."

"No," she said. "I can't leave him here anyway."

"Yes you can," the boy said. "I'll watch TV. Jack Winter likes you."

"What if I don't like him?"

"Then why did you make him come see us?"



Later, in his apartment, he brought her close to him and kissed her. "Jack. Please be careful with me." Eventually, she decided she had never known anyone so exactly like herself—so stirring.

They sat at a table outside, on a gallery lit with candles and Japanese lanterns.

"You wear a disguise," she said. "You're much more intelligent than you want people to believe, and I don't like that at all."

"Intelligence isn't enough. Some of the meanest people I know are very intelligent. Also some of the narrowest."

"I believe you're quite proud of yourself," she said.

"You're one to talk!" His aggressiveness surprised her.

"I could teach you some things about politics."

"I'm aware of that."

"I also suspect you've been pursuing me the last two days because of your career. I know I'm glamorous."

"And where did it all get you?"

"That's something you have no right to say."

"I'm sorry. You don't know what it's like to turn up in Washington after a special election in an off-year and be four hundred and thirty-fifth in seniority. Four hundred and thirty-fifth! My reserved parking place was so far from my office building I couldn't see the Capitol dome on a clear day. I became a celebrity. People all over the Hill pointed me out as the one who was last in line."

"I can tell it bothered you."

"Not at all! I took advantage of it. I learned things fast."

"What did you learn?"

"The secret is pure diligence. That and not to let the diligence get the best of you."

On the way home, having skirted the potato fields, he stopped at the beach near her cottage. "You can't refuse a walk," he said. "I may disappear in the bureaucracies tomorrow afternoon and never be seen again."

The night was resplendent with stars and the half moon broke through a tuft of clouds and touched the water. They sat on the sand near the dunes. "I know a lot about you, you know," he said.

"I don't consider it your business."

He kissed her gently on the lips.

"I have to go home."

He walked her to the door. "Maybe I'll see you in Washington when the summer's over."

She took his hand and gave him a brisk squeeze. "Take care of yourself."

"I intend to."

"You didn't have to tell me."

For a time she lay awake. She thought of all the people who had wandered through her life and disappeared forever. Well, there may be something about this one, a resilience, a tautness, an absurdity that was refreshing after the owlish solemnity of so many of his fellows. Still she could not help feel that something, deep and complex, was askew in the man.

There is a bustle to Washington at the approach of autumn. Perhaps it was this air of exhilaration that induced her to give an elegant buffet for several young wives from the Hill, or that caused her to display such unexpected good will in the telephone call that came to her the second week she had returned.

"Carol. This is Jack Winter."

"My favorite congressman! The wives over there have convinced me that some day you will also appear in marble."

"If that's the case you'll go to dinner with me tomorrow night?"

"Of course I will."

They drove to a restaurant on the waterfront and took a table by a window. In the fading light they could see a dozen sailboats and three or four barges churning away in the distance.

"I missed you very much," he said. From somewhere in the darkness there was the mournful signal of a boat's horn. He took her hand. "Carol?"

"Yes."

"Let's go to my house."

She did not answer. She was suffused again with the past, with anonymous automobiles at public corners, with affection betrayed and emotion denied, with her own small triumphs and unfulfillments.

"If something's bothering you, let me help. I love you very much."

Later, in his apartment, he brought her close to him and kissed her. "*Jack. Please be careful with me.*" It was the first time she had called him by his name.

In her first days with Jack Winter she was irritable and afraid. She goaded him and occasionally made jest of him, just as she had done before with others, but all the while she was anxious for herself, not even certain that she liked him, only that she was drawn to him by something deeper than her impulsiveness or her curiosity had ever taken her. Then, quite suddenly one day when she was alone in her own house, dwelling only on impassioned thoughts of her own nature, she decided that she had never known another being who was so much like herself.

At first she was unfulfilled. She tried magnificently to bestow and receive the full ardor of love. Then, imperceptibly, with the most delicate subtlety, something began to turn inside her. Sometimes it would be slow and tender, drawing everything she was out of her, and then an unimaginable wildness, on the edge of madness. She knew she was feeling things she never believed existed, some deep new web of experience. Out of all her strident gratifications she believed she had come to the most elemental thing of all, the thing she had least known.

Near sunset on those days he could leave his

work early they would build a fire in the fireplace and drink white wine, and prop up their feet, watching the autumn lights on the trees. On these first days of love they might sit and say nothing, sipping cold wine in a twilight breeze, or she would remember things she had long forgotten, about Ole Miss or De Soto Point or some exceptional event from Washington, and she would tell him all about them in vivid detail.

"Tell me some more about Washington. I want to learn as much as I can from you." He stoked the fire and came back and stood over her.

She looked up at him, tieless in his shirt sleeves, and she was overcome by contentment, welling inside her like waves, washing out the frivolity of her years. She began to cry.

"Don't."

"I can't help it."

"I've been looking for you all my old life."

"Have you?"

"I didn't count on this at all."

"I didn't either. I haven't been very virtuous, you know. I've been rowdy and mean."

"I never liked people who had nothing to regret."

"But where does one go for redemption?"

"I believe in the redemption of love."

She laughed.

"No. I'm serious."

"I'm beginning to believe you are."

She admired the edges of his assertion, and here was a private side to him that appealed to her, so totally lacking in most politicians with their emotional austerities. Everywhere they went together people were bestowing more and more attention on him. Elaine Rossiter devoted a column to him in her prestigious New York Journal as "one of the best of the new breed," making uncharacteristic note of his "friendship with the remarkable Mrs. Hollywell," and whenever she took him to the important dinners to which once again her company was solicited, she watched him captivating important people as she herself had done in her girlhood.

One Saturday late that autumn they drove into northern Virginia. They let down the top and took back ways. In the prime and beauty of her womanhood, she absorbed this bountiful day, and it left her a little breathless, for she mingled so with the majesty of living. She had never looked so lovely, an aura of beauty that comes from pleasure and joy and the repose of a lavish temperament.

They drove past Civil War cemeteries, through little towns with general stores from a past generation and trees arched over narrow main ways, the dead leaves whirling on streets and sidewalks, and everywhere the sight of little boys in bright sweaters throwing footballs.

"God, how I love the integrity of these places!" he said.

Now they were in Leesburg, driving past the old houses set far back from the road with their air of permanence and vanished luxury. It was a Southern country town to its core, bustling now with all the urgency of a Southern Saturday noon—filled with the fresh odors of percolating coffee and fresh-laundered country clothes, and the throaty shouts of the Negroes milling on streetcorners.

They drove around the courthouse square with its white-pillared buildings and its Confederate soldier. Across from the green, in the center of a row of businesses, Congressman Winter saw the Jeb Stuart Bar and Grill.

"I really do want to mingle with the local constituency," he said. "I need to keep in practice."

They arranged to meet after she made the rounds of the antique stores. An hour or so later, in a mood of acquisition, she returned to the car with a box full of bric-a-brac. There, sitting at a large square table laden with empty beer bottles was Congressman Winter surrounded by eight or nine men in khakis and blue jeans. The men were listening closely to something he was telling them, and they suddenly broke into laughter.

She walked to the table, through a crowded assemblage standing at the bar, and tugged at his shoulder.

"Who is *this*?" one of his companions asked. They all looked at her now. She heard a kind of community sigh. "Hot dog!" one of them said. "Is this the one?"

He stood up. "This is Mrs. Hollywell, of Washington, D.C. Mrs. Hollywell, I've made some new friends, and I want you to meet them. This is Tommy, who went into exile from Norfolk to run this bar. This is Cotten, who's a farmer. John, who raises horses and paints pictures on the side. Ribeye and Clarence, who also farm. Leo, who drives a truck to Front Royal and is on parole for hijacking. Al, who is a policeman. Dave, who claims he's a descendant of the Chicahominy Indians. Look at his mustache. He's a hippie Chicahominy."

"Hello," she said. "I think I'll join this good-looking group."

"Which do you think is the most distinguished?" he asked.

"Well, every last one of them. I couldn't begin to decide."

From the jukebox Johnny Cash mourned the sadness of early Sundays and the vicissitudes of vanquished love. Every so often one of the men would steal a glance at her. She wore a white cotton dress cut low.

"Leo, stop it!" Jack was saying.

"Stop what, Jack?"



They were at Harper's Ferry. As she looked down from the rock on which they stood into the mists gathering among the trees on the banks, she felt that this was the finest day of her whole life.

"Stop looking that way at my girl. I'm going to report you to the parole board."

"I don't mind it, Leo," Carol said.

"See?" Leo said.

Tommy walked to the bar and returned with a new tray of beer.

The talk settled into flurries of argument and retort, encouraged by Jack Winter. Carol watched him at work. He was being quite corny. She pondered this for awhile, and then began to notice something akin to respect in the men's glances, the tentative expressions about the eyes, as if they awaited his word.

"My girl is from De Soto Point, Arkansas," he said finally. "Could you tell them about it, Carol?"

"Well," she said, pausing briefly to consider. "I grew up on the Mississippi River. My father was the pilot of a steamboat."

"Seriously?" Leo asked.

"When I was eight years old I found Hernando De Soto's bones. I learned that something silver under the pillow prevents nightmares. Smoke and buttermilk fight delta chills. The powdered lining of a chicken gizzard will cure hives. Red flannel in a hollowed pecan hull dries out boils. Rotted apple skins drive away female ticks. Bark from a sting-tongue tree cures toothache. If the sun sets behind a bank of clouds on Sunday, it will rain before Wednesday. A red sunset brings wind. When smoke hangs flat and geese fly low, it's about to cloud up. A morning shower never lasts long. If the river's up spirits are down. Three months after you hear the first katydid, frost will fall." She paused to catch her breath.

"I'm going to write all this down," one of the farmers said.

"I think it only applies to Arkansas," the congressman said.

"It's universal," Carol replied.

By this time a number of the men at the bar, attracted by the soliloquy, were milling about the table in rapt attention.

"Tell us more!" Leo said. He had the look of a man who five minutes before had been smitten inescapably by love.

"Who is she?" one of the milling men shouted. "Who's that guy with her?"

"He's a United States congressman!" Leo shouted back. Now there were whispers and gestures across the bar, a subtle agitation that hummed across the big room and out into the street. From everywhere heads craned to get a better look.

At this juncture Carol stood up.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Hollywell and I have a schedule to meet," Winter said. "I promise you we'll be back." He stood up and took her by the arm. They shook hands with their companions at the table and the throng parted deferentially as they walked together into the sunlight of the street. From behind them a man yelled: "I'm for you, congressman. You're a good ol' boy!"

"You better be good to that girl!" Leo shouted.

It was twilight when they reached Harper's Ferry. They checked into a rambling inn on a high bluff overlooking that dramatic terrain where the Shenandoah meets the Potomac. Then they emerged to take a walk.

It was cold now, and they huddled closely together as they strolled down an abrupt way leading to the town. No one was in sight. From a cluster of houses on the ridge came the smell of leaves burning, and out in the distance the barking of dogs, and the clanging of an anonymous bell echoed off the very walls of the earth down through the empty streets. They walked past the stolid buildings of the old village, that ghostly concourse across which our deepest history had converged: revolution and conspiracy and rebellion, and the drama of bloodshed through which this deceptive little point between its rivers and mountains had barely endured. The moonlit night seemed dark in faraway events, and when they reached the brick structure where John Brown and his conspirators had finally surrendered to Colonel Lee and Lieutenant Stuart, Carol took him by the hand.

"None of this is lost on you, is it?" he said.

"I hear things out in the gloom."

Later they climbed the steps carved from the outcroppings of gray mountain rock, past the Harper house restored now to its former distinction, above the brick church on the bluff to a commanding eminence with a view of the two rivers. Carol was silent before all of it. As she looked down from the rock on which they stood into the mists gathering among the trees along the banks, she felt this was the finest day of her life.

Occasionally he angered her, by thoughtless acts or his schoolboy's zeal for facts or even by political gestures she deemed amateurish, but she tried hard to curb those scornful impulses which had so long been the best weapons in her arsenal. She was living from a new catechism, which embraced affection and friendship; she must never ignore their love.

In Washington at Christmastime a vague moratorium comes to our politics, all the better for its being undeclared, a splendid contrast that invests the place and the season with an almost tangible mellowness. It is the one time in the year during congressional recess when its practitioners do not rush home to wave the colors or toil for promotion, and for that reason if no other it has in those brief days a true spirit of community, so absent in its usual harassments. It was in just such a mood that she sat next to him on a bench beside the

reflecting pool of the Lincoln Memorial on Christmas morning and watched her son skating on the ice. A number of politicians and their wives with children similarly occupied had strolled by to pass the time, and now as Carol gazed across at the procession of bright colors whirling across the surface of the pond in a chaotic dance, she devoured the invigorating chill of the day and felt the pleasure of her senses.

"I hate to confess it, but this is the most domestic I've ever been in my life."

"Are you enjoying it?"

"I believe I am."

"Carol, I want to have a serious talk with you. I'm afraid I've been postponing it."

"Well, go ahead."

"I'm thinking very much about trying for the Senate seat." As he spoke to her of it, an eavesdropper on that morning in the final days of the decade might sense how often such conversations had unfolded in that most American of cities, the practical confidences exchanged then as now between husbands and wives or lovers about risks and advancements, about moving toward loftier goals, the decision he must arrive at being neither more nor less indigenous to our politics, but basic to the species: the old urge to authority and power.

She listened for a long time. Finally she said: "Well, you'd better be sure."

"You can't ever be sure. You know that. You have to gamble sometimes."

"Then reasonably sure. You've only been here two years. Do they really know who you are?"

"They're beginning to. This situation is developing in my favor. It's all changing. It's easier now for an unknown to take on an entrenched old soldier. If I don't now it may take another twelve years. Maybe never. I may *have* to do it now."

"Then let me be frank. Have you grown the big head?"

"I don't think so."

"I wouldn't want you to do anything hasty. Sometimes you're too impetuous."

"Will you stick with me?"

She looked at him. Her whispered words were strangely fragile. "I can't make that promise now."

"For a while then?"

Again she was briefly silent, looking out beyond the Memorial to the hills of Arlington.

"Yes."

Suddenly Templeton skated to them, breaking the mood. She was glad for the interruption, because the conversation had disturbed her, all the more because she had been expecting it for a long time.

"Why do you always sit together and never pay attention to anything?" her son asked.

"We're telling secrets," Carol said.

It was early in the new session. Carol and Elaine Rossiter were sitting in the House gallery. They saw Congressman Winter near the brass railing behind the Democratic side of the floor, waiting for his name in a quorum call.

They had come that morning because he had gotten permission from the Speaker to speak for a "long minute" on an issue before the House. The question itself was not momentous, but when he was recognized shortly before the noon break, Carol and Elaine listened very closely.

Halfway through his remarks Carol whispered, "It's not very good."

"No, it's not."

"It's shrill."

The fact that no one in particular was listening, neither on the floor nor in the galleries, was slightly humiliating to her. She looked at Elaine and grimaced. Something between her and the congressman was imperceptibly beginning to change. Certain things about him, real or fancied, were beginning to irritate her. She thought of all the happy days, the days of confidence and freedom.

"He's disappointing. He should've told me what he was going to say."

"Forget it," Elaine said. "It's not important."

Now she blurted to Elaine: "He's so damnably self-assured."

"You've always felt you were slumming with him a little, haven't you?"

Elaine's words jolted her. "That's not true."

Her companion's remark, however, made her thoughtful. With her strong powers of visualization she knew she was gradually leading herself to an inexplicable fear of her love. None of this was happening all of a piece, for she knew she cared deeply for him, certainly more deeply than she ever thought she could care for a man. Perhaps her subtle disaffection lay in her acknowledgment that she had found a lover who was an equal. The uncertainty of his plans, the magnitude of the decision he was postponing, made her feel he was suddenly equivocal toward her, as if he were beginning to take her for granted. Or was all this the work of her imagination?

"It's none of my business, Carol, but you've changed so much for the better. You're still changing. For your own sake see it through."

"I love him."

"I know."

Yet ever so slowly, one layer at a time, her strange aggravation built upon itself like the depositing of fine sediments. She seemed unable to check these anonymous grievances; by turns she thrived on them and suffered a gloomy contrition.



ennie had voiced the Washington truth. "Sometimes you run across the wife of a politician who's more interesting than her husband, but how many can *you* count?" "I don't know," said Carol. "Three perhaps."

There had been the night when she took sides against him before a group of friends and strangers. It was after a dinner in Cleveland Park. They were discussing a topic of apparently little consequence—it concerned a set of minor bills then before the Congress—and she was suddenly argumentative about an observation of his, intimating that he was not well informed on the subject.

He looked at her bitterly. The hostess changed the subject. But later, the first moment they were alone, he cornered her in a fierce rage.

"Why did you do that?"

"I felt the desire to test you, I suppose. I can't explain these things."

"You can't be without attention. You're a performer."

"And you? You have your profession and I have mine."

"Do you realize there's something in you that's very destructive? There's something dark in you that I can't deal with."

"You once called it *imagination*."

"Imagination has its underside."

"So does ambition."

A few days later there was another episode, thoroughly ludicrous, a burlesque of all the acrimonious junctures of her life. She was angry with him that day because he had just told a group of reporters from his home state, when they pressed him on the point, that he and Mrs. Hollywell were considering marriage.

"It was inexcusable," she snapped. "You're getting mileage out of me."

"I know it. I shouldn't have."

"It only means you're trying to use me. I won't allow it."

At a cocktail party on the Hill that day she found herself in conversation with his most attractive political rival from home. Almost instinctively she began to woo the man who stood next to her.

With all the empiricisms she had acquired from the debutante balls and country club dances of her past, she took the man by the arm and led him to the bar. A dozen heads turned to observe this spectacle, so fraught with hidden meanings for those practitioners of provincial statecraft in the crowded room. A moment later, only a few feet from Jack Winter, she kissed his rival on the cheek for a society photographer.

In much the same spirit, one night when he had flown home on a speaking trip, she ran into a famous novelist from New York who had been her dinner partner in the White House some years before. It was an evening in one of the smaller embassies and at first she failed to remember him, but he confounded her with an exuberant embrace and reminded her who he was.

"Of course I remember. But I can't recall whether you were charming or rather trying."

"I was trying for *you*," he replied, and led her by the arm to a quiet corner.

She proceeded, quite self-consciously, as if from some newly remembered obligation, to get rather drunk. On the merest caprice she soon decided that she would return to her companion's hotel if he expressed the interest, which she assumed he would, and as inevitably he did.

The next morning, a little to her surprise and even disappointment, she felt the slightest twinge of remorse when she opened the morning's mail and there was a note from Jack Winter, written at the airport in a hasty scrawl:

> This is written in pain and affection. I love you, and I've assumed what had happened with us might last, for the good of us both. I'm mystified. I have to tell you that some of those things which drew me to you now frighten me a little. I want very much to include you in all of it, in what I am and what I might become.

Sometimes in these days she scanned the horizons of herself and recognized the more callow impulses; perhaps her very loveliness and invention now, as so often in the past, exacted their cost in mean little moods of ambiguity toward a man who understood her more intimately than any other being she had known. Yet these moods, the urge to be honored and transfigured, seemed dictated to her by some remote presence far outside herself.



ot at all by coincidence, she had a long discussion with Jennie Grand about associating with politicians.

"Look," Jennie had begun, "sometimes you run across the wife of a politician who's more interesting than her husband, but how many can *you* count?"

"I don't know. Three perhaps."

"Think what these younger wives will be like when they pass fifty. Think what it must do to them to see their husbands at parties and everywhere else lying, smiling falsely, telling the same stories, kissing derrieres. Especially *electioneering* husbands. Do you want a life by rote?"

"You're being very lordly."

"No I'm not. Practicing politics every day has got to close off some part of the brain. Or maybe it's the heart. People in this country don't treat politicians like human beings. They vent all their frustrations on them. They expect them to be the sorriest villains one minute and more glamorous than movie stars the next. It's no surprise so many of them get shot. Or tha

(continued on page 149)

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continued from page 74

New York into the unpromising dimensions of this room.

Am I happy, you ask, and I answer that I am not unhappy. And I suppose that is the truth. Things have to get better, I keep thinking, they've spent such a long time getting worse.

You live in Geneva half the year now? (God, I have New York in here—now Geneva too, with that huge lake and those mountains. I see myself wrapped in fur, my hair blowing in the wind. I think that was a scene in some Bergman movie I once saw. I see myself hurtling the roads of the canton—after all, am I not experienced, thanks to this New England, in all forms of winter driving?—a bobbing white license plate stamped with a blue cross.

"I have a Volkswagen," I say, still in the subconscious track of this thought.

The memories struggle up against me. They are mine, I possess them, but many of the details are now faded.)

Why are you calling me, is a thought that keeps running through my head, an irrelevant subtitle to all these pictures. There is the street you lived on with the cobblestone sidewalks, and I am walking down it to find you, past the fat West Side ladies taking the spring sun on park benches, the warm wind lifting the ears of the lap-held poodles—walking faster, running finally, even past the stolid doorman. The elevator carrying me upward, slowly, because it was an old building, a decorous one, and because it stopped often, opening its doors on more park bench ladies, their little dogs yipping and straining at the leash.

"Going up, dear?," they'd ask, hesitating forward, swaying out of the gloom like fleshy, pale flowers, and then, at my affirmation, they would fade back into the dark paneled hallways.

Sometimes you'd be waiting for me in the half-opened door, but I liked it better when I could ring the bell and spend those intense moments waiting coiled to throw myself into your arms at your answering. And you laughing and calling my name over and over, your hands in my hair.

"How is your wife?" I ask now.

"Fine," you say emphatically. But don't worry, I won't get any ideas. I never get ideas. Because I never believe anything is simple. It never has been.

We met in the subway. Well, not really. We met at a party a few days before, where, you said, I had been very rude. I seemed to remember that you were arrogant. You were always arrogant. You're arrogant now, calling me like this, catching me at a disadvantage. It's the same as being rude to waiters and sales clerks. We are all at a disadvantage. How I used to hate that triumphing over (my elitist expression) little people. Did that make us big people? You and me, with our fears and our chips on the shoulder, battering at each other, because we were incapable of admitting anything. And yet it was true. It did happen: you loved me and I loved you. We defined the banality we were so busy resisting.

"Will you stay there?," you ask me.

"For the moment."

"Do you ever come to New York?"

"Sometimes." I can hear my upward inflection on the word, a spurt of hope. Hope for what?

We would meet after work in those old days, at small places, at bars and little French restaurants, sometimes at "21," once at a plant shop where you bought a tree for the apartment and we took it uptown in a taxi, kissing among the fronds. It was a palm tree. We set it against the French doors to the little balcony where you kept the roses in summer. You turned on the humidifier and I dusted the leaves so that they could breathe. I would have denied nothing breath in those days, even a rubbery old palm tree. Life was precious. We went all the way back down to the Village for dinner because we felt like dinner in the Village. We always did what we felt like doing. We sometimes went to see the Turkish belly dancers and to eat baklava. Other times we had tea in the Palm Court at the Plaza or hot dogs at the zoo. We went out to Prospect Park to sit in the rose arbors and ride on the big carousel. And once we went to a wedding on Long Island where the bride and groom went away in a seabird and the air was filled with colored balloons. We drove back to New York at four in the morning, in a borrowed Porsche. It was cool and the streets were empty, save for trucks making early deliveries.

"Do you keep the apartment?" I ask.

"Oh yes. We use it when we're in New York."

On Wednesday nights, I used to ride horseback. It was a strange adolescent holdover that became in those days rather Lawrentian. (I re-read *St. Mawr* on the subway to work). I rode in a converted parking garage on the up West Side. It was midway in the p block, a massive red brick façade v a neon sign, PARK STABLES, in roundings of skinny row houses wire-fenced lots. You entered thro an open garage door and went u ramp and into a little glass of where you signed a chit to the ef that you were taking your life in y own hands. Then the man who took chit, and the money, looking just a parking attendant, w ascertain your proficie and then bellow into an tercom: "Send down P cess" or "Send down neer." You would go wai the dirt ring, oddly an by ceiling supports, till P cess (a fat palomino) or neer (a ribby bay), or w ever, came trotting up down the ramps from up and lower floors, reins tu under stirrup leathers. dient as horses on a caro they would trot to the ce of the ring and stop. same process went in re at the end of the hour.

We, the advanced usually did musical rid was always paired wit earnest, black-haired woman, who rode in g jodhpurs and pink an sweaters. She was more thusiastic than expert, so we were usually ou time and out of phase behind the others. Afte lesson, I would hurry to tral Park West and tak bus down to your street. again I would run, dow block, past the doo (this time partly out o barrassment, because it late, and this is a long ago that I'm talking and into the elevator. I v arrive, flushed with exe and reeking of the ker they used to keep the down. We'd make br Alexanders and take a er. And the evening w perfectly, roundly phy The sad part was havi go home, because, we're talking about a time ago.

Well," he says, "I thought I'd call you."

"Yes. Maybe I'll se some time." And I hat self for saying it, tho mean your wife and th dren too.

"Yeah," he says. "

The phone dies. I replace the r er. Two of the children are scre and hitting each other rhythm with blocks. But I am dazed. Num this that is so real is lost to me. It watching a movie bright with ligh movement but without depth. A it is *real*. It *is mine*, but even n colors fade. I think of that E artist who used a tempera of hi formula, now fading and cra that the experts are powerless pair. And thus our lives, I think dramatically. And then a huge, wave sweeps over me and I hat for this, my first death.



LAST OF THE SOUTHERN GIRLS

inued from page 144

most ambitious usually have the
t personal problems. There's prac-
ly not a single one of them I can
to as a human being, and I've been
is town a long time."
trol looked distressed. "I don't
," she whispered.
Your friend Jack Winter may be an
ption to you, but give him five or
ears."
hat night at dinner she confronted
Winter with Jennie's malediction.
Now I really do feel beleaguered,"
id. "If I agreed with it I'd have to
off part of my brain. Or is it my
t?"
bring it up seriously."
Then I'll treat it seriously. The fact
I happen to be in this line of work
nothing to do with it. I suspect
d drive yourself to find faults in me
were a businessman, or a veteri-
an, or a music critic."
That's not true."
Your friend Jennie's a dilettante,
cially when it comes to other peo-
deepest commitments. If you're
areful, you'll be a dilettante just
her one of these days. I need you.
's more important than the stories
have to hear all the time."
felt I deserved your reaction."
wish you didn't feel you deserved
uch."
e decided not to see him for three
ur days. But she missed him. On
late afternoon of an uncertain
h day she went to his office. He
not there.
He's hiding by himself," his secretary told her. "Do you know he's making up his mind today?"

"Oh." She had completely forgotten. "Where is he?"

"At the Library of Congress."

The wind blew in sharp gusts as she walked across to the library. She climbed the stairs to the gallery of the reading hall in the rotunda. She looked down at the hundreds of mahogany desks arranged concentrically in the silent room.

At last she saw him. He was sitting at a desk by himself, reading. His blond hair had fallen slightly over his face, and his brow was furrowed in concentration. The sight of him, so alone and so small against the monumental backdrop of the hall, filled her with melancholy. She felt the candid laughter of their first days of love, the complexity and the charity of him, and, with pain, her own strange hesitations.

A cloud must have swept the sun, for the chamber darkened, casting her briefly in shadow, and she thought now of the years ahead, the time of growing old, the narrowing peripheries of age, the death of friends, her own mortality, and her son's. Everything she had touched, it seemed to her, had turned sour, spectacular beginnings and sorry deteriorations: were there seeds of destruction in her that she could not acknowledge to herself? Out of all her years on this earth, from all her ambitions and imaginings, she had grown into a mature woman of distinction and complexity. Yet she only knew her silent plea against the echoes in the rotunda that day: *God, who am I? God, what do I want?*



She walked down the stairs into the reading room. She circled the long rows of desks and stopped behind Jack Winter. She touched him on the shoulder. He looked up in surprise.

After a pause he said: "Do you want a false smile?"

"Come on outside."

"Well."

"I'm sorry for all those things."

"Then you're forgiven. But don't talk that way again."

"What were you reading?"

"You wouldn't believe it."

"Tell me."

"Walt Whitman and the Book of Psalms."

"Lord God! And so you've made up your mind."

"Yes."

"And you and I both knew all along."

"Probably so."

"And now you want me to help you."

"Only if you really want to."

"Then I will."

"Are you really sure you want to stick with me on this, Carol?"

She embraced him, holding him close to her for the briefest moment, then answering, almost as a sigh: "I think so."

He laughed and shook his head. "I don't really believe you, you know. I won't ask for anything in writing. Just come back with me now to my place."

"Yes," she said, in a whisper that lilted down the breezy hall, then faded away.

In the geometry of American politics the task of gaining recognition falls heaviest on the newcomer, no matter how able or well regarded *(continued)*





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in the best quarters. In the two months until the party primary in which he was one of several contestants, Congressman Winter, with a substantial if inexperienced personal organization behind him, would be faced with the enormous need of making himself known in environs far removed from his own constituency.

Carol left her son with his father and went to the state to help in the campaign. The novelty of it at first charmed her, and with her wide knowledge of the calling she became a barometer for the candidate and his advisors, and, not surprisingly, an attraction in herself. She went openly with him and the coteries of preoccupied campaign workers, and as a matter of course it was assumed they were engaged to be married.

At his first press conference in the largest hotel in the capital city she stood far off to the side while he read a statement and answered questions, and when he had finished, a group of Washington journalists turned their attention to her.

"Mrs. Hollywell, can you tell us why you're helping the congressman in this campaign?"

Flashbulbs popped, blinding her for the moment, and she squinted out grotesquely at them, then said: "Because he's so good-looking, but, more important, he deserves the female vote in your state because he believes, as most Americans now believe, that women deserve a crucial role in running this country."

"Are there any personal reasons?"

"Most certainly there are. He's my fiancé."

"Have you set a date?"

"No. The deal is that I won't marry him unless he wins."

The days passed in a flurry of motion. The terrain of the state flashed before her so swiftly that from one moment to the next she was not quite sure where she was, or where she had been the day before. People she had never met appeared from nowhere and briefly became members of their entourage, and he seemed always to be several movements ahead of them, rushing from one engagement to the next, from public meeting to private conference, from one interminable coffee party to another, so that after a time he became a kind of oblong blur, and although was with him every day, she was less of him than ever before.

For several days in a remote of the state they had the use of vate plane. "Well, what do you th he asked, taking her fingers in his doing his best to stifle a yawn tigue. "Are you happy doing thi

"I'm so tired I can't tell."

"Do you remember that day la when we drove through Virginia bar in Leesburg?"

"I remember it very well."

"It's not much like that dow now. I feel something strange in A sourness. I hope it's not true."

One afternoon, after an appe in one of the larger country where for the first time he was se heckled, they were caught in winds, and a bad thunderstorm tiny plane bobbed and tossed the elements.

She reached across the seat an him close to her; yet in the insti act of needing him she could n asking herself what she was there. Then, when they came ou storm a few minutes later, sh ashamed she had shown her fe gry with herself, and with him f jecting her not so much to dange but to the discomfort of which th recent hazard was but a mom component. Never once, even awareness of that danger, cou keep Washington from her min contrast between the familiar co of her whole life there and thi unsettling experience, their ce travels in darkness toward un places, made her sense she had south again to discover somethi den in herself.

She found the going more an difficult. The cities were at lea sonable, but in many of the raw c towns of the interior the under they had embarked upon becam gressively more somber. He wa ing harder than she had ever man work. She began to wond he was doing it, pondered the s of an ambition that could carry to the farthest edges of collapse

Before a nasty crowd in a dle-sized city he was struck by raw eggs. With mounting hor watched an episode unfold be civic club in a town near the sta It was a weekly luncheon, *(cont*

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and four or five dozen men sat at two long tables and heard him out in hostile silence. At last one of them, a twig of a man with a reedy mouth, stood up and interrupted:

"Who brought this man here?" he demanded. "It's the duty of every young American to die for his country."

She saw Jack Winter grasp the rim of the podium so hard that his knuckles turned white. Then he said calmly, emphasizing each word:

"Old men babble while young men die!"

From all sides there was an angry outcry. Two husky men left their tables and approached the candidate menacingly. The preacher managed to mollify them. The meeting was adjourned.

Outside, as they were getting into their car, several of the group stood to the side and gazed at them with open contempt. One of the men brushed past her and said: "Slut."

In that instant something snapped in her. In the car she began to cry. She felt like a child, and she wanted to go home. The contrast between all that Jack Winter was exposing her to here and the place in which she had grown to maturity, Washington with its settled ways and its civilized façades—was becoming too vast a chasm for any act of hers to bridge. The rawness and desperation had surprised and [illegible] her. Washington at its pinnacle, Washington at its meanest, h[illegible] ed her.

The fear that had grown in [illegible] her arrival must have spok[illegible] about America. She had not [illegible] to see how fragile it all was, [illegible] pant tensions and antagonis[illegible] she become too fine to descen[illegible] mire? Had she lost somethin[illegible] own inheritance?

She had forgotten the imp[illegible] ment of these small Souther[illegible] She was distributing circulars [illegible] town when she felt an un[illegible] tug on her elbow and a famil[illegible] said to her:

"I never would've thought it.

Turning, she saw Elaine [illegible] notebook in hand, sweating wit[illegible] tain dignity in the dusty count[illegible]

The sardonic visage of he[illegible] comforted her. They em[illegible] "Elaine, I'm so glad you're her[illegible] tell you how out of character y[illegible]

"Where's Jack?" Elaine ask[illegible]

"He's making a deal with t[illegible] in the Duggett and Perment[illegible] and Seed Store."

"It's going to be very difficult [illegible] you know," Elaine said.

"How do you know?"

"It's my job to know. It [illegible] they're beginning to gang up [illegible]

"Oh."

"You look tired. It's the firs[illegible] saw a Southern belle with big[illegible] under her eyes."

All the travail of the last da[illegible] upon her anew, so that in a gre[illegible] she described her feelings for [illegible] all the scenes she had witnesse[illegible] her own doubts.

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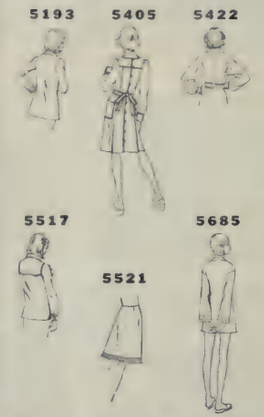
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The Stayfree Mini-pad. Some days, it's all you need.
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PATTERN BACKVIEWS

See pages 102–105



All yardage for size 10, without nap.
SIMPLICITY #5193 Jacket, 8–16; Requires 1¼ yds. 54" fabric.
SIMPLICITY #5405 Dress, 7–11, $1.00. Requires 2¼ yds. 60" fabric.
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SIMPLICITY #5517 Shirt, 8–16; $1.0 quires 2⅛ yds. 45" fabric.
SIMPLICITY #5521 Skirt, 10–18; Requires ¾ yd. 60" fabric.
SIMPLICITY #5685 Wrap coat, $1.00. Requires 3¼ yds. 36" fabric. Th tern in stores mid-April.
SIMPLICITY #5190 Coat, 8–18; $1.0 quires 4½ yds. 45" fabric.
Coat, #5190: Cut muslin pieces for Appliqué fabric strips before assemblin fabric (across width) into random stri proximately 1½ to 3" wide. Arrange according to color preference onto pieces and pin into place. Be sure sid identical. Machine baste strips using running stitch. Using various colored th satin stitch along edges of strips. Finis struction of coat.
Patterns are available in stores from co coast. To order by mail: Send money and pattern number to Simplicity P Co., Inc. (Dept. LHJ), 200 Madison A New York, N.Y. 10016. (Prices slightly er in Canada.)

you really want to see him elected?"
at a terrible thing to say. Of course I do."
e was a long silence, until finally Elaine said: "I was never
of you like the others. I respect you, and I understand."
erstand what?"
t there's a trap in being golden. You learned so much so fast,
u got what you wanted so quickly. You never stopped believing
own wonderment, or that it was enough to carry you where-
u wanted to go."

ne and toil. That's what all greatness takes."

y, three days before it was over, they were at a rally in a
far from the state capital. The school gymnasium was
half filled, the heat was so oppressive that her
lung wetly to her skin. She took a deep breath
tled into a seat near the temporary stage.
he began the same speech she had sat
on a dozen similar evenings, employing
ne stories, the same pleas to draw forth
e, she fell asleep. She awakened with
omething was happening, something in-
e that pierced her heart, causing her to
for the sources of her forlorn apprehen-
or the first time he had the look of age
im. His forehead was lined with effort, his
gged with weariness, his casual badinage
ce vanished; he seemed to be pleading in an
wretched desperation for sustenance. Then she
into the crowd, at the languid faces in repose,
less movement of a hundred paper fans, the ex-
nless disregard, and in that instant, in this sinis-
n that disgusted her, she knew he was beaten.

had returned to the capital
the eve of the election. On the
al journey into the city she was
ful. Had she remained with
t of her old perpetual need for
and display? Or did she truly
in him? She had labored vali-
ith him, and now she felt she
proaching yet another coda, the
ain for some fanciful beginning.
ught of it strangely excited her.
would recall the last night in
etail: the boisterous scene in
hotel, the large crowds which
dually drifted away. Before the
n cameras his campaign man-
d said, "He has taught both
nds and his enemies the les-
civility," and then there was
didate himself and his conces-
had embraced her and said,
st you won't be rolling bandages for a

well."
lawyer again."
d stayed there for a time to take care of
r matters remain in defeat. Alone now on
e ground in Georgetown, she sat quietly in
len of her house, remembering these last
his home state. She had watched Jack
throw all his ambitions into his quest, and
t it had done to him: the fixed public face,
lual erosion of that deep private side she
. the terrible fatigue and the pain of loss.
e all bound together, she believed she was
. as if no one had ever before discovered it.
at bond of imperfection. Nothing worthwhile
With all his promise, Jack Winter had not en-
He had let her down. *He was a loser.* Out of all
spairing thoughts, whirling within her, she resolved that
she must leave him.

ay in late September he took her and her son to the waterfront
nt where they had come before. The skies threatened rain. They
e same table by the broad windows, hearing the boats' horns
ight splash of water on the wooden sidings.
ou know," he said, "when a man like me is deprived of some-
truly wants and needs, it's a form of sickness—almost a physi-
ess?"
ok of distress surprised her. Her mind dwelled for a moment
first days together. She put her hand on his.
e was driving them later through the city, past the White
nd Lafayette Square, the rain finally began to fall, mists were
among the trees on all sides, and the white exteriors of the immense buildings loomed like ghosts all about them. She looked at the familiar landmarks; everything was in its place for her.

A few days later he was to return home again for a long stay to re-establish his law practice. Just before he left he asked her to drive through northern Virginia once more. As they traveled through the rolling country she remembered the pleasure of their journey there almost precisely a year before, the splendor of it in the hues of autumn, her own fine mood. Some churning awareness of her own transience, of the cataclysms of her spirit, made her look across at him.

Jack Winter was being kind and thoughtful. He tried for a time to talk with her. Her silence made him grow quiet in turn. Now they were in Leesburg once again, in the midst of the same Saturday noon bustle and movement, and when they drove past the courthouse green there was the Jeb Stuart Bar and Grill.

"Let's go back in," he said. "I *really* could use the practice this time."

"Please. I couldn't."

"Just a few minutes?"

"No. Please."

By mid-afternoon they reached Harper's Ferry. She stood on the porch of the old inn and looked into the darkening valley below. Her first sight of the confluence of the Potomac and the Shenandoah had exhilarated her, but now, in the chill sunlight, the whole vista, the sharp waters, the town below the bluff, filled her with desolation.

"It's run by the federal government," she whispered to him. "Now it's only a toy."

"Carol, what's wrong?"

From somewhere far away she heard his voice. He was asking her to marry him. She shook her head.

"Remember all the things we feel the same about?" She had never heard him so beseeching. "You were great down there. You have courage."

"I don't."

His plea now, like all the guests seeking some enduring affirmation from her through all her days, evoked the same fear she had felt in the airplane in the thunderstorm, in the desperation and anger she had witnessed in the campaign; they were all of a piece, the only fear she had ever run from. It went so deep that she believed she would rather always be alone than take the smallest chance of begrudging her reluctant soul.

"I'm very sorry," she whispered. "It's not possible."

"Don't be a fool. Stop looking at the stars."

"Why should I change? I've tried before."

"Trust me. You'll never find anything this good."

"I can't."

"Why can't you?"

"Because it's not enough."

He leaned down and fiercely took her face in his hands. "I knew it when I first met you," he said.

"What?"

"That you'd finally see yourself as unattainable."

"Oh?"

"I'll be back. Things are changing down there. Does it matter that much to you?"

"No."

"Then what's wrong with being associated with a lawyer?"

"It's not that. I can't leave Washington."

"It's not Washington," he replied bitterly.

"I've got to leave now," she said. "I'm going to take the car and go home. Please don't stop me."

He gazed savagely at her for a long time. "Very well."

He went inside and returned with her suitcase. As he put it in the back seat of the car, she slipped behind the wheel. He leaned down and said, "I don't understand. Have I done anything to make you distrust me?"

"No."

"Then sooner or later I suppose you'll catch up with it, if you ever decide what it is."

"Yes."

But already he was coincidental. The car rolled down the grassy drive and she caught one last glimpse of him, solitary in the dying afternoon. Then she drove home, past the square in Leesburg, past the cemeteries and tossing meadows of Virginia, past Arlington and the Monument and the memorials, toward the Washington that awaited her. END

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Without Endust®

continued from page 35

into exhaustion you are relaxed, perhaps even serene, and the absence of tension may help you to understand your problems more clearly." (Dr. Milla Alihan, a Russian-born psychologist based in New York.)

Many women are particularly touched to see a man cry, and feel especially close to him when he does. But most men say that they feel something between awkward and threatened when a woman cries. Admits one man, "I blubber, I collapse. I don't know why, but I just can't stand the sight of that kind of 'blood.'" Another man says, "I simply don't know whether I should try to stop her crying, or say, 'let it all out.'"

Whether it stems from some deep-seated need to be protected, to be "daddy's little girl" again, or for the sheer drama of it, women love to cry in a man's arms. Dr. Casriel says that this is natural—that people want the physical comfort of another person when they cry. (In his group therapy sessions, Dr. Casriel encourages a man who is crying to do so in the arms of a woman, and a woman to cry in the arms of a man, so that the experience doesn't echo that of the infant crying alone in its crib.) One woman explains her need for physical closeness: "When I'm upset I want to be held. I want a man to allow me to cry in his arms for as long as I need to, which may be for hours. When I cry with a man I feel close to him; I feel I am making myself vulnerably real to him, and showing him my femininity. . . . But I am a little embarrassed to cry in front of a woman. Even though a woman may be every bit as understanding as a man, she is always reluctant to hold you in her arms, for fear of what the physical intimacy might imply."

"It is a relief to weep; grief is satisfied and carried off by tears," wrote Ovid 2,000 years ago. Even though tears don't dissolve any of life's problems, many people feel that crying has a cathartic effect, actually expelling a certain amount of pain from the body and psyche.

Dr. Ari Kiev, head of the New York Hospital-Cornell Program in Social Psychiatry, has his own description of crying as a catharsis: "The more a person cries and alleviates the pain of the thought with tears and body movements and visceral responses, the more a person becomes conditioned to the painful thought, and getting conditioned to the thought reduces its painfulness. Eventually, the person can have the thought without the crying, and eventually he can have the thought without the pain."

In wartime, crying was used as a therapy to relieve soldiers suffering from psychic shock. The soldiers were exposed to tear-provoking stimuli, such as the smell of ammonia or raw onions, and were told to recall their painful experiences. Psychiatrist Joost A. M. Meerloo, described the results this way: "The men had shown a typical fright catalepsy, with rigid muscles and staring, dead eyes. But this simple form of mental first aid—inducing an outburst of tears and crying—was for many of them a curative catharsis, the short cut from tension toward relief." Dr. Meerloo added, "The best first aid for [illegible]

ing spells and fear-paralysis still is the use of tear-provoking ammonia."

This is not to suggest that you carry a flask of ammonia in your bag or a brandy bottle full of it in your briefcase. But sometimes a few minutes of self-indulgent tears can work wonders.

The relief you feel after a good cry is probably less Freudian than physiological. The strangling lump in your throat isn't imagined; it's caused by a contraction of your glottis. Sobbing is an involuntary spasm of your diaphragm. Crying excites the body's respiratory, circulatory, muscular, digestive, endocrine, and nervous systems, so that you may feel more exhausted after a ten-minute cry than after a set of tennis.

The philosopher Schopenhauer said that weeping springs from a sympathy with oneself—and this is universally true. Tears of compassion, pity, appreciation, or empathy, aren't altruistic tears, they're selfish tears—or, rath tears of identification. Sad mov make us cry because the characters a situations remind us of our own liv We may go to sad movies to esc from our own pain, or to feel sorry someone else, but we are touched the movie only because we feel so for ourselves—not for Ali MacGraw

Why does a woman who lost her h band and didn't shed a tear cry lik baby two months later while watch

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n? Or a man who has been de-
ed for months about his job sud-
start to sob one morning in the
er as the water pours down over
ead? Though these tears may
ludicrously inappropriate, they
nly delayed reactions.
ars *can* accumulate. A feeling of
or deprivation may smoulder in
nconscious for years, to be ignited
tranger's casual remark, a film, a
iar smell, or something that seems
equally innocuous. But why do these pains lie dormant for so long? Why do tears seem to flow only at the moment our pain becomes real for us?

Modern psychotherapists and behaviorists say an unexpressed pain often indicates ambivalence toward the painful situation or toward the person causing the pain. A person may feel hurt, but the hurt may be contaminated by feelings of guilt, fear, anger, anxiety, frustration, or hatred—feelings which interfere with the immediate realization and expression of the hurt. So a high school biology teacher cries for an hour upon hearing that his son has been accepted to medical school. He says that they are tears of joy, but in truth they are the tears he repressed 25 years ago when his own medical school application was rejected. (He repressed the tears then to "save face," to show his family and the world that the rejection "didn't matter.") A woman gets disproportionately upset when her husband tells her that their trip to Florida must be postponed. She is crying over the time when, as a six-year-old, her parents left her with friends to go off to Miami for three weeks. Eventually, our tears catch up with us.

A common instance of delayed tears is delayed mourning, in which a person shows no grief at the death of the loved one, but expresses it months, or even years, later. New York psychiatrist Dr. Phyllis Greenacre explains that delayed mourning indicates a "more than ordinarily ambivalent" relationship of the lost person to the mourner. "The death of the person arouses especially strong guilt feelings, which threaten to overcome feelings of sorrow. Both feelings, guilt and sorrow, are repressed with the aid of various defense mechanisms."

Consider the situation of Susan S., whose father died the day she left for college. She cried no tears until nine years later. "I was on a first date with a man I had just met. I was sitting in his living room reading a short story he had written, and something in the story reminded me of my father. I suddenly started crying, and I couldn't stop. I'd had no idea of what was inside of me. These were the mourning tears I had never allowed myself, because of the guilt of having left my father the day he died."

Tears of "joy" are paradoxical, too. Next time you cry for joy, or laugh through your tears, ask yourself if you don't feel—along with the joy—relief from past pain, memory of past deprivation, anxiety over future loss, or a bittersweet awareness of the impermanence of all joy. We cry at the happy ending of a movie only because we want our own lives to have a happy ending, and we feel deprived of the happiness we witness on the screen.

Is crying ever bad? Crocodile tears certainly are, and so are manipulative tears, wrung out to cause a reaction in others. But all other tears are a clue to our feelings, and if we pay attention we can always learn from them. **END**

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WELLA

SISTERS

continued from page 92

and watched her get dressed up to go out. Oh, did I feel like a little sister!

Joan is very sweet, very considerate—especially about remembering birthdays. She keeps a list of everyone's birthday posted in her bathroom. She is godmother to my oldest son, Bruce, and I'm godmother to her oldest daughter Kara. Each of us has three children: I have Bruce, 13, Mark, 11, and Allen, 4. Joan has Kara, 13, Ted, Jr., 11, and Patrick, 5. We didn't plan it that way, but our children are almost the same ages. Joan is a better mother than I am because the time she spends with her children she spends more constructively. She realizes that there are great demands on her time made by public life and she makes every moment count. We even wear each other's clothes in a pinch; mine always fit her, but I can have trouble getting into some of hers—I have a harder time keeping my weight down than she does.

Whenever Joan comes to see me here in Houston, some of my friends are nervous about meeting her. They'll say, "What is she *(continued)*

like?" or "What should I say to her?" I tell them that Joan is great and not to worry, they'll just love her—and they always do. The one thing about Joan that surprises everyone is that she really is nice—beautiful and nice. She's a great asset to Ted, I think. She's also good about keeping up her piano playing, which she does very well. We both like to take long walks. Ted and Joan walk a lot too. In fact, when we finish these interviews Joan and I will go for a walk if it isn't raining. That may not sound too exciting, but Joan and I have a ball together—no matter what we do. I'd rather be with Joan than with any other woman I know.

Kelly Lee and Jamie Lee Curtis are the daughters of actor Tony Curtis and his first wife, actress Janet Leigh. The girls were interviewed and photographed at the Los Angeles home of their mother, now married to stock broker Robert Brandt.

JAMIE TALKS ABOUT KELLY

I think Kelly and I are more like friends than sisters. Kelly was always the one I looked up to; she was always "my big sister," especially when I was in grammar school and she was up in high school—that made a big difference. Once in a while—not a whole lot—I'd borrow her clothes, but now I don't borrow them anymore. We just don't like the same things. Mother used to dress us alike, so probably that's why we try to dress differently now. Kelly likes old-fashioned clothes; I'm more mod. She always dressed perfectly, like a doll; I felt sloppy beside her. When we were young, we used to have this huge bedroom with a partition down the middle—her side . . . my side . . . then we had connecting bedrooms, and now we each have our own rooms . . . and we respect each other's privacy. We don't like the same guys. I like the clean cut types. Kelly likes beards and stuff. I like Neil Diamond and she likes far-out rock groups. Ten years from now I picture Kelly as an artist. I used to think she'd be a model, but models have about 19 people hanging around and Kelly is rather shy and I don't think she'd like all those people around. . . . So now I think she'll be an artist because an artist paints alone. Kelly is the kind of a girl who likes one best friend. Me. I like groups!

KELLY TALKS ABOUT JAMIE

Jamie and I are very different, but she is fun to be with. Oh, sure we argue, but Jamie is a much better arguer than I am, so sometimes I just give in. She's rather dramatic, she'll probably be an actress. She's not at all shy. She's a stronger athlete than I am, but she's graceful. Jamie's down-to-earth about most things, even food: she's happy with a hamburger and a Coke; I like more exotic things. She used to use me as her model for everything because I'm older than she is, but now I find myself copying her sometimes. We are both very competitive, especially in box games—you know, Scrabble or Monopoly—we both want to win. Jamie used to take advantage of being the younger sister to get her own way, but not any more. We used to take guitar lessons together, tennis lessons together, piano and stuff. She kept on with the guitar, but I just like to paint. I used to call her "Thron"—short for "Jamiethron," a name I made up for her. Now I just call her "J" and she calls me "K." Right now, because of our age difference, Jamie is neither my confidante, nor my closest friend, but I know that later she will be. I like her a lot.

Laurie and Katy MacMurray are the daughters of actor Fred MacMurray and his wife, former actress June Haver. The twins posed for and spoke to the JOURNAL *at home in Hollywood.*

KATY TALKS ABOUT LAURIE

Laurie and I are fraternal twins, but she's much more self-confident. Often we like the same boys, but I don't tell her because it might make her feel funny about liking him. We're very careful about each other's feelings. Laurie plays the piano beautifully. I think she'll be an actress—stage, not films. She's already decided to go to college—probably in England—to study Shakespearean drama. Laurie is more casual about things than I am—even in her dress. She has long hair—mine's short. We have separate friends and friends in common, but Laurie is my best friend—even though we have some arguments. She loves to play tennis, but she barely gets the ball over the net. I needlepoint, but she says needlepointing makes her nervous. Maybe it's because we are twins, but lots of times we will have the exact same thought at the exact same time. We know other twins, and it's the same for them. I'll be sitting across the room from La and she can signal me something I'll be thinking exactly what she signaling. Laurie is so good at think my thoughts that sometimes I tell she's wrong because I don't want to know what I'm *really* think When we were younger, I was m taller and thinner than she was— were called Mutt & Jeff. But La got to be almost as tall as I am ar weigh only six pounds more. In sch her worst subject is biol mine is Spanish. She' great poetry writer. Sh show me something if thinks it's good, but I d pry. How do I picture La ten years from now? Sh have a husband and five six children.

LAURIE TALKS ABOUT K

Katy is three minutes er than I am. I have h eyes; she has blue e She's more of a loner th am, more introverted. parties I'll try to get her of her corner and into group. Katy is very doorsy. We have a r and she loves it there. used to have 250 hea Angus cattle at the ra and she took them to c shows—she just loves kind of stuff. We both juniors at Marymount we have quite a bit of h work—so much homew that Katy had to give up swim team; she didn't time for both swimming homework. We used to alike, when we were s but now that we don't alike, we don't dress Funny, but when we dr alike there was lots of petition between us there is none. Katy don't have many fights we have rules. I stay i room and work, writin etry or reading or listen stereo. My room is m ritory—you must knoc fore entering. Katy d stay in her room like she's usually in the She's a lot like Dad spends a lot of time him. Mom and I are a together. Katy went o the Disney Studios to Dad make his new *Charlie and the Ang* didn't go. Katy love roast, horseback swimming, and needle When one of us likes and discovers that the other on him, too, we ask: How *much* d like him? But nothing has b problem . . . yet. I can tell you t years from now, I see Katy livi house in the country—with thre dren. She'll work till she's ma and then her family will be her

Nancy and Christina (Tina) S are the daughters of Frank Sinat his first wife Nancy. Tina and i who's married to producer Hug bert, were interviewed and graphed at the Lamberts' beach at Malibu, Calif.



NCY TALKS ABOUT TINA

Tina is more aggressive than I am, re of a fighter. She is more open, re honest about her emotions, too. 's always been "baby sister" to me; member I used to help my mother nge her diapers. . . . She is eight rs younger than I am. Today, our difference isn't as important as it d to be, we are more like two women ner than older or younger sister. h of us has her own sense of self, we are dependent on the family. know we have a whole loving fami- ehind us and with this kind of back- we can be independent. I think a has had the biggest cross to bear, ng a Sinatra. First she was Frank atra's daughter, then she was Nan- sister, then Frank, Jr.'s sister—so t when she decided to go out into the w business world it was most diffi- for her. But she asserted herself, her own apartment, went to acting sses, did some film work, and now wants to produce a film. When you the daughter of a famous person, ryone expects too much of you. Tina lized this and decided to try for her identity—and she's made it. She es a lot—some men of whom I don't prove, but I never say so. There's ESP in this family that is remark- e. I can go a long time without see- Tina, and when I call her or she s me it turns out to be a call at a y important time and the call has ch meaning. Tina travels quite a bit so do I, so we don't see each other often as people think—but it's great en we do. Tina's an honest, beautiful son, and next to my husband Hugh 's my best friend.

A TALKS ABOUT NANCY

Did Nancy tell you that we were h born under the same sign—Gemi- But we are different. I say what I k, without worrying how other peo- will react . . . Nancy camouflages emotions. She was always a little her to me, but I went away to Eu- e for almost two years—and when I he back, we seemed to be more like als. Once, in her "little mother" s, she really clobbered me because I arguing with Mother—and Nancy n't like it. I was a little unhappy n Nancy became a blonde: I feel if you are dark haired, that's the you should stay. As far as weight s, we're complete opposites: Nan- an't gain weight and I have to be careful about what I eat. Nancy a great marriage now with Hugh, before, when she was dating, I didn't approve of some of the men she went out with—but I never said anything until they broke up. Until a romance is over, you never care what people think of the guy you're going with, so it's no good telling them. I think I'm the lucky Sinatra in one way: I'm the sturdy one. I can work harder than Nancy because work doesn't take as much out of me as it does her. Nancy takes after my mother in temperament. I'm like my father. I used to call Nancy "Nudgka"; she called me "T." I think Nancy is so great—she could do so much more. She can do anything, but she has to live her own life the way she wants to live it. What do I wish for Nancy? Ten pounds, three babies, and the happiest time of her life.

Zsa Zsa and Eva Gabor are the most famous of the Gabor family, which also includes their mother, Jolie Gabor, and a third sister, Magda. Zsa Zsa and Eva were photographed and interviewed in Zsa Zsa's home in Bel-Air, Calif.

ZSA ZSA TALKS ABOUT EVA

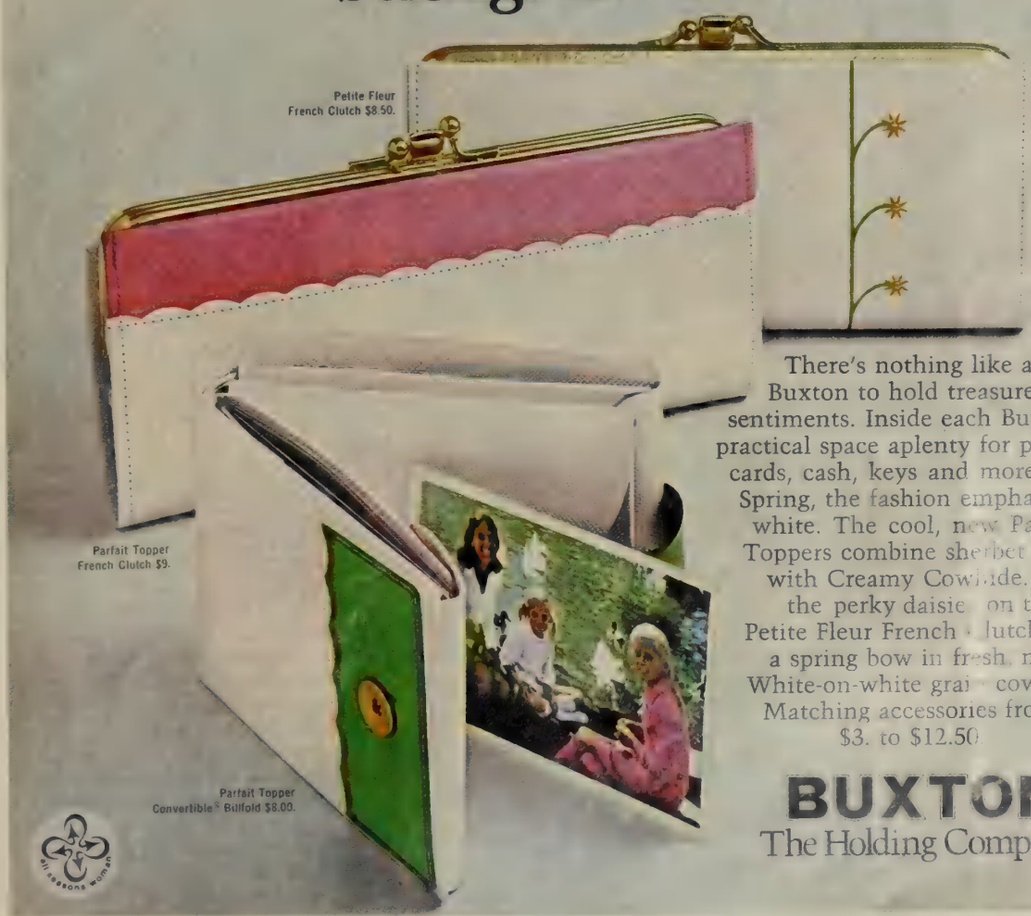
You know darling, this is the first time Eva and I have had our photographs taken together since we were little children. Eva probably thought I'd forgotten that—well, I didn't. Look, here is a photograph of Eva and Magda and me when we were children in Hungary. Eva says we were *(continued)*

1973 Teacher of the Year Award

e JOURNAL is proud to announce t it has again joined with Ency- paedia Britannica Companies and Council of Chief State School Offi- s in search of the Teacher of the ar. Nominees are chosen from out- nding elementary or secondary ssroom teachers. This year's five lists are: Mrs. Marita H. Eng of ksonville, Fla.; Mrs. Thelma Patel Woodmere, N.Y.; Mrs. Sarah E. vey of Raleigh, N.C.; Mr. John A. sworth of Bend, Oreg.; Mrs. Mary zabeth C. Brown of Houston, Tex. winner will be announced in the y issue of the JOURNAL.



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lovely children, but I tell her, "Don't be silly, we are lovelier now." But of course we were lovely children, darling, we were such beautiful girls that our father challenged any man who looked at us to a duel. We haven't had our picture taken together before now . . . not because we don't like each other but because we've been too busy, thank God! Both of us were either working, traveling, or married. Eva has always wanted to be an actress . . . when she was four years old she would dress up and playact. When she came to Hollywood she had dreams of becoming an immediate star, but she wasn't. Those ridiculous people! One producer refused her a part because she wasn't pretty enough. Ridiculous! She is gorgeous! She eventually worked at all the studios she wanted to work at. You know, darling, Eva and I have never worked in a movie together, but then I never wanted to be an actress; I acted out of sheer necessity because I didn't want to be kept by a man . . . it is better I should keep *him*. Eva and I are closer than most people think. . . . When she was sick in the hospital I was there every morning at 4 A.M. to take care of her. That's how close we really are. I never have so much happiness—or unhappiness—than when I am with Eva.

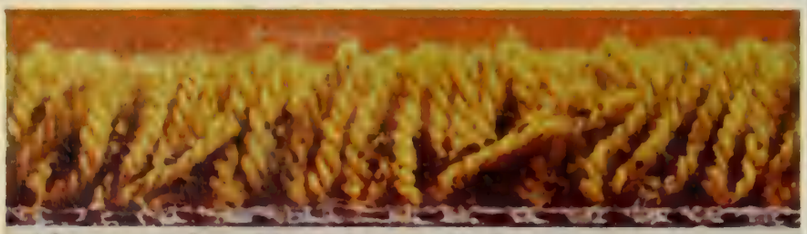
EVA TALKS ABOUT ZSA ZSA:

It is ridiculous that the press has tried to create a feud between Zsa Zsa and me. We truly adore one another. We fight because all sisters fight. You only fight with people you love. I'd kill anyone who said anything bad to me about Zsa Zsa. And Zsa Zsa would never say anything bad about me behind my back. Anything critical she has to say she tells me straight to my face. And, darling, she does that sometimes—quite often. Zsa Zsa has faultless taste—that is why I had my sable coat made exactly like hers. When I go to a party that I think Zsa Zsa is also going to, I always call her first to see if she is going and if she is wearing her sable coat. She gets first rejection, darling. If she doesn't wear her coat, then I wear mine. I love to talk with Zsa Zsa on the phone. We must talk a dozen times a day. We both love to wear jewelry, and why not? If you have beautiful jewels, you should flaunt them. I used to keep my jewelry in a safe-deposit box at the bank, but I would grow lonesome for it because I only had visiting privileges at the bank. Right now, this is one of the few times that both Zsa Zsa and I have found ourselves single at the same time. Think about that! That is very surprising. Zsa Zsa says she'll never marry again. I tell her not to say that. Who can tell what will happen tomorrow? Zsa Zsa is a wonderful sister and I wouldn't trade her in for anyone in the world. We still enjoy each other—and we enjoy Mama and Magda, too. Zsa Zsa says that she is glad that there is more than one Gabor in the world. She is so right, darling, it just wouldn't be right if there was only one Gabor.

END



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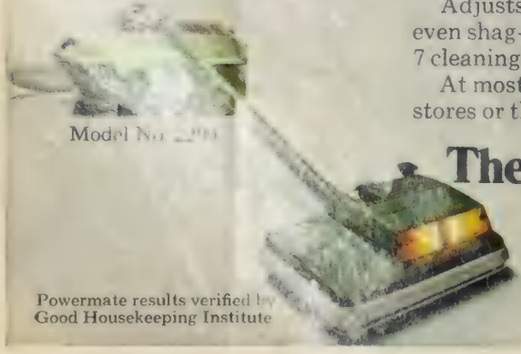
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TABLES: DOUBLE DRESSING

continued from page 99

Your cloth should be made to fit your table, so the first step is to measure the diameter of the table top and its height from the floor. Use a yardstick or folding carpenters' rule, and be sure your measurements are accurate.

To-the-floor tablecloths (table skirts)

Before you can estimate the yardage required, you should know how large the cloth must be, the width of the fabric it will be made from, and the size of the pattern repeat, if any. To determine the size of the finished cloth, use this formula: 2 x height of table top from floor + diameter of table = diameter of cloth. Your cloth will be a large circle, but it must be cut from a large square, and to make a square large enough, you'll have to seam together widths of fabric. To find out just how many, divide the diameter of the cloth by the width of the fabric, counting any portion of a width as a full width. Each width will have to be as long as the diameter of the cloth, so convert this length into feet or yards (for example, if you want to make a 90″ diameter cloth, each width must be 2½ yds. long), and multiply by the number of widths to find the total yardage. This will be enough fabric for an unpatterned cloth; if you're using a patterned fabric, add one pattern repeat for each width over one, so you can be sure of matching the pattern at the seams. Selvages are used as seam allowance when joining widths. No allowance is made for a hem; your cloth will be edged with jumbo welting or faced with wide bias tape or l facing. To estimate the quan needed, multiply the diameter by 3

Select your fabric. Moires, dama printed failles, sturdy chintzes heavier the fabric, the more grace it hangs. If you wish, you may line y cloth with muslin or lining sateen. ure the yardage for the lining in same way you figured yardage for cloth.

If you've chosen an unpatterned ric, cut all widths the same lengt the diameter of the cloth. If only widths are required, slit the sec width in half lengthwise, and join half width, selvage to selvage, to side of the full center width. This e inates an unattractive seam r through the center of the cloth. If are using a patterned fabric, cut first width to the proper length, bu fore cutting additional lengths, m the pattern along the selvage edg the join will be practically invis Again, if only two widths are requi the second is slit in half lengthv and a half width joined to each sid a full width, selvage to selvage.

When widths have been joined, joined widths to the length of the width so you have a neat square. F seams open and flat; spread your sq out on a large table or on the floor. the center; mark it with chalk.

Cut a length of cord several in longer than the distance from the ter of the cloth to the edge. Tie one of this cord to a pencil, as close t point as possible. Measure out a the cord one half the diameter of cloth, and make a knot at this p

a pushpin or thumb tack through
not, and insert the tack at the
center of the cloth. Have someone
it in place, while you use this im-
sed compass to inscribe a circle
e cloth. Pull the cord out full
h, without stretching it, and hold
pencil straight. Inscribing a full
may be difficult. You can in-
just one quarter of it, then by
g the cloth in quarters, cut the
circle at one time, following
inscribed line.

your cloth is to be lined, join the
s for the lining, and cut it to the
size as the cloth. Pin raw edges
th and lining together, face to
and machine stitch 3/8" in from
dge, almost all the way around;
about 15" open so you can turn
loth right side out. Before you
it, press the seam open, then trim
to the stitching. Turn right side
titch opening closed by hand, and
entire cloth carefully, so that
does not show. If your cloth is
faced, stitch on the wide bias tape
m facing by machine, following
eam allowance on the tape, press
eam, turn up, pin, and stitch by
. If the finish is to be jumbo welt-
in the welting to the cloth, with
dges matching raw edge of cloth.
it neatly where it meets. Then,
ine stitch together. Turn raw
up under cloth and run a row of
ine stitching along the allowance
e welting to hold it in place.

Short table squares

ain, you must know how large you
the finished cloth to be before you
stimate yardage. Decide how far
you want the straight sides of
cloth to drop (the points will hang
farther), and use this formula: 2
pth of drop + diameter of table =
f cloth. Estimate yardage in same
as for large, to-the-floor cloth. If
re using a bordered fabric, try to
e the border design (which isn't
fficult if the border is printed on
dges of the fabric). But you must
e this first, so that you can esti-
yardages correctly. If your cloth
e plain and unbordered, add suf-
t yardage to allow a 3" wide hem.
m borders from fabric and reserve
Seam widths to make square
(follow directions given for seam-
widths for a to-the-floor cloth).
up hem by hand, or, if you're us-
decorative border, make the bor-
nd stitch it to the cloth.
a shirred border, such as the one
e rose-patterned cloth, seam to-
r the borders you've cut off and
ed. Press the seams open and flat,
nder the raw edges at each side
press them down. Gather both
of the strips, running your
es about 1/4" in from the edge.
his gathered border to the cloth,
pping one end with the beginning
next at the corners (see photo-
).
our fabric has a border that would
etter quilted, join the strips, press
ams flat, then cut strips to the
f the cloth. Pin these in place
stitching, so that you can match
itre at the corners (see photo-
). Baste padding back of this bor-
and machine stitch to outline
ns of the design. Turn up the bot-
aw edge of the border, and baste.
face the underside of the cloth so
e padding is covered. **END**

Dear Mom & Dad,
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interesting story.
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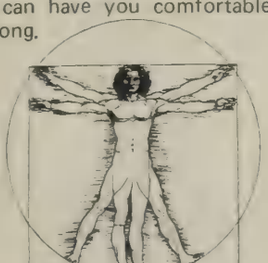
Not that everyone thinks the Contour Chair Lounge is ugly, mind you. Folks across the country have been buying them for, maybe, twenty-five years. And there must be a million families now who bought them because they liked their looks. . .and later discovered they had bought not just another pretty piece for the living room or den. . .but almost a new way of life.

How important can a mere chair be to your life style? For the answer to that, you'll have to look beyond the usual ideas of what a chair should look like. What you really must consider is what it was made to do for you.



Picture that conventional easy chair in your living room or den. Then try to figure out how you can rest your head. By slouching down so you're resting the bulk of your body weight on your spine? That's not going to be comfortable for very long.

What do you do with your legs? Cross them? Then recross them? Rest them on the cocktail table? On another chair? Or on an ottoman? All of these positions tend to restrict circulation or result in the concentration of an undue proportion of your weight on a single area of your body. None of them can have you comfortable for very long.



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Address

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continued from page 40

and multiply by 120%. If your 1972 taxable income exceeds the resulting figure by $3,000 or more, you can use income averaging—and save.

To illustrate: Let us say your taxable incomes for the years 1968-71 were $7,000, $6,500, $7,000 and $7,500, and your 1972 taxable income was $13,000. The total of your 1968-71 income comes to $28,000. Divide by 4 and you get $7,000. Multiply this amount by 120% and you get $8,400. You are therefore eligible for income averaging because your '72 income of $13,000 is more than $3,000 above $8,400.

Figure this out at once. If you find you are eligible, consult a responsible professional tax adviser to make sure you use the break properly and that you derive your maximum benefit from it.

Below is a quick guide prepared by Leon Gold, chief tax expert of the Research Institute of America, to help show you whether you can benefit from income averaging. This guide assumes that you are a married person filing a joint return for 1972. The average is for your base period of 1968-71, and the income is the minimum you need for 1972 in order for you to save at least $100 in taxes.

If Your Average Is	*You Save $100-plus At*
$ 4,000	$ 11,333
6,000	11,333
8,000	15,333
10,000	19,333
12,000	19,333
14,000	22,500
16,000	22,500
18,000	26,500
20,000	31,333
25,000	35,333
30,000	43,333
36,000	49,000
40,000	55,333
50,000	69,000
60,000	79,333
90,000	125,000
100,000	145,000
200,000	no savings possible

Did you use your own car in connection with volunteer work you did for a local hospital or charitable or educational organization last year?

If so, you can claim a charitable deduction for the cost of gas, oil, repair, and other expenses. You can figure the costs applicable to the charitable use of your car by the same easy rule given for determining use of your car as a medical expense deduction.

Calculate how many miles you used the car for charitable purposes and multiply the total by 6¢ a mile. Say the total comes to 3,500 miles. Multiply by 6¢. The total, $210, is your deduction as a charitable contribution in 1972.

You can also add to this mileage allowance any parking fees and tolls attributable to charitable travel.

You cannot claim a charitable deduction for depreciation and insurance in 1972 on your car, however.

Did you install special equipment in your home on doctor's orders last year—an air conditioner in your bedroom to alleviate an allergy, an elevator, or a bathroom on a lower floor?

If so, and if you have a physician's statement that the equipment was recommended as part of your medical care, you can deduct the cost of the equipment (less any salvage value) and its operating expenses from your 1972 income tax report. Remember, however, that no medical expense deduction will be allowed to the extent that the expenditure adds to the value of your house: If you spent $2,000 to air condition your home for medical reasons and this raised the value of your house by $1,200, your income tax deduction for 1972 is $800 ($2,000 less $1,200.)



Are you a divorced mother of a dependent child fighting over which one of you is entitled to the $750 dependency deduction for your child in 1972?

This can be a most unpleasant, costly—and unnecessary—argument. Here are the income tax facts to guide you in saving money, time, and heartache.

If you, the mother, had custody of your child for most of 1972, you generally will get the $750 dependency deduction. But your former husband can have the deduction if either (1) he contributed at least $600 to your child's support during the year, and your divorce decree or your written agreement provides that he gets the deduction, or (2) your former husband contributed $1,200 or more for your child's support during 1972 and you, the parent having custody, can't prove that you contributed more.

If you claim that you contributed more than your husband did, then each of you is entitled to an itemized statement of the expenses claimed by the other parent.

These rules apply only in cases where both of you together furnish more than half of your child's total support for 1972, and where your child was in the custody of one or both of you for more than half of 1972. The rules would not apply if your children grandparents contributed 75 percent of your child's total support, or if your child was in the custody of his grandparents for seven months of 1972.

Try to work out the dependency deductions sensibly and agree in writing which one or more of your children the father can take. Then, if the father contributes at least $600 for each one of your children during the year, he can take the dependency deductions without worrying that the Treasury will reject.

Which one of you is entitled to the deductions for your child's medical expenses and for child care costs?

You are—*IF* you get the dependency deduction. Who gets these valuable deductions rests on who gets the dependency deduction. Keep this in mind before you make any agreement about dependency deductions.

Did your husband give gifts to his business associates, customers, employes, etc., last year?

If so, he is entitled to a tax deduction of up to $25 per donee—except that the limit on employe gifts given in recognition of length of the employe's service or safety achievements is $100.

While you were away on business trips in 1972, did you spend substantial amounts of money on cabs and bus fares going back and forth from the air terminal to your hotel? Did you spend more on cab fare to get to and from the offices of your customers?

If so, you have a major deduction for traveling expenses away from home. These fares are proper income tax deductions on your 1972 return.

Are you aware of the most common errors of American taxpayers—any of which will flag your return for examination if you commit them?

Here they are: failing to attach your Forms W-2; giving an incomplete address or an incorrect Social Security number; not checking the correct blocks indicating your filing status; not checking correctly the blocks for your personal exemptions and listing of your dependents; incompletely listing your itemized deductions; using the wrong line to list your income, deductions, tax items; failing to sign your return. Remember and be forewarned!

ULD TEACHERS SPANK KIDS? *continued from page 79*

to the *ACLU*, "unfortunately, a rity of the general public still rds the use of violent bodily pun- ent in schools as a legitimate, ssary, desirable practice. A 1970 up Poll found that 62 percent of people surveyed favored 'spanking similar forms of physical punish- t' in the lower grades. In the same 53 percent said that discipline in schools was 'not strict enough.'"

It according to the 1972 report of NEA task force on corporal punish- t, "It is likely . . . that most parents call for corporal punishment really n that they want the school to edu- their child by any means neces- . . . School people are responsible gh, however, to recognize that few nts mean they prefer corporal pun- ent to other forms of discipline. nts may request corporal punish- only because the school offers ther alternative to suspension."

national drive against corporal punishment was announced last spring by the ACLU and the American Orthopsychiatric Association (an organization of psychologists, pediatricians, social workers, and other professionals concerned with incipient mental and behavioral disorders). More than 50 national organizations are joining the drive. And in its task force report, the NEA stated that it "takes an official position opposing the infliction of physical pain upon children for the purposes of discipline and calls for a time schedule for its elimination in all schools."

"Schools are the last place where people can legally be beaten," says Carolyn Schumacher, president of the Pittsburgh Committee to Abolish Corporal Punishment. "It has been 100 years or more since wives and sailors were legally allowed to be flogged."

Is it perhaps time, then, to retire the paddle, the stick, the fist, and the belt from our schools as well? **END**

UNTOUCHABLE BABY" *continued from page 84*

it comes. If this baby dies now, going to tear up a lot of people, eas if he had died when he was months old—well, that would have bad, too, but at that time he 't developed a personality or es- shed any relationships. Or people say, 'Suppose you keep him alive. s genetically defective, and if he ies and has children, this disease be propagated and you'll be doing at disservice to the human race. n't subscribe to either argument," Wilson said with conviction.

Wilson also sees David's forced onment as a source of trouble lat- . "So much of our psychological being is based on direct physical ct with people around us that not that capability precludes any of normal reaction or relationship. e this child is an infant, his devel- ntal stage is rather solitary—as it h most babies. He does need con- with the parents—especially the er—and to a very acceptable de- that's possible with this Isolator m. You can pick him up and cud- m, you can change his diaper, and an play with him. He seems to accepted this. He seems to have identified certain motions and actions with affection, and he does very well. But what happens when he gets a little older, when he starts to become social? Small children enjoy physical contact when they play. David never could. Children, being what they are, will soon reject him if he cannot participate in their games. The most a rejected child can do is sit on the sidelines and watch, which is less than satisfactory. Then begins some of the psychopathology."

David's room is on the second floor of the hospital. Dr. Wilson and I went up the stairs, down the long hall and through a set of green double doors. Above the doors is a sign that reads RESEARCH. Blocking the entrance to David's room is a small wooden gate—to keep out other children in the ward. We passed through a group of children already gathered there and finally walked into David's bright, cheery room. A nurse was cleaning the baby through the wall of the capsule. Dr. Wilson walked over to the bubble, placed his hands inside the soft, black gloves, and stretched out his arms to the baby. David stared, hesitated, then smiled, laughed, and threw himself into his godfather's waiting arms. **END**



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Now at last there is a way to properly care for contact lenses without fuss or bother. Lensine. The unique three-in-one solution which eliminates the need for separate wetting, cleaning, and soaking solutions. And all it costs is twenty-five cents to help get you started. Lensine's special offer is being made at this time so that you can find out how convenient it is to use Lensine. And how remarkably effective. Imagine! One solution that does it all. Wets, soaks, cleans—just the way your eye doctor recommends—without having to use three different solutions. And that's not all. With this special offer you also get Lensine's exclusive lens case in which you can store or soak your contact lenses. Don't wait. Send now for this very special offer. Lensine, plus a brand new fresh soak and store case. Just 25¢. Write to: Lensine, Dept. L-5, 660 North Wabash, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



Comfortable Sandal
You'll forget you're wearing shoes with this good-looking sandal. "Heather" comes with soft cushioned insoles and a one-inch heel. Sizes 4 through 12. Narrow, medium or wide widths. Available in white, bone or black glove-soft leather. Send $9.95 plus 75c postage for each pair. Sizes 10½ to 12, $1 extra. Immediate delivery. Prompt refund if not delighted. Free brochure. Order from Sofwear Shoes, Dept. H, 1711 Main, Houston, Texas 77002.

The JOURNAL STORE

LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR



Good-bye tarnish
Gorham silverware drawer pad of soft Pacific Silvercloth keeps your silverware neat, clean and handy. It absorbs all the tarnish and folds over at the top, eliminating dust. No hurry-up cleaning to face when guests are expected. 14x12x2½ inches, holds 108 pieces. $5.98. Jumbo size, 17½x14x2½ inches, holds 120 pieces. $6.98. Add 95¢ postage. Holiday Gifts, Dept. 1703-D, Wheatridge, CO 80033.

THE WORLD'S FASTEST, MOST SUCCESSFUL WAIST SHAPER EVER



"I lost 6 inches off my waistline in only 21 days



doing just one five minute exercise—and didn't even have to give up eating the foods I love."

"I never thought it would happen to me... but it did. I got fat.

"As a former fashion model, I'd always taken pretty good care of myself because if I didn't look good, I didn't work. But when I got married, and didn't need a job, it was a different story.

"For about 5 years I neglected my body, and ended up a mess. And worst of all, I looked about 10 years older than I really was. So I decided that it was time to do something drastic. I tried a few of those 'effortless exercisers' but, of course, they didn't do a thing.

"Then I heard about Joe Weider's 5 Minute Slimming Plan. After just 21 days on the plan, my weight dropped from 143 lbs. to 129. And my waist went from a sloppy 31" to a nice, trim 25", just about what it was when I was modeling. I can't thank the Weider 5 Minute Slimming Plan enough. It gave me back my youth." **Aleta Hopkins**

What is this ingenious 5 minute waist shaper plan?

It's based on a patented 1 pound waist slimming exerciser. You lie on your back on the floor, wherever and whenever you wish—even while watching TV. And doing just one enjoyable, rhythmic, continuous movement only 5 minutes a day, you are able to work all your body muscles in one coordinated movement. That's all there is to it.

The Weider Plan is much safer than strenuous gym workouts and is designed to produce a slimmer waistline faster than time-consuming jogging or any other sport.

Forget sauna wraps, inflated pants, or weight belts. The Reader's Digest (September, 1971) has exposed all these "effortless exercisers" as frauds. As Dr. Kenneth Rose, Chairman of the AMA Committee on Fitness, explains: "You have to work off the inches." And that's what this plan is all about...but the "work" you do is easy and pleasant.

How much can you expect to lose in 14 days?

You can lose up to 4" off your waistline and about 10 pounds of excess weight in just 14 days. You see, your waist area performs the least work of your body. And because it is usually the most neglected, fat easily accumulates there, giving you a flabby, weak, distorted midsection.

But the rhythmical, continuous movement of the 5 minute Slimmer makes up for all the years you have neglected your body. This concentrated exercise speeds up your body's metabolism, and utilizes your reserve fat to create an oxidation process that burns up excess fat in your body cells. It also helps to release excess water trapped there, too. The results are fantastically rapid waistline losses and a younger looking body for you.

And remember, the Weider 5 Minute Slimming Plan also strengthens your heart, lungs and helps improve your digestion and stamina. It delivers a lot for just 5 minutes of enjoyable exercise.

Expert testimonials

"The finest, thought out waist-slimming plan ever."

"Because the exercises are carried out while lying on the back dangerous straining motions are virtually eliminated while the slimming and reshaping of the waistline is taking place."
GERALD KLAY, M.D., Director, Medical Group

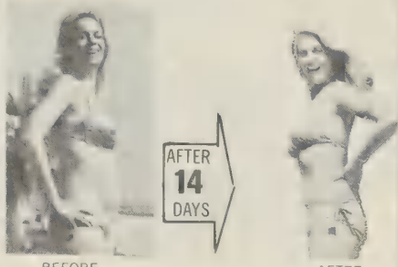
"No other exerciser I know of is so accurately based on physiological and medical principles. It burns up excess body weight and reduces the waistline without any strain to the heart or other vital organs."
PIERRE GRAVEL, D.C., Pres. Canadian Body

"My waist measurement went down 4" in just 18 days, and I feel more energetic than I have in years. It sure beats working out in gyms with heavy equipment."
JIM HARLEY, Athlete

Living Proof of Fantastic Results



BEFORE **WAIST 26"** AFTER **WAIST 23"**
BETTY NOLES LOST 9 LBS.



BEFORE **WAIST 28"** AFTER **WAIST 25"**
EVE HARDIN LOST 12 LBS.



BEFORE **WAIST 40"** AFTER **WAIST 31"**
JANET HOUTE LOST 80 LBS.

5 minute waist slimmer

This is not another "gimmick" reducer.

Forget all those "Effortless Gimmick Exercisers." They never work and have been exposed as frauds. The only way to lose inches and pounds is through exercise and you might as well be doing the one revolutionary exercise that's the easiest, safest, fastest and most effective. Try it for three days—if you do not see immediate measureable waistline and weight losses return it for a full refund. Mail coupon and start slimming instantly.

WEIGHS ONLY 1 LB.



FREE TRIAL OFFER

In this handy pocket size wallet is the undisputed and most ingenious waist slimmer ever created. Take it anywhere. It weighs only 1 pound.

Joe Weider, Dept. LHJ-3
"5" Minute Waist Shaper,
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Dear Joe: Rush me your 5 minute Waist Shaper and Slimmers Course in plain wrapper, with your money back guarantee offer!

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Patti-stacker
Company coming for casual dining? You can prepare up to 12 burgers ready to cook or freeze. Make and stack 4-in. patties as thick or thin as you please. Reusable, pop-off plastic disks separate each. Avocado Patti-stacker comes with 8 disks, $6.95 plus 85¢ postage. 24 extra disks, $1.79. Catalog, 25¢. House of Minnel, Dept. 633E, Deerpath Road, Batavia, IL 60510.

take that ugly FAT OFF



THIGHS, NECK, LEGS, WAISTLINE —
ALL OVER.

Without putting down your knife and fork... *eat the Foods you like*

WHAT A BLESSED WAY THERE NOW IS TO GET RID OF POUND AFTER POUND OF UGLY FAT - WITHOUT SUFFERING FROM STARVATION DIETING HUNGER. INSTEAD YOU EAT DELICIOUS SENSIBLE FOODS YOU LOVE AND ENJOY WHILE YOU TAKE OFF THAT UNSIGHTLY FAT.

LIKE

• VEAL SCALLOPINI • STEAK • LAMB • ROAST BEEF • ROAST CHICKEN • BURGERS • FRANKS —even desserts and 'tween meal snacks.

Here now comes a thrilling plan that helps you get rid of 7, 15, 20 pounds or more of ugly fat without suffering through periods of starvation dieting. It is ■ plan that helps promote ■ feeling of satisfaction and surprising fullness while you lose pound after pound of unsightly fat.

You Don't Punish Yourself You Don't Deny Yourself

You don't go around starving one single day. In fact, the meals you eat are nutritious and satisfying. You satisfy your appetite. You go on eating three satisfying, sensible meals ■ day, plus 'tween meal and "midnight" snacks. You eat foods you love and enjoy.

That's why the 1-2-3 Plan of reducing is such a comforting way to take off pounds of excess, undesirable fat.

No Strenuous, Over-Taxing Exercises

This is, too, ■ plan for those men and women who don't like to think of the dangers and discomforts of back-breaking exercises. The procedure is very simple. But, to put it to work for you, you ought to know ■ few simple facts. Read the Plan carefully.

Take Off That Fat ...But Do It A Little Smarter

Don't be ashamed by that fat. Don't go around hungry. Don't break your back exercising. In fact, you will be amazed at the way pound after pound of fat actually disappears by following the more enjoyable. more sensible, wonderful 1-2-3 REDUCING PLAN. It is often referred to ■■ the "Automatic" Reducing Plan.

Why Do You Go On Straining Your Will Power?

Laboratory science has perfected ■ tiny pre-meal tablet with ■ plan that helps you lose what you want to lose . . . 5, 10, 20 or more pounds . . . without feeling "starved or deprived" periods. No longer will you be the prisoner of ■ dreadful uncontrollable appetite and lackadaisical will power. And here's why:

The 1-2-3 REDUCING PLAN Counteracts Hunger

Part of what we call the "magic" is a tablet which you take ■ half-hour or so before your regular meals. It combines ■ pure vegetable extract that has no calories and starts acting to give you the feeling of a contented, full stomach. This is ■ wonderful plus for those people who have big, bad appetites.

Important Vitamins Included

You get ■ wide range of vitamins including Vitamin A, Vitamin B1, Vitamin B2, Vitamin B6, Vitamin E and Vitamin B12 - to help prevent nutritional deficiencies lacking from the foods you miss.

So, Lose Ugly Fat and...

Don't go to bed hungry. Eat plenty of delicious foods - and slim down. Remember, you can satisfy your appetite and remove pounds and inches - at thighs, waistline, neck, legs - all over!

The 1-2-3 plan is ■ must for you. Start now to lose that fat and have ■ trimmer, slimmer figure. Prove to yourself at our risk.

The 1-2-3 Reducing Plan Acts As an Appetite Appeaser.

Actually, the 1-2-3 Reducing Plan helps give you the "will power" you need to avoid those foods that turn into fat.

It's ■ thrilling plan with ■■ ingredient that acts as a beneficial appetite appeaser. This puts a "halter" on excessive cravings for candy, sweets, tasty cakes, rich gravies - all kinds of high-fat, high calorie foods. So you crave less, want less - eat less - lose fatty excess weight. By following the Plan you lose weight Automatically.

Ironclad Money Back Guarantee

Results with this plan have been so wonderful that we dare make this liberal offer.

Follow the 1-2-3 plan as directed. If you are not 100% satisfied with the results of your first package — if you don't take off pound after pound - easily, without excessive hunger, craving, and giving up delicious foods that you can eat on this plan - the cost of your first package will be refunded - no questions asked. You are the sole judge.

MAIL THIS NO RISK COUPON TODAY - NOW!

1-2-3 COMPANY
1807 AGLEN STREET, DEPT. 1533
ROSEVILLE, MINNESOTA 55113

Please rush at once your 1-2-3 Reducing Plan on the guarantee that I must lose flabby, excess fat, from the very first package without starvation dieting or back-breaking exercises, without giving up delicious foods like veal scallopini, steak, lamb, roast beef, roast chicken, etc. Please send the supply indicated below.

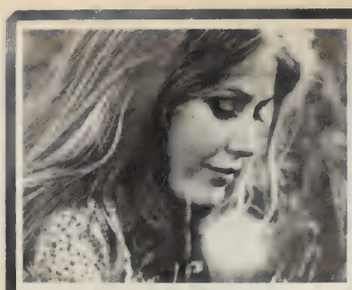
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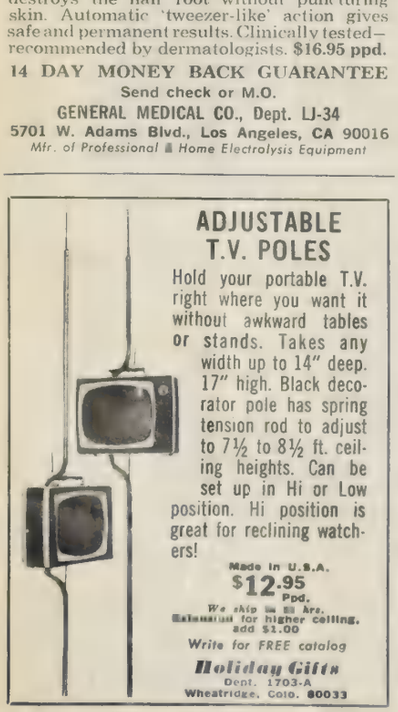
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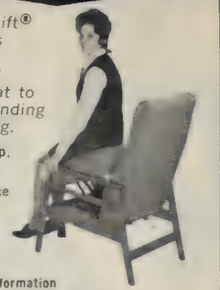
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REDUCE WHILE YOU SLEEP

Guaranteed to take 1 to 3 inches off your waist, tummy, hips, buttocks or thighs in one week or your money refunded.

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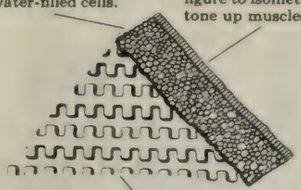
Now there's a dramatic new way to effortlessly trim that "problem middle section" of your body while you sleep. Slumber-Shapers,™ made from a new miracle fabric; *Isosaunatrex* that works on three specific weight reducing principles.

Isosaunatrex. The miracle "3-layer fabric" behind Slumber-Shapers' sensational fat-reducing effectiveness.

How it works.

1. Close-celled structure creates a snug comfortable feeling of warmth and support to break down water-filled cells.

3. 4-way stretch, double-knit nylon conforms to your figure to isometrically tone up muscles.



2. Waffle-textured material works on fatty tissue with every movement.

Trims your appearance as it works.

Because Slumber-Shapers hug your body with a 4-way contour hugging stretch fit, it works on fatty tissue with the slightest movement of your body. They can be worn as an undergarment to slim you during the day. Nobody will know you're wearing them. They will instantly trim the appearance of your waist, hips, tummy, buttocks or thighs to give you a shapely figure while they're going to work melting away those ugly excess pounds and flabby inches.

No awkward wraps, messy creams, or solutions. Nothing to inflate.

Because Slumber-Shapers are a completely new weight-reducing discovery, old fashioned wraps, creams, solutions, and inflatable systems are a thing of the past. There's nothing to puncture, nothing to apply, no time-consuming preparation. Slip them on in seconds.

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Slumber-Shapers are virtually indestructible, flame-resistant, and won't mildew. They're completely washable and rapid drying. Once you've bought your Slumber-Shapers you'll never have to buy another pair. You can look forward to a lifetime of weight-reducing slumber.

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LHJ-3-73

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Please send me..... Slumber-Shapers Kits along with complete, easy to use instructions, in



Long Line
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☐ 11.98



Thigh
☐ $9.98

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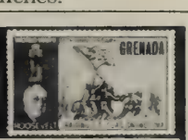
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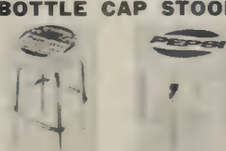
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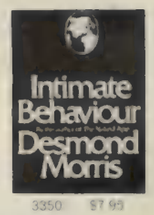
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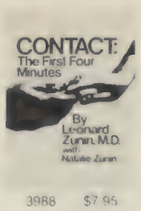
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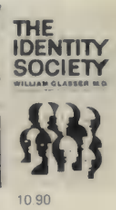


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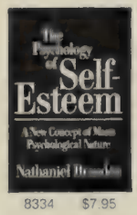


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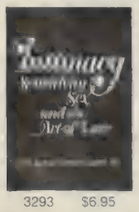


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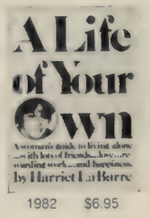
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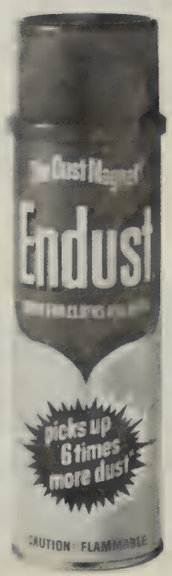
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WHAT'S HAPPENING

BY GENE SHALIT

The Last Tango Is the Last Straw. It's been an age since I've heard and read such extravagant twaddle about a movie as we've had shoveled on us about *Last Tango in Paris*. This movie is the year's most over-publicized ripoff. A few parts of *Last Tango in Paris* are compelling, but it's most often dull and too often pointless—a movie that's saved from being commonplace by Marlon Brando's striking performance. The director, Bernardo Bertolucci, did better with an earlier movie, *The Conformist*.

Despite all the rumors you may have heard, Marlon Brando is practically never naked on screen. When he is naked, you see less of him than you would if you met him on the beach. Maria Schneider, a girl of 20 who is rather overripe, does appear in healthy, naked shamelessness. But there's nothing newsworthy about that. And there's nothing new about a man giving a woman a bath: we've had *that* kind of scene in mediocre movies like *Superfly*. As for Brando making love (or pretending to), movies have been far more explicit than this for years. The first time Brando takes Miss Schneider in this movie, he doesn't even remove his overcoat!

Last Tango in Paris is the story of a middle-aged man who meets a girl of 20. For a few days they share a secret and insulated sex life in an empty apartment. (Miss Schneider, who offscreen seems bored by the whole thing, speculates that these scenes are the result of Mr. Bertolucci living out his own fantasies.) The scenes are well done, thanks to Bertolucci's understanding and photography, and to the overwhelming presence of Brando. *But,* when Brando is not on the screen—which seems about half the time—the movie virtually vanishes. Then we glance at our watches while we watch a sub-plot: a dull fellow played by Jean-Pierre Léaud is making a movie of Miss Schneider, and proposes marriage to her. It is one long who-cares? What *is* admirable about *Last Tango in Paris* is Brando's performance—angry or puzzled, weeping or sensual; the wallowing music by Gato Barbieri, transforming the future into the immediate past; and the photography a glow of brown and tan and orange that fills the screen with a pervasive golden dusk. I have seen the movie twice, and I have not heard a single line of dialogue that is memorable. As for the violent ending, I find it preposterous. Still, *Last Tango in Paris* will be one of the most talked about movies of the year, and it will make a lot of money. It ought to: In many cities, theaters are charging five dollars entrance fee! Now *that's* what I call obscene!

If people heading for *Last Tango* should watch their steps, they can be happily carefree when they waltz into *Cinderella*. The Disney classic —ranking after *Snow White* and *Pinocchio*—is reissued this month for the Easter holidays, and children are in for a treat—even if they've seen it before. (Since when did a child want to hear or see a fairy tale just once?) They'll wriggle happily in their seats over the plump and bumbling Fairy Godmother who wand-ers absentmindedly through the wrong magic before she gets it straightened out in the nick of time after time. They'll love the frantic mice, cringe from the wicked sisters, and wide-eye at Disney's star shower of starlight that unreals the film into a never land of ever happily afterness. Try to get your children to let you come along. . . . And don't *you* miss Lord Laurence Olivier and non-Lord Michael Caine teeming in *Sleuth*, the deliciously mysterious movie based on the Broadway hit. This baffler is filled with puzzles, mazes, backtracks, U-turns, figure-eights and intellectual double-crosses—enough astonishments to keep the average mystery writer plotted for a year. But this is *not* average, which is why it is one of the screen's most satisfying entertainments. . . .

I don't know of any other actor who has a more fervent following among women than Robert Redford. And among actors, I don't know anyone who gives me such an impression of knowing what he is doing—of being in control and command of himself. He is almost never seen on TV talk shows because non-actor Redford is not a talky, look-at-me person, and his private self is not the public's affair. On screen, Robert Redford knows what he's doing, and he does it beautifully—most recently in a movie called *Jeremiah Johnson*. In this one I feel that he's revealing a deep sense of himself. *Jeremiah Johnson* is set in Utah in the 1800's. Redford, in the title role, leaves his lowland town life for a solitary existence high in the Rockies—a "Mountain Man" melding with nature. At the beginning it doesn't work: the mountain is not hospitable. Then Redford stumbles on an old bushy-bearded bear hunter, endearingly portrayed by Will Geer, who invites Redford to spend the winter in his cabin. He calls Redford "Pilgrim," and he teaches him how to get along: to hunt, make tools, survive. Spring comes. Redford goes. *(continued)*









Cinderella unwinds (in 35 mm) with P. Charming in the Walt Disney movie classic reissued this month . . . Elvis Presley stars on TV with his mike down pat . . . Robert Redford impresses as Jeremiah Johnson . . . and Judy and her pals return to TV in The Wizard of Oz.

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EDITOR'S DIARY

BY JOHN MACK CARTER



At Women in Economy symposium, l. to r., our Mary Powers, Lynda Robb, consumerist Esther Peterson, Sylvia Porter.



Another panel: Mary Bergan, of Cal. Fed. of Teachers, Myrtle Evers, Liz Carpenter, Madeline Mixer (U.S. Dept. of Labor), Sylvia Porter.

WOMEN IN THE ECONOMY. The JOURNAL has been very much involved in the past few months in an exciting and meaningful campaign in behalf of women. It started September 21st '72, at an all-day symposium in San Francisco called "Women in the Economy," co-sponsored by *Ladies' Home Journal*, National BankAmericard Inc., and Bank of America. Purpose of the meeting: to examine the problems and progress of women in the American economy, and to meet head-on criticism about sex discrimination in jobs, credit, etc. One of the few men onstage that day (NBI president Dee Hock and I made token appearances) was Herbert Stein, chairman of President Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers, who gave the keynote address and who referred to an announcement by the President in the October *Journal* of the formation of an Advisory Committee on the Economic Role of Women. (The *Journal's* Lenore Hershey was appointed to the committee in January.)

IT WAS A CONSCIOUSNESS-RAISING DAY, moderated by Yvonne Brathwaite Burke (now a Congresswoman from California) and Lenore Hershey. 200 delegates representing a cross-section of women from the Bay Area, listened to nationally prominent women experts, including Congresswoman Martha Griffiths (D., Mich.), Liz Carpenter, former White House press secretary, and Esther Peterson, former Assistant Sec'y of Labor. The delegates all had a chance to speak up, too, and National BankAmericard indicated that it would make some specific recommendations to its members about issuing National BankAmericard to women. **To order a copy of the entire proceedings—a landmark document in the economic equality of women—send $1 (check or money order) to "Women and the Economy," P.O. Box 26673, San Francisco, Cal. 94126.**

AS WE GO TO PRESS, an equally exciting second symposium, "Women as Economic Equals" is being formed. It will be held on March 21st, at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D.C., with an all-star cast including Secretary of Defense Elliot Richardson, Counsellor to the President Anne Armstrong, Congresswoman Martha Griffiths, Mrs. Jayne Baker Spain, Vice-Chairman of the U.S. Civil Service Commission, Dr. Bernice Sandler, Executive Associate of the Association of American Colleges, and Dr. Juanita M. Kreps, Professor of Economics at Duke University. The *Journal*, National BankAmericard, and six Maryland and Virginia banks are sponsoring the day, so watch your papers and news channels for the activities!

JMC

And for the rest of *Jeremiah Johnson*, we watch him grow into a legend. What touched me about *Jeremiah Johnson* was its poetic, almost languid motion, as if everything were happening at half pace. Redford often speaks in an archaic style, but it always seemed natural to me. And maybe that's the secret—Redford had taken a legend, and given it a light and a life of reality.

The Small Screen Scene

April television is a cross between Easter and programs for children who'll be on vacation. On Easter Sunday itself, ABC brings you *A Man Named John* devoted to an incident in the life of Good Pope John XXIII in the days before he became Pope. It was World War II. He was Papal Nuncio to Turkey (neutral in that war). A steamship of Jewish children who had escaped from the Nazis sought refuge in Turkey. John beguiled the Nazis into believing that the children were Catholic, and their lives were saved (ABC, April 22). . . . NBC pays *its* homage to the season with a super film called *Upon This Rock* (Apr. 17). It won a prize at the Venice Film Festival (what film hasn't?) in 1970. I'm assured that this was the first time a TV film crew and actors were permitted into St. Peter's Basilica to televise everything from Michelangelo's dome to the necropolis beneath the main altar. You'll see Sir Ralph Richardson, Dame Edith Evans, Orson Welles as Michelangelo, and Dirk Bogarde.

Popular pop music Specials pop up this month, with two NBC supers on a single night, April 4: Ann-Margret descends with a lavish show based on her extravagant nightclub act, Elvis Presley sings through a 90-minute concert, *Aloha from Hawaii*.

The Most Successful Movie ever shown on television is *The Wizard of Oz*. No other movie has been shown so often with such consistently enormous audience attraction. CBS first brought Judy Garland over the rainbow in 1956. That was November, when people were thinking Christmas, and the film attracted about 45 million people. CBS brought it back in 1959, and 58 percent of all people watching TV were watching this movie— about 56 million people. Altogether, CBS showed *The Wizard of Oz* nine times in 11 years, and the audience never dipped below 45 million. It soared to nearly 60 million in 1964. NBC took it over in 1969, and moved it from the mid-winter holiday period when ratings are higher (when winter cold comes, people don't go out), to spring showings—March and April. NBC has never "protected" the movie. That is, it has not shown the film early on Saturday or Sunday evening when it is not up against significant TV competition from the other networks. Last year, NBC showed it on a Tuesday, of all times, and it still wound up with an audience of 42 million. This year, NBC is showing *The Wizard of Oz* when it should be shown, on Sunday night (April 8). That ought to bring out the big numbers, so number your children among them. It'll be a treat. END





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odors from the floor up—especially in the playroom, nursery, and other rooms where odors can be a problem. Wipe away musty odors when you clean out storage areas, from the garage to the attic.



GE explains microwave flavor.

Q. Is there any change in flavor because of the rapid way microwave energy cooks food? *Cookbook writer, Myra Waldo.*

A. No. Foods cooked by microwave energy generally taste the same as when cooked conventionally. Some people say foods cooked in a microwave oven taste fresher because faster cooking time retains more of the natural moisture in food.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC



CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Rex and Roxanne lived together happily for eight months. Then they got married and everything began to fall apart. By Dorothy Cameron Disney.

Some men and women think living together is essentially the same as being married. In this case, Rex and Roxanne simply didn't know what marriage was all about. Each had failed in a previous marriage. Neither wanted a second failure, so they thought they could avoid trouble by living together without being tied down. After a time they told themselves, "Isn't this easy! We're not having any trouble. We're ready to marry." They discovered they were wrong. They had only been putting half of themselves into the relationship. They had learned nothing about the richness of complete dedication to each other. Fortunately, a marriage counselor was able to put them on the right track. Without that help, they would undoubtedly have gotten a second divorce and decided that "Nobody can really succeed in marriage." But marriage is really not that difficult, and it's immensely satisfying—if two people work at it wholeheartedly.—The counselor in this case was Dr. Samuel McDill.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.,
Founder and Chairman of the Board of the American Institute of Family Relations.

Roxanne talks first

"Rex and I lived together for eight months before we got married four months ago," said 28-year-old Roxanne, an airline stewardess who wore her hair in tight blonde braids. "That's a year in all, a whole year.

"We aren't kids. Rex is forty-one. This is a second marriage for us both. I thought marriage would bring us closer. It didn't. We are steadily growing apart. We are losing each other.

"I realize that many couples would envy Rex and me. Our lifestyle does seem glamorous, I admit. Rex earns $18,000 a year in the advertising business, and I average $800 a month. We rent a furnished duplex—with a swimming pool, a sauna, and maid service provided by the management. I fly eighty hours a month at the most, and on long trips my flying time adds up quickly. Most days I laze around the apartment with nothing to do except listen to the stereo or lie on the deck and improve my suntan. I don't even cook. We go out at least five evenings a week. As a rule, Rex invites business guests, and charges the tab to his expense account. Because of my airline job we also travel a great deal. We were married in Acapulco. The next week we went to the Virgin Islands so Rex could attend a golf tournament.

"Rex asked me to marry him on a moving escalator at the Los Angeles Airport. I had just come in from a trip to Kansas City. I had gone to visit my youngest sister and her new baby, and I had to stay three extra weeks when the baby died.

"I was pleased to see Rex at the gate, but I will never know why he chose to propose in public. It seemed to me that he was taking a lot for granted. I wish he had waited until we were alone and he could have taken me in his arms. He had spoiled what could have been a thrilling memory.

"Rex has no idea how I felt about the way he proposed. I'm sure he wouldn't understand if I told him. Whenever I try to talk to him about my feelings, he invariably turns me off. He looks around for his pipe and his lighter and tells me the latest joke he's heard. I get furiously angry. I screech and yell. I don't blame him for being disgusted, but I do blame him for walking out of the room. Why can't he sit down a minute while we talk things through? When he ignores me that way, when he patronizes me in front of company, I feel demeaned and insulted.

"Rex says I overreact to everything. Maybe he's right. But how can I be different if he won't let me explain my feelings?

"A week after our trip to Boston, he changed to a better job without saying a word to me. His old firm gave a going-away cocktail party for him. I rearranged my flying schedule in order to attend, but Rex said that wives weren't expected at the party. I was disappointed but resigned until I telephoned the wife of one of his associates about another matter and found out that she was going. I told Rex about it. said that a few wives might be co ing, but that he would be too bu to waste time entertaining me.

"I couldn't understand why would be unwelcome at a pa given in my husband's honor. I w his wife—his bride—and I f entitled to hear his old friends c gratulate him. Maybe it was fo ish, but I put on a new dress a went to the party with the oth wife. We purposely arrived late we couldn't be accused of spoili anything. Her husband joined us the door and swept her off to group of friends.

"I had spotted Rex at once a I'm fairly sure he had seen me. was buying drinks for six people his table. He had his arm arou one of the junior secretaries—a cu little redhead—and was urging h to share a cocktail with him, sip sip, the way he had once done wi me.

"I forced myself to stroll over the table. Rex didn't move his ar from around that redhead until t very last minute. Then he gave r an impersonal, annoyed little smi As he started on the introductio one of the other men pulled up chair for me, but I said I had a ta waiting and walked out. Rex didn get home till morning.

"When I first met Rex, I had ju gone through a divorce and I wa disillusioned with marriage. I ha been married to Ralph for fou years. During that time, I matured but he didn't. Ralph and I starte off as an unusually unsophisticate couple from a very small, very con servative town. I was as sexuall uninformed as a bride could Would you believe that, because had read how women in labor a ways received an enema befor childbirth, I supposed that the babies were delivered through rectum! God help me, but that wa the extent of my ignorance. Ralp wasn't much wiser, sexually.

"I worked in our town's onl bank so Ralph could afford to en roll part time at the state univer sity, 50 miles away. It was my ide that he attend college. Later jumped at the chance to become stewardess with an airline based i the university town. My parent and in-laws vigorously disapprove of the move.

"I later discovered that Ralp also disapproved of my new jo and new contacts. He soon dropped out of school and took a low-payin job as a salesman. Whenever I came home from a flight, he griped that his job was dull and unrewarding that everybody else had all the fun. Yet when I suggested that we use my airline privileges to take an interesting trip, he wouldn't do it. He preferred to sit home and feel sorry for himself.

"Our sex life virtually disa peared. Toward the end of our marriage, we went three months and four days without intercourse. Shortly afterwards I asked for a divorce. Strange as it may seem, Ralph was shocked by my request. He declared that he *(continued)*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities.



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'LOVE-PAT' BY REVLON

was happy with me, and that I would be happy with him if I would quit my airline job. I refused. By then I knew that the new experiences I was having and the new people I was meeting were more important to me than Ralph.

"After the divorce, I moved to the West Coast. It took me quite a while to adjust to the casualness of California after leaving such a narrow, restricted world. Often I was very lonesome. But when I met Rex, who was introduced to me by another stewardess, my whole life changed.

"Rex was the complete opposite of Ralph in every way. He was a spectacular lover, considerate, tender, yet ardent. He was hard-working and ambitious, but full of gaiety and fun. I soon decided that I was more deeply in love than I'd ever been in my life. Sex was spontaneous and natural. I wanted Rex as much as he wanted me.

"Eventually, Rex moved his things into my apartment, and we later moved to the duplex. We often talked about marriage and discussed the number of children we wanted. I told him I wanted three children. Rex always laughed and said one child would be plenty. He now says the one child he had in mind was me, his child wife.

"Four months probably isn't very long to be a test of marriage, but we are almost never alone together. Rex actually spends more time with his new boss than he spends with me. They play golf and hold conferences in the clubhouse bar every Saturday. Unless I can have a child, and unless Rex and I grow closer to each other, I don't see much future for us."

Rex's turn to talk

"I don't want to lose my wife, but neither do I want to lose all my freedom," said 41-year-old Rex, a tall, fair-haired man with neatly trimmed sideburns and mustache. "I can't see why those two objectives are incompatible.

"Obviously I'm proud of Roxanne or I wouldn't have married her. Compared to my first wife, she is an angel. Roxanne is sweet and retiring and eager for me to shine. Or rather, she used to be that way.

"She used to listen to my advice and follow my suggestions to the letter. She didn't nag, criticize, or lose her temper. Nowadays she is absurdly possessive and demanding. When I took my present job, Roxanne insisted on attending a party I had specially asked her to skip. The affair was hosted by a few special cronies in my old firm. Most of the guys knew I had been forced out of the agency during a reorganization drive. I wanted the old gang to remember me as a free spirit. Frankly, I didn't want to be seen as a newly married guy with my wife attached to me like a Siamese twin. Nor did I want to run the risk that Roxanne might discover the circumstances of my job change—that I hadn't quit but had been pressured out.

"I'd told the guys that Roxanne was on a flight. By popping up, she made a liar out of me. I felt like a fool, and I admit I acted like one. I drank much too much. I don't remember half the things that happened that night. When I got home, Roxanne awaited me in a smoldering rage. Maybe she was justified, but I was in no mood to be pushed into apologies and explanations.

"I remained a bachelor until I was 30. My father died after years of illness while I was still in high school. He didn't leave a penny of insurance. I was determined never to put a woman in a position like my mother's. I carry every conceivable type of life insurance. I enjoyed my bachelor life and thought that maturity would guide me to the right woman when the time came for marriage.

"My first wife Pauline was a beauty who came from a rich family. She was already working for my old firm when I joined it. Unfortunately, she had a monumental ego. All my friends detested her, men and women alike. She spelled out everyone's errors, including my own, and she was almost always correct in her evaluation.

"She sensed the company's coming reorganization well before it happened, and predicted that the New York office would win control of the firm. As usual, she guessed right. Immediately after our divorce Pauline got herself transferred to the East Coast. A few months later, she had the nerve to phone and offer me a transfer so I could become her assistant. I said I preferred to take my chances in California. New York City wouldn't be big enough to hold the two of us.

"Before I met Roxanne, I rattled around town for a year or so, dating a lot of girls. But I quickly discovered

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hat I had outgrown my taste for achelorhood. I wanted permanence nd stability. Roxanne was a contrast o Pauline in every way. She was lov- ble and agreeable. I decided at once hat she was the girl for me.

"Last summer when she was gone or three weeks, I wandered around ike a lost soul. When I met her at the irport, I surprised her with a wedding ing.

"I want to stick with Roxanne, but I want our marriage to be cheerful. I don't burden Roxanne with my business troubles, even when she asks to hear them. I got my fill of unwelcome advice from my first wife.

"At the age of forty-one, I've learned something about myself. I'm not a brain. My talent is getting along with people and helping them get along with each other. But my talent requires stamina and youth. In twenty years, no employer will want me to sweep out the office. It's time I started thinking about financial security. Roxanne thinks she wants a baby. I'm too old to be the father of an infant. I can't picture myself walking the floor at night with a colicky baby when I would rather be out table-hopping. But I need a wife and a home. Without them, I'd probably kill myself leaping from bar to bar.

"Fortunately, people seem to take to me. It's always been that way. I worked my way through college. I had much less money than the other students, but I belonged to the best fraternity. I wanted to go on for an advanced degree, but I couldn't afford it. So I went into advertising, where my natural gregariousness would be an asset.

"I landed my present job because I had once done a social favor for my present boss. He came from North Dakota just last year to seek a more stimulating line of business. Through friends, I got him a membership at my golf club. When he heard I was looking for a job, he immediately made me an offer at a higher salary. On the surface, the job sounded great, but unhappily my boss is still a farmer at heart. He gets lonesome and looks to me for guidance. He needs a lot of my attention. We play golf every weekend. I tried to persuade Roxanne to take golf lessons, but she disliked the game and she also disliked my boss's wife. I didn't press the issue.

"I don't bother Roxanne with my business worries. It's unfair of her to burden me with her petty worries and desires. She should realize that, for the most part, we have it pretty damned soft. We certainly don't need a baby to complicate our existence."

The counselor speaks

"It isn't my job to give orders to clients," the counselor said. "I tried to help Roxanne and Rex see why their relationship had soured so rapidly.

"They were an interesting pair to counsel. Psychological tests showed that both were unusually strong and stubborn individuals. This came as a surprise to them. Roxanne fancied herself as very feminine. Rex pictured her in a similar light. 'Cute' was his favorite word for her, and she considered the word descriptive as well as flattering.

"Apparently it didn't occur to either of them that Roxanne had broken sharply with her family and had defied all the customs and traditions of her girlhood. If she had been submissive and weak, she would have kept her job in the hometown bank, let Ralph seek his own pace, and been content to rock along with him.

"Roxanne pictured Rex as a kind of surrogate father—ever patient and polite—a man who had long ago conquered personal worries and was now in a position to protect a wife. Roxanne's illusion, of course, was based on Rex's unwillingness to discuss his problems with her. "Rex tried to avoid unpleasant conversations, which is impossible in a real marriage.

"Roxanne and Rex had no real marriage. Each had a false image of the other. In my office, they spoke honestly to each other for the first time.

"For the first time Rex learned to listen to Roxanne. He suffered from a peculiar type of psychological deafness—in children, it's known as 'mother deafness'—and as a result he was literally unable to hear many of Roxanne's pleas and complaints. Rex probably acquired the deafness during his first marriage, when he trained himself to stop listening to Pauline. Rex was also filled with hidden fears—fear of poverty, fear of failure, and an intense fear of growing old.

"As soon as Roxanne and Rex learned to look behind the glossy images they presented, they began to communicate on a truthful, *(continued)*

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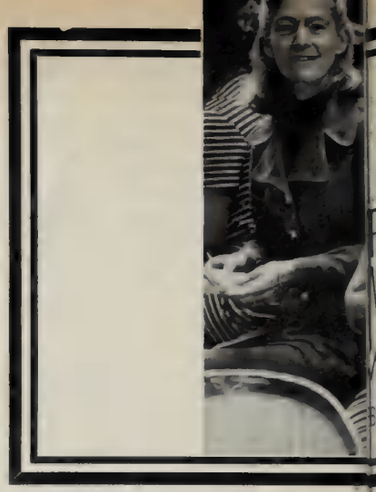
genuine level. A number of their marital difficulties were then solved. Roxanne became much more patient and amenable when she was informed of Rex's business problems. He became more tolerant of her previously inexplicable temper outbursts, her inclination to cling to him in public, and her desire for recognition as a wife.

"On the practical side, they agreed that Roxanne had too much spare time on her hands, too many hours to devote to brooding and self-pity. They invested their savings in the purchase of a six-unit apartment house, and nowadays Roxanne is busy keeping their tenants happy. She hasn't taken golf lessons, but she does find time to take the boss's wife out to lunch occasionally if Rex suggests it. Rex also drinks less, and he and Roxanne spend more evenings at home.

"Their marriage is greatly improved. Some months ago we dropped our counseling sessions. However, Roxanne and Rex still have two unsolved problems. Rex still worries about their financial security, and Roxanne is still childless.

"It is impossible for any counselor to predict the future of any marriage. But I wouldn't be surprised if one of these days Roxanne and Rex called at the Institute again." **END**





This is the time of year I really en joy my vacation—not *taking* it, jus dreaming about it!

It seems to me that some peopl who are cheerful all the time aren' very happy.

Sometimes the quickest way to g where you're going is to stand stil

If nature had had the money, I' bet she'd have done a lot of thing differently.

What passes for talk on most tall shows would be considered idl chatter in your own living room.

When the sale says "prices slashe 15% to 25%," nothing I want ever in the 25% group.

There's an awfully fine line betw helping people and interfering i their lives.

When I'm shopping for clothes, know what I *don't* like—but I'n darned if I can figure out what like!

If you can't say something nic about someone, you've got the mak ings of a successful book.

Wouldn't you think TV cameras i banks and stores would cause wom en to have second thoughts abou wearing curlers in their hair in pub lic?

Even at the volume kids play them there's more to a lot of songs today than meets the ear.

Why is it when I'm on time, th meeting is late starting—but if *I'm* late, the meeting is on time?

If you look around at the people who make it in this world because of notoriety, you have to conclude that the wages of sin are higher than the going rate for virtue.

POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

ust as I want to walk faster, most f the shoes they're making seem esigned to slow you up.

3y the time I feel like planning din- er, it's usually too late to cook any f the things I plan to have.

'd like to get a revealing bathing uit this year, but I wish it would eveal someone else's figure!

love honey, and I know it must be ood for you. After all, did you ever ee a sick bee?

Trying to mold a child's character s like building a sandcastle . . . ust as you get it the way you'd like t, a wave comes in and washes it way.

f my income were divided into one f those pies showing what share where, the piece that's left for ne wouldn't even be worth serving!

There are more ideas whose time as *gone*, than ideas whose time has ot yet come.

Maybe it's because no one's whis- ering anymore, but I haven't heard good secret in an awfully long ime.

don't pass on many handy kitchen ints, but here's one I have to tell ou. The best way to deal with the roblem of draining spinach is to ift bunches of it out of the pan with hopsticks.

have some things in my house I'm ot crazy about, but I try to think f them as future antiques.

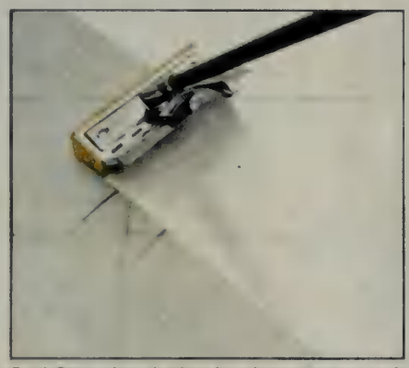
he world won't finally be perfect ntil everyone in it can take a show- r at the same time and have plenty f hot water.

Most of the poets who waxed lyrical bout April did so before Income ax Day fell right in the middle of t!



New Step Saver with Self-Stripping Action means floor care will never be the same.

It cleans, shines and strips everytime you damp mop...ends buildup.



Self-Stripping Action begins as you apply a fresh coat of Step Saver. The old coat of Step Saver then starts at once to dissolve, loosening the dirt, grime, even black heel marks that are trapped there.



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DOCTOR, MAKE ME BEAUTIFUL!

BY JAMES W. SMITH, M.D., AND SAMM SINCLAIR BAKER

Is thinning hair a problem to you or to someone you know? Then read what this noted plastic surgeon has to say about the remedies f male and female baldness. Third installment of an engrossing new boo

Shakespeare—who was bald himself—appears to have been correct when he wrote "[Father] Time himself is bald and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers." For the man or woman who is bald, or losing hair rapidly, this can be a serious problem. For women especially, bald spots can stir panic.

While hair still cannot be "grown" on a bald head, some form of coverage is available by means of hair transplants or with ingeniously designed hair pieces and wigs that give a more natural appearance. If you are an acceptable patient, your hair can be transplanted from one area of your scalp to another by a qualified plastic surgeon or dermatologist. Hair cannot yet be transplanted effectively from one person's scalp to that of another.

What corrective action you take must be based on how much you mind your baldness. Practically all women with a hair problem want to do something about it. Since it is estimated that up to 70 percent of men become bald to some extent, and that more women than is generally realized suffer from this problem, the subject has drawn much medical attention—with very specific advances.

Will Lotions Grow Hair?

Some tonics, lotions, and other preparations can be helpful in removing and relieving dandruff, cleaning the hair and scalp, conditioning the hair, and combating excess dryness or oiliness. It is good hygiene to shampoo weekly, to use moisturizing creams or lotions on your scalp if it is too dry, to prevent dandruff or get rid of it. But these preparations and procedures neither prevent hair from falling out nor promote the growth of new hair on a bald area. No relationship has been established between dandruff and hair loss.

Massage machines or other gadgets such as "ultraviolet" devices don't help. Nor will changing your diet, eating "health foods," applying "organic preparations" to your scalp, gulping an alphabet of vitamins, or applying heat or cold treatments, grow hair on a bald spot, or keep your hair from falling out. Much, but not all baldness can be traced to heredity. Many theories have been advanced and innume able researchers are working on t problem, but to date, and in the fo seeable future, no cosmetic prepa tion will grow hair on a bald spot.

Despite all these clear negativ there is no need to despair if part or extensive baldness worries y

What You Can Do

First you should see a dermato gist or other qualified physician. T expert will diagnose whether yo hair loss is simply a manifestati of common baldness (*alopecia*), if some medical condition is involv that can be treated and corrected.

An overactive thyroid can res in hair that is thin and fine. A underactive thyroid can promo sparseness and coarseness of t hair. Pregnancy, menstruation, t Pill, and other such factors so times bring about hair loss (usua temporarily). Fungus diseases, e docrine or hormone imbalances, ba terial invasion, anemia, and oth illnesses may also be factors.

The appearance of round ba spots up to about an inch in dia eter on the scalp is a condition th often affects and frightens wom as well as men. This is a fairly co mon and usually temporary dis der. Extreme tension, stress, a excessive nervousness may be cau tive factors. The dermatolog should be consulted at once so th he can inspect and diagnose t problem. Generally he can bring t hair back more quickly by applyi certain acids, or by giving injectio of a specific cortisone medicati

Aside from medical treatment specific illnesses or irregulariti great advances have been made *covering* the bald areas. This can done most simply with hair pie and wigs, now more cleverly c signed than ever before.

A hair piece has its drawbacks, course. It must be attached and c tached and kept clean, and your o hair must be trimmed frequently conform to it. You will always some concern about the hair pi slipping or coming off—and abou possible "artificial" look.

Some men and women much p fer to have their bald areas cover with their own hair. This is now p sible for many people through h transplants, strip grafts, and sca

(*continue*

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Nice 'n Easy® haircolor
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April—thank goodness! For a few dreary months there, it seemed like it would never arrive. Now that we're finally getting a taste of the lovely springtime, here are some ideas on making your hair lovely too.

If a steam-heated winter has dried out your hair, you can give it new life with Vitapointe. It's Clairol's extra-light white cream, that vanished into your hair. All you see is results. Dry hair will be silkier—stubborn hair will be more manageable—lifeless hair will start to glow. Now, what more can you ask?

Spring givin' you ideas of maybe changing your hair color? Oh, go ahead and try it! You can shampoo new color in with Nice 'n Easy—the world's largest-selling haircolor.

Spring haircolor should be fresh—and stay fresh. Shampooing needn't dull your new spring haircolor. Not if you're careful to avoid harsh shampoos, and use Clairol Shampoo for color care. There's a formula just for you—blue for blondes, green for brunettes and red shades. It's especially gentle, to protect your delicate color. And its reconditioners help give body and check dryness. You might say Clairol Shampoo for color care *understands* colored hair.

Don't dim the fresh, spring look of your hair. Now there's a hairspray so clear and sheer, it won't dim your new hair color. New clear-formula Miss Clairol Hair Spray was specially developed for haircoloring users. It won't "dirty" blonde shades, won't "brass up" red shades, won't "muddy" brunette shades. It's *natural* looking—while it gives you all the holding power you need.

This is the season for free-flowing hair styles. And one of the easiest ways to get them is with Clairol's powerful Air Brush. Soft, warm air blown through this styling dryer gives your hair a fullness and style that's great for today's look. Whether it's giant waves or flipped ends, the Air Brush styles your hair just the way you want it, quickly and easily. Go from wet to wonderful in just minutes . . . with the Clairol Air Brush.

And while you're walking in the sun, how about a nifty little tote-bag to carry everything your heart desires! Clairol is offering a pretty, tailored bag called the "Sunshine Bag"—for which you might expect to pay up to $8.00—for just $1.50. The tote is tan canvas with a status-y red-and-green stripe on the side, and it has binding and handles of dark brown, leather-look vinyl. Not too small, not too klutzy--it's a just-right 10″ x 12″. Send your name and address, with a check for $1.50, to *Joan Clair,* P.O. Box 1020A, Yonkers, N.Y. 10701. We'll send the bag out to you by return mail.

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flaps—procedures that are available through the experienced dermatologist or plastic surgeon.

Hair Transplants

Hair transplants have been proven successful in the great majority of cases over the past 20 years. In effect, tiny plugs of scalp containing about a dozen hairs and the supporting skin containing the hair follicles and some fat are removed from the patient's hairbearing area (the donor site) and transplanted to a bald spot (the receiver site). Some, but not all, of the hairs in each plug will survive in the new site. Faint scars may remain on the scalp but are generally concealed by the hair.

As with practically any medical procedure, there are limitations you should know about. The most common questions about hair transplants are answered in the following section.

"Can anyone have a transplant?"

There are limitations. The head must contain sufficient hair to provide enough donor plugs to cover the bald areas—and still leave enough covering hair in the growth areas. When a donor plug is removed, the defect that remains must be concealed by the remaining surrounding hair. Totally denuding a hair-growing spot would leave a bald place with possible visible scars at the donor site. Without hair follicles, no hair will grow.

To accept you as a patient, the physician must find your general physical and emotional health satisfactory. He will consider such things as your blood sugar level and blood count, your wound-healing history, existence of scars (especially important with dark-skinned patients), and other factors. You must understand what results you may or may not expect, the time and patience required, the care you must take after surgery, the cost, and your appearance during healing stages.

You must react favorably on all these points. In short, you must want the hair transplants badly enough to put up with the attendant inconveniences and discomfort.

"Can I have a full head of hair?"

Your age and the characteristics of your baldness are vital influences on whether hair transplants will alleviate your condition. Hair taken from locations where, with time, baldness will eventually appear cannot be transplanted satisfactorily. Such hair has a limited life and is predestined to fall out. Hair follicles at other sites, such as the back and sides of the head, usually don't have this limited life span and will continue to live when transplanted.

In short, the transplanted hair will resume the same natural growth characteristics in the new location that it would have in its former site if not removed. The probable life span of the donor hair, its color, angle of growth, thickness, curliness, and other variations must be considered in planning the transplant. There may be slight differences in the hair growing on different parts of your scalp.

For women, who usually develop just a few bald spots or thinning areas surrounded by abundant hair, transplants can be a special blessing. Hair can probably be taken from an area of thick growth to fill in the sparse spots. However, if a great deal of a woman's scalp is denuded by baldness, she'll probably have to wear wigs or hair pieces.

"How much does it cost?"

Costs vary according to the physician and the geographical area; generally they run from $10 to $25 per plug. The full cost depends on how many individual plug transplants are required. Thus, individual patients may pay from a few hundred dollars to several thousand.

"How long does it take?"

The length of time depends on how many hair transplants you need for the desired coverage. Great expertise and care are required in removing the hair-growing plugs correctly.

A special surgical "punch" removes the skin plug from the recipient (bald) spot (this plug is discarded). The hair-growing plug that has been prepared is then set into its new position, replacing the skin plug.

(continued on page 126)



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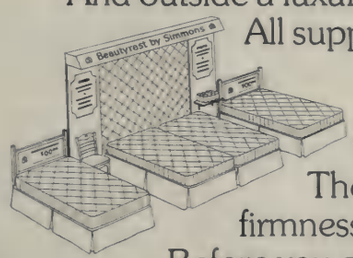
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*Twin size, mattress or foundation. Prices suggested except in Fair Trade States.

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By Dorothy Lambert Brightbill



These place mat and pillow kits give a popular and attractive look at little expense and won't take weeks to make! The place mats finish to about 12½ by 17 inches. There are enough pre-cut square patches for four mats with plain red broadcloth for lining and for the napkins. These are our own rectangular napkins as large as the place mats. We find them more practical than the usual squares. The pillow kits come with 80 pre-cut square patches for three pillows as shown or three of any of the shapes shown. If you want rectangular shaped patches cut the squares in half. For triangular shapes fold squares in half diagonally and cut.



This square pillow measures about 14 inches. The rectangular pillow is about 11 by 14 inches and the round pillow is 12 inches in diameter. Kit includes red broadcloth backing for three pillows (no pillow forms in kit).

Photograph by Ben Swedowsky

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A MESSAGE FROM THE PUBLISHER

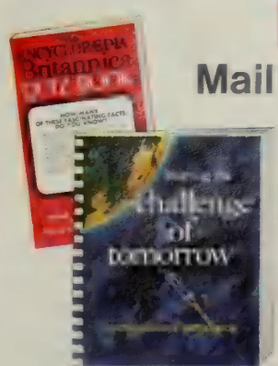
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Flak, fiction and fact about pain relievers. Everybody's got an opinion on pain relievers. That includes government agencies, consumer groups, drug manufacturers and everybody who has ever taken a pain reliever. These opinions vary considerably.

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Excedrin® is significantly more effective for relief of pain than the common aspirin tablet. Is this just advertising puffery or is it based on actual evidence? The makers of Excedrin have medical research studies which provide evidence to support the claim of superiority over the common aspirin tablet.

Excedrin meets aspirin head-on in one study. A study in 1964 compared common aspirin tablets with Excedrin. The test began with the administration of one or the other pain reliever. Then, after a suitable time for effects to become apparent, tooth pain was experimentally induced.

The people who were given aspirin felt the pain at a much lower intensity of stimulation than those who were given Excedrin. A greater intensity of stimulation was needed before those who had taken Excedrin felt the pain. The results indicated a marked superiority of Excedrin over aspirin in preventing pain. A second study also commissioned by the makers of Excedrin corroborated these findings.

Another study is made. This second study was conducted by two doctors at a leading metropolitan hospital. The pathological pain used to compare the relative potency of the common aspirin tablet and Excedrin was the pain that follows childbirth, medically termed postpartum pain. Only those patients who indicated they felt moderate or severe pain were included in this study.

Excedrin and aspirin were compared, but at various dosage levels. One, two, and four tablet levels of each medication were compared using a placebo (or "sugar pill") as a control medication. A control medication is used to determine how many subjects get relief without active medication, a fact that has to be reflected in the results of a controlled study. After the patients received a like number of unmarked tablets, they were interviewed about "'pain response" at hourly intervals for five hours.

What did the patients say? The results in this study indicated that Excedrin was significantly more effective than common aspirin in relieving pain. The doctors reported this evidence to the American Society of Clinical Pharmacology and Chemotherapy meeting in Atlantic City on May 3, 1969.

Best of all! Both of these research studies indicated that Excedrin was significantly more effective than common aspirin. It is recommended that you try Excedrin for yourself. Keep a bottle of Excedrin with the new safety cap in your medicine chest. Try its effectiveness next time you have a headache or other minor pain.

Bristol-Myers Company hopes you have found this informative type of advertising both interesting and helpful.

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HOW TO PREVENT HEART ATTACKS . . . BY LYNDA JOHNSON ROBB

In an article begun shortly before her father's death, President Lyndon B. Johnson's daughter tells how her family faces the threat of heart disease—and what your family can do, too.

Heart disease strikes a vulnerable chord in the Johnson clan. In my father's family, most of the males have died of heart disease before 65, as he did last January 22, after three major attacks, the first of which he had at the age of 47.

While the sadness of my father's death will linger with me as long as I live, I am very grateful for the 17 years of usefulness that he enjoyed after his first massive attack in 1955. We lived through that—and we learned from it. Now I am trying to apply some of the education we got in those 17 last years of Daddy's life to my own small family of two children and a strong husband who enjoys football and tennis, and who is a round-the-clock student at the University of Virginia Law School.

Actually, long before my father's death I began to be concerned about my own chance of developing heart problems, and an even greater concern for the future of my husband and children. It happens that the immediate past president of the American Heart Association, Dr. Willis Hurst, was Daddy's family doctor, and for the past year I have been plying Dr. Hurst and his associates with questions.

Is there anything I can do to prevent heart problems from afflicting the Robb family? As the menu planner and chief shopper, what foods should I try to include or avoid? What kind of eating guidance should I be giving our two daughters? "Clean plate awards" were the order of the day in my childhood, but since then I have been educated to the fact that compulsory over-stuffing can be a danger. In the same manner, I always thought that an egg a day, like an apple a day, was a standard nutritional basic. But now I know that eggs are high in cholesterol, a fat-like substance, and for most of us should be limited to a few a week.

A high cholesterol level may cause hardening of the arteries, which reduces the flow of blood to the heart muscle and thus sets the stage for a heart attack. Animal fats also contain a high proportion of saturated fats, so that a homemaker like myself should try to trim excess fat on meat, and increase meals of fish and poultry. I know it's hard to change eating habits overnight—and in our family, we do love good beef—but I can and have switched from butter to margarine made out of a polyunsaturated vegetable oil. The improved food labeling regulations introduced this year by the Food and Drug Administration will make it easier for a food shopper to know just how much fat and cholesterol are in each package. Now the trick is to get into the habit of reading labels!

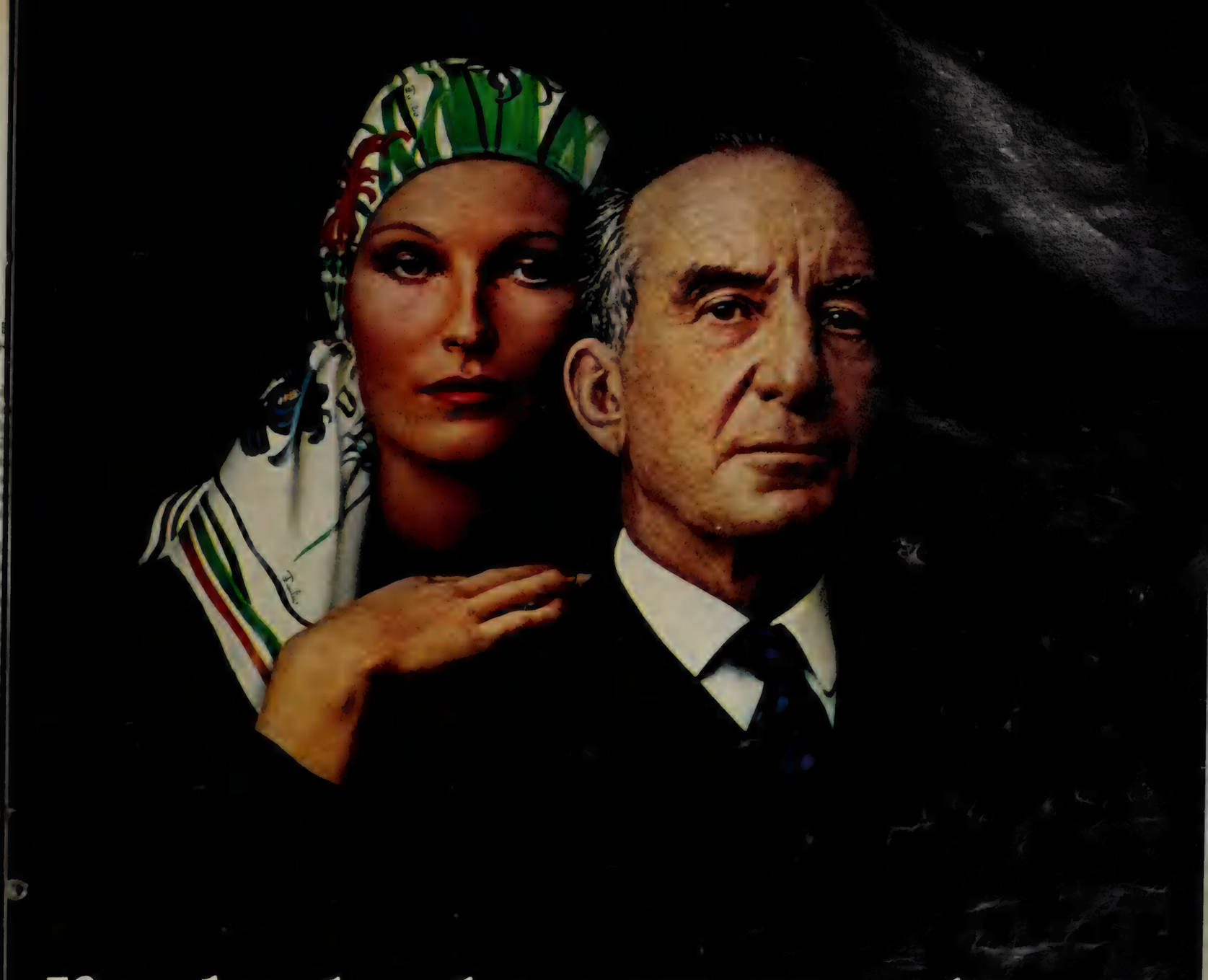
I've also started to give the children low-fat milk, and to watch their use of the salt shaker. (I always dumped large quantities of salt on all my food as a child.) Some salt, I know, is fine—particularly if you live in a hot climate. But excess salt retains body fluids and can be bad for you if your blood pressure tends to be high. It's not the occasional spicing of food that's bad, but the lifelong habits that you start in your childhood.

Do fat people actually have a greater chance of heart disease? To my surprise, the doctors tell me it is not just the extra weight that is the important factor, but the conditions that accompany it, such as high blood pressure. However, carrying around a lot of poundage is in itself a strain on the heart. Most people reach their normal adult weight between 21 and 25. With each year, I find it a harder battle to maintain weight—and I'm told that if I eat the same number of calories over the next ten years, I will probably gain between ten and 15 pounds! That's enough to jar anyone on each birthday.

Then there's the whole matter of smoking. Smoking is still a question-mark area. I have never smoked, but not for any self-righteous reasons; I have just never enjoyed it—although perhaps all the adult conversation about the dangers of smoking to heart patients made me more cautious. The average age of the beginning smoker gets lower every year. The death rate among men is 50 to 200 percent higher for heavy cigarette smokers than for nonsmokers. I know there is debate over the effects of smoking. And some people would rather indulge in its pleasures and tension-relieving side effects. But it's clear that nobody says smoking improves the odds in your favor, so in our family, I don't smoke—and hope I'll be an example to my children.

What are my own chances of having a heart attack? Fortunately, as a woman, I face better odds than I

(continued on page 125)



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YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

BY THEODORE I. RUBIN, M.D.

Who should come first in a husband's life—his wife or his mother? Can hypochondriasis be cured? How much should a friend have to forgive? Psychiatrist Theodore Rubin answers these and other questions.

Feeling like a "has-been"

At one time I was a celebrity. People everywhere knew my name. Today I am a "has-been." I have tried to face up to my present situation, but I still think of how it used to be and I get terribly upset. I know this is not a common problem, but I wish that you could comment and perhaps make me feel better.

You are right, your problem is not a common one, because most of us never achieve fame. However, we all dwell on the past. In looking back, everyone comes off badly: we all used to be younger, better looking, healthier you name it. But this does not make us "has-beens." No one can be considered a "has-been." Life does not stand still—living is a continuing process. Being part of the life process makes us what we are here and now, and it is the here and now that is important.

Anyone can be knocked off a pedestal that rests on unrealistic, superficial foundations. But real human substance cannot be blown away by bad luck or an uncaring public. Compassion and appreciation for human struggle—and being alive in a tough world—connect us to the real substance of life. True growth and development result in true living experiences. These experiences make for a solid life foundation and not the flimsy life-basis that can disappear and make us feel like "has-beens."

My answer to the "has-been" feeling is: "Be here now!" *Be* means being, living. *Here* means wherever you actually are, not some fantasy place or situation. *Now* refers to the present, which is the only time that exists, the only time in which living takes place. The past is gone and the future is not yet here, so Be Here Now! Goals achieved are not nearly as important as life itself. Nothing can measure up to the fact that you are living here and now. If your present life doesn't measure up to fantasies of the past or future, it indicates to me that you must involve yourself more in today's relationships and activities. Appreciate your past, anticipate your future—but *live* your life in the present.

Drugs and environment

I recently discovered that my teenage daughter has a drug problem. She is currently hospitalized and receiving treatment. My husband and I blame the town in which we live for our daughter's problem. We moved here two years ago, and I know that up until then she never touched drugs. Her friends here are all on drugs. Perhaps my husband and I are seeking ways not to blame ourselves for what happened, but we want to know if you agree that her new environment could have made her try drugs?

Yes, I do agree. Particularly if your daughter tends to be compliant, suggestible, eager to please, and eager to be liked. Wanting to be one of the crowd can be disastrous, especially if the crowd participates in serious self-destructive activities. Authorities in some countries consider drug addiction a contagious disease. They believe that each drug addict becomes a carrier who contaminates a considerable number of people, who in turn become addicts. The process grows like a germ-induced, infectious disease. In these countries, drug addicts, like people suffering from other contagious diseases, are kept isolated in order to limit contamination. Authorities claim that they have had considerable success in containing the drug problem with these methods. They point out that this segregation is not meant as a punitive measure, but merely as a therapeutic one in terms of both the patient (addict) and the non-addict population.

Cure for hypochondriasis

My wife is a hypochondriac. She imagines that she has every disease she reads about or finds out about on a TV show. She has been to as many as 10 doctors in one week because she feels she has this or that disease. I have always let her go to as many doctors as she wishes—I've even accompanied her—but my patience has gone. What can I do to convince my wife that she is a perfectly healthy woman?

Your wife is not a "perfectly healthy woman." She seems to be suffering from considerable emotional anguish and pain. Hypochondriasis is a serious illness; it can prevent a person from functioning properly, destroy happiness, deplete energy, and keep one from fruitfully tapping his or her resources. No amount of reasoning or yelling at your wife will help her condition any more than these actions would help her get over any other illness. Warmth and comfort can help, but they cannot cure. Hypochondriasis, like other emotional disturbances, has deep, complicated, roots. The hypochondriacal person uses concentration on illness to avoid unconscious conflicts and problems. Your wife needs a competent doctor—not for her *imagined* illnesses but for her real one. Your wife should see a psychoanalytically trained psychiatrist who can help her to get at the roots of her problem so that she can obtain relief from her obvious emotional distress.

Bad day at the office

I can always tell when my husband has had a bad day at the office because he comes home grumpy and angry and gives me a difficult time. I know *when* he's had a bad day, but *why* does he take it out on me?

Your husband is obviously displacing his emotional reaction from an area where he feels threatened (the office) to an area where he feels safe enough to open up and let go (his home). While this is unfair to you, it is an indication of his trust and faith in your relationship. All men cannot cry or ask for help when they are frightened or "down." These men displace their feelings and turn them into outbursts of anger, rage, or vindictiveness. Men do this in order to get rid of the feelings of self-hate they have generated because they feel helpless and vulnerable. Most of us find it easy to comfort a person in tears, but many of us shy away from a person who is angry. Unfortunately, many an angry person is "crying inside" and is in need of comfort and warmth.

Hurting a good friend

For 25 years, my friend and I have gotten along beautifully; we have always helped each other, and found much joy and comfort in our friendship. About three months ago, my friend did something that hurt me deeply and we stopped talking. She called a few weeks ago, apologized, and asked to resume our friendship. While I miss her very much, I am disappointed in her and wonder if I am better off without her friendship. What do you think?

I think that a relationship that has been so full of mutual benefits for so long is indeed a rich and wonderful one. The problem here is that you had unrealistic expectations about your friend. You expected her to be perfect and she turned out to be human—with human faults. You are now suffering from hurt pride. The question is: do you want to cater to this pride and deprive yourself of further enriching experiences with a proven friend? Pride and welfare are not on the same wavelength. I suggest that you put down your pride and cater to yourself. Good friendships are not easily established. Perfect friendships do not exist at all. If your friend's apology does not suffice, this kind of friendship deserves an open confrontation and clearing of the air so that the friendship can be resumed and all that was good between you can take place once more.

Wearing kooky clothes

My girlfriend will only wear far-out clothes, yet she is quite conventional in all other ways. She looks good—but kooky. Shopping with her is impossible, she is so intent on finding clothes that nobody else would wear. Why does she strive so hard to be "different"?

Outlandish clothes may be the one area in which your friend dares to express her feelings of uniqueness and individuality. Her kooky clothes may be her attempt to be different outwardly because she feels an inner need to conform. I'm happy to hear that she looks good in her outfits. This would indicate that her drive for uniqueness takes a constructive rather than a destructive form.

Parents vs. wives

My husband is more involved with his parents, brothers, and sisters than he is with his own family. He is a fine husband and a good father to our children, but he is a better son and brother. I am irritated by his constant visits and attention to his "other" family. I don't want him to ignore his parents, but I feel that the majority of his time and efforts should go to me and our children. Am I right?

Many men and women never quite make the emotional break with their parents. These sons and daughters have an unconscious need to continue to be children rather than a need to be adult—even though they may seem to be adults because they have wives and children of their own. In a sense, each husband (or wife) has two families: spouse and children comprise one family; parents and brothers and sisters comprise the other. I feel that very few men and women are capable of simultaneously maintaining equal involvement with both groups. One "family" has to take second place. Mature people will be primarily interested in their own spouse and children first; parents, sisters, and brothers will be put in second place. Neither "family" will be ignored in the life of a well-adjusted person. Complete involvement with one's wife and family—to the total exclusion of one's parents and siblings—also indicates immaturity. END

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin answers questions on your personal, marriage, family, and emotional problems. The doctor is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York and is the author of Lisa and David *and* The Thin Book by a Formerly Fat Psychiatrist. *His new book is* Emergency Room Diary *(Grosset & Dunlap, Inc.). If you have questions for Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.*



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"The way she takes care of the kids, the house, a job and me—it's incredible. And look at her. She looks better than any of her friends. And they're all about the same age."

Aren't those nice words for a woman to hear? But to be able to get all of those compliments, you have to take care of yourself.

You should eat the right foods, get plenty of rest, exercise. And to make sure you get enough iron and vitamins, take Geritol every morning.

Geritol has more than twice the iron of ordinary supplements. Plus seven vitamins.

Take care of yourself. Take Geritol.



BRINGING UP CHILDREN

BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

Who's afraid of the big bad wolf—and why? Here, the distinguished child psychologist explains the best way to handle children's fantasy fears.

Three-and-a-half-year-old Jeff was terrified that a wolf would get him. For two months now, his mother told us in our mothers' meeting, he'd been so anxious that he would wake up at night screaming and crying; nothing but spending the rest of the night in his parents' bed would pacify him. In desperation they turned to their pediatrician, who prescribed some medicine. It helped Jeff to sleep a little better, but it did nothing for his anxiety. He still insisted on sleeping with his parents. Finally his mother made him stay in his own bed; he cried almost all night, but he obeyed her. However, he is still terrified of the wolf.

The mother thought the trouble might have started when Jeff heard a recording of Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* about six months ago. Soon afterward Jeff announced that the wolf was going to get him, even though he didn't know what a wolf was! When his parents showed him a picture of a wolf, he called it a dog. So then his parents got him the *Peter and the Wolf* record, hoping that better acquaintance with it would reduce his anxiety and make him realize that it was just a story. But repeated exposure to the record hasn't helped; Jeff's fear has continued to develop. His mother wanted to know what she could do about this fantasy that was terrorizing Jeff. Since he didn't even know what a wolf was, how could she know what was on his mind?

If a boy says he's afraid of a wolf but doesn't know what a wolf is, we must conclude that he isn't afraid of a wolf as such, but of something else. The problem is to determine the "something else." The mother thought at first that the record was the source of the problem; but investigation in depth always reveals that the content of a story or song does not *cause* severe and lasting anxiety, although something the child encounters in the story may be used to give a name to what otherwise would remain a nameless terror.

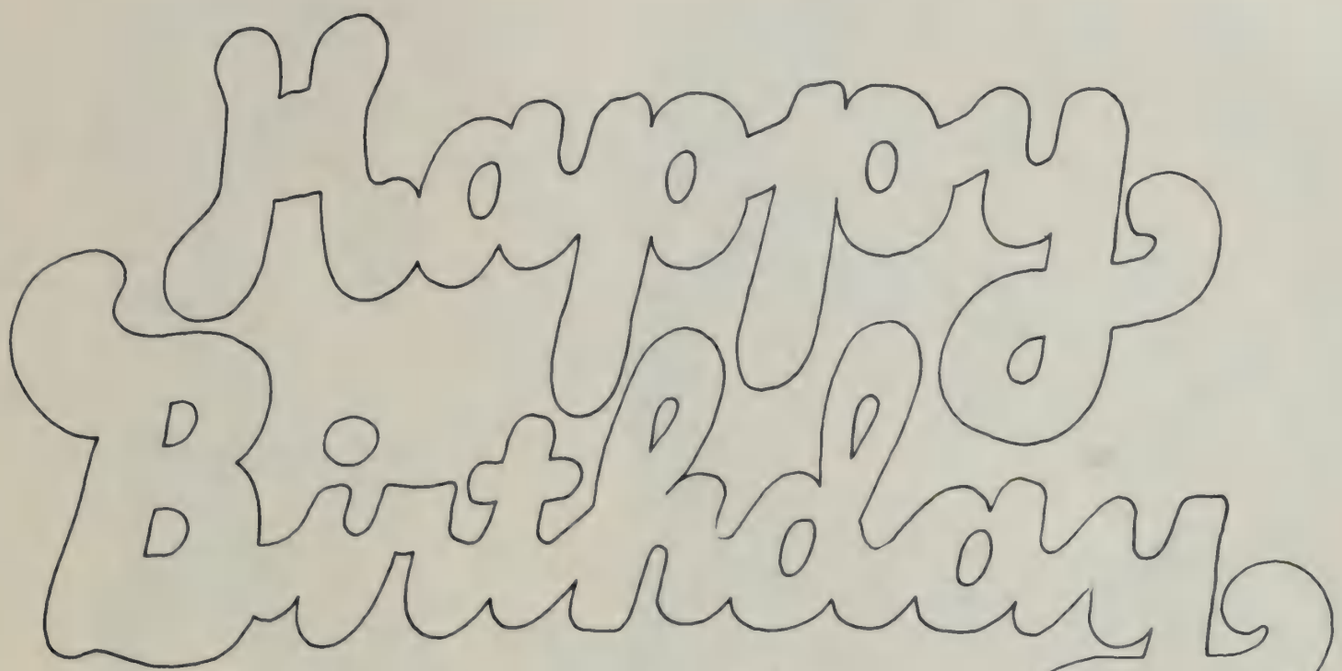
A psychological symptom—and the fear of the wolf was such a symptom—is always the result of an anxiety, and of our attempts to ward it off. If we wish to understand any anxiety, we have to look at three separate elements: 1) its content (what the child is afraid will hap pen to him); 2) its cause (what th child did or thinks he did to fe punishment); 3) the defense (ho the child tries to protect himse against it). Certain that there is r reason to be afraid of wolves in big city, parents may fail to inqui into *why* a child is so convinc that a wolf will get him.

Jeff may have used the story *Peter and the Wolf* to give extern form and specific content to vag inner pressures with which h couldn't deal in any other way. S perhaps inquiry into his specif fears—what he feared the wolf migh do to him, and why he should b singled out by the wolf—could re veal the real source of his anxiet Jeff's mother said she had neve asked him. She'd expect him to b afraid of something more realisti The lack of sense in Jeff's fear, sh concluded, was almost as bothe some to her as the fear itself.

Now asking a child what he afraid the wolf might do to him almost certain to produce the an swer, "He will bite me." That tel us nothing new; but asking him *wh* the wolf might choose to bite hi out of all the children around ma produce a revelation. Maybe h thinks the wolf is out to get hi because he hit his baby brothe (children are by and large stron believers in the justice of the Bibl cal "eye for an eye"). Or maybe th wolf is after him because he stol some candy—the voracious wolf is natural to punish such children.

Most anxieties, particularly thos of young children, *are* essentially i rational. But irrational anxieties ar nonetheless very real and severe. In deed, the more unrealistic the anx iety, the more debilitating it can b When we pooh-pooh it, we prever the child from opening up to us. The the child may have no *(continued*

Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, one of th world's most distinguished ch psychologists, recently retired afte 28 years as Professor of Psycholog and Psychiatry at the University o Chicago. He is Director of the Soni Shankman Orthogenic School fo chronically disturbed children, an has written many books about chi dren—their psychological develop ment and problems.



When you're so far away you can't give anything but love on an important birthday, why not give a gift of yourself . . . in a Long Distance call? Long Distance is the talking, laughing, loving birthday greeting.

When's the last time your family got excited about meat loaf?



Introducing B in B's Beef Loaf Wellington, the end of meat loaf boredom.

Light, savory, juicy.

And a feast for the hungry eye.

What adds extra excitement to this dish is the choice B in B Mushrooms.

Tender, elegant mushrooms broiled at the peak of their flavor in pure, creamy-fresh butter. Then, packed in their own buttery broth, broth you add for extra moistness and flavor. Not "throw-away" salt water brine like most other mushrooms are packed in.

Now for the excitement.

B in B Beef Loaf Wellington

1 can (6 oz.) or 2 cans (3 oz.) B in B Sliced Mushrooms including broth
1-1/2 lbs. ground chuck
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1/4 cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper
1 cup packaged biscuit mix
1/8 teaspoon poultry seasoning

Drain mushrooms, save broth. Lightly mix together beef, mushrooms (save a few for garnish), 2 tablespoons mushroom broth, eggs, onion, green pepper, salt and pepper. Form into 10 x 3-1/2-inch loaf in shallow pan, at least 12 x 8 x 2 inches. Mix biscuit mix, poultry seasoning and 1/4 cup mushroom broth together to make soft dough. Roll into 12 x 8-inch piece. Cover top and sides of loaf with dough, saving bits of dough to make garnish. Arrange dough on top of loaf. Bake in 375° oven, 45 minutes. Lift loaf onto serving platter. Garnish with mushroom slices. Makes 4–5 servings.



Free Recipe Booklet. 32 pages of mushroom magic. For your copy, send label from any B in B Mushroom can with your name and address to B in B Mushrooms, Dept. LHJ473, P.O. Box 553, West Chester, Pa. 19380.

They're not just mushrooms. They're broiled in butter.

other outlet than crying in the night.

In Jeff's case, although we don't know why he fears the wolf, we do know at least one other element of his anxiety—the defense. The best defense for what's bothering Jeff is for him to stay in his parents' bed at night. But this doesn't tell us much about the anxiety's origin; one good way to find this out is to determine just when he first showed signs of anxiety. If we can determine what else happened at that time, perhaps we can get some clues about what's really bothering Jeff.

Jeff's mother then told us that Jeff had become frightened of the wolf when they'd had out-of-town company. Her sister had been visiting with her own son Roy, a boy about Jeff's age. The two boys had shared Jeff's room during the visit, and Jeff had not been happy about it. That's when he had started crying at night about the wolf.

All this suggested that Jeff's anxiety about the wolf had something to do with Roy. We could not be sure, since no one had ever asked Jeff, but it seems obvious he used the wolf as a peg to hang his anxiety on—or more correctly, to visualize and rationalize it.

When I asked Jeff's mother how the two boys had gotten along, she replied, "not at all." Roy spent a good deal of time bullying and hitting Jeff. She had told Jeff not to hit Roy back, because she felt that hitting back was wrong. Since Jeff had obeyed her, his mother had felt very proud that he had behaved so much better than his cousin Roy. She and her husband had been happy to see that Jeff wasn't violent, although they hadn't liked his crying at night or his outspoken dislike of Roy's sleeping in his room. It was during this visit, she recalled, that they had first let Jeff spend the rest of the night in their bed—so that Roy could sleep undisturbed.

This information suggested ground for further speculation. When Jeff was awake, he could at least run away when Roy started to hit him. Maybe Jeff had been terrified about what Roy might do to him when he was sleeping, when he couldn't see what his cousin was doing and couldn't elude him easily. Therefore maybe he had felt safe from Roy only sleeping in his parents' b

Jeff's mother said that maybe sh been wrong, but she felt it is simply socially acceptable to let one's son his visiting cousin. While it is not g manners to hit a guest, I couldn't that it was any more desirable fo mother to let an intruder drive her to desperation in his very own ho

It's quite understandable that p ents don't want their child to be gressive. But that doesn't mean t they must fail to help him when aggressive intruder pops into his People become counteraggressive w they feel unprotected against aggr sors. If we want our child to be n aggressive and free of psychologi damage, then it is necessary to see t no one "aggresses" against him. Je parents left him helplessly exposed aggression. No wonder he got ang Then he was forbidden to express anger or act on it, so his anger turn to despair and crying at night.

Jeff couldn't yell, "Help me with anger against my cousin," because mother had in effect told him, "Y shouldn't be angry at Roy, although abuses you." Unable to vent his an against its proper object, Jeff had turn elsewhere. So he protected hi self from exploding against his cou or mother by projecting it against, s the wolf. Thus the anger no longer sides in the child but in somethi else. But having projected his ang and violent feelings onto the wolf, J created a monster that has return to haunt him.

Cauldron of emotions

Projecting his anger against the w probably felt appropriate to Jeff cause he sensed from his mother, guessed from hearing the record, t it's all right to be angry or afraid o big bad wolf, while it's wrong to f that way with your cousin. Since J was angry and afraid of Roy, and p haps also of the parents who fi posed Roy on him and then forba him to retaliate, he has become at t point a cauldron of unpleasant em tions. Yet his mother still tells h that there is no reason for any of th He is just a three-year-old, and wants to believe his mother. So

(continued on page 12



"It's the maid's day off, so I took the day off too."

From a time when men tipped their hats, gentlemen stood until a lady was seated, and dining was an elegant rite...



introducing Grand Victorian Sterling.

An elegant era. Nostalgically reflected in this delicate pattern just introduced by Wallace. Every detail has been finely executed to mirror the polite trimmings of this time of leisurely grandeur. Wallace craftsmen have made it so carefully that it might be the work of a fine Chelsea Silversmith a hundred years ago. Even the pieces within a place setting are individualized in their detail. The knife is embellished by a sunflower. The fork by a rose. The spoon by a magnolia. Wallace lives by this kind of craftsmanship today. So start your own Victorian era with new Grand Victorian from Wallace.

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Would you be embarrassed to serve tuna to dinner guests?

Maybe you think of tuna as just a staple. Something to have on the shelf when you forget to take a steak out of the freezer in time. Or when the troops troop in after seizing the sandbox.

If so, you're not exactly wrong.

But you're not exactly right either.



A delicacy? A delicacy.

If tuna weren't so inexpensive, it would be considered a delicacy. Throughout history, tuna, like lobster and crabmeat, has been the fare of kings and noblemen.

Take Tuna St. Jacques. We suggest you try it on company next time—with a green salad and a good Chablis or Mâcon Blanc.

We also suggest you use a good tuna. In fact, get Chicken of the Sea and go all the way. Our chefs certainly do.



Fussy is as fussy does.

Like all good cooks, they start with the best. But they don't stop there. Take filleting. It's all done by hand. To make sure only *prime* fillet goes into the can. And they're pretty fussy about grading, color and things like that.

Fussy may be an understatement. They're tyrants.

Nice tyrants, but tyrants.

Such an attitude may be why good cooks buy more Chicken of the Sea than any other tuna. Year after year.

As a staple *and* a delicacy.

Tuna St. Jacques

3 green onions, chopped fine
4 tbsp. butter
4 oz. fresh chopped mushrooms
1 10½-oz. can cream of chicken soup
½ cup dry vermouth
White pepper to taste
Finely chopped parsley
2 7-oz. cans Chicken of the Sea White Meat Tuna, drained and broken into chunks
2 tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese
⅓ cup bread crumbs

Preheat oven to 450°. Brown onions and mushrooms in 3 Tb. butter until tender. Remove from heat. Combine soup and vermouth and bring to a boil. Add half of the sauce to onion-mushroom mixture. Spoon equally into 6 buttered sea shells or ramekins. Top with parsley and chunks of tuna. Spoon on the remainder of the sauce. Combine cheese and bread crumbs and sprinkle over each serving. Drizzle a small amount of melted butter over crumbs. Heat in oven 10 minutes or until browned. **Serves six.**





*They also send you Chicken of the Sea Frozen Shrimp . . . which hostesses have always been proud to serve to dinner guests



Chinatown Chops start with San Francisco's Rice-A-Roni

In large skillet brown 4 pork chops; remove chops. Brown 1 pkg. Fried Rice-A-Roni with 2 tbsp. butter or margarine. Stir in 2 cups hot water, 1 (2 oz.) can mushrooms, undrained, and contents of Vegetable Sauce envelope. Place browned chops on top. Sprinkle with ¼ tsp. soy sauce. Cover, bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer 15 minutes.



New! Noodle Roni Parmesano

Tenderthin egg noodles complete with a delightful sauce of rare Italian cheeses and herbs. Bravissimo!



AMY VANDERBILT

Showing Your Home

When should a hostess show her home to her guests? How much should be shown?

The hostess may offer to show her home if she wishes (and usually this is when the house or apartment is new). She never insists on showing it, but if guests indicate an interest she might say, "Would you like me to show you around?" It is then up to her to choose the appropriate time, perhaps when more guests have gathered usually before the meal. The hostess decides what is to be on view. She might say, for example, "We have very big closets," and then pass on. Or, if she is sure the closets are in order and would be of particular interest, she might show them.

Secret Wedding and Baby Announcement

My daughter married secretly a month before her engagement was announced. More than a year later a baby arrived. How do I tell all this to our friends and relatives?

There is no "formal" way you can announce these two events. The best thing is to write brief notes to those who live far away, describing your joy and stating where your daughter was married and the date. Something like this:

Dear Josie,

Priscilla and Joe, whose "engagement" was announced (date), actually had married a month before that on (date) at (church or town). They have just decided to tell everyone because their baby (name) arrived on (date). Of course we are all delighted, etc., etc.

Invitation to New Friends

Would I violate the rules of etiquette if I invite new friends to a social evening without inviting the mutual friends at whose home we met?

Yes, you would. If you invite your host and hostess, as you should, and if they are unable to accept your invitation, you are then free to invite the people they introduced to you. But you should be careful to say that you are planning to do this, and hope that at a future time the host and hostess will be able to join you with these new friends.

Who Pays for Guests' Tickets?

I asked out-of-town relatives with small children to spend a weekend with me, and to attend the circus. I told them how much the tickets would be. As they left, they offered me the money for the tickets; I accepted it. I haven't heard from them since. Was I wrong to take the money?

No, you were not wrong. And even though the family quite rightly reimbursed you for the tickets (you had told them how much they would be), they still owe you a note of thanks for the weekend's entertainment you provided. The mother should have written you a note, however brief, when she got home.

Using Titles

You said that men do not use a title on a return address unless it is Dr., Capt., etc. What about people whose first names may be either masculine or feminine, such as Marion, Leslie, Lee, Kim, etc.?

You are perfectly right to ask that question. I have always said that where a man's name could possibly be feminine, he should prefix it with Mr., and this is true in the return address.

Pinkie

When you say "pinkie" do you mean finger—regardless of color?

The dictionary says that "pinkie" is anything small, but usually it does refer to the little finger—regardless of the color of the skin.

Sixteen Going on Twenty-One

I am 16 but people say I look more like 21. I often babysit for a couple in their 30's who always refer to each other by their first names. May I call them by their first names?

Only if they ask you to. Frequently girls your age imagine that they look much older. To this couple perhaps you look just 16.

Grateful Patient

I had a serious operation that was quite successful. The doctor, of course, is being paid well for his services. But as I will be under his care for several months, would it be in good taste to send him a gift?

I can understand your gratitude, but I think your doctor might be embarrassed by a gift from you. He is treating you professionally and, as you point out, you are paying well for his services.

Fresh Fruit for Dessert

What is the proper way to eat fresh fruit—apple, banana, orange, or pear—when it is served as dessert?

Fruit served this way should be accompanied by a knife and fork. A whole apple is halved and quartered. The quarter is peeled, cored, then cut in halves or quarters and eaten with the fork or fingers. Bananas cut crosswise are impaled on the fork, peeled and eaten with the fork in manageable bites.

An orange is either peeled concentrically or by cutting through the rind four times or more vertically, then lifting off the segments with the knife while holding the orange in the fingers. It is then segmented, and pits are removed with the knife while the fork holds the segment. The segment is either popped whole in the mouth or cut in half, depending on the size of the fruit. A pear is cut in half lengthwise, quartered, cored, and usually eaten with the skin on.

Wedding Obligation

Does an invitation to a wedding and reception indicate a social obligation, or does the sending of a wedding gift satisfy this obligation?

The sending of the wedding gift satisfies the obligation. If you regret and possibly send no gift, which is perfectly proper, you still do not have an obligation to return the social invitation. It is a nice thing, if possible, to invite the young couple to some function after they have settled down. But this is not obligatory, particularly as you may be friends of the parents and know the young couple only slightly, if at all.

Names—II, III, and IV

My husband, named for his uncle, is a Second (II). A cousin with the same name is Third (III). Would our son be the Fourth (IV)?

Yes, he would be the Fourth. But wouldn't it be better to give him a slightly different name, perhaps a different middle name? This seems to be the modern and sensible tendency.

Reader's Help

We enjoyed your recent comments on the use of *sweat* versus *perspire*. My father wrote something about the proper vernacular in the '30's:

I have often admired
Rich folk who perspired.
I'll join their ranks yet—
'Til then, I'll just sweat.

—Ray Medland

Thought you might get a kick out of it as we did and still do.

I do. **END**

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questions from readers and answers them in this column as space permits.

Now ready for JOURNAL *readers: Miss Vanderbilt's new booklet, "Large Parties" (open houses, anniversaries, house warmings, showers). Also "Letter Writing," "Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," and "Table Manners." Send 75¢ in coin for each booklet to Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*

"She's really going for it!" Diane Blackman





"She's really going for it, isn't she!"



"Does that surprise you?"
"It does because she's a fussy eater."



"She likes Gaines·burgers better than what she's been getting."

We went to San Francisco to prove dogs who like canned dog food will like Gaines·burgers. We fed Gaines·burgers to dogs who eat canned dog food. Did they like Gaines·burgers? Diane Blackman's reaction was typical of most of the dog owners we spoke with.

More dogs and their owners discover dogs who like canned dog food like Gaines·burgers.®



Gaines·burgers.
The canned dog food without the can.®

In beef or cheese flavor.

Douching vs. Norforms

"Please, let's go home."

6 PM: Before the party, you douche to stop internal odor. (What a mess!)

9 PM: Oh, oh. What's that unfresh feeling? All that trouble douching—and you can't even be sure how long it'll work. If only you could leave the party now.

"Let's stay out until sunrise."

6 PM: You've used Norforms™ The Internal Deodorant.™ (You just insert it—how easy!)

9 PM: Still feeling fresh and clean with Norforms. They stop odor up to ten full hours. Hours longer than any douche.

This tiny Insertable™ kills odor-causing bacteria—without hexachlorophene. Norforms stop internally-originating odor no bath, shower or feminine spray can reach. With no douching mess or fuss.

Remember, doctors caution against douching more than twice a week. But Norforms are safe to insert and easy to use daily ... anytime, anywhere.



Protect against odor without hexachlorophene.



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SYLVIA PORTER

SPENDING YOUR MONEY

Child Support and Taxes

My father as well as my former husband contributed to my child's support last year. Now my husband says that he is entitled to take the dependency deduction, and neither my father nor I can get it. I need this tax saving! How can I solve this new fight between my divorced husband, my father, and me?

Who can claim the valuable $750 dependency deduction for 1972 depends on how your father made the contribution to the support of his grandchild—an exceedingly valuable tax tip to the millions of you who are divorced mothers.

Let's say your former husband contributed $1,500 toward the support of your child last year and your father gave $2,000. If your father gave you the $2,000 with no strings attached and to be used as you wish, *you are using your money to support your child* and you get the deduction. If, however, he specified that the money was to be used for his grandchild's support, your father is entitled to the $750 deduction. *Therefore make sure your father gives you the money with no conditions attached*—so you can get the tax benefit.

Assigned Risk Car Insurance

If, because of a bad driving record, I cannot get automobile insurance I suppose I'll have to join the state assigned-risk pool. But how long will it take me to get out of that pool?

In most states, if your driving record remains clean for two or three years, you are then eligible for regular insurance.

Catering Costs

Our daughter is going to be married in June and she wants a big, old-fashioned wedding. We are now investigating catering services and charges because we know they are booked up months in advance. We assume the caterer we choose will want us to sign a contract and also make a deposit in advance. What do these contracts usually cover, and how much should our deposit be?

A typical arrangement is to pay 10 to 15 percent of your total bill when you sign the contract with the caterer. The caterer may ask you to pay the balance during the middle of the wedding dinner. Or he may demand the balance a week or two before the wedding. Generally your deposit is *not* refundable—particularly if wedding plans are cancelled or changed at the last minute.

As for the coverage, your contract is likely to include the approximate number of wedding guests, the banquet room, details on what cocktails and menu will be served, starting time of cocktails and meal, tips, music, and any other services for which you may have signed up. The cost of each item should be listed.

Organic Food Prices

"Organic" food is obviously more expensive than regular food equivalents you buy at the supermarket. How is organic food defined these days? Can you give some guidelines on how prices differ from one outlet to the next?

There's no official definition of organic food. However, it's generally accepted that these foods contain no preservatives, additives, emulsifiers, or the like, and that they have been grown without the use of chemical fertilizers or pesticides. Here's a summary of a recent Agriculture Department price survey of a mini marketbasket of foods at two different outlets:

Food	Regular Supermarket	Health Food Store
qt. canned apple juice	$ .29	$ .75
lb. dried pitted peaches	.73	1.68
lb. cornmeal	.14	.44
lb. honey	.55	1.05
lb. whole fryer chicken	.33	.75
lb. cucumbers	.19	.69

Exploiting Investors

Is it legal for a broker to sell shares in a tax shelter (such as citrus grove developments and oil and gas exploration schemes) on the installment plan? I'm leery of a solicitation of this type that we were offered recently, although my husband says it's merely a convenience to investors.

You are wise to be leery. The Federal Reserve Board has ruled against this practice since it constitutes "arranging" for the extension of credit on securities by brokers—beyond permissible limits. And, incidentally, assuming you are an investor in the middle *(continued)*

Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.



Congoleum's recipe for a gourmet kitchen.

In one kitchen, mix:

1 Carpet by Congoleum, in the bright swirls of Castanette. Accent the walls with shiny metal molds, and add a garnish of leafy plants. Season with Park Terrace comfort-cushioned vinyl. It's a Shinyl® Vinyl, the original no-wax floor that lets you shine when you wish.

Yield: one elegant room from Congoleum. We've built a reputation you can stand on. (See your yellow pages under "Flooring".)

Carpets and Shinyl Vinyl by

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Simplicity Pattern Co. Inc. 200 Madison Ave. N.Y. 10016

income bracket, are you fully aware of the risks involved in dabbling in citrus groves and wildcatting?

Social Security and VA Benefits

My father lives with us and soon will be eligible for Social Security benefits. At present he is receiving compensation from the Veterans Administration for a disability relating to previous military service. Will that VA benefit be cut down when he starts getting Social Security retirement benefits?

No. He'll continue to be eligible for his full veteran's benefit.

Financial Aid for Students

With the help of my parents I am applying for financial aid to attend college next fall. How much am *I*, the student, expected to contribute out of my own earnings and savings toward my college education?

You are expected to kick in one-fourth of the total value of your savings—including bank savings, stocks and bonds, and other liquid assets. You also are expected to contribute at least $300-$400 in summer earnings from the summer before your freshman year and higher amounts in later years—plus whatever contribution you can make from other resources at your disposal.

You will find an excellent rundown of the amounts you and your parents are expected to contribute toward your college education in a pamphlet prepared by the College Entrance Examination Board and entitled "Meeting College Costs in 1973-74". (Address: Box 592, Princeton, New Jersey 08540.) But first ask your high school financial aid officer or guidance counselor if you can see a copy of this publication.

Where the Taxes Go

I read recently that the average American household is now paying an average of $3,227 in Federal taxes of all kinds—income taxes, Social Security taxes, etc. Is there any such thing as a summary of where this money goes?

Here is exactly the summary you are looking for, prepared by the Tax Foundation, Inc., New York:

Where the $ Go	
Health and Welfare	$1,150
Defense	1,026
Interest	277
Veterans' Benefits	154
Commerce and Transportation	151
Education, Manpower	148
General Government	138
Agriculture	90
Housing	64
International Affairs	50
Space	42
Natural Resources	32
Special Allowances	17
(undistributed adjustments—intragovernmental)	—113
	$3,227

Tax Preparation Firms

My husband is intrigued by advertisements claiming that a tax preparation firm doing business near us will reimburse a taxpayer in the event that additional tax payments result from errors made by this firm, and also that it is more likely to get tax refunds for its customers than are taxpayers generally. Are these claims believable?

I'd be very skeptical. The Federal Trade Commission in Washington is now clamping down on just this type of advertisement and prohibiting the practices you cite. Common sense alone should tell you such claims are shaky.

Buying a House

The first five years of our marriage were somewhat rocky but my husband and I now seem to be emerging a little more wise and flexible. Now my husband wants to buy a house at considerable cost and at a great future financial obligation. I am afraid such a move and the strain it might put on our marriage could put us back on square one. What would you advise?

I cannot tell you whether now is the right time for you to buy your first house. But a survey of 500 young couples by Investors Mortgage Insurance Company showed that the purchase of a home appeared to strengthen marriage ties. Only eight marriages reported suffering from such a move.

Among the key benefits reported by the men: greater awareness of their

(continued on page 123)




America's Favorite Cigarette Break.
Benson & Hedges 100's.
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100's
Park Avenue New York
Benson & Hedges 100's
Park Avenue New York
20 Class A Cigarettes
Menthol or Regular
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Regular: 19 mg. tar, 1.4 mg. nicotine,
Menthol: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '72.







RALPH NADER REPORTS

Tax deductions aren't what they seem to be, charges this noted consumer advocate. He says the average taxpayer shoulders t heaviest burden, while the rich get large subsidies.

At this time of year, taxpayers, accountants, and tax attorneys are hard at work trying to save money by taking advantage of tax deductions. If you are an average taxpayer, you are paying the heaviest price. In contrast to your moderate benefits, the provisions permitting these deductions are giving large subsidies to the rich and very little to the poor.

An example is the property tax deduction, considered by many people to be a boon to the hard-pressed middle-income home owner. Who really gets the big benefits from this deduction?

Assume you have $11,000 taxable income and pay $500 a year in property taxes on your home. Your tax rate, if you are single, is 25 percent. So you save $125 in taxes. Now look at your rich neighbor who earns $200,000 a year and also deducts $500 for property taxes. At a tax rate of 70 percent, the wealthy taxpayer saves $350—nearly three times more than you save for a comparable house. (If the rich neighbor has a more valuable house than yours, which is probably the case, the tax saving is *proportionately* even greater.)

The elderly home owner, with so little income that she pays no taxes, receives no benefit whatever from a law supposed to aid people with the expenses of keeping up a house. And the person who rents winds up paying more taxes simply because she does not own a home.

The tax deduction is unfair because it unjustly treats different people differently, reserving its largest benefits for taxpayers with the largest incomes. In the case of the property tax deduction, median-income taxpayers saved an average of only $20 from this deduction last year. The rich saved an average of over $1,700.

What about the medical deduction? In 1971, the median-income taxpayer saved an average of $25 by deducting medical bills, while the wealthiest taxpayers saved an average of $450 from this deduction.

These are some of the findings reported in *People & Taxes*, a periodical published by the Public Citizens' Tax Reform Research Group in Washington, D.C. The group also found that: Individuals with adjusted gross incomes over $20,(comprise five percent of all taxp ers. They receive 79 percent of savings from the oil and mineral pletion deduction; 63 percent of benefits from the charitable ded tion; 43 percent of the homeow property tax deduction; 35 perc of the home mortgage interest duction; and 25 percent of the me cal expense deduction.

Not only are tax deductions equitable, but because the reco keeping and itemizing they requ vastly complicate the business filing tax returns, they are one r son for the huge sums spent on mechanics of paying taxes. L year Americans spent $600 milli for commercial help with their turns. In addition, the budget o Internal Revenue Service costs t payers $1.2 billion annually for privilege of having their taxes c lected. Much of that money m be saved if we had simpler tax la

A giant step toward simplifyi our tax laws, and making them m equitable, would be to elimin most of the present tax deductio (not related to actual earning of come) and lower the tax rat Economists at the Brookings In tution in Washington, D.C., e mate that tax rates could be cut percent across the board with tax revenue gained by eliminati these subsidies. Then all homeow ers would have more money to p for the expenses of keeping up home, and people who rent wou not be paying more taxes simply l cause they don't own homes. (S ator Mark Hatfield [R., Ore.], h proposed legislation to eliminate subsidies from the tax laws.)

Another way to make the tax la more equitable without radical changing the present system wou be to allow tax credits rather th

In the last seven years, Ralph Nad 38, has become America's forem consumer defender. He is credit with the passage of at least six ma laws that imposed new Federal sa ty standards on cars, meat and po try products, coal mining, gas pi lines, and radiation from electron devices. In 1970 Nader founded t Public Interest Research Grou which investigates and research consumer issues.

uctions. Then, for example, tax-
ers deducting $500 for property
s would save the same amount,
tever their income, in terms of a
l percentage of the property
s they pay.

nce most people do save a little
ey through tax deductions, most
me that it is in their interest to
inue them. One reason for this
onception is that there is little
rmation available to the average
ayer to help her identify her
interests in changing the sys-

And the thrust of the tax re-
movement has highlighted such
ous inequities as the oil and min-
depletion deduction rather than
mining the inherent unfairness of
subsidies. As a result, the tax re-
movement has lacked an in-
ed constituency, and despite
ndant political rhetoric has gone
ost nowhere. So when you and
r family prepare your tax return
year, figure out just how much
would benefit from a specific
vision. And keep in mind that
r wealthy neighbor may very
be getting three times as much
ou are!

ocal organizations to study tax
s and advocate changes can be an
ctive way to create a long-over-
pressure group that will enable
average taxpayer to influence tax
rm. The Tax Reform Research
up can provide information on
's to form local groups. Write to
. Box 14198, Washington, D.C.
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Congress is now considering
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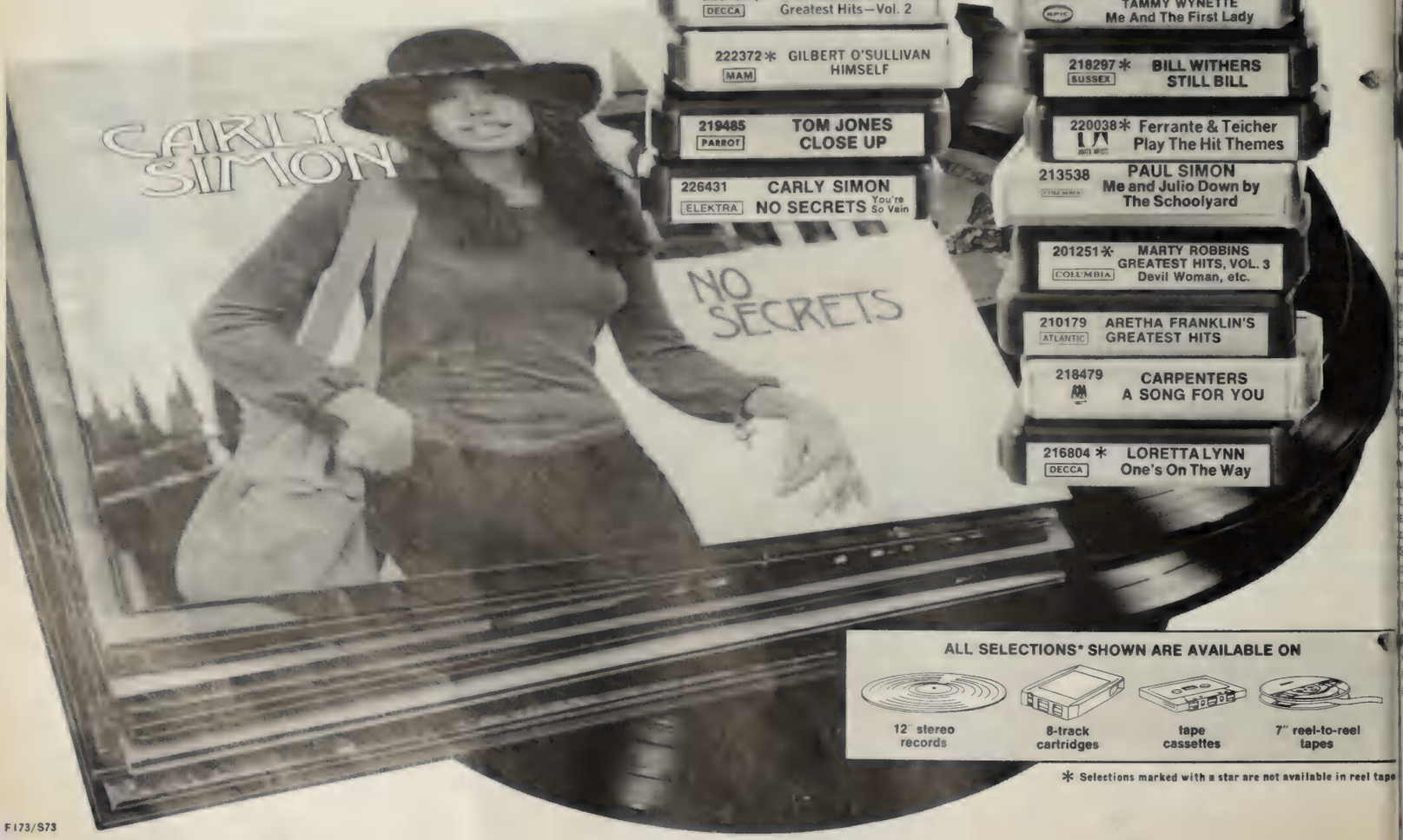
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THE WORKING WOMAN

BY LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

Life doesn't begin at 40 for the working woman! That's when, ontrary to facts and the law, bosses tell her that she's "too old." Here re some common employer abuses—and how to protect your rights.

Everyone has a different definition of "the mature woman." The plateau ages of 21, 30, 5, and 40 all seem to bring on pro- ound attacks of reassessment. One 5-year-old considers herself a ashed up "older woman" while nother woman won't answer to ne words "older," "mature," or enior citizen" even though she's 2. (Personally, I think a woman hould be considered according to er individual strengths, not ac- ording to the gray in her hair or ne date on her birth certificate.)

Nevertheless, where the working oman is concerned, special prob- ms accrue to specific age groups, nd it is important to be precise bout the "mature woman's" true ge. For purposes of statistics, the .S. Department of Labor consid- rs her to be between the ages of 5 and 64.

As of last fall about half of all erican women in this age brack- t had paying jobs. Of the 10.7 illion mature women in the ci- ilian labor force, seven out of ten ork at full-time, year-round jobs. he great majority are married. lso, as is the case for women of ll ages, most of these mature omen work because they need the oney—not because they're bored.

According to the National Or- anization for Women's "Over-45 ommittee," more than half the omen workers in that age group old clerical or service jobs. Less han 7 percent hold management ositions, and 13.6 percent are rofessionals or technicians. The Women's Bureau furnishes even ore depressing information: in 971, among year-round, full-time orkers, the median income for en aged 45 to 54 was $10,689; or women it was $5,790!

What keeps upper-age-level women in lower-wage-level jobs?

Cultural attitudes. An old max- m holds that a man of 40 is in his rime but a woman of 40 is over he hill. Such flippant myths tend o replace the truth simply by be- ng repeated often enough. Actu- lly, women can look forward to a ife that is 6.5 years longer than hat of a man; there are four mil- ion more mature women than men alive today; women are spared men's high incidence of heart attacks and ulcers; and it is women who (with a healthy psychological approach to menopause and hormone treatment if necessary) can operate in the working world with new energy and new freedom. (Meaningful employment is one of the best antidotes to the "empty nest" depression women often experience when their children leave home.)

Men, on the other hand, have been found to suffer an "emotional menopause." Because of the enormous pressure on the American male to achieve success and power, the man who has not reached the top of his field in his forties often feels hopeless and beaten. His occupational status seems to reflect his virility and his role as provider. He is expected to have "arrived" while his wife, at the same age, is either expected to have "settled in" (resigned herself to the dead-end job she's had for 20 years) or to "reenter" (start from scratch after raising the kids).

If a woman has always worked at a paid job, her career was supposed to have taken second place to her personal life. If she accepts this assignment of priorities, she is in effect admitting that she lacks career commitment and job dependability. This admission gives her employer an easy rationale for keeping her in a low-status, low-responsibility, low-paying job despite her years of seniority.

Meanwhile, the woman who devoted her years exclusively to home and children discovers that when it comes to job-hunting she gets no credit for life experience. So she too must settle for a job with low-status, low responsibility, and low pay. All this begins to explain why women earn little more than half as much as men in the prime life decade of ages 45-54.

Women's most common experiences with age discrimination.

- Employers say they prefer to invest time and money in training a young worker so that the company can get long-term service in return. While a woman of 40 has a life expectancy of between 35 and 40 additional years, the employer is telling her that she has no future. Yet Department of Labor studies show that the older woman worker is more stable, has a better safety and attendance record than younger workers, has a work output and learning ability equal to or better than younger persons, and is less likely to job-hop as a route to advancement.
- Employers are reluctant to hire women over 40 for fear they will resent working for a younger executive. Some of us find it hard to work for people who have loud voices or long hair. Still, we do it —and more important, we are not denied a job on the *possibility* that we might not like our boss.
- Employers claim that older women are *overqualified* for various jobs because of their long previous work experience. If an unemployed physicist is willing to work as an elevator operator in order to feed her family, she must be given her turn at the controls. "Overqualified" is frequently an employer's way of saying that you've worked too long to be hired for a low-level job, but you're too old and too female to be hired for the job you deserve.
- Employers pay a low starting salary to mature women who enter the labor force without any experience. ("You have a lot of catching up to do," they say.) Then, five years later, after a few $5 raises, when you are expert at your job, you are still earning far less than your colleagues—and than the job is worth. There seems to be no such thing as catching up.
- Employers worry that older workers will be a drain on the company's retirement and medical programs. In addition to the legal answer to this argument (see below), one must point out that excluding the over 45's from the work force may simply force them to go on the welfare rolls. Either way, a humane society must take ultimate responsibility for older people who consider work as essential to their dignity as it is to their survival.

How are you legally protected against age discrimination?

- Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 prohibits employment discrimination based on sex. Since job bias can overlap both the consideration of your age and sex, it is important to first check out Title VII coverage. For example, an employer may have expressed a preference to hire a 45-year-old unemployed man as opposed to a more qualified 45-year-old unemployed woman. The common generalization about males being heads of households and therefore having a *(continued on page 135)*

☐ *Letty Cottin Pogrebin, 33, is author, wife, and mother of three. During her 13-year business career, she rose from file clerk to vice-president—and she wrote a best-selling book:* How to Make It in a Man's World. *Although Ms. Pogrebin reads all reader letters, she regrets that time does not permit her to respond personally.*



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Do You Dim the Lights to Hide Your Age?

Just when a woman reaches the age she feels most tenderly romantic, she often becomes a little self-conscious about her appearance. Little lines and a dry complexion reveal that she isn't as young as she used to be. So she turns the lights down low when the man in her life is present, hoping to preserve the illusion of earlier days and nights.

What a pity. If you're a woman who tries to hide the signs of an older-looking skin, instead of doing something importantly helpful to appear younger-looking, then it's surely time you knew the secret of a treasured fluid created by beauty researchers especially for women like you. This unique beauty blend, used faithfully by women in



countries around the world, is known here in the United States as Oil of Olay. Dry, old-looking skin rapidly absorbs the remarkable fluid, containing rich natural oils and moisture that help restore the smoothness you probably never dared hope to see again.

Oil of Olay moisturizing lotion quickly penetrates the highly-visible surface layer of the skin, where the unique blend works with nature to ease away dryness, the dryness that accents the lines and wrinkles that cause you to look older. The beauty fluid, with its natural ingredients, establishes an effective barrier that helps retain your skin's own moisture, particularly important at an age when nature's own supplies of vital skin fluids have diminished.

Join the youthful-looking women in countries around the world who make this treasured blend part of a faithful twice-daily beauty ritual. Apply Oil of Olay (you will find it at drugstores everywhere) lavishly each morning as a superb makeup base which doesn't allow cosmetics to discolor or streak. Again at bedtime. And at whatever other times a feeling of skin dryness signals the need for lovely, loving attention.

Beauty Hints

Even if you do not wear cosmetics during the day, don't forget your morning application of Oil of Olay. Smooth it on generously to give your complexion a moisty, misty glow. Leave your husband with pleasant memories to occur and reoccur during his working day.

* * *

Little lines around your eyes and mouth may be the first complexion signs to betray your age. These areas need and deserve extra attention. At night, after you've soothed Oil of Olay® over your face and neck, wait ten or fifteen minutes. Then gently pat additional beauty blend around the eyes and mouth. This little effort will be amply rewarded.

all seasons woman

STAR CHILDREN

A name is more than a convenient label. It colors a person's life from the start, gift to a child before he can speak for himself. As a child grows up, his attitud and behavior will reflect many qualities of the sign he was born under, so why n go directly to the zodiac and select a name that will suit a child's star personalit For instance, Hugh—democratic, dependable, a fine name for a boy born under t zodiac sign of Capricorn; or, for a girl born under Aquarius, Jennifer—courageou dedicated, and gracious. Find your child's sign first, then choose a name from t list given for each. If you do not find one that you like listed there, look under oth signs that are affinities. The 12 signs fall into four groups: Cancer, Scorpio, Pisc —the emotional people; Gemini, Libra, Aquarius—breezy, independent, airy peopl Aries, Leo, Sagittarius—the fiery, determined lot; Taurus, Virgo, Capricorn—t dependable, loving, earthy people. *By Leon Petuleng*

ARIES March 21 to April 20

Sign: The Ram. Element: Fire. Affinities: Leo and Sagittarius. Planet: Mars. Zodiac Gems: Diamond and Sapphire. Lucky Color: Crimson. Lucky Number: Nine. Lucky Flowers: Rose and Daisy.

BOYS. The pioneer, restless, ambitious, confident: a quick brain or speedy limbs point to a businessman or sportsman. As children they'll be curious. Greatest asset: courage. Greatest fault: impatience.

Alexander: Greek, 'helper of men.' Daring, quick-thinking. **Gerald:** Teutonic, 'spear power.' Firm, brave and hot-headed. **Harold:** Teutonic, 'warrior power.' Bold, generous, and intelligent. **John:** Hebrew, 'grace of the Lord.' Honest, brave, and ingenuous. **Jonathan:** Hebrew, 'the Lord's gift.' A good friend and courageous. **Marcus** (Mark): Latin, 'god of war.' Inspiring, defender of the wronged. **Martin:** Latin, 'defender.' Fearless, generous, and fiery.

GIRLS. Passionate, impulsive, loving. As a baby she knows how to charm, as a child she learns quickly and does well at school. As a woman she knows where she is going and attracts like a honeypot.

Alexandra (Alexis, Sandra): Greek feminine of Alexander. Bold, passionate. **Avril:** From April. Springlike, lovable, alert. **Clare** (Clara, Clarissa, Claire, Clarice): Latin, 'famous.' Ardent, resourceful. **Daphne:** Greek, 'laurel.' Joyous, independent. **Brenda:** Old English, 'firebrand.' Enterprising, fiery, and beautiful. **Jane** (Janet, Janice, Jean, Jeanette, Joan, Joanna, Shena): Feminine of John. Honest, graceful, and ambitious.

TAURUS April 21 to May 22

Sign: The Bull. Element: Earth. Affinities: Virgo and Capricorn. Planet: Mercury. Zodiac Gem: Emerald. Lucky Color: Blue. Lucky Number: Six. Lucky Flower: Lily of the valley.

BOYS. Resolute, obstinate, patient, the good-looking Taurus boy has courage but is not impulsive. He plans his life, is very ambitious but not ruthless. He may be musical or have horticulture gifts.

Alfred: Teutonic, 'elf counselo Loyal, practical, and manly. **Bernar** Teutonic, 'brave bear.' Strong-will and stubborn. **Jeremy** (Jerome): H brew, 'exalted of the Lord.' Logic practical. **Joseph:** Hebrew, 'he sh add.' Honest, straightforward, cal **Miles:** Slavonic, 'merciful.' Dauntle obstinate, and loving. **Henry:** Teuton 'home ruler.' Home-loving, indepe dent.

GIRLS. Here's the beautiful mornin star child, the homemaker, the glowin girl of Venus who loves to entertain, a little bit stubborn, a little proud an materialistic. She has a deep calm.

Ann (Anita, Hanna, Nancy, Nin Annabel, Annette): Hebrew, 'gracef one.' Graceful, merciful. **Amy** (Am da): Latin, 'beloved.' Good-natured **Deborah:** Hebrew, 'bee.' Diligen home-loving, and tolerant. **Eliza beth** (Beth, Betty, Eliza, Bess, Isa bel, Bettina): Hebrew, 'oath of God Honest, good-natured. **Emma:** Ol German, 'nurse.' Maternal, appealin and loving. **Jacqueline:** Hebrew, 'sup planter.' Innocent, beguiling, trustin **Vera:** Latin, 'true.' Faithful, kindl **Phyllis:** Greek, 'green bough.' Cour geous, natural. **Susan** (Suzanne): H brew, 'a lily.' Good and beloved.

GEMINI May 23 to June 21

Sign: The Twins. Element: Air. A finities: Libra and Aquarius. Zodia Gems: Agate, Chrysoprase. Lucky Co or: Yellow. Lucky Number: Five. Luck Flowers: Buttercup, Snapdragon.

BOYS. An aerial child, a mercuria adult. This quick-witted boy has dual personality, can be friendly o remote. He's clever, can be restless o brilliant. He entertains people, bu only when he wishes.

Barry: Celtic, 'spearlike.' Keen, wit ty. **Douglas:** Celtic, 'dark gray. Friendly, willful, explorative. **Hubert** Teutonic, 'brilliant spirit.' Intellectu bright. **James:** Hebrew, 'the supplant er.' Versatile, ambitious. **Luke:** Latin 'bringer of light.' Cultured. **Nicholas** Greek, 'victory of the people.' Popular amusing, competent. **Thomas:** Ara maic, 'twin.' Outspoken.

GIRLS. A butterfly child, a radian woman. *(continued on page 128)*



Aren't you glad you didn't stay home?

When you got the call that said, "Let's take the canoe across the lake and join the gang," you didn't say "No" just because it wasn't one of your good days. With Tampax tampons you know all of your days can be good ones.

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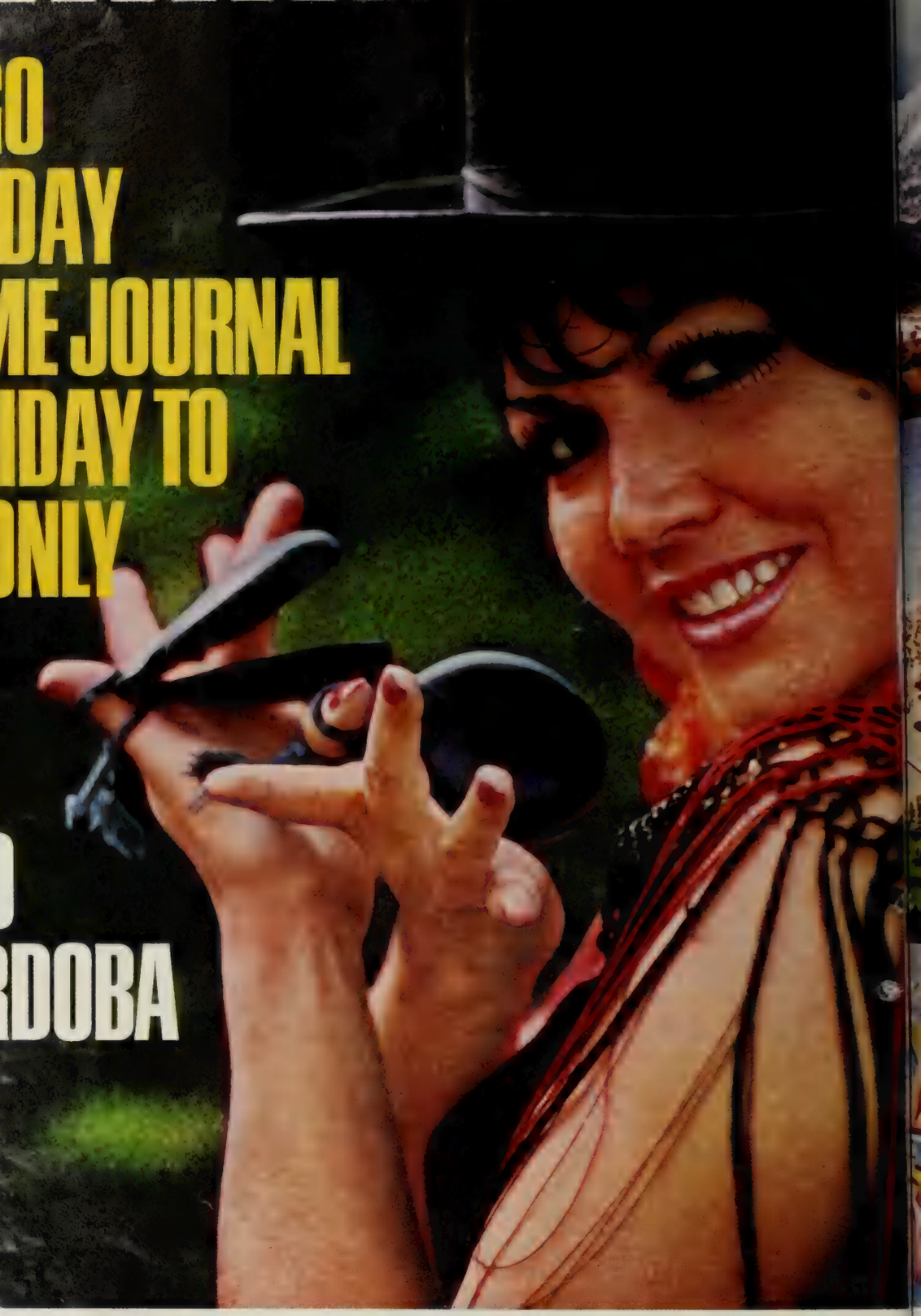
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Day 3. A special side excursion to exciting Toledo with the House and Museum of El Greco, the ancient Synagogue, the cathedral and Ruins of Alcazar as well as an unusual handicraft factory. Lunch is provided.

Day 4. A full day of leisure to explore more of exciting Madrid on your own. Optional tours are available.

Day 5. After breakfast, your motorcoach leaves for Cordoba, one of the oldest cities in Spain. You drive through the picturesque countryside and high mountains arriving at Valdepenas for a leisurely lunch which is included. You continue through the Sierra Morena and arrive in Cordoba in the late afternoon for your overnight stop.

Day 6. A morning sightseeing tour of Cordoba will take you to the Arab and Jewish quarter, La Mosquita, the cathedral, the oldest bull ring in Spain and the Museum of Julio Romero de Torre The afternoon is free for shopping and more sightseeing.

Day 7. After breakfast you leave for a beautiful ride through the countryside Seville, Spain's most romantic and b tiful city. Seville is also known for its fine wine, lush orange groves, brave b gypsy singers and exciting flamenco. Arriving at lunchtime, you have the re of the day to enjoy this enchanting city

Day 8. The morning sightseeing tour of Seville is a memorable experience. Y will see the grave of Columbus in the cathedral, the Alcazar, La Giralda, the Moorish Palace, Santa Cruz and the Murillo Gardens. Ample time is left for leisure and shopping.







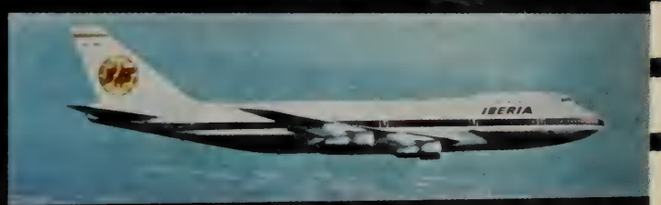








"PLEASE SAVE ME A SEAT"











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Oct: 1, 5, 8, 12, 15, 19, 22, 26, 29

From Miami to Madrid

May: 14, 21, 28
June: 4, 11, 18, 25
July: 2, 9, 16, 23, 30
Aug: 6, 13, 20, 27
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Aug: 6, 13, 20, 27
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HOW AMERICA LIVES

A COLLECTION OF SPECIAL FEATURES FROM OUR READERS EDITED BY EVAN FRANCES

FAMILY OF THE MONTH



There are three generations shown in the picture above—and they all live together, by choice, as one big happy family in Raleigh, N.C. It's a story of rich insight for us all.

In a time when the generations often stand apart, with little to say to one another, it's refreshing and perhaps instructive to find a case where just the opposite is true: Kathleen and Leo Eakins; their daughter and son-in-law, Sarah and Richard Spivey; and the Spivey sons (Coleman, 9, and twins Christopher and Jonathan, 4½) all live together—and love it—in the same house in Raleigh, N. C. The Eakins-Spivey clan had always been close, but the reason they built their 10-room stone house four years ago was a matter, thoughtfully considered, of answering various mutual needs.

Catalyst for the unusual arrangement was Leo, in his early sixties, who all his life had run a general store at a country crossroads 100 miles from Raleigh. He also loves to cook, which pleases his wife Kathleen, because it gives her more time for her teaching career. Leo not only freed her from cooking responsibilities, he also kept a playpen in the store to look after their daughter Sarah during her pre-school years. When Sarah left home and married Richard, Leo kept the playpen around the store for those times when his grandson came for long visits. The longest visit was for a year when both Sarah and Richard were studying for graduate degrees at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Then Leo lost his store to a local road-widening project. Too old to rebuild, but far from ready to retire, Leo wanted to keep busy. At the time, Sarah was pregnant with the twins, so to help out, Leo moved in with the Spiveys, leaving Richard free to travel and Sarah free to teach right up until the delivery. It was then that the idea of them all living under the same roof first came up. Would it work? Would such closeness strain to the breaking their extraordinary rapport? After much discussion, the Eakins-Spiveys agreed to go ahead to build and share the same household.

This is background on how it *happened*. Here are some of the reasons that it *works*. First, the finances break down roughly this way: Leo made the sizeable down-payment on buying a lot and building a house; Kathleen's $10,600 salary from her new teaching job in Raleigh goes into a nest egg for Leo and herself; Sarah earns $8,500 (she and her mother both teach in the same elementary school) and Richard $18,000 as a school administrator—the combined income carries the house, including taxes and repairs. Food costs, of course, are shared; otherwise the budgets are kept separate.

Beyond this, it's perhaps best to let everyone speak for themselves. Here are some excerpts from a round table discussion we had recently with the Eakins and the Spiveys.

Leo: It's cheaper to run *one* house than two.

Richard: Especially with Dad doing the meal-planning, marketing, and cooking. He's a canny buyer and planner.

Kathleen: There is also an economy of effort with household chores, with the workload divided among four adults.

Leo: I don't feel like many men who retire—like being put out to pasture—because I know I'm earning my keep . . .

Sarah: . . . and then some. If it weren't for Dad, Richard and I couldn't both be at ease working. With him at home, we don't have to worry about the twins' well-being.

Leo: Many older folks suffer from loneliness, boredom, distance from their children. This is certainly not true in the Spivey-Eakins family. There is constant interaction among all family members.

Kathleen: The boys benefit from getting more vacations than most children because they take some vacations with Leo and me, some with Richard and Sarah, and some with all of us together.

Sarah: Which means Richard and I get to vacation alone sometimes—it's great for reinforcing romance, believe me! It's also good for curing any temporary abrasiveness.

Richard: The kids seem to have more respect and love for older people as a result of their living with Sarah's folks. Our children are also exposed to different attitudes, beliefs, religions—conservative and liberal.

Sarah: Then there's the matter of personal freedom and flexibility. We've got a lot of it because my folks are usually available to help with the children's homework, care, and baby-sitting. Richard and I can decide to go out at the last minute.

Leo: We're able to watch and enjoy our grandchildren grow both mentally and physically. We enjoy their little birthday parties, trips to the zoo, school programs, swimming meets—everything they have a part in.

Kathleen: We also get a thrill out of watching our daughter and son-in-law getting promotions, gaining success, moving forward.

Richard: Grandparents seem to stay younger by living with younger people—the Eakins certainly do.

Sarah: We try to be very considerate of each other. One example many people can identify with is that Daddy and Richard do not always like the same sports. We have two TV's now, and this is not a problem any more.

Leo: When one person is sick it doesn't upset the household since someone else is there to take over.

Richard: The Eakins, like most older couples, have had more experience in buying and selling so they help us make some financial decisions. But only when we ask them to.

Coleman, a serious young man at 9 spoke up at this point: We all like to read, so there's always someone for me to go to the library with.

So much for advantages of two-family living. Are there disadvantages? Not many according to the Eakins and Spivey brood. The obvious question of privacy rarely is a problem. All the adults respect one another's needs to be alone, singly or as a couple, and right at the outset they skirted the issue by drawing up house plans that called for two master bedrooms—one downstairs and one upstairs. Kathleen cites one drawback: "We tend to worry over their children's problems more—misfortunes, sicknesses, etc. We suffer along with them; but of course the solution is so much sweeter when it does finally arrive.

Richard offers one "problem": Discipline can be difficult. Leo and Kathleen, like most grandparents, dote on the kids. They never discipline in words, let alone spank for misbehavior. And they can't bear it when Sarah and I feel we have to. I don't mind being the heavy in this because I feel equal parts of love and discipline are absolutely essential for the child and his folks. So when the time comes, Grandma and Grandpa (and often, Sarah) flee to their rooms. That's O.K. with me—guess I'll be the same when I'm a grandparent.

Some aspects of the Eakins-Spivey household are of course unique. But one general reason it works so well is that everyone is occupied with tasks he or she likes to do and does well. The result is a sense of personal serenity and respect and understanding of other family members. The Eakins-Spivey household is an inspiring example of how the generations benefit from, rather than struggle with each other.

BABY OF THE MONTH

The fourth most popular girl's name among *Journal* readers is Heather, and our choice for the comeliest is Heather Diane Torivo of Kokomo, Ind., who will turn two the same day her Daddy, Victor, turns 24—June 2. He and her Mom, Connie, who is 20, planned to call their first-born Christine but scratched it for the name of a pink and pretty flower because "that's just what she looked like at birth and still does." Heather's favorite toy is a bean-bag doll, which she turns in for a cuddly teddy bear when she's sleepy. Soon she'll be graduated from crib to "the pink room," replete with walls, carpet, curtains, bedspread, and canopy in a blur of rosy hues. Because Daddy's lineage is Mexican and Mommy's is English, little Heather will be bilingual. When Grandma Torivo babysits, baby gets her Spanish lesson.



Photograph, top, by Warren Uzzle.



Actual picture size.

I caught them with my Pocket.

The carefree little camera that takes big pictures.

All of a sudden I heard a shout, and then a squeal! I was so glad I had my Pocket in my pocket. Because I caught them just like that, just as it happened.

That's what's so nice about the Pocket. It's there when you want it. Besides it takes big, sharp pictures—3½ by 4½ inches. We can also take little Pocket slides about the size of a thumbnail that project beautifully with a Kodak pocket Carousel projector.

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HOW AMERICA LIVES

WHY CAN'T THEY?

HELP FOR MASS TRANSIT

"Getting anywhere in Los Angeles by bus is absurd. There are only a few routes and these are served infrequently. A car and the accompanying pollution is essential. Shouldn't the government be concerned about this? Why can't they come to our aid and give a boost to mass transit?"—Mrs. Ralph Moore.

The U.S. Senate took a significant step last year when it passed the Federal Aid-Highway Act—a bill that for the first time ever, authorized diversion of funds (however small) from the sacred highway trust to help answer the pressing needs of mass transit. Unfortunately, the House passed a different bill and it all died in conference. New action is sought at this session.

Senator Edmund S. Muskie of Maine, co-sponsor of that bill (the Cooper-Muskie Amendment) has this to say: "We must seek ways in which we can all move about freely without endangering our health, our communities, and our resources. We *can* create a sensible national transportation policy, and this bill is the essential first step in that direction. It will not provide a quick answer, but the diversion of funds from highways to public transportation must come first, both to signify our willingness to change and to make it financially possible to do so. Concerned Americans should act now by urging their Congressional representatives to vote in favor of the aforementioned bill."

PARTY OF THE MONTH

HOUSECLEANING CAN BE FUN

June and George R. Gibbs, Jr. of Bayville, N.Y., both schoolteachers, gave a yard party last summer, so successful, that many of their guests promise to follow suit. The idea for the party came to Mrs. Gibbs one afternoon when she and her husband, George, were doing some serious spring housecleaning. They found many things just sitting in cupboards, storeroom, and basement that were completely unwanted. Nothing was of any great value, but since neither of the Gibbses can bring themselves to throw anything away, they decided the most sensible idea was to give the things away.

With George's blessing, June telephoned ten couples—all friends—and invited them and their children to a Sunday morning brunch in their back yard, adding, "There's one condition—when you leave, you *must* take a treasure home with you." Some offered to trade, but June squelched that idea fast!

June's account to the JOURNAL continues: "Luckily the day was warm and lovely. George and I placed the treasure trove on tables in the patio area. We intended to start the party by serving brunch: orange juice, muffins, coffee cake, milk, and coffee, but guests wanted to pick treasure first.

"Nobody said 'No-no and don't touch' to the kids, who gleefully set about poking at everything. One three-year-old chose a two-cup coffee pot; another lad grabbed an outsize pair of sunglasses. My next-door neighbor was transported by an old princess phone he had always wanted. An outdoor cook found a grill. There was no bickering, and everybody found *something*. And almost everything disappeared—only a couple of picture frames and an old lampshade remained. "When we finally settled down to eat, all agreed it was a great idea. Just before we fell asleep that night George mused, 'Do you realize that if all the families here today give the same kind of party, in ten years' time, we could end up with all our own treasures back?' "

SPARE-TIME MONEYMAKER

SPRINGTIME JEWELS



Hazel Diaz Pumara, of Pine Grove Mills, Pa., lives and works in a world of eternal springtime by making jewelry of forget-me-nots, buttercups, daisies, and other spring flowers from fields and gardens around her home. Her hobby was inspired about six years ago when she spotted a picture of a pansy that had been set and preserved in plastic. "It still looked alive! I was intrigued because I've always hated to see flowers die. However, casting resin (liquid plastic) is a really difficult medium to master, and without my never-say-die Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry, I'd have given up on it after examining my first efforts," confessed Mrs. Diaz.

Like a farmer, Mrs. Diaz watches and worries over poor weather conditions that might harm her delicate crop. She gathers the flowers in their prime, then dries and selects the best specimens. To make the jewelry pieces, she places flowers face down in resin, in a mold, then pours a second opaque layer of resin over all. When the pieces are removed from the molds, she smooths the edges and sets them as jewelry.

"Happily, my husband Sam never complains if housework is neglected," she says. "He's a scientific glass blower and has many hobbies too. The truth is ours is more a workshop than a home since we both use the whole house for our interests."

Originally, Mrs. Diaz did not plan to sell her jewelry, but delighted friends to whom she gave some of her pieces urged her to begin selling. "Rather apologetically I asked fifty cents, and when a little money came in I bought more materials. Before long, because of the costs, I knew I'd have to sell more if I were to continue, so I began by selling at a local fall bazaar, then a church, then a gift shop. My pins now sell for about $5, with earrings about $8. In 1972, I grossed $2,600; we put aside for our retirement sometime in the future, our modest $1,200 *net* profit."

Our "How America Lives" pages are based entirely on letters from our readers. We welcome any and all suggestions you have. Address letters to the appropriate section: Family of the Month, Party of the Month, Spare-time Money-maker, Women of the Month, Why Can't They?, and Baby of the Month. For the last, send us pictures of your baby, up to two years old, but please keep a duplicate since we cannot return pictures. We'll send an enlargement of all pictures we choose. Send letters to *Ladies' Home Journal*, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

WOMEN OF THE MONTH

FIRST IN THE AIR



Colorado's Emily Howell is the first woman in the U.S. to be employed as a pilot on a regularly-scheduled commercial airline. As second officer—*i.e.*, third pilot and observer—on a Frontier Airlines Boeing 737, she's scheduled for promotion to co-pilot, hopefully, in six months. In three to four years, if all goes well, Emily Howell will be a full pilot, captain of the ship. "It's a dream fulfilled, a giant step, to fly the big one. I even took a cut in salary to do it," the 33-year-old pilot said exuberantly. Mrs. Howell first became hooked on flying at 17, when she started flying lessons. Since then, she has logged 7,000 flight hours and was the first woman in Colorado to earn a Pilot Examiner Rating, one of 40 women in the country with this rating.

Mrs. Howell, a divorcee, lives close to her four brothers and twin sister, who pitch in to help care for her 7½-year-old son, Stanley, when she's not home. When the youngster first learned his mother had made it as a pilot, he shouted, "Wow—that's the greatest thing that ever happened!"

FOR BETTER MARRIAGES

Mrs. Johnnie Ramsey first became aware of the spiraling divorce rate when a young friend in her hometown, Lexington, Ky., was divorced after being married only one year. Something concrete had to be done, she felt, to teach young marrieds how to live together. In thinking about what she could do, Mrs. Ramsey looked back on her own long (37 years), happy marriage and recalled how difficult it had been as a bride to learn the secrets of wedded bliss. Maybe if some of these questions were answered early on, marriages would have a better chance. She decided the answer was a book filled with easy-to-understand facts about marriage problems. To help make sure it was read, Mrs. Ramsey had the rather daring notion of making the book's distribution compulsory at the time couples applied for a license.

Working with very little help except her own conviction, Johnnie Ramsey set about compiling the book. She turned to experts in many fields (family planning, hygiene, sex, nutrition, consumer economics, etc.) for reports, which she gathered into a surprisingly complete and sensible manual. To convince the Kentucky state legislature to pass a bill making the manual a mandatory hand-out at license bureaus, Mrs. Ramsey wrote to every senator and representative. Then using her own money, she traveled to Frankfort to lobby for the bill. Successfully, too.



On March 1, 1972, just two years after she began her battle, Mrs. Ramsey was invited to watch Governor Wendell Ford sign the bill into law.

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It's usually a woman who takes care of the family's day to day needs. She buys the children's clothes, the last-minute gifts, and still finds time for her own special projects.

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WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN A SOFA.

A sofa is one of the most important pieces of furniture you'll ever buy. It can cost you anywhere from $200 to $2000.

And at any price you can—and should—get quality. Quality construction. Durable materials. So your sofa won't sag or buckle or bulge or simply turn out to be a lemon.

But would you know a lemon if you saw one?

Most people simply judge a sofa by its cover. And never stop to check any further. And wouldn't really know what to check for.

Simmons thinks you ought to know. What to look for when you buy a sofa.

1. Exactly the sofa you want.

Why start out making compromises? It's your money. And your living room. Simmons offers you a full range of styles to choose from. Including a new style designed especially for narrow rooms. And then you get your choice of over 400 fabrics. And then you get a choice of custom tailoring options, like quilting, deep tufting, contrast welting, and a choice of base and back treatments.

2. A choice of cushion filling.

Your sofa ought to feel right to you, too. That's why you should have a choice of cushions. Simmons offers you three choices, ranging from soft to springy. And made of superior materials. Our foam is a high-density polyurethane foam made exclusively for us. We choose polyester fibers for their special softness and resilience. And Simmons offers you a new super-soft cushion, which is a combination of superior polyurethane wrapped in polyester fibers to give a super luxury. All our cushion-cores are specially cut to fit the curve of the sofa, so they won't gap apart when someone sits down. And, if you choose foam cushions, the inner cores should be 4¾" thick, so the foam will hold up (and hold you up) well. A Simmons cushion measures up. Many others are only 4". Or less.

3. A hidden bed.

We think you aren't getting your money's worth if the sofa you buy doesn't also hide a bed. Especially since Hide-A-Bed® Sofas are priced in line with just-plain-sofas. From $240 to $1200.

4. A quality mattress for sleeping comfort.

Only the Hide-A-Bed Sofa by Simmons can offer you a Simmons Regency® or famous Beautyrest® mattress (illustrated here). You simply can't get these quality mattresses in any other convertible sofa. And Simmons gives you a full-length mattress (75"). Most other convertible mattresses are only 72" long. And most Simmons models are available with super-size mattresses too. And all Simmons' mattresses are protected from germs and mildew by a special Sani-Seal® treatment.

5. Seating comfort.

Simmons' hidden bed is set in so neatly, it won't interfere with seating comfort. And we keep the back comfortably angled to the seat at the ideal sitting angle. Others may give you no slant at all, which can make you feel like you're sitting in a straight-back chair.

6. Beautiful upholstery made to stay beautiful.

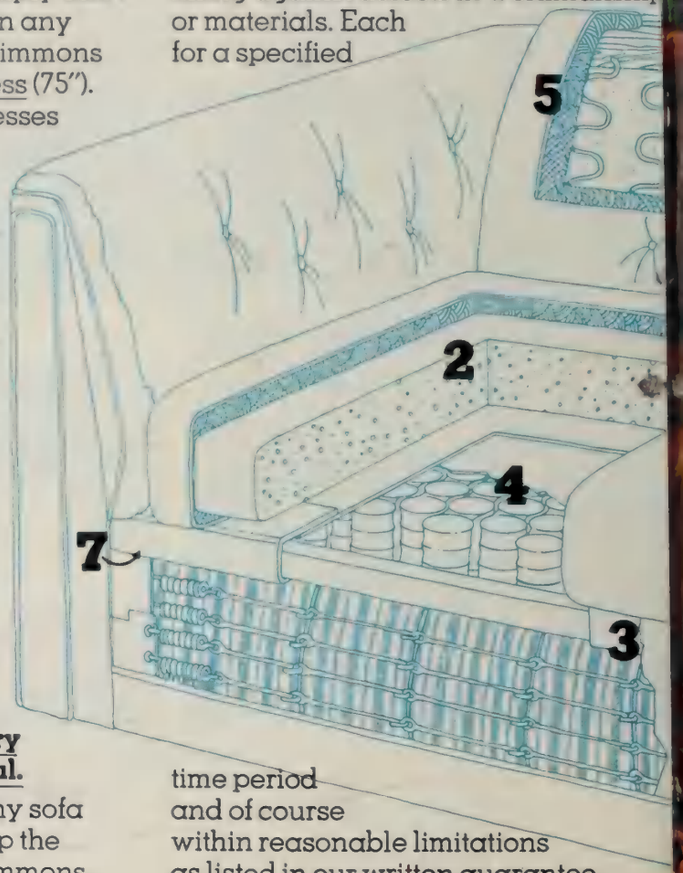
The outer surface of any sofa needs extra protection to keep the fabric neat and secure. So Simmons uses a special "Flexolator"® to provide the necessary extra "give." Most other convertibles have nothing like it and the fabric can wrinkle or pucker and filling materials may work loose into the frame. When you buy a Hide-A-Bed Sofa by Simmons, you can also buy extra fabric for drapes. But we also give you some extra fabric. Free. Enough to make arm covers if you like. Or to patch up disasters, like cigarette burn. And most of our fabrics are stain-resistant to require only minimal care.

7. An easy opening mechanism designed for safety.

The Simmons mechanism is easy to open—it requires only 20 pounds of pull-effort, compared to 30 or 40 for most others. Simmons has a "Lock Stop" control as an extra safety measure so the bed won't spring out, and recessed moving parts to prevent bumped shins or bruised fingers. And our mechanism is so well designed it won't leave wear marks on your rug.

8. A service guarantee.

Simmons guarantees the frame mechanism, mattress and upholstery filling against defects in workmanship or materials. Each for a specified time period and of course within reasonable limitations as listed in our written guarantee.



And because Simmons is a national company, our guarantee is good anywhere you move, all around the country.

If you think all these standards of quality we've listed simply add up to a sales pitch for Simmons, you're right. They do. But then think of it this way. Only the Hide-A-Bed Sofa by Simmons can use these standards to make a sale.

Simmons Company
Dept. E 4
2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Now that I know what to look for in a sofa, I'd like to look at some Hide-A-Bed® Sofas. Please send me your decorating booklet, "How to Buy a Sofa." I am enclosing 50¢.

Name_____

Address_____

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State_____ Zip_____

Sofa shown: Embassy-5. Cover fabric: 5002 Chestnut, imported Nappel®. About $599. From the Golden Value Collection. Most fabrics protected by ZEPEL Soil/Stain Repeller.


The Hide-A-Bed Sofa by Simmons



The Promise

There are people in this life who never really leave us, even after they have gone around a bend in the road and disappeared from view. A story by ELIZABETH BORTON DE TREVIÑO

I used to hear my mother and father quarreling after I was in bed. The rising tone of my mother's voice, my father's tense baritone, became part of the sounds of the summer evening—the fluting of toads, the whining of occasional mosquitoes, the shouts of the Conrey children swinging in their hammock next door.

For a long time I did not know that my parents' quarrels were about me. They never disagreed on anything else. They had married young and they were excitingly in love. At their age accusations, recriminations, tears, and reconciliations were part of the dramatic crescendo of loving.

Gradually the basic pattern of the regular quarrel began to emerge. Papa, an orphan who had made his way alone, *(continued)*

Painting by Ben Wohlberg

Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
For all the right reasons.
Kent.



America's quality cigarette.
King Size or Deluxe 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

[illegible] mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine.
[illegible] 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72.

was an atheist. Mama believed in God and the afterlife. Mama always asked, before tears choked her, how he could believe their love would end with their heartbeats, and Papa shouted that the time for love was now, when they were sure of each other and the moment. The dispute invariably ended in sobs, then kisses and murmurs —angry words and taunts faded into an amorous, throbbing silence. I paid little attention to them.

Papa was a commercial artist, working on the local newspaper. Mama was in Normal School, planning to be a teacher, when she met him. They had eloped, and I was born nine months and a few days after their marriage. I was the only child and they had great joy of me. I remember the long summers best. Papa would be drawing on the screened back porch, where he did extra work for city firms, and Mama would be sewing in the little parlor, under the lamp. They would send me back and forth between them, carrying nonsensical messages, shrieking with laughter when I managed to parrot them: "The ichthyosaurus is smaller than the brontosaurus," and other inanities. They were happy and busy and I was a part of everything. Actually, I suppose, my parents' lives were quiet, laborious, and poor.

As I grew older the Conrey childr
came to ask if they could take me
Sunday School with them. My moth
always answered, no, that I was t
little. But when I was six, ready to b
gin school, the evening quarrels gre
sharper. Worse, there was no comfo
ing feeling about the silence after, b
a strange unpleasantness, like tensi
in the air after lightning.

Occasionally Mama spoke of h
mother, Grandma Bennett, who liv
in a cottage at the seashore, a long w
from us. "She wants us to come for
visit," Mama would say. "It would
good for Rose." I was Rose.

"You go."

"You know I couldn't go and lea
you here alone, working in the hea
Lyle."

"I can't get more than two weeks o
sweetheart, and it costs too much
get to the coast for such a short tim
Besides, your mother detests me."

"She doesn't detest you! It's only-

"She's very religious, and I'll ha
none of it."

"Mama knows I have given you n
promise about Rose. And Mama and
never break our promises."

"I'll bet that makes her think well
me! I'm sorry, darling, but you kn
my convictions. I won't change. A chi
should not be brought up enmeshed
all these superstitions. If Rose wants
religion, let her pick one out when she
twenty-one, in full possession of h
reason. I won't oppose her."

"But death, Lyle? What can you te
her about death, if you don't believe i
a future life?"

"I'll teach her courage."

Papa loved dogs, and we always ha
one. First we had Snorter, a blac
romping fellow with a continual smil
He got something the matter with hi
and one day Papa took him away an
came back without him. Mama cried a
afternoon, and when Papa came hom
he told me that he had shot Snorter, be
cause he couldn't get well, and buri
him in the country. I felt sad, but
knew nothing of death and I was soo
comforted by the presence of Rusty,
red setter puppy Papa brought hom
the next week. Shortly after that, a ca
came to live with us. We called hi
Tiger, for he was gray with blac
stripes, large, thoughtful green eye
and an orange nose. Rusty was a play
ful dog, but not the companion to m
that Tiger was. Tiger sat with me i
the fig tree and slept on the end of m
bed. He came to love me best of all th
family and brought me his special gift
—a black beetle, a silvery moth,
strange leaf. He always left off what
ever he was doing about three in th
afternoon and went to sit in the parlo
window to watch for me. When I cam
in he would twine around my ankle
and show me he was glad. He was par
of all that meant home and love.

But one day he was not at the win
dow, and he did not come home tha
night though I called and called to him

"Cats sometimes go away like this,"
Mama told me, delicately. "But aft
a time, they come home again."

I waited for two days, then three.
felt an ache of loneliness inside me, an
an anger. Tiger had left me for som
other little girl. I was miserable.

On the fourth day, as I was walkin
to school, a boy from several block
away swaggered up to me and jerke
his head toward a vacant lot.

If your hair is palomino blonde or ranch-mink brown. If your eyes are blue or green. If you're wearing orange or deep magenta.

No matter what combinations of colors are all over you, your sunglass lenses should always be gray.

This isn't a fashion hint; good gray lenses do the most for you. Actually help conserve your energy, making you feel better and therefore look better.

Neutral gray lenses give you the least color distortion and the best color perception. Red will stay red for example. It won't ooze into a purplish as it does when you're wearing blue-tinted lenses.

Your eyes devour about 25% of all your physical energy. If they are subjected to the torment of badly made lenses, extra energy will be drained. You'll tire a little faster—not just your eyes, but all of you. Feeling kind of saggy, tense, grouchy.

All this can be avoided if you know what real sunglasses are and are not.

Real sunglasses are for eye comfort and protection. Good lenses filter out infrared and ultraviolet rays and only glass can do that. Each lens must have the same density and pass no more than 30% of the light. And they should be of prescription quality to eliminate the wiggles and waves, another source of eyestrain.

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Your best color is always gray. It is important for how you look and how you feel. Because if you look and feel lifeless, it won't matter what you're wearing.

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Optimum Optics

Jean Shrimpton is wearing Ray-Ban's "Thalia". Others from $10



our cat's over there. Dead."
stood stock still in the street.
ere?"
er there. Somebody shot him with
-bee gun."
hool was forgotten, everything was
tten. I ran. To one side of the
tossed casually into drying weeds,
erned the little striped form. His
was bloody, shapeless; ants were
ing over him. His fur was stiff and

ath. That was what it was. Some
le bomb of horror exploded inside
did not go to school, or move. I
d there, paralyzed with sorrow,
and fear. There my father found
fter my teacher had telephoned
to ask if I was sick. Papa carried
ome but his broad shoulder could
omfort me. I went into chills and
a fever. It was malaria, epidemic
ur town, but the illness had come
e just as I realized the negation of
the beginning of decay, the terror
thingness. My room rang with sobs
underneath I was conscious of the
ding quarrel of my parents.
child can't bear it," Mama kept
g.
he must learn to bear it," my fa-
answered wearily.
hen I began to recover, it was de-
I must be sent to the coast, where
never been. Malaria was thought
eak with a change of climate. I was
ss and tearful and could not eat. I
ed through the haze of my misery
Grandma Bennett would take me
r the whole summer.
y mother began preparations for
ourney. It was an all-day ride, and
s to have a box of sandwiches and
cken leg and a hard-boiled egg and
nana. Mama sewed two new dresses
me. Papa took me to town and
ght me new buttoned shoes. I was so
w from the quinine and so peaked
ny new blue dress that Mama
d and almost wouldn't let me go.
journey was tiring and dusty.
red plush seats in the coach rasped
backs of my legs, where my long
k stockings didn't quite meet my
k sateen bloomers. I must have
woebegone when my grandmother
me off the train at last and pressed
to her crackling, lavender-sweet
twaist. I had thought of her as old,
indeed, she was gray-haired and
te, but I realize now she could not
e been past her mid-forties.
randma arranged for my suitcase to
ent up the hill to her house. "We'll
k home, Rose," she said. "You have
n sitting all day, breathing dust.
e some lungfuls of the sea air."
obediently drew in the foggy-wet
and there was some kind of magic
t. Instantly I felt stronger. We be-
our short toil up the hill.
randma's house was small and
te, at the top of a flight of steps.
r garden had no grass, but only
nts—roses, amaryllis, iris, fuschia,
pdragons, pansies. Before she took
key out of the deep pocket in her
she stopped and made me a flower
l—pansy face, lily-bell skirt, pinned
ether with rose thorns. Once inside
house, Grandma put the kettle on.
"Always put the kettle on before you
e off your hat," she said.

ur days were simple. Grandma set
a daily task, crocheting, tatting, em-
idering, or hemstitching. We went
en to the beach to collect shells, and


When was the last time he woke you just to hear your voice?
Want him to be more of a man? Try being more of a woman. Emeraude by Coty


I ran barefoot, feeling the cold sand against my toes, chilling them while my shoulders were hot in the sun and my nose peeling from previous sunburns.

Grandma talked to me a lot, and everything she said was true.

"Wash your hands as soon as you come into the house, but never just before you go out. That way they'll never get chapped."

"Finish your task well, or you won't enjoy your play."

"You must plant your seeds when the moon is tender, for if it is a dying moon, the plants will grieve and delay coming up."

"Never lie. It dirties you."

"Keep your promises. They are your honor."

All these things and many others she proved to me.

One day we had to go to Grandma's bank. We were admitted to the private office of the bank president. It was a fine office with a big swivel chair and a beautiful chandelier of yellow glass that bloomed like tulips around the light bulbs. Grandma spoke softly to the banker, who made notes on an odd little collection of papers stapled together. Afterward we went outside and Grandma got some money from one of the men in the cashier's cages.

"Did you notice," she said, "how clever the president was? He had saved the backs of old envelopes *(continued)*

and clipped them together, so he had a nice little notebook and it didn't cost him a cent. Waste not, want not."

Grandma cooked when it suited her and we ate when we felt hungry, sitting in the window, looking down at the sea. We usually went to bed with the first dark and never put on the lights in our house. As I jumped into bed, I could hear Grandma turn on her squeaking horsehair mattress and sigh: "Ah, God bless the man who first invented a bed!"

Though she often asked God to bless people, and always herself when she sneezed, she never spoke of God to me. She had given her promise. But in the peace of those days, I was able to tell her about Tiger. I cried but not so painfully, and Grandma took me on her lap and patted and rocked me. She said nothing to me, only a strange sentence to herself, as if she were angry. "There is no snake worse than a person who breaks his word."

I cannot explain the healing of those days with Grandma. I loved my mother and father, but I always knew that they had each other. But with Grandma, *we* had each other, and there were no intruders. There were no children near to play with, but I did not miss them. Grandma had no telephone, so my parents were not on the line, keeping me tied to them or connected with their life at home. I was in a time capsule, with a person who loved me in many tender ways.

I remember the day Grandma gave me ten cents and told me to go to the bakery and pick out our favorite buns. It was a bright, windy day, and the bay was full of whitecaps.

"Could I go down to the wharf and watch a fishing boat come in?" I asked.

She looked at the loudly ticking kitchen clock and considered.

"Yes, but do not go near the edge of the wharf, and when the five o'clock whistle blows, come straight home. Promise?"

I promised. Our promises were always sacred.

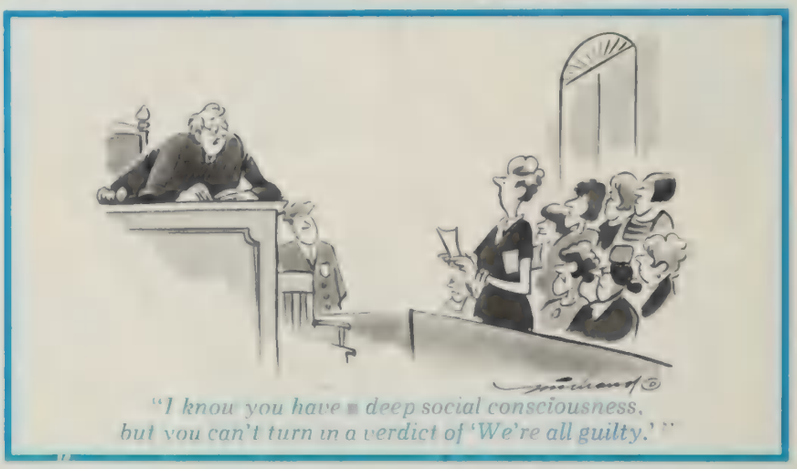
I went down the hill to the town and out to the wharf, with its tarred planks, through which you could see the oily, moving swells. Today the excitement was intense. People were running, pounding down the wharf to the end of the pier, where a big white boat, a steam yacht, was rocking on the water.

"Shot himself—Rich man out there on that yacht—He was going to die anyway, only six months to live—That's a he, he had embezzled his wife's money . . ." I heard snatches of information as they ran.

Someone was being carried up from the boat, wrapped in a seaman's blanket, slung on a stretcher. Someone dead. The icy tide began to rise around my heart.

The men carrying the stretcher marched steadily toward me. I looked around wildly but there was no place to go. I had to let them come on along the narrow dock, nearer and nearer, with their inert burden. As they passed me, the hand of the dead man, jarred by the rhythm of the walking, fell down, and the cold fingers touched me.

I waited trembling until the crowd had followed the stretcher and the wharf was quiet. Then I crept back through the town. When I came to our hill, I ran up it all the way, until my breath failed and my heart pounded.



"I know you have a deep social consciousness, but you can't turn in a verdict of 'We're all guilty.'"

I lifted the latch on our gate and t
up the stairs.

She had seen me coming and st
in the open door. Her gray hair blew
the late afternoon breeze; her che
were pink and soft, and her blue e
looked at me with love and worry.

"What happened?"

"A man . . . he had killed himself
they brought him past—on a stretc
. . . and his hand, his hand Grandma
his hand . . ."

I shook with formless fear. I had
idea why I now felt so alone and c
who had been so warm and safe all
long summer days.

"Come in," she said. "We will sit a
think of that poor man a moment.
will wish him well, Rose."

She sat in her rocker at the windo
I crouched at her feet.

"Oh, Grandma," I moaned, the f
having taken shape at last, "Oh, Gra
ma, don't ever die. Please don't
ever die!"

She had been idly smoothing
hair. She took her hand away and lif
my chin.

"I never will, my darling," she s
looking deeply into my eyes. "I
never die. Never. I promise you."

Grandma never lied and she kept
promises. I believed her.

Dear Grandma. Dear Papa
Mama. All so long gone. Dust th
many years. Papa, who stood by
convictions with true valor to the e
And darling Mama, staunch by his si
never failing in her given word. A
dear Grandma. I needed you most
all. I needed your promise.

It has comforted me all my life.

To do the little things you love to do, let Ben-Gay's warmth help soothe arthritis pain.

Ben-Gay® Lotion. Helps soothe the minor pain of arthritis. Works for hours. And doesn't stain.



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They say a woman thrives on change.
That's why you're always looking
for something new to do.
Something new to wear.
And something different for dinner.

It's a good day for Stouffer's.











New from Clairol®! Easy Comb Easy Set™ does the work of both a clear creme rinse and a setting lotion. It smooths out tangles and builds in body. So you get a great-holding, long-lasting set. Life is hard enough. That's why Clairol made Easy Comb Easy Set so easy.

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Lily is 34, securely married, with two children. And then the nibbling, nagging desire for "a little life of my own" leads her to a secret romance with another man. A sensitive, relevant novel with a liberating message for every woman who is seeking her own identity.

A Perfect Stranger

By Firth Haring

At my thirty-fourth birthday party, I feel even more like a child than usual. My mother and father are here, my aunt and uncle, my children, my benign, smiling husband, and my three-layer cake with candles and pink sugar roses. And when they have sung "Happy Birthday" and I have blown out the candles, everyone who is here clamors to know what I ave wished for. "A happy life," I say.

"*That* wish has already come true," says my mother, triumphantly. As if it were er doing.

"A happy life," announces my husband. "She's got it made."

"You're all so smart," I say.

At the end of the evening as I help my mother on with her coat, she says, "A han doesn't have to put up with that kind of ingratitude." And after they have driven away Jonas asks, "Is it the family that got to you, or just another birthday?"

"It's my life," I say dully. "My whole boring, unproductive, empty, ridiculous life."

"We've been through all this before," he says.

"Yes. I'm sorry it keeps cropping up."

"Why don't you come to the meeting in Palm Beach with me?"

"Let me go back to work."

"Your place is with your children."

"My children don't need me."

"They do need you. They're only five and three."

"They're almost six and three and a half. They're in school all morning, Jonas. They nap in the afternoon. Then they're out playing."

"When they're older, Lily," he says. "Come to the meeting in Palm Beach. You need a little rest."

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And so that is how it started. We packed the boys off to their grandmother's for a week, and I went with Jonas to Palm Beach and was approached by Ian.

Jonas is the executive vice president and marketing director of Fleming & Fleming, piano manufacturers. Among other things, it is his job to conduct a national sales meeting once a year designed to acquaint all the Fleming men in the field with the new pianos and organs they are to sell to all the retail music stores in America.

While all this is going on, I lie on the beach and forget about winter in Westchester. I lie there. I read. I tan. I watch the ocean. I forget about home.

On the third day, when I am lying alone on my private desert, Ian arises from the sea and lopes over to me.

"Hello!"

I am glad for someone to talk to. "Cutting classes?"

"Yes! Deadly this year. Jonas is on our backs."

"Your hair!"

"Oh," he says. "In the South, the wilder I look, the more pianos I sell."

"It's unreal."

"What's real?" he asks, moving around me as if to view me from every angle. "The real should be the ideal, but it hardly ever is, is it?"

I look at him.

"Things are not always what they seem," he says. "Remember your Plato?"

I am not at home with philosophical conversations. He is saying that he is not what he appears to be, and perhaps that I am not what I appear to be.

"Don't mind me," he says, as if he senses that I am put off by philosophy. "I was a philosophy major in college."

He seems so different today that I wonder if he has been drinking, or taking pep pills. He arranges himself suddenly beside me in the sand, alarming me with his bigness and near-nakedness so close.

"How has your year been?" I ask.

"Wild. They buy pianos like crazy in Savannah. I'm way up this year. Everybody else is down."

"I know."

"Jonas tells you that sort of thing?"

"Loves that company."

"Married to it?"

"You might say." I am put off again, offended that he should use my own metaphor for Jonas' career.

"Listen, Lily," he says, "I'm sorry I said that. It was a stupid thing to say."

"Oh, that's all right," I say. "It doesn't bother me. How's Becky?"

Last year the company had a good year and paid for the wives to go to the sales meeting in Miami. Becky was pregnant.

"What did she have?"

"Another girl. Three girls now. Do you mind if I lie down?"

With that wild hippie hair? With that big gangly body? "No." I say. Right in front of the hotel? Where they can all *see?*

I roll over onto my stomach while he hunts on his hands and knee inside my cabana for a mat. We lie, then, on our fronts, heads on arms, observing each other with an eye apiece.

The sun beats down, stupefying me, carrying me into a mood realm of tropical languor and slackness. I don't care about anything I have left behind me. This somnolence, this languor, this letting go makes me sure I am hearing right when he says in a muffled voice, "I think about you." Somehow I already know that. That is why he is here.

"You think about me?"

"All the time. Obsessed."

"Absurd, Ian. Please don't go on." Please *do* go on is what I mean.

He is a creature from another world. So different from Jonas, well-trimmed, well-groomed Jonas. It is time for me to get going, but I find the temptation to stay too difficult to resist. "What is it that you think?" I ask after a long while. I am conscious of my aggression. *I* am doing this. Not he.

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes." Who wouldn't?

"Lily," he says. "You are my ideal woman. I worship you. I have for two years. I would like to become your neoplatonic lover and send you sonnets and play lays for you on my guitar, and kiss your hem, and swear undying fealty."

His conceit amazes me. It is far more elaborate and thought-out than I had expected. "Are you sure it's neoplatonic you mean, or are you working up to Launcelot?"

> *ily Ashe. Not Mrs. Jonas Ashe. Not Teddy and Peter's mother. She wanted to be* somebody *again. And to have a job.*

"Petrarch. Always. Never anything beyond."

I actually believed him. "Games people play."

"I know. Forget it. I'm a fool."

"I *am* happily married."

"I know. Jonas must be a wonderful husband. He's one of my heroes."

"He thinks very highly of you, too."

"If I could be half the man he is. What a leader." And then he added, "I'm burning up. I'm burning up."

He is burning up for me is what he means. Oh, Lily, this is your time to get going. But instead I say, "Shall I cover your legs for you?" I throw my towel over his legs. They are nice and straight and athletic and swirled with hair. "How old are you?" Not that that has anything to do with it. We are old enough to cut the mustard, as they say.

"Twenty-eight. Do I seem like a callow idiot to you? Forget what I said. I'll never bother you again."

I hold my destiny, like a nut, in the cup of my hand.

"I've ruined my career. You'll tell Jonas."

"I'm not going to tell Jonas. I don't tell him everything. But, we *are* happy. Really."

"I know. He's told me."

"He's told you about me?"

"Yes. Always. What a wonderful wife you are."

"I'm not. I carp at him all the time. His job is so important. Takes him away so much. I'm alone."

"That's what first attracted me. You seemed so alone. Secret."

It is inane, pointless, for me to go on lying here listening to a man say such things. But I want to. "I feel very isolated," I say. "My boys are in school all morning. And our town is . . . woodsy. Lonely. I read a lot. Have a few friends."

"I left Becky twice. Went back both times."

"You don't love her?"

"I do, I guess. Got married in college. I've changed: she hasn't. The old cliché. If we ever get out of debt. Now three kids. What a life."

"No wonder you think about other women."

"Not other women. *You. Lily.* My ideal. Could I write to you when the meeting is over?"

"No." Why should he think that?

"I'm sorry. I really won't mention it again."

"It's just that . . ."

"I know. Forget it. I'll just go on the way I was. Feed on you in my heart."

"*Stop* that! It makes me sad. I like you. Would I write back?"

"You could. It would be up to you."

"I'll see," I say. He grabs my hand and kisses it, in full view of the windows where they are having their meetings. And then tall Ian with his fair hair flowing behind him lopes away in his cut-off jeans to hear my husband talk up the new pianos. He *appears* to be a young husband and father upward bound in his career.

Lily, my Laura, he writes in his first letter, dragging in Petrarch. If you could know what a relief it is to have you at last.

You musn't talk about having me, I write to his post office box. We are to keep this in a sensible realm of pianos, books, and company politics. I am willing to listen only on those terms, being happily married.

I know you're happily married, he returns the next day. I don't want to hurt you. We'll write only about books and pianos and how wonderful it would be if we could lie on the beach every day like that and talk and look into each other's eye. Do you remember how it was the last night, when we danced and I had to put my hand on your bare back?

Don't get carnal. It's Jonas' back. We are to elevate each other, and bare backs are not elevating.

Dearest Lily, he writes back. If you could know how my life is changed since Palm Beach. I play to Becky every night on my guitar, and pretend she's you. It makes Becky so happy to be played to. See how *good* you make me. When will we meet again? Fifty more weeks till I hold you in my arms. Couldn't you think up a reason for coming to Savannah?

You're getting off the track. Got to stop writing stuff like that. Makes me nervous. Dancing with somebody isn't the same as holding them in your arms. What if Jonas knew? Is he planning a spring trip to Savannah? I can't ask. He might suspect.

Why should he suspect? Did he notice anything in Palm Beach?

Darling Ian, he *is* planning a trip to Savannah. I looked in his appointment book. In April. I am being especially sweet and kind to him these days. See, you make *me* good, too.

In February the days begin to lengthen into splendid fiery sunsets and I can see and feel and smell spring coming. Jonas' travels don't start until April, when he sets out for weeks at a time to his eleven territories. In February and March Jonas is home with us every night; we are complete, a family, and our weekends are loving and warm and all that a woman could wish for.

The house is of rosy brick, square, light, and pleasant. We have two pianos and four fireplaces, and on Sunday afternoons in the winter Jonas makes a fire in the living room fireplace and plays the piano while I lie on the floor with the boys to build trains and towers out of blocks.

The music crashes around us. Jonas plays the piano the way he does everything else, briskly, with a resolute clatter and dash that banish doubt. It fills my soul with richness and sometimes my eyes with tears. In fact, his playing can, when I'm feeling susceptible, move me more than anything on earth, and on winter Sunday afternoons like these I always feel like the luckiest woman alive. But then I know that in the morning they will all be gone again.

Leaving me alone.

My disaffection began when Peter started nursery school. In any day of sixteen waking hours in this winter of my discontent I have very little of importance to do. I go around the house in the morning after they have all left and toss toys into toy boxes, make the beds, load the dishwasher, distribute the clean laundry. This takes me an hour. At half-past nine I am finished.

"I just want to have a little life of my own, Jonas," I say. "To be *somebody* again. To be plain Lily Ashe. Not Mrs. Jonas Ashe. Not Teddy and Peter Ashe's mother."

I want to go back to my job at the library, where, before he moved us out here to northern Westchester, out of all reasonable reach of the city, I was the assistant curator of medieval and renaissance manuscripts. I long for that quiet job in that quiet place. I was just beginning to make a name for myself when I had to leave.

"To get there by nine, you'd have to leave here by seven," he tells me. "And that's way before the boys have to leave. And you wouldn't be back until seven. You wouldn't be a mother any more. You'd be a tired commuter sleeping in our house at night."

"Like you," I reply angrily. "That's what you are." Yet I know he is right. That's what irks me.

"Look," he says. "If you want to work, get a little part-time job around here."

"No." I want *my* job.

"You want to have your cake and eat it too.

You're a wife and a mother now. If you can find something to do that doesn't interfere with that, fine. Otherwise, forget it."

"You're a tyrant and a bore," I say fiercely through my teeth. "Why should I take a job just to fill my time. Would *you* do that? I want my own job."

So that's why I cracked the little nut that fell into my palm green in January, and ate the ripening meat. Ian gives me a private and a secret life that has nothing to do with anything else. My days build themselves around the mailman's coming, and he comes two or three times a week with mail from Savannah.

Tall Lily, blonde and decorous, I join an exercise class at the Y. I brush my hair furiously to make it shine, and wonder whether to have my ears pierced. I feel I am not beautiful enough, or young enough, or *modern* enough for Ian.

I am happier these days. I begin to whistle while I work, speeding through the familiar chores with an unnatural vim. And I hug and squeeze my boys more than usual and romp with them over the frozen lawn in the weak noon sun. And in the evenings,of course, there is Jonas. I feed him and wine him and listen to him and talk to him. But now always, always, no matter what I do, in a secret part of me another activity is going on. My dialogue with Ian. That is what I *do*.

I write to him, I diet and exercise for him, I perfect my penmanship for him. I read and reread his letters. And I look in the mirror to see how he sees me. I am falling in love with him.

I am an only child. I grew up in rural Connecticut and I had a comfortable and secure childhood. In those days adults tried to shelter children from the realities of life. Up to the time I went to New York for my interview at Barnard, I had never spent a night out of Goshen.

My Barnard years were nearly as quiet as my home years. I was high-minded, there for an education, and pure. After a year getting a master's degree in fine arts at Columbia, I went to work at the library, and there my life went on, as cloistered still as a nun's. Then I met Jonas—at a concert of medieval music in the library courtyard—and we were married a year later.

I am content with Jonas, I suppose, though our minds perhaps have never been totally engaged, or, sometimes I think, our bodies either, and maybe for that very reason. But these are female complaints, and no cause for alarm.

Lying on a beach in a faraway place and talking to a man not one's husband is one thing, and agreeing to write letters to him is another, but getting phone calls from him in one's own house adds a third dimension. I was surprised that the one thing led to the others so quickly.

I think I expected that my being married, and married at that to the man who had hired Ian, would make me unapproachable, once I was out of his physical range. But whatever made me think that? He approached me on the beach in plain view of the hotel windows where Jonas was discussing Sales Strategy for the Seventies. Why did I ever imagine he would hesitate to approach me on the telephone?

What is there about me, I want to ask him, that makes you do this? But the corollary is, What is there about you, Lily, that makes *you* do it, and that question I do not yet want to put to myself.

I came home from Florida with the idea that we would write a few times during the year and that the following year we would meet again at the meetings and perhaps engage briefly on a dark terrace on the last night. But now I am caught up in a whirlwind of letters and phone calls, and I have learned to dissemble and to deceive Jonas with a deftness that makes me marvel.

Don't lovers always know when the phone will ring? I take no chances when I pick up the phone and say, simply, Hi. I know, now, when it will be he. He tells me this is because we have good vibrations, so good that we should put them to work. And so we agree on a time each day for mental concentration, and the time is early in the morning.

That is how it happened that in my king-sized bed in my king-sized bedroom, lying next to my little king-sized husband, I desired Ian. It was impossible, in these surroundings, not to imagine that he lay there next to me, sharing my pillow, while on the other pillow, his back to us, Jonas struggled against waking, giving us perfect freedom.

Adultery. Though my body is, was, Presbyterian, my soul is and always will be pre-Reformation. To imagine the sin is to have committed the sin. That's what the Bible says. I have known him in my heart. This makes me rather hangdog around Jonas.

"You look beautiful tonight, Lily," Jonas says one March evening, coming in from work.

I kiss him on his nose. Jonas is my height, 5'10", and chubby. He hangs up his coat and hat and kisses me back, on the neck. "You must be in love," he says.

"Then you must be my lover," I answer, and that night I embrace him with special warmth so he will be sure that he is.

My husband sleeps. My house sleeps. I lie awake and think of Ian. I try to remember what he looks like. I lie awake in the dark and think of him and of Savannah and April and of coming together with him.

Teddy coughs and cries out for me in the dark. I put them both out this afternoon, and I shouldn't have. It was a raw, gray day, and they had colds. But they were caroming into my Ian reverie, and so I shoved them angrily into snowcoats and put them out.

I lie still, hoping he will go back to sleep, but soon he calls again, and cries. I slip out of bed and down the hall to him in my bare feet. His head is hot. I know that in the morning he will need to see the doctor. This somehow makes me very angry with myself. I can see now what I am doing. It has got to end.

My preoccupation with Ian fills me with disgust, and in the morning I write to him. Ian, I say, for one thing, the telepathy has to go. Erotic thoughts of you are beginning to take over my life. I was willing to be platonic Laura, but we've got to reverse the carnal trend or stop communicating altogether. Besides, am I a woman so poor in spirit that a perfect stranger can alter my life and even my looks and my personality merely by walking up to me on the beach?

A perfect stranger. Perfect, but no stranger. I know him.

Dearest Laura, he returns. If I had to give you up now my life would fall in shreds around my feet. You lighten my dismal existence, you give me hope. I don't want to bring you unhappiness. Down with sex. Who needs it anyway? Please don't stop writing. I have to have your letters.

Seen in this light, what can be wrong? There is no need to be anxious. Not even Jonas could object. I can have a friend, can't I?

And so, I have a friend. But I have thought the unthinkable, I have dwelt on it in my heart, and things will never be the same again.

Imagine my sensation upon arriving in Savannah in April. I am in such a state of high tension at the thought of seeing him again that I scream aloud at a backfiring car. Then I leave my coat in the taxi on the way to the hotel. I never see it again. I think now I meant to leave it, to represent what else I wanted to leave.

"My husband sleeps. My house sleeps. I lie awake and think of Ian . . . and of Savannah and April and coming together with him."

In the hotel room in Savannah, I insist on taking a shower. "There isn't time," Jonas objects. I close the bathroom door on his voice and lock it. I shower quickly, wrap a towel around myself. Then I drop the towel and walk across the room toward the cheval glass. I am pretty. I am amazed at how pretty. Tonight, I want someone to share the vision. I hear Jonas coming but it will not do to stir him up, so I dress quickly before he sees me.

We are to meet in the bar. He is there first. I begin to tremble and shake when I see him. But soon we are laughing and talking and forgetting that Jonas and Becky are there. Becky is trying hard to act the way she imagines Ian wants her to act, but she calls Jonas Mr. Ashe. Jonas is busy being the expansive host. "Call us Lily and Jonas," I say quickly. She blushes. I feel Ian growing still. He is afraid I am going to patronize her. I am afraid I am too. She *is* his wife.

"Will you have lunch with me tomorrow?" I ask her. "And show me around Savannah?" She would love to, she says.

We have another round of drinks and dinner. Ian convulses us with stories about life in Savannah. But when he mentions that he comes from Pittsburgh, I am sobered by the realization of how little I know about this man who has gotten on the inside of my head.

Finally, Jonas says it's time to call it a day. Ian touches my arm as we move out of the dining room, behind Jonas and Becky. We look at each other.

There is a kind of peace in his face. "I'll see you," he says. I swell with joy at the thought.

I have breakfast brought to me in bed in the morning while Jonas dresses to meet Ian. "That Ian," he says as he dresses, "What a beautiful guy. I love him. He's the greatest. Do you know what I mean? Isn't he something else?"

"Yes," I say. "Very nice."

Lunch is Ian-this and Ian-that. And Ian is doing so well this year, and Ian is so good with the girls these days. "But, of course," Becky is saying, "it all means you can't mind playing second fiddle, doesn't it?"

"Second fiddle?" I fear she is going to make some horrible woman-to-woman revelation.

"To his job." She looks directly at me with very clear eyes. "You must have the same thing."

"Oh, yes. Yes. Jonas is very involved. I wish I could get *my* teeth into something."

"Do you mean a job?" she asks. "What about your little boys?"

"My little boys are in school all morning."

"I don't believe in women working when they have little ones at home," she says.

"It's not everyone's cup of tea." I reply diplomatically. "But I think women feel better when they're being productive, in an economic sense."

"Well, I don't," she says. "I think Mom is doing the very best thing she can do by giving her children the security of knowing she's at home waiting for them whenever they might need her. LOVE is what mother means. Not bringing home money."

"Well," I say, "time is life, and we should be able to do more than one thing at a time." Have more than one man at a time, for instance. "Wasted time is wasted life."

"You're an intellectual," she says. "You need more."

Yes, Becky.

I send Jonas out to get a prescription for Darvon filled, and while he is gone I call Ian. I let the phone ring once and hang up. Then I dial a second time. He answers on the first ring. Plan II, I say, and hang up. If Becky asks, he will say it was a wrong number.

When Jonas returns I order him to go to a movie so I can be alone with my aching head. Fifteen minutes later I meet Ian in the bar. We know we are taking a chance, but we have an alibi all ready. It would be riskier to go out to another place, or to have him in the room. And as for that, I am not really ready yet to have him in my room.

It doesn't matter where we meet; we say what we have to say.

"I think about you all my waking hours."

"I know. I know. I do the same."

"You obsess me."

"I know. It's the same with me."

"What shall we do?"

"I'll never leave Jonas."

"I couldn't ask you to. I'll never leave Becky again either."

"Was there somebody else the other times? Does she suspect anything now?" There are some questions we do not even take the time to answer, so avid are we to get to the point.

"I'm madly in love with you," he says, and I feel so gratified I could cry. I don't say anything. I want him to say it.

"What shall we do then?" he asks again.

"Keep on?" He makes *me* do it.

When we leave he walks with me to the elevator. "I'll get to New York this summer," he says. "Some way." Behind a column he passes his mouth over mine. Dry. We like it and try it again. I am faint when I step into the elevator.

At home again I change. I am gay and happy, my eye focused on summer. The household relaxes. It does not bother me that I have entered into a compact with another man. I have segregated that right out of my life with Jonas. It belongs to my other life, my secret life, and I feel I have every right to have it that way.

Some days I let everything go in the house to be outside in the sun. It suits my new mood. We spread an army blanket on the back lawn and have lunch out there one Saturday and talk about the wood porch that squares out an ell off the kitchen and that is going to be removed this week because termites have undermined the footings.

Jonas has plans for the ell. "Let's have a big curving redwood deck built," he says, "with a gas-fueled grill. We can eat out there all summer."

"No," I say flatly. "Eating out is only more work for Mother. And besides it's too hot on this side of the house."

"What about having some steps built coming down out of the kitchen and laying a nice flagstone patio?"

"We already have a nice flagstone patio. We never use it."

I lie on my stomach on the blanket and study the ell. "I'd like to have that door from the kitchen to the porch bricked in," I say after a while. "That would give us some extra wall space in the kitchen and then we can build a walled garden coming out from the house. I saw one in Savannah."

"What's a walled garden?"

"We could extend the kitchen wall of the house a few feet," I muse, ignoring his ignorance, "and then build a wall on the other side about nine feet from the southeast corner of the house, and lay a brick lawn in a herringbone pattern with a diamond shape left in the center for a birdbath or a little herb bed."

He does not like the idea, but I embroider it in my mind all the afternoon. Snug and sheltered, it will be my private place to sit and dwell on Ian and read his letters even on the most blustery days of the fall and spring.

On Monday morning, the first thing I do after the boys leave for school and Jonas for Minneapolis is to call a mason. He returns with a truckload of rosy brick to match the old brick of the house. He digs the footings and teaches me how to mix mortar and lay brick. I am an apt learner, being highly motivated. He leaves me a tool of his that acts like a finger in stroking the mortar between the bricks into submission. It has an effect on me, that thing. It drives me crazy for Ian.

The mason goes away, returning only at intervals to check on my progress. Up go the walls, brick upon brick, row upon row. I work every day all day for two weeks, on my knees at first, then in a crouching sort of stoop while I lay the middle rows, and then standing at easy working height in the warm afternoon sun of April to do the final rows.

I buy a pear tree and three rose bushes to espalier on the south wall and basil and thyme for a herb diamond in the center, and parsley and sage for the borders. Then I move a green wooden high-backed love seat into my little garden, and I sit there and admire it in the April sun. I read romantic poetry. I think of Ian and of how it could be.

In short, I am going madly, madly into love with him.

"Are we having an affair?" Ian wrote this week. "What will happen when we see each other again? Will we make love?" All questions that are eating at the edges of the block of consciousness in my own head labeled *Ian. What* is going to happen?

The memory of his long athlete's body as I saw it on the beach inflames my mind when I let myself travel over it in my secret depths. I hanker for him and lie awake at night to dwell in solitude on him.

Was it so? Did her husband secretly hope the commute would do her in, so she'd give up the subversive idea of working?

I call up his broad face, his large head of light and clean hair that falls floppily away on both sides of a part set low down on the left side of his head. His eyebrows are dark and low, too, and ride on the the ridge of his gray eyes, which thus seem to be forever peering at one as if from out of a cave.

He has a mouth that is a *mouth*, almost a woman's mouth, in fact, so perfectly etched and symmetrical that a woman would be lucky to have it, and a nose that looks at if it has been bashed by a brickbat, or a club.

He is not at all a "handsome" man. If he were I would have steered clear of him. Such men make me uneasy; they are always better looking than I. But he has the pleasantest face, the most comfortable mannish man's face, that ever looked at me.

"I love you," he wrote yesterday, and the sight of the words shot an arrow of desire into my center so sharp I felt pain. I play records that remind me of him. *Like a bridge over troubled waters, I will ease your mind.* Jonas: Come home and ease my mind.

Adultery. I don't like that word. After reading the letter in which he first put my fantasy into his own words. Will we make love? I tore it into pieces and threw it into the trashcan.

I put Ian out of my mind and settle the boys down in the kitchen to look at books while I bring the house to life with lights and music, and simmer our dinner on the stove. My children, my husband, my Little King, winging homeward to me in the morning, these give me equanimity and the only peace of mind I can ever know. Ian is going to destroy it all.

Jonas comes home during the night, smelling like airplane fuel. In the morning he is astonished to see what I have done. "I don't like this at all," he says angrily. "This isn't Hampton Court, and you're not Anne Boleyn. I want this taken down."

"I'm not going to take it down."

"It looks lousy. I don't want it backed up to the house like that."

"Why do you always have to come home mad? I missed you." I stroke his unshaved cheek. "I *missed* you." I *did* miss him.

I have disarmed him. He takes my hand and holds it in his lap. "I don't like that thing you built, Lily."

"I know."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to leave it there." I speak very softly.

"I never thought you'd do a thing like this to me, Lily. You've changed my house without even asking me."

"The mason said I did a fantastic job. It was a labor of love, Jonas. It took me two weeks." Whose love?

"I'm coming down with an awful cold, Lily. You're just making me feel worse by arguing with me."

"I'm sorry. Shall I make you some tea?"

"Won't you take it down?" he asks.

"No."

"Lily, it's so *unlike* you to go against me."

"Jonas. You are *boring* me. I am not going to take it down. It's mine. I made it. And I love it." Jonas and I never fight. We only speak in italics.

"Please?"

"Oh, stop making such a fuss about it." I tell him how lovely it will be when the pear tree blooms. "It's going to *enhance* your property."

He shakes his head, discouraged. "I don't know what's gotten *into* you," he says.

An opportunity to work again presents itself in May. Mr. D'Allessandro needs me to prepare a catalog for a special exhibit the library is having in the fall. The prospect of getting back to the serene but busy atmosphere of the library, even if only for a few weeks, makes me very happy. Jonas is pleased, too. I think he secretly hopes the commute will do me in, make me forget once and for all about the subversive idea of working.

The library is unchanged, the same solemn stillness. And on the first day when I go out to walk at noon to see the neighborhood, I find that it has not changed either.

Only people's looks have changed. There is something in the air. It is hair. Everyone is growing it. And it is breasts. Women by the dozens have liberated their breasts.

When I turn back down the avenue toward the library, I catch a glimpse of myself in a plate-glass window. The whole configuration of me is all wrong! I am too carefully mixed and matched, a suburban woman in town for lunch and a matinee.

That evening when I sink into the seat beside Jonas on the 5:38 I am in total disarray. I have run four blocks to make the train. My lipstick has long since worn off, my hair is tangled, my fingers are stained with ink. I am exhausted. But I feel full of myself and good.

"See," Jonas says. "And you want to do this every day."

"If I did it every day it would be a lot easier."

"What are we having for dinner?"

"Meat loaf."

He smiles. "Well, I suppose you working women have to compromise somewhere."

"Shut up, Jonas," I say. "You love meat loaf."

By the time we get home it is 7:30. The boys are wild to see me. They nearly knock me over.

As soon as he leaves to take the sitter home, I rush to look at the mail. I slip Ian's letter behind the toaster and set the table. We eat our overcrisp meat loaf and baked potatoes and canned tomatoes in the kitchen, with the boys clamoring around us for our attention.

"I went to Philadelphia today," says Jonas.

I am surprised. "Why?"

"There was a selling situation involving the conservatory. Anderson let us down again, so the manager of the store called this morning and asked me to come down to help him out. They're going to order from us." He is very pleased with himself.

"I'm so *proud* of you, dear. Why didn't you tell me on the train."

"I was mad at you."

"For working?"

"Yes."

"Jonas."

"I hate to see you looking so fagged."

"What are you going to do about Anderson?" The regional manager for the mid-central region.

"Fire him."

"Who's going to replace him?"

"I'd like to see Ian come up."

I knew he was going to say that, but my blood rushes anyway. And then he adds, "But first I'll give Anderson one more chance." Someday he will say that about me.

We put the boys to bed, and I take a hot bath with the door locked and Ian in the tub with me—that part of him that is in the letter.

He is coming!

I do cartwheels all over the ceiling. He is coming! They are driving to Pittsburgh to visit Becky's mother for a week in the middle of June. "Will you be at home?" he asks. "Can I see you? I can say I have to go to New York to see Jonas for a few days in the middle of the week."

All of me, why not see all of me, I sing to the echo in the big bathroom. But later, when I am in bed next to slumbering Jonas, I do not feel quite so gay. My play world is coming to an end. I am going to deceive my Little King for real.

At five I rise to clear the dishwasher, run a load of laundry, and write a letter to Ian. "I am afraid to see you. I am afraid of what we are going to do. But come. Come anyway. You can stay in the apartment over our garage. Nobody ever goes up there."

What am I doing, I think. What *am* I doing? He can't stay here.

I go at noon to a beauty salon for a consultation. My consultant studies me frontways and sideways. "You're out of date," she says. "You're just out of date. But we can fix you up with a new hairdo. Give you today's Look. You want to say, I like sex. See? The sensuous woman."

I looked at myself in the mirror. Actually, I don't see how she is going to change me. I have looked one way nearly all my life. I leave with twenty-one dollars worth of makeup and night creams and wake-up rinses. I meet Jonas on the train again and describe the contents of all my new little jars and pots and how they will make me beautiful and up-to-date. "But I like you the way you are," he says.

I look at myself in the dark train window as we move through the tunnel. My eyes look back at me from under a blonde fringe of shiny hair that just clears my eyebrows. The rest of my hair is tucked behind my ears. My eyes are gray and darting, like a bird's. My nose is long and sharp and contends with my cheekbones for prominence. Only my mouth is curving and full and soft and redeems the angularity of the rest of me. I like me. Jonas likes me. Ian likes me. Why should I change?

At home, I experiment in my room with the make-up. Finally, I go downstairs and sit in the living room where Jonas is watching television. After a while, he says, "Is that the makeup?"

"Yes. Do you like it?"

"Not really."

I don't like it either. Before going to bed I try again, and I get it just right. I love my new mauve mouth. "Do I look beautiful and tarty, Jonas?"

"Yes," he says. "Got a boyfriend?"

"Yes." I pull my hair forward and let it fall around my face so that I look like a medieval page. It suits me, especially now that I have offered a bed in my barn to Launcelot. Jonas whacks me on the rear end as he walks past me to go to the bathroom.

In bed we make love. I am happy, content. But, then, why am I doing what I am doing? I start to weep, and he holds me closer, stroking my back. "Jonas," I cry, "don't let me go."

"I'll never do that," he says.

"I'm so afraid."

"Of what?"

"That I'll run away from you," I sob.

"You won't run away. I won't let you." He rocks me.

"I'm going to feel so trapped again when this job is over."

"I know."

"If I could only *do* something."

"You are."

"It isn't enough. I have nothing. I'm not anybody."

He holds me and strokes my hair. "You have everything," he says. "I love you. You're my woman. The time will come."

"But how, when?"

"Shhh. We'll think of something. Papa will fix it."

Jonas sleeps. I lie awake thinking of my life. He is right and wise, of course, in seeing what we have together, everything there is to have: our health, our boys, our love, our house, our sufficient income —everything, that is, but my contentment. We no longer have that. So Jonas is wrong in thinking I will never leave him. I may well go away.

Ian had come along at a time when something in me wants to be expressed, a new awareness of time passing and of fleeting change of which I have been no part, a new faith in myself that wants to try itself in the world, and a new notion that there is something to which I am better suited than the keeping of house in a house that is empty all day. All the other things I have are not enough, unless I have the one thing that now tantalizes me: to be my own woman: not to be a dutiful daughter, not to be a child-wife, not to be a slave mother.

What am I to Ian? How does he see me? You move set apart from the rest of us, he writes, and I set myself apart from them to go to you. Your eyes call me. What luck I had to find the woman I was born to love! Can we, Lily, in another time and place live our love?

Can we, Ian? Where would we begin? Whose state would we live in? Whose children would we have? Whose money would we spend? Whose love would we lose? Whose love are we free to lose?

Ian, you think that I am my own woman, wise and calm, strong and resourceful. But you are wrong, my love. I am not that. I only appear to be that. In reality I am Jonas' woman, merely. An appendage to Jonas' existence. It is through *you* that I am somehow going to become what you think I am.

Jonas thinks any power and energy I may have are thoroughly enough expended in the kind of mothering and wifing we do, we women with our baby-sitting co-ops, our car pools, our frozen foods, and our other clever time-saving devices. But I wonder, what are they saving time for us to do, after all?

Jonas is wrong. I am trapped in your dream of how it should be, Jonas. But now I have a new dream, and I am not going to give it up. So listen to me.

I have the dream that I can live in two worlds, yours and Ian's, and begin to think of myself as the product of my own choices for the first time in my life. Is that too much to ask?

I am glad when Jonas calls and suggests that we meet tonight in the bar car, even though I know he is only being kind to me, because he is going to California on Monday for two weeks.

I can hardly bear to think what it will be like, with him gone and me working and the boys not liking the baby sitter I have hired. I would like to fire her and ask my mother to help me for two weeks, but I am saving her patience for June, when Ian comes.

Jonas is jolly, but I am not taken in. We will speak in italics before the weekend is over. I want to make sure he knows how I hate it when he goes away, leaving me to do everything. He keeps bringing up our vacation, as if to remind me that we will all be together, as I like it, in just another month. But before we go, Jonas, do you have any idea what is going to happen to you? I picture him innocently giraffe-like, a little pair of soft spotted horns growing out of his forehead.

Mrs. Bush's well-loathed form waits outside by the back steps. I make her wait a little longer while I write out her check for the week. Sixty hours equals one hundred and twenty dollars. Almost all of my take-home pay and not tax deductible either. And I had to pay the cleaning woman twenty dollars for Wednesday. It's a good thing I don't have to support myself.

I notice that the boys don't say good-bye to Bush when Jonas takes her home. Peter says she has whiskers when I ask him how she was with him today. Teddy says she stinks.

"There is a new faith in myself that wants to try itself in the world." And so begun the dream of living in two men's lives.

I think she stinks too when I go into the house and see the way she has left it. Jonas is upset by my being upset and also because he does not like the woman. "There's something about her," he says. "She looks like someone I saw once in the *Daily News* who committed an ax murder."

"Please!" I shudder to think I may have left my sons in the hands of an assassin.

That night as we undress the boys for bed, I notice four little blue marks high on Peter's left arm. "What's this?"

"Mrs. Bush squeezed me," he says. "I wouldn't stand in the corner."

"Why did she want you to stand in the corner?"

"I wouldn't eat my lunch."

"And what happened after she squeezed you?"

"I cried."

"And what else?"

"Teddy socked her."

"And then what did she do to Teddy?"

"She punched him back on his head."

Teddy corroborates the story. Jonas is wild, and I am beside myself. He calls her on the phone and threatens to have her arrested.

"I didn't like her from the beginning," he says, storming into the kitchen.

I didn't either, but now what am I going to do?

I start calling sitters and setting up interviews for the morning. I am exhausted.

Jonas, who had been making listening noises all this time, finally comes out to the kitchen and says what is on his mind. He doesn't like the idea of getting someone else. He thinks I should call Mr. D'Allessandro and tell him I can't go back on Monday.

"But they're not all like her," I protest. "She was just a nut. I have to go to work. I have to."

"Look," he says, "I'll cancel my trip and stay home for two weeks while you finish the catalog if it's that important to you."

It would really be dear of him, if it were not so insincere. He knows I wouldn't let him do that. "I won't leave them if I don't have complete confidence in the next woman," I promise him.

"I wish you'd change your mind."

"Jonas, I have a thing about disappointing people."

"You don't seem to have a 'thing' about disappointing me. I guess I'm not important around here. I'm only the poor slob who pays all the bills. You don't even seem to be bothered about the boys," he goes on. "All you care about is yourself, and that little shortcut to nothing you work for." And Ian. Don't forget him. I care about him.

"Will you change your mind then?"

"No."

"You're going to risk the boys' lives, then, is that it?"

"No. You're exaggerating. I promise you it won't happen again."

"All right," he says coldly. "I hold you responsible."

Saturday, between interviews, I make beds, pick up toys and clothes, vacuum rugs, do laundry, prepare meals, pay bills, go to the supermarket for a week's worth of groceries. By the end of the afternoon, I have hired a new woman. Even Jonas agrees that she is admirable.

But I am spent, my resources flushed out of me in the labor of choosing her, in the strife with him, in the Ian-guilt that enfolds me now like a fog, in the fright it gives me to think of the chance I have taken with my happiness, in the physical work I have had to do on top of it all. It is all too much for me, and so I write Ian not to come.

I think how simple my life was and how complicated I made it by adding Ian to it. But I have reversed that now, and we are safe again; we are together. I have a commitment to myself, yes, but I have another one to Jonas and our boys and our life together, and that comes first, it now seems to me.

But still I ache and keen, and Jonas sees it in my face an hour later and thinks it is because he is going away. He puts his arms around me as I stir the bacon, and I weep bitterly. Oh, Ian. I wanted you so. You were meant for me.

"Just two more weeks," Jonas soothes. "And I'll be back and your job will be over, and then school will end and we can start packing to go."

Yes, all that is so. And the job *is* too much for me. Nothing is worth sixty hours a week. But why couldn't I have met Ian instead of Jonas?

June lengthens out its rare days, lighting them

with a sunny beauty that flecks the lawn with gold and dapples even me as I wait for Ian in my little walled garden in the mornings. He said if I would let him come he would put no pressure on me. How will it be, then? Alone in the vast world of love and betrayal I have entered all by myself—I think of how it will be when he comes.

I go again and again to the rooms over the barn, airing them daily, taking care to close the windows before Jonas comes home from work.

Have I gone mad? Am I really going through with this? He is coming, though I am afraid. It makes me sick, the conflict and the anxiety on the one hand, and the rage to see him on the other.

He calls from a gas station to make sure I am alone and arrives five minutes later. I hear the screen door bang behind me, and I hear my sandals slap over the flagstones. That is how I know I am going to him.

He is unwinding his body out of the car, whose windshield is covered with the bodies of moths. He has driven all night to get here. I never knew Pittsburgh was so far away. The gravel stops crunching. That is how I know I have put up my cheek to be kissed.

I am diffident. I look at him for a long time to see who it is who has come into my life this year and changed things. And then I take him on a tour of the house, but only the outside of it. I do not want to take him in. We sit on the green wooden bench in the walled garden, and I tell him something about walled gardens, and how I saw one in Savannah, and how I laid the bricks for this one.

"You must be hungry," I say finally. "Why don't you take your suitcase up to the barn?"

"I've left it at a motel outside of Stamford," he says. I am so happy I could dance. "Thank you," I say. "Thank you, Ian. I was so afraid of it." His staying *here*.

In the house we drink ale in the kitchen while I grill cheese sandwiches. He sits at the island counter and watches me move about in the wisteria-blue dress I have bought for him. It is cut deeply to the neck, leaving bare the shoulders I have tanned for him. He reaches out to touch me once as I move past him, and I stop and stand still for a second like a cat that wants to be stroked.

After lunch we walk down through the field of ripening grass, heat rising around us from the earth and with it the smells of a summer afternoon.

Everything seems far away. My peonies tremble beneath the sun, and across the brook raspberries seem to swell and ripen on the canes. Summer afternoon. A time for children. But we are not children, and there is something unsaid and undone that hangs in the air. Ian says, Lily, let's lie down somewhere. I can't talk with my head up anymore.

So we go up to the barn through the grass, and lie down on our backs on the studio couch, looking up at the high-pitched whitewashed ceiling. I turn my face to look at you, to let you kiss me if you want to, but you only want to return my gaze. You raise yourself on your elbow and touch my face with the tips of your fingers; like a blind man reading you read me.

After a while I turn over so I can be on my elbow too, and we talk softly, our faces almost touching, saying what it is we like about each other, what it is that makes us know that this is meant to be.

"One night I had a dream that we were together, and when I woke I could hear Becky breathing next to me."

Did you cry? Because your eyes are getting wet now. I kissed them. "We were supposed to be together," you say.

"Yes." But we missed each other somehow.

We lie on our sides and kiss slowly and quietly with our eyes open. And after a while you lean over me and undo my blue dress down the back. I offer neither help nor resistance. You kiss my shoulder. For an hour you caress me while our faces whisper and touch and my fears diminish.

I lie still again for a very long time. "How can you stand this?" I hear my own pulse drumming in my head.

You only look at me, but your eyes say something.

"You're making me do it, then?"

"Yes."

"So I'll be sure?" Just like in Savannah and Palm Beach, he makes me be the one to take the initiative.

"Yes."

"It's hard for me."

ater, she lay in bed and wondered if, when she looked in the mirror, she'd see the inner vileness showing through.

"I know."

"I love you," I whisper. It is so hard for me to say.

"What's for dinner?" He throws his briefcase in the back seat and gets in next to me. I have had to meet the 7:07, because I put his car in for a tune-up this week so he can't take an early train home, as he sometimes does to surprise me when the boys are away, and drive up while Ian is with me. He kisses my cheek, and I smell the sweat on him and the city. I have not had time even to wash, and I reek also. Adultery is not nice.

"Cold chicken. Something light."

"Good." We wait at a light and I look at him and let him see my face. What does he see there? Nothing. It must be there, if he only had the eyes.

"The air conditioning broke down on the train. It was murder. And I had to fire Anderson today. He was not overjoyed."

"Take a nice shower. I'll make you a gin and tonic."

"Lily. You're the only one I can count on." He turns to me to caress my bare brown leg, a husband's possessive gesture.

While he is in the shower I bathe Ian off me quickly in the boys' bathroom and when he comes clean and hearty and in possession of himself into the bedroom, I am lying there. I don't know what I have done or why, or what I am going to do, or what there is in me that makes me false twice in one day. But I am strangely calm and feel no guilt at all, and after dinner, when we walk down through the fields to the brook in the moonlight and talk about how we should try to convince the neighbors downstream to let us dam the brook for swimming, I think. Nothing has changed. It's as if it never happened.

But later, in bed, I lie awake for a while and wonder if tomorrow, when I look in the mirror, I will seen an inner vileness showing through. There must be some price to pay for what I have done.

Ian brings a box of raspberries when he comes in the sunny kitchen and later we go up to the barn to make love. I kiss his eyes and his battered nose and his perfect mouth and try to tell him what he is to me. Now there is a hopelessness in the air. It is a time for promises but what can we promise?

"Stay here tonight," I beg him. "I'll come out when Jonas goes to sleep."

"No, I can't."

"Please! I'll meet you at the end of the driveway at a certain time?"

He thinks. "No," he says finally. "We've taken enough chances. Anyway, I checked out of the motel this morning. I have to start back."

"Why? Why tonight?"

"Because Becky thinks I flew to New York, so I have to be in Pittsburgh in the morning."

His reasonableness infuriates me. What Becky thinks has nothing to do with us. "I don't care! Ian. I love you. I don't want you to go."

He holds me. "You care. And it matters how we do this. If we're going to keep on."

"Are we then?"

"Aren't we?"

"But for how long can we?" Forever? Like this?

"For as long as you want."

"As *I* want?"

"I'll never stop."

And then we hear the car grinding up the gravel driveway. I know without looking that she has brought the boys back a day early, my mother. That was why the phone in the house was ringing this morning.

We dress with rapid expert movements, smooth the bed, put the pillow in the wardrobe. The room looks as it did before we came to it.

The boys, shouting "Mom!" are running around the house looking for me, and my mother, seen from above, looks damp and irked. She peers around the yard for me, and then walks into the house, followed by my father.

"Good-bye," Ian says.

"Good-bye."

"I'll be back."

"I don't know yet what I'm going to do."

"Don't do anything drastic." What did *that* mean?

"I'm not sorry for anything," I say. "I just don't know whether I'll be able to go on with two lives."

"I know."

"Will you write?"

"We're leaving for the beach on Saturday."

"If I can. Yes."

I want you now. Don't go.

"I'll be back when you want me."

"Run now," he says.

"Yes." Ian.

"Good-bye. I love you."

"Good-bye." Ian. Ian. I kiss him quickly on the mouth. A brief taste of him is all I have as I run down the stairs and into the field of sun and shadows where my sons are searching for me.

"*There* you are. Where have you been all day?" My mother is querulous from the heat. "Where were you just now? The boys are out looking for you."

"Down by the brook."

"I called you all morning to tell you we were bringing them back. Peter cried for you the whole time. I couldn't take it. Whose car is that outside with the Georgia license plates?"

"A handyman. I was showing him the brook to see what he thought about damming it for swimming."

I flee to my room and shut the door and lie so still on my white plissé bedspread that I fancy I can hear him still breathing and whispering next to me.

The boys ferret me out. They climb on top of me, paper me with kisses, beg me to go outside to play with them. I press them to me, my little Indians, smelling their baby skin and hair. I wonder how they would remember me if I should go.

When Jonas comes home, I get up to stand at the window to listen to what my mother has to say. She tells him that I didn't answer the phone all morning, that a handyman from Georgia was here when they arrived, and that I have another one of my headaches. She senses a connection among these random facts. I lie down again and think of her word for women like me: *Bum*. It isn't a nice word, especially the way she says it.

Jonas comes at dusk. He lies next to me in the dark and strokes my back. He cannot see my face, and for that I am grateful. Oh, Jonas, I have been so bad to you.

I tell him that he must arrange to send the boys away in the morning so I can be alone for a day to unknot my migraine, so I can calm and collect my senses strung out now like lights on a cliff in a windstorm.

I stand in the tall window in the upstairs hall in the morning and watch with a certain coldness as they drive away with Jonas to spend the day at Connie's house. I wonder if I will watch them drive away for good with him someday, for I know there is one argument he will never let me win.

What do I have of yours? I root in the trash for the empty raspberry box and set it on the kitchen table beside a postcard signed Mickey Mouse from Disneyland and a picture of you taken four years ago when your hair was short. (I hardly recognized you at first when I found it in Jonas's files.) That is all I have of you that I can touch.

My faculties are disarranged. I pack for vacation in such a haphazard way that I know, even as I do it, that I am doing it all wrong. I don't even want to go this year.

Jonas is running backwards down the beach, limbs at unfamiliar angles. A flock of children run with him, wishing skyward the diving leaping kite he is winding out, a chrome yellow box dancing against the deep blue curtain of sky.

All is in such absolutes today. Absolute colors, absolute directions, absolute forms, absolute values. This is good, our being here together: our marriage, our family. Everything that diminishes it is bad. My love for Ian is bad.

Is my love for Ian bad? That question has been haunting my head for two weeks. If one sees things in absolutes as Jonas does, then the answer must be yes. But my imagination feeds on gradients that his does not admit. One loves Jonas, or one does not. One is married to him, or one is not. Yet, I love him, and I love Ian too, and I am married to Ian in a way I have never been married to Jonas, as a kite is married to the sky—briefly, wondrously, recklessly.

I have written to Ian many times since he left seventeen days ago, but I have mailed none of the letters. At first I did not want my love thoughts to grow cold in a post office box in Savannah while he mingled in Pittsburgh with in-laws, and then there is something else that has come over me. I do not yet understand what it is, but I am thinking about it all the time, trying to figure it out.

It has something to do with being here and with our feeling, Jonas' and mine, that we will not be coming here again, that this place is not good for us anymore. This has been "our" place for eight years. Teddy was conceived here, and Peter was born here one early August morning, in the Southampton hospital. As the boys have grown we have rejoiced here to think of the idyllic summers we are giving them, a summer "place" to recall in later life as an anchor in a world that has devalued anchors.

But the place has changed. It has caught on with people who look strange to us. There are a great many more cars now, more boutiques full of looney clothes and looney people, more bars, more weird houses sitting uncomfortably in vanished potato fields.

We are glad now that we did not buy the cottage when we had a chance several years ago. We will have to find a new place, Jonas says. Try to start over somewhere else to give the boys a tie, a sense of place, a sense of good old summer days to lend perspective to the crazy times. He is lying next to me now, back from kite flying. Innocent. He thinks we are happily married.

He has no conception of the extremes I am trying to weather. What have I done? What is life except to be good to those who love you? What sadness, what abiding sadness I feel, to think I have not been good.

Tonight, when Jonas leaves, his brother Aaron will go too, to get the Metroliner back to Baltimore, but Kathy and the girls will stay. I am looking forward to being alone with her for a few days. Kathy buoys me, gives me the impression that all is not lost.

She is the best girl I know. Virtue incarnate, perfect wife, wise mother, she plays her role with total enthusiasm. She is blonde and trim and good as gold. If she knows there's been a sexual revolution in this decade, she isn't letting on. Her swimsuit, as she calls it, which is at least as old as her marriage, is one piece and flowered, and has a built-in bra and boxy bottom.

I like to feel that if anything should happen to me Kathy will take over.

If I should go away. Not that he has asked me to. And not that I have made up my mind that I would if he did. I don't know. I feel when I think of it all as if I am being stretched out to the snapping point. Yet the rack is of my own devising. And who is doing the stretching? Ian? Jonas? Me myself? I wonder if I am having a nervous breakdown.

The beach is rapidly filling up with tawdry groups. Everything revolves around sex out here now. Everyone is thinking it and talking it and listening to it on their transistors and doing it with their eyes. I look back at our blanket, at Kathy and Aaron and Jonas. They seem unconcerned by it all, relics of a bygone age. On the other hand, the sun and the scene are stirring me against my will. I *desire* Ian. Desire him madly.

I think this must be the punishment I expected, the cosmic retribution exacted for stolen pleasure: the crashing down I cannot share. No one knows. I have had to crash all alone.

"What are you and Aaron doing to protect your girls from modern life?" I ask Kathy when we are finally alone in the evening.

She looks at me strangely. "What do you mean?"

"I'm very depressed," I tell her. "I feel everything is rotten right through."

"It's not normal to be depressed about something so big and vague," she says. "Depression comes from anger you haven't expressed. Or guilt."

She goes out to the kitchen to make us some tea. I cry noiselessly and hopelessly in the uncomfortable rattan chair. "You never find everything you want in one man," she says. "If you care, you have to make do. The next one won't have something Jonas has."

I know.

"I left Aaron once," she says. "We didn't tell you."

A dizziness, a fluttering in a hollow spot just behind my forehead. Not Kathy. I try not to listen to the story of her lover and their trysts in the new motel on the outskirts of town. He is so romantic, keeping next to his heart always the key to a locker they rent where they keep their nightclothes and special underwear and other essentials.

But I don't tell her anything, except that it is just such revelations as hers that are depressing me.

"A woman has a lover," she says angrily. "What's the big revelation? Men do it." I have not seen her so aggressive before. An ugly look has taken over her face. I am afraid of her. I am afraid of all of us women.

It's that she kept it hidden, I try to tell her. She presented us with an illusion.

"And what are *you* doing? That's what's depressing you, you know. Trying to keep up some kind of illusion that you're so happy with Jonas."

"I am happy." I was happy.

"Happy," she sneers. "Happy. I suppose you think your lover's going to make you happy too. Well, let me tell you something . . ."

"I never said that," I retort. Did I even mention "my lover"? I can't remember. Everything is swirling around in my head.

There is nothing more to say, and so I say good night. But in the morning she says to me, "I'm really sorry about last night. I was drunk."

"Drunk?"

"I drink," she says.

"I didn't see you drinking."

"I was drinking out of the mug. You thought it was tea." She produces a quart bottle of bourbon from under the kitchen sink and holds it up for me to see. There is a little left at the bottom. "It was full two nights ago," she says, putting it back under the sink.

Men do it," said Kathy, angrily, after she confessed her own trysts. Lily was suddenly afraid, afraid of all women.

I stare at her in horror. "What are you *doing* about it?"

"Nothing. I like it."

The next day, when it is time for her to leave for Baltimore, she says to me in her firm, just way, I expect you not to tell Jonas anything. "When it gets out of hand, I'll do something, so don't worry," she says, the woman I was going to leave my children to.

When the children are in bed, I am finally alone, for the first time since Ian. I lie on the couch in the living room and try to reconstruct our two days again but the memories are already fading, and there are some sequences I cannot remember at all.

Is it all over? Is that all there is going to be? Or will there be a letter waiting for me when I get home, a letter helping me to decide how I am going to live the rest of my life?

There is something disagreeably quaint about this state of mind in this day and age. I am still Jonas' child-wife, the maiden waiting for her man. An appendage. What is it going to take to free me? I think of myself as a colonial nation, occupied in stages by imperialistic parents, husband, children. I am struggling for self-government. I want to fly under my own flag, my motto emblazoned in red on a purple field—one woman, one life to lead.

But I have performed my little act of rebellion, my attempt to sever the colonial ties, under false colors. Instead of running up my own flag, I have simply flown under Ian's. So not only am I still Jonas' woman, I am Ian's woman as well.

I hear a car door close and seconds later a twig snap under the kitchen window. Panic freezes me into inaction. There is a quick knock on the glass pane in the front door. I spring up in terror and rush to the door. With trembling hand I switch on the porch light.

It is Ian. I gather him in. He has been in New York with Jonas all day, talking about Anderson's job. He has rented a car and made the long drive out here, arriving breathless in the town with no idea of where I lived. He has found me by animal instinct, sniffing me out.

"Why haven't you *written?*" His face is ghastly. I kiss it and draw it to my breast, stroking his temples. I love him.

"I couldn't." What was I supposed to write?

"You can't believe what I've been through. And then today?" Today, in New York with Jonas, making promises, registering expectations, forecasting and reviewing, calling Becky with the good news and the lie, the drive, the traffic, the uncertainty of my whereabouts and now all the tension coming loose in lovemaking that is as brilliant and complete as a major diamond. He leaves at the first light of dawn, and I drift back to sleep. I feel freed and free, my future clear.

We meet again, as if by accident, on the golden windy beach at nine. We turn our backs on the sun and lie calmly looking into each other's eyes, feeling invisible. How far we have come since Palm Beach. And yet how far have we come?

He tells me about Philadelphia and about the townhouse we can buy there on his new salary. But then we realize that it is all a dream. Ian cannot go on working for Jonas once Jonas' wife has announced for Ian.

Teddy comes and stands next to us. "Is that man going to build a dam in our brook?" he asks. His eyes are formidable as they wait for my answer.

But I lie, of course. "It's not the same man, darling."

"Yes, it is, Mommy," he whispers insistently. "He said Hi to me when he came out of the barn that day."

I shiver. "Maybe, dear. But maybe it's just two people who look alike."

"Smart kid you have," says Ian. "He nearly ran into me that day as I was leaving."

I am silent, thinking of lies I have told and lies I will tell. But I don't really care now. I have decided how I want things.

It is Ian's wish that we meet once more before we tell Jonas and Becky. He wants me to be perfectly sure. I want him to be, too. He has to give up his children *and* his job for me. It will be shocking to Jonas. I wish there were some way of doing it without his knowing who the man is—his own beautiful Ian.

I fly to Savannah, jetting southward to meet my

lover. I feel very much in the swim. A modern mother, my children behind me safe at Granny's, my lover ahead of me growing amorous in the airport, and my husband, like me, in an airplane flying to a regional meeting in Chicago. The fracturing of my little family is somehow both wondrous and awful—wondrous in its ease and awful in its implications. Families dispatched at will can perhaps be dispensed with at will.

In a moment we will be meeting for the fourth time since it started. From Palm Beach in January to Savannah in September. Space age, mobile America, future shock. I am part of you now. I wonder as I gather my things where he will go when he quits Jonas, and where we will go when I quit Jonas.

He is there. Furtive behind a pillar when I walk out of the docking tunnel into the terminal building. He squeezes my arm in a friendly way and takes my bag. I believe he wants it to look as if he is meeting a customer, or a sister-in-law from New York.

He takes me to a house near Beaufort in South Carolina, about twenty miles up the highway from Savannah. The frame house off the road at the end of a long desolate driveway was made for trysting. It has four square rooms downstairs and four upstairs and is shaded by palmetto palms and live oaks veiled in Spanish moss.

We go into the house. The living room is furnished with things that were long ago somebody's best. Upstairs we lie on a fourposter bed covered with a patchwork quilt and close our eyes. A breeze passes over me and chills me. I shiver. Whose house is this?

Finally, I ask. "Whose house is this?"

"A friend's, I told you."

"A friend of Becky's, too?"

He laughs. "Oh, no. She doesn't know this friend."

"Why not?"

"She wouldn't approve. And we wouldn't be here if she knew him, would we? Do you think you know all of Jonas's friends?" Yes. I do.

"I don't like all the lies?" I say.

"I don't either."

But for some reason I like the lies to Becky even less than the lies to Jonas. I think of the lies I have told to get here. The intricacies would make a stronger woman reel.

"It will soon be all over."

The South is having a cool snap; he builds a fire and we sit in front of it. I no longer feel there is anything strange about this house or being here with him. I feel right at home. I am where I want to be: alone with him at peace in a house we can call our own, warm, drowsy, flushed from fire, drink, and love, anonymous, safe, married in our way. I am perfectly happy. Why is he the only man in the world who can make me feel this way?

We turn out the lights, screen the fire, close the hall windows, and go upstairs, like husband and wife. Ian goes straight to sleep, while I lie awake and listen to rain plonking on the porch roof and wind scratching between the fronds of the palms. This is what life with Ian will be like. Secrets. It occurs to me before I fall asleep that this is not my dream. My dream was to be my own woman.

It is Saturday morning. Jonas is kneeling on the gravel outside the barn, repairing the lawnsweeper. The boys are all over, zooming in and out of the barn, climbing the stepladder which Jonas has had out and playing tag, with my chair as home base.

They buffet me. Everything buffets me these days. I want them to go away so I can be myself, by Ian.

"Go away," I say to them crossly. "Stop grabbing onto my chair. Go play somewhere else." Jonas looks at me. I look back. What's it to you, I feel like saying. You go away too.

"That man is in the barn upstairs again," says Teddy.

"What man?" asks Jonas, straightening up.

"That man who's going to make our dam. The one who came to see Mom at the beach."

"What man?" Jonas turned to me, puzzled.

"I don't know of any man." I am frozen to my chair.

He drops his pliers, and looks up at the windows of the barn apartment. "We'll see," he mutters.

"Jonas! Come back!" I run after him, trying to pull him back down the stairs. He strides on, hauling me after him.

The room is deserted. Teddy darts between our legs. "In there, Dad!" he shouts. Jonas strides to the wardrobe, opens it with a crash, and pulls Ian out.

"Ian! Watch *out!*"

Jonas flings me away from him. He has Ian by the collar. He is beating him. Right fist, left fist, smash backward, backward across the room backward! "Watch out!"

There is a sickening crash, the sound of broken glass. Screams. Like hay Ian is pitched through the plate glass window. He is lying unconscious on the gravel below, bloody. I scream—and wake up. I am in Beaufort, South Carolina, with Ian.

I lie awake, thinking about my dream. Do I *want* Jonas to know?

When I wake again it is raining and there is a dent in the pillow where his head was. But then I hear him in the kitchen, making breakfast.

"I have to go to Charleston this morning," he says. "For an interview."

"Oh?"

He names a competitor. His eyes have a strange light in them. "They're looking for a regional manager for their Southwest territory."

He reads my face. "Didn't you say you'd follow me anywhere?"

"Yes," I say. I feel now as if I've burned my bridges. There is nothing to *do* but follow him.

"Look," he says briskly. "I'll be back early."

Before he leaves I ask him to pump up the tires of the bike in the garage. I stop at the store on the road and ask the way to Beaufort. They look at me as if they know who I am and where I am staying and with whom, and unsmilingly point the way.

I turn off the white cement highway into the woods. The woods have nothing to do with life out on the highway. Nothing to do with Ian.

Was she to be an appendage still? Or could she grow up from being the little-girl wife—and really cope?

And, for the time being anyway, I do not want anything to do with Ian, because I see that I am going to be an appendage to his life, too, a little blind worm of a vermiform appendix that follows him everywhere. The vermiform appendix is thought to be in the process of gradual obliteration in the human species. If it would *do* something it might be allowed to stay, but it doesn't. It just hangs there.

"You're the third one he's had here," says the old man in the straw hat. "He won't leave his wife for you nor nobody."

I look steadfastly at the crabs heaving and writhing in his basket.

"The others were dark haired," he says, "but both of 'em was married."

I walk quickly away, back to the house under the Spanish moss and the palmetto palms. Woodsmoke in the air faintly suggests our last night's fire. The dizziness is in my head again.

Never again Georgia.

"You never answered my question that time," I say in the car on the way to the airport.

"What time?"

"In the hotel. The first time I came to Savannah."

"What question?"

How would he remember that? "It doesn't matter." I guess it *doesn't* matter. Was there somebody else the other times? I naively wanted to know. It was all based, after all, on my thinking there wasn't, that I was unique, wasn't it, Ian?

Well, things are not always what they seem. He was right about that in Palm Beach.

He kisses me good-bye in the passenger's lounge. "Don't wait," I say.

"I'll be in touch as soon as I hear about the job." He walks away, turning once to wave.

It is October now. The leaves are all falling at once today. It is sad.

I am feeling very well. The fluttering in the space behind my forehead is gone, and I am going to be fine. All I needed was a little time to think it all over, to get used to my new remodeled twentieth-century self. I stayed in the house for nearly a month, thinking things over. Everyone was very concerned about me.

Nervous breakdowns are loud and noisy and embarrassing, so I didn't have one. It wouldn't be me at all to do that, even under conditions of the utmost stress, which they were, for me, learning that Ian wasn't—or, rather, was—what I thought he was. I did love you, Ian. I think I *would* have followed you anywhere.

My little mental eruption was quiet and restrained and dignified, like me. It didn't attract any attention at all, outside of my family, and they only noticed because I didn't get up to make breakfast one morning. When I still hadn't gotten up two days later, Jonas called the doctor. Acute exhaustion. Depression. Needs to get away.

I reared up in bed and said, "I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying right here. I just want to be left alone for a while."

They walked about in my bedroom. Two men, saying things to each other with their eyes that I couldn't hear. They'll never know what happened. Let them think they do. It's not the easiest thing, being deceived. Or deceiving either. Deceive not; grieve not.

Now I know what it was I was trying to think of last summer on Long Island—the thing that had to do with Ian. It was how he was bringing me up to date, putting me in tune with the times. I didn't want to be *renovated*, Ian; I just wanted to live happily ever after with you. But thanks just the same. It's not as bad as I thought it would be, joining the twentieth century. And, really, it was about time I made the great leap forward to grasp the tricky notion that we are our own choices.

Nothing has changed at home, except the season. Oh, yes. Jonas called the mason to come back and take down the walls of my garden. Jonas *is* what he seems. No reality gap *there* at all. But I spoke sharply, in italics, and the walls stayed.

Jonas doesn't know anything, but his wanting the walls down tells me that something inside him knows something but doesn't know what it is it knows. Anyway, he was telling me that such little acts of rebellion as laying brick walls without his permission are behind us from now on. That's all right with me. I've performed the act of rebellion that was needed, and it did its work. I won't be needing to build gardens again for perfect strangers.

Ian, how *could* you treat me like that, play me so false? You made a fool of me. And I thought you were so good. But you made something else out of me, too, and thanks for that.

I called Mr. D'Allessandro and asked him to recommend me for a job I heard about. There's an opening in January in Stamford for a teacher. Mornings. It's not a cop-out. It's my choice. It's what's possible right here and now. I didn't say it had to be forever.

And, Ian, thanks for the good news, that things are not always what they seem; that's one small lesson I learned from you, even though in one way you've disproved it. After all, you appeared to be a young husband upward bound in his career, and that's just what you turned out to be, isn't it?

On the other hand, Ian, I am not what you, wherever you are right now, may think *I* seem to be: defeated and deceived, an appendage still. No, Ian, I am no longer the little-girl wife. I have coped. I shall cope. I can do what I set my mind to do. I am not deceived. I am finally not.

I am indomitable. That's what I learned. Do you hear that, Ian? **END**



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MY FRIEND BRANDO





By Liat Sandys

Marlon and I sat and looked at each othe absolute silence. "At last," he said, "I'm seeing truthfully. Now tell me all about yourself, right up to the moment we met." An I talked, I found that he listened, sympathized, and commented—revealing the Brando. So began my most treasured friendship. I think that over the past 14 yea have come to know this strange, unpredictable man more intimately than anyone e

I met Marlon Brando for the first time about 14 years ago. At that time I was modeling for the top London fashion designers and photographers, but my career was somewhat curtailed after an automobile accident put me in the hospital for three months. I was still wearing dark glasses to hide the scar the evening I was invited to a party in a Paris nightclub.

Among the guests was Serge Marquand, the French comedian. Around midnight, his brother, actor Christian Marquand, arrived with a rather plump, not very tall young man with a vaguely familiar face. He was casually introduced:

"Marlon Brando."

"How marvelous," I thought. Marlon, however, grunted a stiff acknowledgment, then sat down, ordered a drink, and ignored everybody. Attempts to start a conversation with him failed to the point of embarrassment for everyone but himself.

Then, out of the blue, he turned to me and pointing to my dark glasses, inquired: "What have you done to yourself?"

"An accident," I said, brightening, and waited to be asked further details. Instead, Marlon turned away. I felt deflated until suddenly he shot out: "Like to dance?" I must explain that club dancing in Paris in those days was still a pretty formal affair; a girl could expect to be held in her partner's arms. But on the dance floor I found myself dancing solo.

Marlon took up a position at least four feet from me and went into a gyration resembling no dance I had ever seen. Feeling like a mere prop for his purely selfish exhibition, I walked off. Before I reached the table, Marlon caught my arm in an angry grip. "Why won't you dance?" he asked.

"Because you don't appear to need me," I replied.

"But I do," he objected. "I'll look foolish out there by myself."

Reluctantly, I allowed myself to be led back to the floor. Marlon continued his strange weavings and gyrations. For a second time I walked off. This time he did not follow me.

It was about three in the morning when I returned to my hotel, having gone on to supper with someone else. To my astonishment, Marlon was also headed toward the elevator.

"You're out late. Where have you been?"

"I can't see where that's any of your business," I s

"Well, maybe that's right," he agreed good-humore and when he got out of the elevator at the floor be mine I imagined that was the last I would ever se Marlon Brando—off the screen.

I had hardly gotten into bed, my hair in rollers, w I heard a soft tap on the door.

"Who's there?" I asked.

"It's me—Marlon."

"What do you want?" I yelled back.

"Open the door."

"Certainly not!"

"Open up or I'll stay here until you do."

"Please yourself," I said.

The reply was a bang on the door. "Go away, shouted, "you'll wake up the whole hotel." Another b on the door.

I was in a dreadful position; if the management cided to investigate the uproar, they might think encouraged Brando. Indifferent to any appeal, Ma continued to bang on the door until I realized I ha alternative but to open it.

"Exactly what do you think you're doing?" I demand

Marlon looked at me, his face solemn as a mask. want to read you a poem," he said softly.

This explanation was so ridiculous that, despite self, I began to laugh. Marlon smiled, and within onds we were both laughing uproariously. "Well, can't—not here, anyway," I told him.

"There's my suite," he said. "'You'll be perfectly sa

A refusal, I imagined, would lead to more door-ba ing. "You'll leave the door open?" I demanded. nodded.

When I entered his sitting room an extraordin sight met me. Marlon had covered the table with Japanese housecoat. On top he had placed two can and, beside each candle, a glass of beer. He had placed two chairs opposite each other. Rather bewilde I sat down, taking care to note that the door was op Marlon grinned. In contrast to his attitude earlier in evening, he seemed in a very good humor. But he s nothing. In fact, I gradually became aware that silence was being carried a bit far. When he contin to say nothing, I became unnerved, and began to gig

But still Marlon refused to speak. I'd never had cope with this before. Finally I asked, *(continue*

Copyright © 1973 by Max Caulfield. Photograph of Marlon Brando on the set of "Last Tango In Paris" by René Chateau/Gamma; Liat Sandys from Transworld Feature Syndi

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"Where's the poem? If you don't want to read it, I'd better go back to my room."

I could have saved my breath. Marlon simply pursed his lips and gazed more intently at me. I decided that if he wouldn't speak, neither would I.

After about five minutes, Marlon broke the spell. "Now, that's it," he said. "At last I'm seeing you truthfully. Seeing you just as you are. There aren't any barriers between us anymore. Now tell me all about yourself—right up to the moment we met."

Incredibly, I found myself opening my heart. And Marlon listened. Since then, as the months gradually lengthened into years, we have become good friends. For a time I worked as his secretary. Whenever he came to London he nearly always telephoned me—and we met and talked and listened as two people who could trust each other.

Truly, it's been a brother-sister relationship, but I think I have come to know Marlon as well as anyone—come to understand him a little and glimpse his complicated nature. I've learned that he can be rude, self-centered, and apparently heartless. Yet I have also discovered that essentially he is a kind and compassionate man, and even, within his own strange terms of reference, a strictly moral one.

Exotic women, of course, always attract him. On a trip to Paris he became friendly with a beautiful black woman. Tragedy struck her, however, and she became paralyzed from the waist down. If Marlon were an unfeeling monster, it is unlikely that he would have bothered with her again. On the contrary, he frequently took her out for an evening, tenderly carrying her from a taxi into hotels or restaurants.

But the bewildering variety of women he continued to escort destroyed any romantic feeling I might have developed toward him. Anyone falling in love with Marlon would live in hell. Not only is he himself a hunter; he is also continually being hunted.

I have watched women at parties make the most obvious play for him: sitting on the floor while he was talking so they could brush against his knees; taking a cigarette from his mouth and puffing it briefly before handing it back, wet from their lips. "You've lost him, baby," I've thought, because Marlon is extremely fastidious about things like this. He tosses the cigarette away.

For clean bathtubs

Fastidious is an odd word to use about Marlon, because while he can be particular about some things, he will display complete indifference to others. For instance, he burps quite outrageously if he wants to, no matter where he is. And yet he always carries a can of cleanser with him so he can wash out hotel bathtubs.

He has a habit of putting ice in drinks with his hands instead of using ice tongs. When I was acting as a sort of unpaid social secretary for him in London, I once remonstrated with him about this habit. "In England, they don't like that sort of thing," I pointed out. "Oh, don't be prissy," he said, and I explained: "I'm not being prissy. It just isn't done here. Next time guests want drinks, let me do the mixing."

"Okay," he grinned.

That evening, when I had already poured a few drinks, Marlon got up from his seat and came over to the bar. Turning his back to the company, he grabbed the ice from the bucket and crushed it up with his hands. He smiled. "Remember, Miss Sandys, always use a crusher."

Marlon is a believer in fun—if only as an antidote to misery. His sense of fun can have a cruel streak, however.

Once, while several of us were having drinks in his suite, the phone rang. Marlon listened for a while, then grew a little impatient. It was a producer he didn't particularly like, a man who was trying to get him to play a part in a film.

"Hang on for a moment," interrupted Marlon, knowing that the man would hang on for an hour if he let him. He gave us a quick wink, then took the receiver into the bathroom and dropped it down the toilet. "That's where it belongs," shouted Marlon.

Marlon left the receiver there for about ten minutes or so, then lifted it out and asked: "Are you still there? God, it's beginning to pour here—how's it with you?"

But mostly Marlon's idea of fun is genuinely amusing. Once, at Orly Airport in Paris, when he was returning to the United States, he and I were escorted into the VIP lounge where Marlon answered some questions and posed for pictures.

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The French officials, under the im-ssion that Marlon and I were some-ng more than just good friends, oed everybody out and very osten-iously locked the door, leaving us to a tender good-bye. Marlon and I ed at each other in amazement.

"Look," he said, "they obviously ex-t something terrific."

"Well," I said, entering into the rit of the game, "we mustn't dis-oint them."

So I pulled at my blouse and ripped a little; messed up my hair and udged my lips. I looked a mess. Mar-glanced at his watch. Hardly more an five minutes had elapsed.

"Too soon yet," he said. So we sat re for the next 15 minutes, almost oking with laughter, playing tic-tac-and pat-a-cake.

Then Marlon went over to the door d looked through the keyhole. "My d, there's a whole horseshoe of peo-out there. Oh, well, let's go."

When we emerged, a thunderous eer rose from the crowd. "They've d their money's worth," murmured rlon.

I believe Marlon has been head over els in love only once in his life. She s an Anglo-Indian. He still talks out her even though the affair ended ars ago. He has found no one to tch her since—though he is forever oking.

The woman Marlon is looking for obably doesn't exist. To measure up his standards she would have to be rfect—meaning she'd have to be will-g to accept his imperfections. He has tremendous ego; he has to be every-ing to everyone he knows. And wom-don't understand this very easily.

He has been married twice and has ur children—a son, Christian Devi, his first wife, actress Anna Kashfi, son, Sergo Miko, by his second wife, exican actress Movita Castenada, d a son, Simon Tehotu and a daugh-Tarita, by Tarita Terripai, with om he acted in *Mutiny on the ounty* (but whom he never married).

Marlon, the ideal situation would to live in a large house with *all* his vives" and children.

Unsuperficial himself, Marlon cuts rough superficiality in others. I sup-se the easiest way of putting it is at he speaks the truth. Not long ago, hile we were having tea in the Dor-ester Hotel in London, a woman kept king furtive looks at us from the her end of the lounge. So Marlon ent quietly over to her and said: You want to look at us? Then look at s." What he meant was: "It's only man to look; we don't mind."

From anyone but Marlon . . .

Once, when I met him after a year's sence, his first question was: "Do ou still have that black-and-white ress?" And when I said yes he asked: When you wear it, do you still per-ire under your arms?" From anyone se, this would sound offensive. From Marlon, it somehow seemed natural.

He took my hands in his, explaining at he wanted to know whether they ere clammy or dry. Then he smelled y breath and hair. His explanation is at the animal sides of our nature are ery important; the animal in each of s must learn to know, understand, nd, if possible, love the other. Only by etting to know each other thoroughly n both animal and mental sides could a relationship fuse into a complete friendship.

I must point out that this has noth-ing to do with the sex of the other per-son. I have seen Marlon behave the same way with men he likes.

He notices what people "say" with their hands and what they do with their feet. He tries to read a person's mind more from their gestures than from what they say. If he *looks* at you intently, you know he has taken to you. He's trying to get inside you, to get on the same wavelength, because he loves you. I've heard him tell both men and women: "I love you." He means he really cares about you.

His way with women? I don't think he has one. Being Marlon Brando, he never has to go to any great trouble to entice them. Women flock around him. If he goes to a nightclub—we often went out in the evening with a small party of his friends—he may ask a girl he fancies over for a drink. I cannot remember one ever refusing to come. To be fair to him, I've never seen him make a pass at a girl who was with somebody else.

He can go through a whole evening being another person. He will change his accent and personality completely. If he feels like being a Russian or a German or an Englishman he will behave the way he thinks such a person would behave. *(continued)*

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He adores playing games. While I was working with him we played a game called "Dead Bodies." First we'd put out all the lights in the house; then Marlon would go off holding a small flashlight. I had to search for him, but the ghastly thing was that when I neared him, he would suddenly switch on the light. Sometimes the flashlight would be in his mouth. The light shining through his cheeks in the dark was very scary. At other times I might open a closet and there would be a light shining on a pair of feet!

I have never met anybody with such an appetite for people as Marlon. You can introduce him to somebody you think is terribly dull and he will make the person open up and blossom.

One night he threw a big party in London. Among the guests was a seemingly dull, pompous man—a Russian diplomat. When Marlon came into the room the man was still behaving very stiffly. Marlon just went over and stood and looked at him with his very kind eyes—Marlon has the kindest eyes you've ever seen. To see the Russian suddenly relax and become a human being was remarkable. Marlon brought him over and introduced him to me. He said, "Liat, do you know he has the most beautiful first name?" Marlon repeated the name as though he were speaking Shakespeare, and I watched the man simply beam.

Then—and only then—did Marlon move on to some of his other guests to begin the same sort of process all over again; making the person feel wanted; making him feel he was loved. I often thought Marlon would have made a great politician—or even a religious leader—had he not been an actor.

Marlon has strong views on some matters, such as race and intolerance. He does not set out to be controversial, even though he likes to argue about serious topics. Neither does he flounder in emotional insecurity. To himself, he is the most entertaining, undifficult person there is. He knows what he is and where he is going.

But he can lose his temper. I remember one day I had lunch with him and some friends. I was wearing a miniskirt. Marlon said nothing during the meal, but once we were alone he gave me a terrible dressing down. "I wonder if you realize how ridiculous you looked today. You don't seem to realize you are not being yourself." "Being yourself" is Marlon's code. He detests conformity for conformity's sake.

His taste in food is simple; his favorite meal is cheese and apples—preferably eaten with the fingers. He hates using plates and despises such unnecessary niceties as table napkins.

His taste in furniture is more conventional, but equally important to him. Once, when he was in London making a film, he had all his furniture shipped from America, even though he was staying for less than six months. He had a marvelous collection of antique swords and bric-a-brac.



He loves practical jokes. I remembe one evening when we had some peop to dinner. Marlon insisted that the re of us start the meal without him, b cause he wanted to sketch me eatin So there I sat, while Marlon solemn sketched, every now and then holdin up his thumb to measure distances ar perspectives. Everybody was most ir pressed as he squinted, measured, ar sketched like a professional. Finally h displayed his masterpiece—a picture his thumb!

Broken record

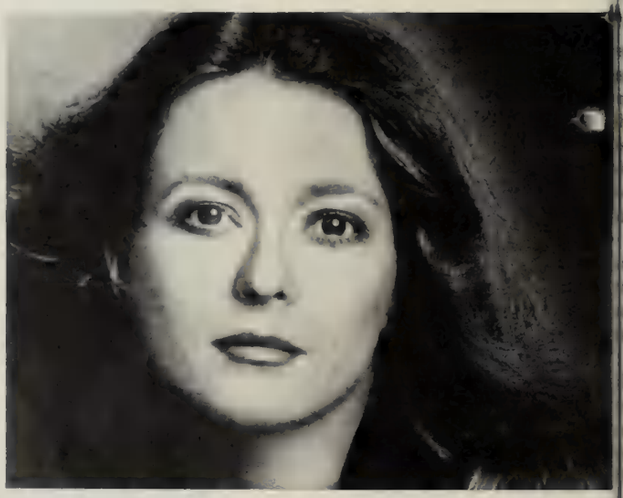
I think the saddest and most pc gnant moment I can remember wi Marlon was when he threw a big part in a London house in which he w living. As usual, he had gone to in mense trouble to make everything pe fect.

One of the surprises of the evenir was an exhibition of Indian dancin Solemnly, all the lights were turned o except for a great spotlight that lit u one end of the room. Then an India dancer appeared and weird India music flooded the room. On and o went the monotonous music—and t dancing lady. When I say "on ar on," I really mean on and on. Aft some 30 minutes of this, several peop began to shuffle a bit and I noticed o or two couples sneaking out.

What had happened, of course, w that the record had gotten stuck and w were actually hearing the same mus over and over again and the dancir lady had just kept on dancing. Ther was general embarrassment when e erybody realized what had happene

People began making for the doo

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nking, presumably, that this was in-
ded either as the highspot of the
ning or as some elaborate joke of
rlon's. The guests began to disap-
r, after expressing thanks to Mar-
for a "beautiful evening."
watched Marlon's saddened face. I
ppose anybody else would have said:
Wait, the party's not ended yet." But
rlon was too proud. Unbeknown to
guests, he had not intended the In-
n dancing show as the main enter-
nment.
In the basement below he had gone
enormous trouble to rig up a disco-
eque, with the idea that all the guests
uld go there and let things rip.
Marlon finally announced to the few
ople who were left: "Well, let's go
wnstairs and enjoy ourselves, shall
?" He invited all the catering staff,
s own cook, and other members of his
rsonal staff to join in. In the end,
ere was Marlon dancing with his
ok and enjoying a party that went
until nearly dawn.
One day Marlon produced a box
m a fashionable Paris store. When I
ened it there lay a green sari.
He grinned. "I want you to wear that
dinner tonight." Mischief twinkled
l over his face. I could see another
rando practical joke coming up.
"What is it this time?"
"We're going to talk Hindustani all
ening because you're not supposed to
ow any English."
"But you don't know any Hindu-
ani!" I objected.
"I'll get by," he assured me.
Dinner was at a small restaurant.
Marlon introduced me to the com-
any as an Indian lady who spoke
either French nor English.

Extravagant charade

We sat down and Marlon elaborately
xplained that if anybody wished to
peak to me, he would translate. One
an immediately took him up. "Tell
she has beautiful eyes." With a
traight face Marlon turned to me and
egan speaking gibberish. I almost
hoked behind the menu I'd been
anded.
Then Marlon took the menu from
ne and told the company: "It's all
ight. She always eats the same meal
nyway." And he ordered something he
new I hated: calves' brains.
It really was an extravagant charade.
Even when someone passed an inno-
ent remark—about something as trivi-
l as the weather—Marlon would im-
ediately call out: "Stop! I don't want
er to be left out of anything. Wait
ntil I translate that for her." And
hen he would direct another stream of
ibberish toward me.
I suppose, in the end, I must say
Marlon Brando is the strangest and
most paradoxical human being I've
ever met—a man having enormous ap-
peal and a deep intensity. And, despite
his sometimes sharp tongue, he cares
about people and hates selfishness.
He really dislikes all the trappings
acting that have brought him such
fame. Sycophancy doesn't interest him.
He feels he's coming to the end of his
acting career and would like to do
something else. Acting has been good
to him and has made him a great deal
of money, but he wants to make his
mark in another way. He wants to be
remembered as Marlon Brando who
did some good in the world, not as
Marlon Brando the film star. END

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Announcing the Ladies' Home Journal Women of the Year 1973 Awards



The winners, in eight categories, will be selected by a jury of nineteen distinguished women, based on the recommendations that you, our readers, have mailed in to the magazine up to the closing date of March 20th. The jury panel for the Ladies' Home Journal Women of the Year, 1973 Awards consists of:

Shirley Temple Black—Special Assistant to the Chairman, President's Council on Environmental Quality
Mrs. William McCormick Blair—Member of Interior Design Committee for the Kennedy Center
Toni Carabillo—National vice president, National Organization of Women
Marguerite Ann Chapman—1972-73 National President, Intercollegiate Association of Women Students
Margaret Truman Daniel—Author and radio and television personality
Barbara Hackman Franklin—Recruiter of women for high-level positions in the Nixon Administration
Sister Ann Ida Gannon, B.V.M.—President, Mundelein College
Elinor Guggenheimer—Pioneer in day care field, TV moderator, city planner
Mrs. Kermit V. Haugan—President, General Federation of Women's Clubs
Dorothy I. Height—President, National Council of Negro Women
Jeanne M. Holm—Brigadier General, United States Air Force
Eleanor Lambert—fashion authority and columnist
Martha Peterson—President, Barnard College
Ethel C. Phillips—President, National Council of Women of the United States
Margot Sherman—President-Elect, Women in Communications, Inc.
Eunice Kennedy Shriver—Executive Vice President, Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr. Foundation
Jane C. Wright, M.D.—Associate Dean, New York Medical College
Margaret Hickey—Public Affairs Editor, LHJ—Moderator
Lenore Hershey—Co-Managing Editor, LHJ—Ex officio

On the night of May 14th, at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C., the awards will be announced on a one hour special television program before a celebrity audience. The program, sponsored by Clairol, will be on the CBS-TV network. Rosalind Russell will act as hostess.

Each of the women honored as Women of the Year, 1973, will receive a pin-pendant designed by Sonia Youris for Tiffany's. It is a sculptured gold sunburst, symbolizing woman as the center of warmth and energy. The soaring wing represents the new freedom of women to achieve and aspire. The three diamond stars: the power of doing, of giving, of inspiring. The design is copyrighted by Tiffany's as a symbol for the *Journal* awards.



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GOLF: IT'S A WOMEN'S WORLD, TOO



BY ARNOLD PALMER

Golf's the one game I know in which women can beat men regularly—and both of them can enjoy it.

While the men can get away maybe once on a weekend for a round of golf, the women can drop the dishes in the dishwasher, call a friend, and be at the first tee before 9 o'clock. Golf is like any other game: practice is what makes you better. The woman who can play four or five times a week will soon find her scores dropping below her husband's. He just can't improve that rapidly on 36 holes a week while his wife is playing 90 holes.

Let's say your husband has played golf for years and has been after you to take it up. What with the house and the children and the shopping and the trips to the dentist, and maybe a job, you never found the time. But now you can do it. Where do you begin?

The best place to start is with lessons from your local, recognized Professional Golf Association *(continued)*

Practicing their putting for the big Colgate-Dinah Shore women's golf championship are four of America's exciting young women golfers. They'll compete for the whopping $150,000 purse in Palm Springs April 14-15. Here, modeling some of the zippiest new fashions out on the greens these days are: (l. to r.) Shelley Hamlin, 23, in a shirt-style bodysuit and seersucker culottes by Russ; Jan Ferraris, 25, in a skinny T-shirt and wrap culottes by White Stag; and (below) Mary Mills, 32, in a zip-front sleeveless blouse and a pink-and-white pleated skirt by Arnold Palmer.

Photographs by Jerry Abramowitz. Hair styles and makeup by Rick Gillette. Golf shoes from Saks Fifth Avenue; Aris "Isotoner" golf gloves. More shopping and accessory information ■ page 142. Arnold Palmer story copyright © 1973 by Arnold Palmer Enterprises.





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GOLF: IT'S A WOMEN'S WORLD, TOO





pro. Listen to him. Gently tell your husband to keep his advice to himself. He might teach you a little about golf, but he will also teach you a lot of bad habits.

All golf courses are built with women's tees. They are just closer than the men's tees. It is an advantage to be big and strong, of course, but it matters less in golf than in any other sport. Timing and finesse count more than power. Some of the best women golfers, such as Sandy Palmer and Judy Rankin, are very petite. Strength is really not an important attribute for a woman golfer. One of the most common mistakes made by both men and women is trying to overpower the ball. Professional tournament golf is a power game. Golf for fun and exercise is *not*. A woman shouldn't try to play golf like a football player—or even like a male golfer. Just be yourself. It will help your game.

Golf is a game of mistakes. Men make most of them. They get out there and try to whale the daylights out of the ball. They wind up in the trees, in the traps, and in the water. Women, I find, *(continued on page 127)*

Left to right: Shelley wears a striped mock-turtle shell and a pant skirt by Koret. Pam Barnett, 28, is zipped into an easy navy and white striped shirtdress by David Smith. Mary's seersucker polka dot blouse and short pants skirt are by Jack Winter. (Above): Jan Ferraris tees off in a check pullover blouse and action culottes by J.C. Penney.

Shopping information on page 142.





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Don't miss the Colgate-Dinah Shore Winners Circle Golf Championship—the richest in history—from Mission Hills Country Club, Palm Springs, California—April 14 and 15, on ABC-TV.

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Sophia Loren: The Three Men in Her Life



Photograph by Tazio Secchiaroli/Liaison

That Neapolitan earth-mother, Sophia Loren, has doubled the fulfillment of her once seemingly impossible dream. Now she has two sons, Edoardo and Carlo. Because she has spared nothing to surround herself with this fine family, her joy and pride are limitless. By Lenore Hershey

It had been a difficult delivery—a second Cesarean birth for a woman of 38, a woman with a past history of miscarriages. Four years ago, at this same Swiss hospital in Geneva, by dint of determination, medication, and months of enforced bed rest, Sophia Loren had produced her firstborn, Carlo Ponti, Jr. This morning, January the sixth, 1973, there was a healthy second son, seven-pound Edoardo.

In an exclusive interview with the JOURNAL two weeks after Edoardo's birth, Sophia admitted, "It is more difficult to recuperate from a second Cesarean. One gets emotionally run-down, and it requires time to get better after staying in bed for months—which I did this time, too, although perhaps with less anxiety. But I am recovering bit by bit. Anyway, it is all normal. Many other women go through hard times to have their children. It is worth it."

Sophia had once told the JOURNAL, "I have never had it easy; I have paid for everything I ever had. I enjoy things more when they are hard to come by." As we spoke to her in Geneva, we had the feeling that the entrance of this latest child into the world had not been without stress and trial. A hard worker, she had followed a busy movie schedule up until the time her pregnancy forced her into retirement. The baby, Edoardo, would be christened in Rome and installed in his own nursery at the Pontis' 16th-century villa just outside the city. Here, Sophia would now be surrounded by a family of three males.

There is movie producer Carlo Ponti, doting father. ("He's even happier than the first time. He wanted another son. But he's afraid to touch the baby. Men are not very good at this sort of thing.")

There is four-year-old "Cipi" (Carlo, Jr.). ("He loves his brother so much. I was very open with him all the time I was pregnant, explaining that the baby was coming. I did want a girl this time, but now that Edoardo is here, I know it is better for Cipi. They will be close friends and companions.")

And there is Edoardo. ("I think he looks more like me. He has the same eyes and coloring as Cipi, but different features. We named him Edoardo because it is a beautiful name, an old Neapolitan name. But it is also the name of the author of the movie in which I played: *Marriage, Italian Style*.)

As she did with Cipi, Sophia is nursing Edoardo "as much as I can, for as long as I can. I think it is a beautiful thing and very good for the baby, especially in the first month. I believe in it." She does, however, have help in caring for the baby; the Swiss-German nurse who took care of Cipi will now supervise both children. Sophia will be going back to work very soon making a new movie. It will be filmed in Rome. Does she feel that working takes her from her children?

"Not at all. When Cipi goes to school, I will always manage to have my films made where his school is, and the baby will come along with us eventually, too. It is very important to have this family nucleus—especially when children are small. It makes them feel safe. When we travel with Cipi, for example, we always try to bring little things along for him from his room at home, so that he will not feel strange."

She mused about Cipi. "Cipi and his father are just beginning to enjoy each other. They have a wonderful relationship. They pretend-fight on the bed, and play like friends. Cipi likes swimming and rides a horse, but he doesn't do either too well. We will not push him at sports or anything else. Our children will do or be whatever they like best. Cipi has seen me in my films, and he says he would like to act sometimes. But he also says he would like to be a doctor."

Would Sophia want to have more children? We told her that Carlo had answered that question by jokingly saying, "We will keep trying." Sophia thought for a moment and replied, "I am afraid of facing a Cesarean for the third time."

Back to her pre-pregnancy weight less than two weeks after Edoardo's arrival, and looking as beautiful as ever, Sophia Loren is obviously prepared to enjoy the fulfillment of the dream that made her say when Cipi was born, "Now I have everything." She is a woman who fought her way from poverty in Naples to fame and a world of unlimited possessions and important friends in every nation; it is no pose that her most prized, her true treasures, are those three Ponti males around her.

How does it feel to be outnumbered three to one? we asked Sophia as our final question. Was there some foreshadowing of male dominance, perhaps?

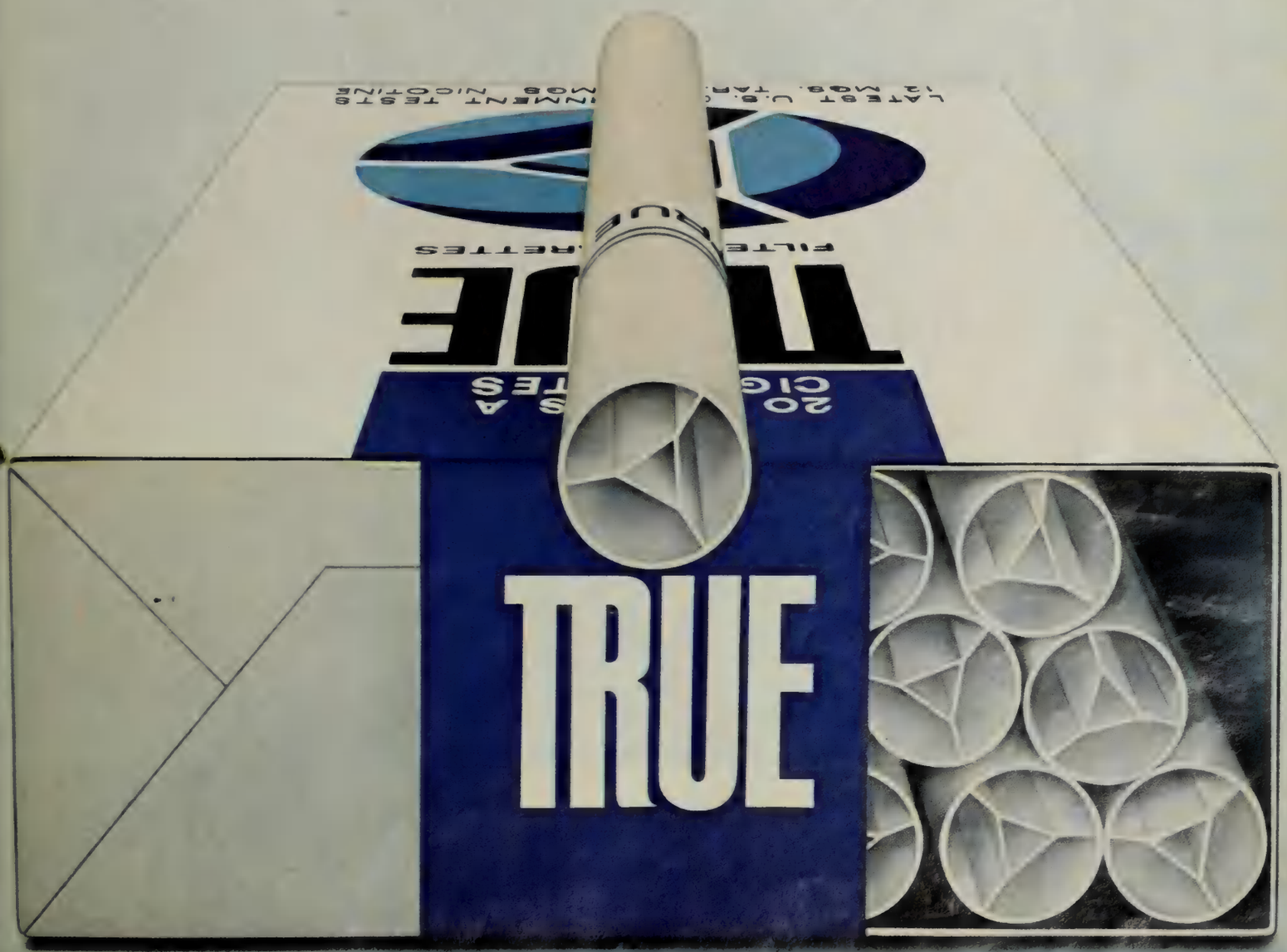
"I feel very much protected," answered Sophia, in a voice as rich and warming as a good Italian wine.

It certainly sounded as if there would be no identity problems at the Pontis. **END**

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FRANKLIN & ELEANOR: THE UNTOLD STORY OF MY FATHER & MOTHER

BY ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT and James Brough

Exclusive! First of two excerpts from a book that will stir up a storm of controversy. With startling candor, Elliott Roosevelt cuts through the myths that distort the memory of his father (four times President) and mother (First Lady of the world). Never have the Roosevelts (shown below on their honeymoon) seemed more human.



THE TRUTH IS FOUND WHEN MEN ARE FREE TO PURSUE IT.
—Franklin Delano Roosevelt, February 22, 1936

For almost as long as I can remember, I have been reading about a man and a woman, scarcely recognizable to me, who are identified as Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt. These legendary beings, immune to frailty and human passion, are not the father we children loved, nor the mother we respected.

Since history demands idols, it seemed inappropriate for me to attempt to correct the distortions and restore my parents to humanity. But I have been increasingly perturbed recently over a twisting of facts that has led many people to regard Father as a puppet, manipulated by anyone with an urge to try, dependent on Mother for strength and wisdom. She, in turn, is seen as a latter-day Joan of Arc, incapable of error or sin. Neither portrait is true. Mother, whose idolators are largely responsible for this mangling of the record, would have been the first to acknowledge that.

These pages are meant to set the record straight, to present the story of two real human beings and the relationship between them. This is the way it was. I trust that this report may clarify for history the complex personalities of the man who became the 32nd President of the United States, and the woman who, after his death, earned her place as First Lady of the western world.—E.R.

Copyright ©1973 by Elliott Roosevelt and James Brough. From their forthcoming book, "An Untold Story: The Roosevelts of Hyde Park," to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Photograph, top, by Douglas Kirkland



WASHINGTON, 1916

Early that summer, as I recall, we older children concluded that the family was growing too big too fast, or else our narrow little house had become mysteriously smaller. Anna and Jimmy could scarcely wait for the school term to end, so that we could leave for our annual vacation in Campobello, where there was plenty of room.

We had been overcrowded for three months, ever since the arrival of Johnny, another baby brother. His appearance had brought back Blanche Spring, the trained nurse to whom Mother had turned in every pregnancy. "She adores babies," Mother once said, "and she tried to teach me something about their care." Eleanor Roosevelt had not developed a great deal of self-confidence in those days.

Mother had not cared much for this Washington house from the day we moved in, three years before. We had sublet the place from her Aunt Bye, Theodore Roosevelt's older sister. It was an old-fashioned red brick house, with dark wallpaper, heavy carved mantelpieces, and gas lighting. An air of genteel respectability was emphasized by ugly walnut furniture, which Father's irrepressible mother, Sara Delano Roosevelt, rearranged the first time she came to dinner. "Moved chairs and tables and began to feel at home," Granny noted in her diary.

In later years, Mother was careful to leave the impression that she had always resented such acts of Granny's, but there was no such feeling then. She leaned on her mother-in-law for help, advice, and occasional consolation.

Father liked the cramped little house. Its location, at 1733 "N" Street, was only six blocks from the old Navy Department building, where he *(continued on page 137)*



Eleanor's mother feared her child would be plain.



JFK? No, FDR! He played golf until....



From Eleanor Roosevelt's personal collection, an unpublished photo of Eleanor on her wedding day.



Eleanor with her mother-in-law, Sara Delano Roosevelt.



The young Roosevelts at Eastport, Me., train depot soon after marriage.



Summer at Campobello, when they still shared life together.



Lucy Mercer: She was Eleanor's social secretary—and much more to FDR.



Elliott and FDR. Life with Father meant long days of fun.



Handsome Assistant Navy Secretary Roosevelt reviews troops.

THE FRESH FACED BEAUTY FOR SPRING

Blown in on a glorious spring wind: the fresh-as-a-daisy face. It's a face that glows with good health and clean, clear color. The winter darks are gone, replaced by burgeoning pinks, apricots, lavenders, limes, and blues that herald a return of femininity. Framing this soft spring face is a new short head of hair. The well-snipped head is a key feature in this refreshing new look. For face coloring, try the new cosmetic pencil crayons that look like something out of your second-grade school bag. Or instead of pencil work, try finger painting with color in a pot. By Sally Obre, Beauty Editor.





1. From the top: One way to spring beauty is with the new cosmetic pencil crayons.



2. Playing with pencil crayons: line drawing and blending. Begin with a line of teal blue just above the crease.

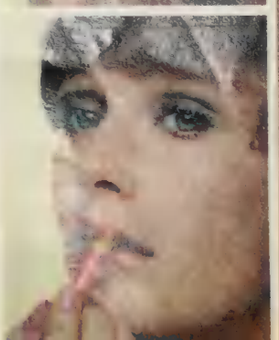
3. After softening teal with your finger, draw a line of plum on center of lid. Again, soften with fingertip.



4. To make eye whites seem whiter, line the inner edge of the lower lid with a delicate stroke of blue.



5. Bright pink is scribbled on cheeks, then blended into an oval that slants across cheeks to temple. A dab of pink is also blended on chin and forehead.



6. Bottom: Outline lips in russet pink, fill in with poppy pink. Just for fun draw a flower or two on your cheek.



Photographs by John Vidol; hairstyles by André of Cinandre. This page: Elizabeth Arden makeup by Pablo; Glentex halter.

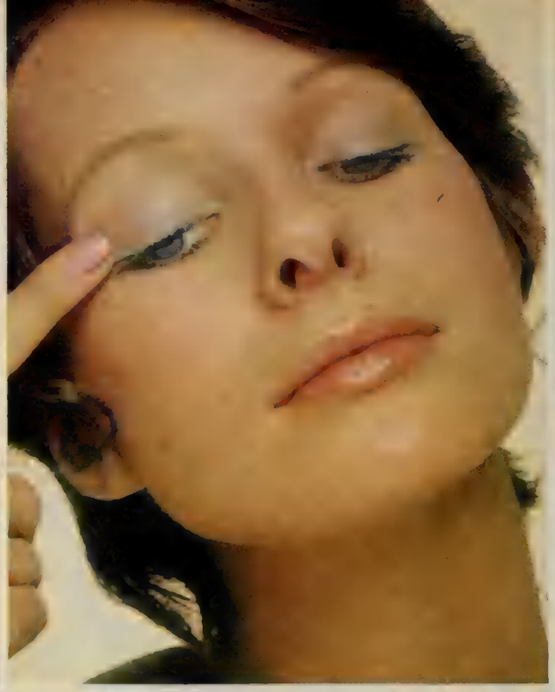


The short, carefree head *makes news this spring. Cut long on top and shorter at the nape, this hair can be worn pushed back off the face or in long bangs (see makeup pictures, left). The effect is natural, never set looking.*

THE FRESH FACED BEAUTY FOR SPRING

Another way to the fresh beauty of spring is by finger painting with color in a pot. Those shown above left are color-keyed for easy identification.





1. Top, right: Pick a frosty blue and stroke it over the lid. Blend with fingers until edges are smooth and color is spread evenly and subtly.





2. For depth and accent, a frosty lime is dabbed in an arc along crease extending to outer corner of the eye. A hint of green goes just under lower lashes, too. Hard lines are softened with fingertips.

3. A vibrant pink is dotted on cheekbones and then blended outward toward temples.

4. For a rosy, all-over glow, a dab of the same pink goes on the chin and forehead and is then carefully blended.





5. A ripe, shiny pink is painted on the lips. For a smoother shape the lips are outlined with a lip brush and then filled in.



***The new short hair** takes advantage here of natural waves. The hair is cut longer on top and shorter at the nape. It is parted on the side and styled with soft finger waves that are clipped into place until dry. Then the fingers are run through the hair for a slightly tousled, unset look. This no-hassle hair needs a trim once a month and very little else in between.*

Angel Face Color Cups by Chesebrough-Ponds;
Burlington Daisy bodysuit

BING CROSBY: LOVE SONG TO MY ONLY DAUGHTER



Bing Crosby, by his own admission, is a Victorian father. He was raised in modest circumstances in Spokane, Wash., and still cherishes old family concepts and religious traditions. His first brood of four sons—Gary, Dennis, Philip, and Lindsay—are all grown and on their own. Now Bing has a second brood to contend with: his two sons Harry, 14, and Nathaniel, 11, and his one and only daughter, 13-year-old Mary Frances Crosby.

Dealing with six sons was always simple enough for an old-fashioned Dad. Discipline was a matter of a soft word of advice, followed by a reprimanding cuff when instructions were ignored. The same paternal attention was applied to Mary Frances until a year or so ago. Now Bing is encountering new dimensions in parenthood. He is only half prepared to deal with a teen-age girl; but he is delighted all the same.

"After handling boys all these years, I learned that a fella has a different situation on his hands with a young lady. To begin with, Mary Frances is thirteen going on twenty-four. You can always count on a thirteen-year-old boy reacting about the same. But a girl—uh-uh. They keep you guessing."

Bing is meticulous about calling his children by their full names. Harry is called Harry, and Nathaniel is *never* Nat; Mary Frances is always Mary Frances, never Mary. And Bing addresses his wife as Kathryn. "Kathy" is verboten.

The differences between sons and daughter crystallized for Bing last summer when Mary Frances accompanied her parents on safari in Kenya; her brothers stayed home. "Not that it took such a *(continued on page 132)*

Photograph by Sherman Weisburd



He practically owns the franchise on sons, with six of them. And now, at 68, Bing is discovering the joys of bringing up his 13-year-old daughter. But let him tell you himself about life with MaryFrances. By D.L. Lyons



THE NEW WHITE WAY

White, the great non-color, teams up with deep-intensity hues for one of the most dramatic new looks on the decorating scene. Walls reminiscent of the Thirties and Forties are covered in dark colors such as forest green, navy, ruby, and walnut, providing a provocative contrast for pristine white appointments. We hung our walls with dark, textured shade cloth—it's easy to apply and comes in generous widths (cover seams, as we did, with lathing or molding). The white-against-dark look can be interpreted in styles ranging from Louis XV to inexpensive peeled bamboo to sleek, contemporary modern. Part of the newness about white is also in the materials. The availability of lightweight plastic, woods, vinyls, and soil-resistant fabrics makes white a possibility even in sooty big-city settings and children's finger-print-prone rooms. (Note: Before you take the big leap we suggest a small experiment with a can of paint and a few yards of wall covering in a corner somewhere.) By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

Above: A study in brown and white. Molded plastic patio furniture is upholstered in a velvet-soft synthetic for easy maintenance. The floor is white vinyl. Personal touches such as the carved Balinese birds, the Indonesian wall hanging, lots of plants, and comfortable cushions temper the starkness of the white.

Photographs by Tosh Matsumoto. Above: Armstrong furniture, Greenlee shade cloth on walls. Right: Wallace silver bowl, [illegible] and candy jar; Talley [illegible] console; Armstrong rug.



A radiant ruby and white still life. Set against a thick velvet rug, a lacquered white console table displays a brilliant private collection. Decanted clarets, silver, faceted crystal, sparkle along with an armful of lilies.



A bedroom in blue and bamboo. Against a navy-blue setting is a chest, mirror, and armchair done in Edwardian bamboo. The unbeatable look of blue and white Oriental porcelains adds patterns to the mix. A soft puffy chaise sits on a slick white floor. A touch of yellow flirtates gracefully on this blue and white scene.

Armstrong flooring; Drexel chest, mirror, and nightstand; Talley Lord chairs; Breneman fabric cloth on wall

SHOPPING INFORMATION ON PAGE 142



The greening of the entrance hall is accomplished with fabric-covered walls accented with white moldings. There's charming white Orientalia for more accent: a lacquered mirror, amusing figurines, and an elephant-supported console. Also white is the velvet-covered French bergère and the modern shiny vinyl floor.
Armstrong flooring; Talley Lord furniture; Collins & Aikman corduroy; Karastan rug; Brenegman shade cloth on walls.

PEARL S. BUCK'S ORIENTAL COOKBOOK

Journal Cookbook of the Month: No. 78 in a Series



Pearl Buck won a Nobel Prize for a novel about China. Now she turns to yet another facet of the Orient—its spectacular cuisine.

"Let me say bluntly, that I consider Asian cookery the best in the world," writes Miss Buck in the introduction to her latest work, *Pearl S. Buck's Oriental Cookbook* (Simon & Schuster, $7.95). Her love of Eastern cooking dates to her childhood in China. As a girl she would often slip into the family servant quarters to eat with the Chinese help. Her mother never understood why her daughter always had such a small appetite at the dinner table, but the loyal servants never gave the secret away. Pearl Buck's cookbook, a tribute to her lifelong enthusiasm, features not only her favorite Chinese dishes but those of ten other Oriental countries from the Indian subcontinent throughout Southeast Asia to Malaysia and



Japan. An introduction to the cuisine of each country by Miss Buck sets the stage for each chapter. The seven dishes above are culled from this rich and varied collection of 450 recipes. They range from soup to sweets (counter-clockwise): Japanese Egg Soup; Malaysian Coconut Candy; Nasi Goreng, an Indonesian fried rice served with Dadar Iris, a shredded omelet; a Korean Fruit Drink with grapefruit, pine nuts, and cherries; a Chinese Broccoli Salad that has been marinated in soy sauce; Philippine Adobo à la Monja, a chicken, pineapple, and tomato dish; and India-Pakistani Shami Kabobs, spiced ground meat patties served with a home-made date chutney. The ingredients, in most cases, are readily available in American markets. Instructions for preparing these dishes appear in our recipe section on page 112.

Copyright © 1972 by Pearl S. Buck and Lyle Kenyon Engel. From "Pearl S. Buck's Oriental Cookbook," published by Simon & Schuster, Inc. Photograph by Henry Sandbank



Left: The meringue basket, a frothy sculptured fantasy, is baked in pieces, assembled, and put back in the oven again. Fill with strawberries and bananas.

Bottom right: Meringue cups—here filled with pears, and a raspberry sauce—are built up with rings of meringue piping.



Meringue

That experimental soul who whipped the first egg white may not rank in history with the one who invented the wheel, but dessert lovers of all persuasions can credit some of their finest moments to that airy endeavor. Think of the soufflé, the mousse, the featherweight cake, and that most ethereal of all whipped creations—the meringue. The meringue, built on egg whites, sugar, and air, is brilliant in its simplicity. In its soft state, meringue is the topping for mouth waterers such as baked Alaska and lemon meringue pie, but it is the crunchy hard meringue of the shells and candy kisses that has the greatest creative possibilities. Making meringues isn't difficult, but there are certain tricks to learn. Here is our foolproof 7-step method. Cut it out for reference.

FOOLPROOF MERINGUE

Basic recipe: 4 egg whites, 2 cups confectioners' sugar, ½ tsp. cream of tartar, ¼ tsp. salt. We use confectioners' sugar instead of regular granulated because it dissolves more easily and gives a harder meringue.

1 Separate whites from yolks, being absolutely certain not to let even the slightest amount of egg yolk mix with the whites.

2 Bring whites to room temperature (this will take about one hour).

3 Beat whites until frothy, add cream of tartar and salt, continue beating till soft but firm peaks form.

4 Beating continuously with an electric beater, add sugar slowly at a rate of 2 Tb. per minute. Beat until very stiff peaks are formed.

5 If preparing shell or other design, draw desired pattern on brown paper. Then lightly oil and flour paper and set on an ungreased cookie sheet. Pipe or spoon meringue into desired shape on top of paper.

6 Bake in low oven (250°) 1 hour. If meringues begin to brown, turn off oven. Leave meringues in turned-off oven with door closed for at least an hour—longer if possible, even overnight. Proper drying is essential for successful, crunchy meringues.

7 If meringue sticks during removal, moisten underside of paper with water.

Directions for the Strawberry Almond Basket and Meringue Cups shown here—plus other ideas—will be found on page 118.



Photographs by Arthur Beck

BEYOND



Lamb, one of spring's special rites, can be celebrated in more ways than one. Going beyond the lamb chop we found eight great lamb dishes using other cuts of the animal. The meat, at under $1 per pound, is a real bargain. Recipes page 114. Above: Lattice Lamb Pie calls for leftover lamb.

THE



Barbecued Riblets are sautéed, then covered with tangy sauce garnished with thin lemon slices

Moussaka, originally Middle Eastern, is made here with lamb neck slices, cheese, and potatoes.



Spinach Stuffed Lamb calls for boned breast of lamb filled with a mixture of spinach, nuts, spices.



LAMB



Spring Stew is prepared with cubes of lamb shoulder; brussels sprouts and carrots add color.

CHOP



Curried Kabobs, also made with lamb cubes, are marinated in a spicy curry sauce before broiling.

Lamburgers are, of course, ground lamb patties topped with mozzarella. With them, artichokes.



Swedish Lamb Shanks are braised with mushrooms and onions, served with sour cream sauce.



Photographs by Charles Gold



30-MINUTE MENU

An Italian feast for four to please family and friends:

• As a first step, set 3 qts. salted water to boil in a large pot—for the noodles.

• To prepare Chicken Parmigiana, cut four whole boned and skinned chicken breasts in half. Rinse in cold water and pat dry. Pound with meat mallet until ¼ in. thick. Then heat ⅓ cup butter in a large skillet. Beat 1 egg in a medium bowl. Dip chicken in beaten egg and then into 1 cup seasoned bread crumbs. Sauté chicken in butter 2 minutes per side. Pour a 15½-oz. jar of spaghetti sauce into pan. Add 2 cloves crushed garlic, and ½ tsp. each of thyme and oregano. Bring to a boil, cover and reduce to simmer for 20 minutes.

• Now add an 8-oz. box of spinach egg noodles to the boiling water.

• Prepare 2 (10-oz.) pkgs. Italian-style frozen vegetables according to label directions.

• Scoop lemon sherbet into dishes, garnish with mint, and place in freezer. Serve with packaged anisette toast or ginger cookies.

• As a side dish pare and slice 4 carrots. Arrange on serving platter with black olives.

• To prepare chicken for serving, place a slice of mozzarella cheese atop each piece of chicken 5 minutes before end of cooking time. Sprinkle 5 oz. grated Parmesan cheese on top. Return the cover to the skillet.

• Drain noodles. Place them on a warmed serving platter with the chicken. Place vegetables in a serving bowl.

• Serve all.

Photograph by Roy Coggin



Bet your grandmother didn't put 16 vegetables in her vegetable soup. Campbell does!

Your grandmother probably used 8 or 9 vegetables to make her soup. We decided long ago that more vegetables gave more flavor. We even went Grandma one better by adding macaroni alphabet



letters to make eating vegetable soup fun. And it worked. Kids have eaten vegetables the Campbell way for years. Almost everybody has grown up with Campbell's. Didn't you?

M'm! M'm! Good!

Here's Joy Fisher's Jell-O® Strawberry Delight Recipe.

1. You can make tonight's dessert really special if you start with Jell-O® Brand Gelatin. Dissolve 1 pkg. gelatin in 1 cup boiling water; stir in cold water. Chill until slightly thickened. Stir in strawberries; pour into 1-quart mold. Chill until set but not firm.

2. Dissolve remaining gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Chill until slightly thickened. Meanwhile, prepare whipped topping mix as directed on package; set 1/4 cup aside for garnish, if desired. Fold remaining whipped topping into thickened gelatin; spoon over fruited gelatin. Chill until firm.

3. To unmold easily, run a wet knife around the edge. Dip the mold to the rim in warm water for about 10 seconds. Then cover it with a wet plate.

4. Turn it over and shake it out. Garnish with reserve topping. (Makes 8 servings.)

Ingredients:

2 pkgs. (3 oz. each) Jell-O Strawberry Gelatin
2 cups boiling water
3/4 cup cold water
3/4 cup sliced strawberries
1 envelope Dream Whip® Whipped Topping Mix

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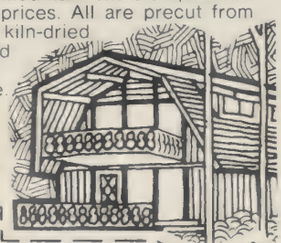
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PEARL BUCK COOKBOOK

continued from page 105

CHICKEN AND PINEAPPLE, from the PHILIPPINES (Adobo à la Monja) (pictured)

- ½ cup vinegar
- 1 clove garlic, or more to taste, minced
- ⅔ cup soy sauce
- ½ bay leaf
- Black pepper to taste
- 1 (1½–2 lb.) chicken, cut up
- 1 cup pineapple cubes, fresh or canned
- 1 large ripe tomato, diced
- ¼ cup butter, melted

Place the vinegar, garlic, soy sauce, bay leaf, and pepper in a pot and add the cut-up chicken. Cover and let simmer 20–25 minutes until chicken is tender.

Add the pineapple cubes, diced tomato, and butter. Cover tightly and simmer the mixture together in its own juice until thoroughly heated. Remove from the heat. Serve hot. This recipe serves 3.

BROCCOLI SALAD, from CHINA (pictured)

- 2 bunches fresh broccoli
- 2½ qts. water
- 2 Tb. oil
- 1 Tb. salt

Sauce

Cut the broccoli into two parts: the flower part and the stem part. Cut the flower part into small bite-sized clusters. Peel the tough skin off the stem and quarter the stem lengthwise. Slant-cut each quarter into 2-inch pieces. In a large pot bring to a rapid boil the water, oil, and salt. Add the broccoli and boil quickly for 1 minute. Drain the broccoli, rinse in cold water, drain, and place on a large platter. Make the sauce. Pour over the broccoli and toss it carefully. Arrange on a plate, and serve.

Sauce:

- 2 Tb. light soy sauce
- 2 Tb. white vinegar
- 2 Tb. sesame oil (or your usual salad oil)
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 Tb. sugar

Combine all the ingredients in a cup and mix well.

EGG SOUP, from JAPAN

- 3 Tb. cornstarch
- 2 tsps. water
- 4 cups fish stock or chicken broth
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 Tb. soy sauce
- ½ tsp. monosodium glutamate
- 2 eggs
- 1 ginger root (or pinch of powdered ginger)
- 2 Tb. chopped scallions

Mix the cornstarch with the water, then add it to the soup stock in a saucepan. Add the salt, soy sauce, and monosodium glutamate. Bring to a boil, stirring. Beat the eggs thoroughly and pour slowly into the hot soup in a thin stream using a circular motion. Cook until the eggs float to the surface in strips. Pour into soup bowls. Extract the juice from the ginger root with a garlic press and add 2 drops to each bowl. Sprinkle with the scallions. Serve at once. This recipe yields 4 1-cup servings.

Ed. Note: Omit salt or MSG if you use chicken broth.

SWEET FRUIT DRINK, from KOREA

- 1 grapefruit
- 1 cup sugar
- 2½ pts. water
- ¼ cup whole pine nuts
- Fresh or candied cherries and/or citron

Remove all the pulp from the grapefruit and place in a bowl with ¼ cup sugar; set aside for a half hour. Boil the remaining sugar with the water, then set aside to cool. Place a spoonful of grapefruit pulp in small individual glass bowls. Add about 1 cup of the sugar-and-water mixture to each bowl. Place some pine nuts on top and add cherries and/or thinly sliced citron. Serve with a spoon.

BANANA FRITTERS, from INDONESIA (*Pisang Goreng*)

- 4 ripe bananas, mashed
- ¾ cup flour
- ½ tsp. salt
- 3 Tb. sugar
- Oil
- Cinnamon sugar

Combine bananas, flour, salt, and sugar in a bowl. Mix thoroughly and beat slightly. Take one full tablespoon of this mixture for each fritter. Heat oil ½-inch deep to 350–375° in frying pan and fry fritters, a few at a time, 1½–2 minutes, turning until golden brown on both sides. Drain on paper towels. Sprinkle with cinnamon sugar. Yields 25.

FRIED RICE WITH SHREDDED OMELET from INDONESIA (pictured) (*Nasi Goreng*)

- 1 Tb. chopped onions or ½ tsp. onion powder
- 1 tsp. chopped garlic or ⅛ tsp. garlic powder
- 2 Tb. chopped fresh raw shrimp or shredded dried shrimp
- ½ tsp. ground red pepper or ¼ tsp. black pepper (optional)
- 1 Tb. tomato ketchup
- 4 Tbs. butter or margarine
- 4 cups cooked rice
- 1 chicken bouillon cube dissolved in ½ cup boiling water
- Shredded Omelet (*below*)

In a saucepan sauté the onions, garlic, shrimp, pepper, and ketchup in the butter over low heat. Add the rice and bouillon and mix thoroughly for 3 to 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Serve hot, garnished with Shredded Omelet. May also be served with any other dry dish—fried peanuts and pickles—but no sauces.



SHREDDED OMELET

- 3 eggs
- ½ tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- Butter or margarine
- ¼ cup chopped onion

Beat the eggs in a bowl. Add the salt and pepper. Melt the butter in a frying pan. Sauté onions for 2 minutes. Pour the eggs into the pan, spreading them to cover the bottom of the pan. Turn. Remove from the pan and slice very thin before serving.

SHAMI KABOBS, from INDIA-PAKISTAN (pictured)

The Patties:

- 2 tsps. butter
- 1 medium onion, minced
- 6 garlic flakes
- ½ tsp. chili powder (optional)
- Small piece ginger root (or ¼ tsp. powdered ginger)
- 1 Tb. fresh herbs
- 1 heaping tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. turmeric
- 2 tomatoes, sliced
- 1 pound lean lamb or beef ground
- 1 Tb. split peas
- ¼ cup warm water
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- ½ tsp. allspice
- ½ tsp. caraway seeds
- Dash black pepper
- Lemon wedges or chutney

In a saucepan sauté lightly in the butter the onion, garlic flakes, chili powder, ginger, and the herbs. Add the salt and turmeric and mix in; then add the tomatoes. Fry for several minutes and then add the meat and split peas. Continue frying for 5 minutes. Add the water and bring to a boil. Then lower the heat and cook for 40 to 50 minutes. Add the lemon juice and spices, mix a then mash the meat well. Remove fr heat, let cool, and then thorough mash again. Shape into 8 (2½-i patties. Now proceed to the batter

The Batter:

- 2 Tbs. split-pea flour
- 3 Tbs. milk
- ⅛ tsp. salt
- Small amount of for frying

Mix the split-pea flour with the mi Add the salt and beat until smoo Heat the oil in a frying pan. Coat ea patty thoroughly in the batter and f over medium heat until brown a crisp. Drain on a paper towel. Serve with lemon wedges or chutney.

Ed. Note: We suggest tripling the b ter recipe to provide a more unifo coating for the Patties. The split-p flour can be made by pounding sp peas with mortar and pestle or grin ing in an electric blender.

MUSHROOM CURRY, from INDIA-PAKISTAN

- 1 lb. mushrooms
- 6 small whole potatoes
- 1 Tb. butter
- 2 medium onions, chopped
- 4 tsp. fresh snipped herbs
- Small piece ginger root, chopped (or ¼ tsp. powdered ginger)
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. ground turmeric
- Small amount chi powder, if desi
- 2 large tomatoes sliced
- 1 Tb. lemon juic
- ½ tsp. allspice
- ½ tsp. caraway seeds
- Dash black peppe

Rinse the mushrooms in cold wat drain well, and cut brown part off t bottom of the stems. Cut mushroo into halves or, if large, into quarte Peel the potatoes. Melt the butter i saucepan and fry the onions, herb and ginger for about 5 minutes. A the salt, turmeric, and chili powd Fry for 2 more minutes; then add t sliced tomatoes, mushrooms, and wh potatoes. Mix thoroughly and cook 30 minutes over medium heat. If y want liquid, cook covered; if not, c uncovered. Add the lemon juice a the spices and simmer gently for minutes. Remove from heat. Serve h

DATE CHUTNEY, from INDIA-PAKISTAN (pictured)

- 1 lb. dates
- 1 oz. dried or canned green chilies
- ½ oz. ginger root (or ½ tsp. powdered ginger)
- ¼ oz. garlic (2 cloves)
- 1 cup vinegar
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ tsp. salt

Pit the dates and then grind them w the chilies, ginger, garlic, and some the vinegar.

With the remainder of the vineg and the sugar make a syrup. Add t ground ingredients and the salt a cook in a saucepan over low heat un the mixture is thick. Remove fro heat, allow to cool and store in a j Serve cold. Makes 2½ cups.

COCONUT CANDY, from MALAYSIA (pictured)

- 4 cups fresh grated coconut
- 3 cups sugar
- 2 tsp. butter
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1 pinch salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Place all the ingredients except the v nilla in a saucepan. Cook over low he mixing well, until the mixture is boili and all the sugar has melted. Keep mi ing constantly to prevent burning. R duce heat when the mixture start thicken. Continue cooking until t mixture is thick and leaves the side the pan to form a lump. Add the v nilla, mix well, and turn the mixtu out onto a buttered 10-inch plate. Wit out pressing down spread the mixtu to cool.

Cut into pieces while still slight warm, but do not separate them un the candy is hard. EN



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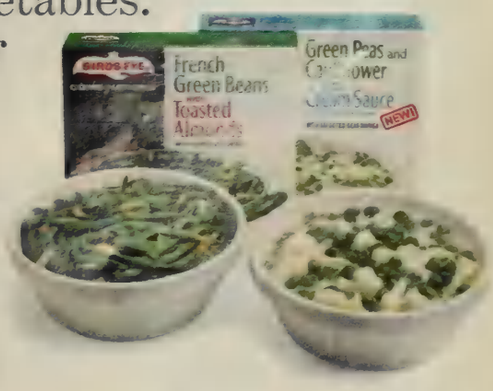
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BEYOND THE LAMB CHOP

continued from page 108

BARBECUED RIBLETS (pictured)

- 3 lbs. lamb riblets
- ½ cup thinly sliced onions
- ½ cup ketchup
- ½ cup chili sauce
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 2 Tb. horseradish
- 2 Tb. sugar
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- ½ tsp. chili powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper

Sauté riblets in a large saucepan over medium high heat for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour off all fat.

Combine onions, ketchup, chili sauce, lemon juice, horseradish, sugar, garlic, chili powder, salt, and pepper. Pour sauce mixture over lamb riblets; cover and cook over low heat for 30 minutes or until lamb is tender.

If desired, garnish as pictured with thin lemon slices and stuffed green olives. Serves 4–6.

LATTICE LAMB PIE (pictured)

- 2 cups leftover cooked lamb
- 1 (16-oz.) can whole potatoes, drained
- 1 (16-oz.) jar whole onions, drained
- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen peas
- 1 (3¼-oz.) can pitted ripe olives
- 1 (10¾-oz.) can mushroom gravy
- 2 Tb. dry sherry
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 2 tsp. fines herbes

Pastry:

- 2 Tb. yellow cornmeal
- 2 tsp. dried minced onion
- 1 tsp. freeze-dried parsley
- 3 Tb. cold water
- ⅔ cup sifted all-purpose flour
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ¼ cup butter or regular margarine
- 1 egg yolk
- 2 Tb. milk

Preheat oven to 400°. Arrange lamb, potatoes, onions, peas, and olives in a 9-inch pie plate. Combine mushroom gravy, sherry, garlic, and fines herbes. Pour this mixture over the lamb and vegetables.

Make Pastry: Combine cornmeal, onion, parsley, and water. Sift flour, measure ⅔ cup, sift again with salt into a small bowl. Cut in butter or margarine. Add water mixture and mix lightly with a fork. Press dough into a ball. Roll out on a lightly floured surface to ⅛-inch thickness. Cut into 1-inch strips using a pastry wheel. Arrange lattice-fashion on pie, trimming ends. Glaze top with egg yolk beaten slightly with milk.

Bake the pie in a 400° oven for 30–40 minutes or until lightly browned. Serves 4–5.

SPRING STEW (pictured)

- 2 lbs. boneless lamb, cut in 1½-in. pieces
- 2 Tb. vegetable oil
- 3 Tb. all-purpose flour
- 1 Tb. salt
- 1 tsp. thyme, crumbled
- ½ tsp. pepper
- ½ cup sliced onions
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 3 cups beef broth
- 2 cups peeled turnips, cut in ¾-in. pieces
- 2 cups carrots, cut in 1-in. lengths
- 1 (10-oz.) pkg. frozen brussels sprouts
- 3 cups sliced fresh mushrooms or
- 1 (6-oz.) can mushrooms

In a 5-qt. saucepan, brown lamb cubes in oil. Sprinkle lamb with flour, salt, thyme, and pepper. Add onions and garlic; sauté. Add broth, bring to a boil, cover, simmer 1 hour.

Add turnips, carrots, brussels sprouts, and mushrooms. Cook over low heat 20–25 minutes. Serves 6.

CURRIED KABOBS (pictured)

- ⅓ cup olive oil
- ⅓ cup Dijon mustard
- ¼ cup grated onion
- ¼ cup white wine vinegar
- 1 Tb. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tb. curry powder
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1½ tsp. marjoram
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- 2 lbs. boneless lamb, cut into 1½-in. cubes
- ½ lb. mushrooms
- 1 large green pepper
- 4 cherry tomatoes

In a 1½-quart glass or stainless steel bowl, beat together with a whisk the olive oil, mustard, onion, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, curry powder, garlic, marjoram, salt, and pepper.

Trim any excess fat from lamb cubes, add cubes to marinade. Toss with your hands or a large spoon until the lamb is thoroughly coated. Cover with plastic wrap and marinate at room temperature for at least 2 hours, or in the refrigerator 3–4 hours.

Wipe mushrooms with a damp cloth. Remove stems and reserve for future use. Remove seeds from green pepper and cut into 12 square pieces.

Place on each of four 12-inch skewers a piece of lamb, a mushroom cap, and a piece of pepper. Repeat twice, then end with a piece of lamb.

Place the skewered lamb on a broiler rack about 3 inches from heat source. Grill under broiler for about 20 minutes, turning occasionally and basting with remaining marinade. After about 10 minutes of broiling add a cherry tomato at the end of each skewer. Serves 4.

Ed. Note: Only three kabobs are shown pictured with buttered rice.

MOUSSAKA (pictured)

- 2 lbs. lamb neck slices (5–6 pieces)
- 3 Tb. butter or regular margarine
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- 1 qt. peeled and thinly sliced potatoes
- 2 cups thinly sliced onions
- 4 oz. pepperoni, cut in ¼-in. slices
- 2 tsp. cornstarch
- 1½ cups milk
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 2 cups (8-oz.) grated mozzarella cheese
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 3 Tb. grated Parmesan cheese

Preheat oven to 350°.

Brown neck slices in 2 Tb. melted butter or margarine in a heavy 10-inch skillet. As they are browning, sprin with salt and pepper.

Arrange a layer of potatoes in a b tered 2½-quart casserole. Add a la of onions, then two neck slices a some of the pepperoni. Repeat twi ending with potatoes on top. Cover c serole; bake in a 350° oven for 1 ho

Transfer contents to a clean c serole, pouring off all accumulated in bottom of casserole.

Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a sm saucepan. Add cornsta and cook over low heat f minute, stirring constant Remove from heat, add m Cook until slightly thi ened. Pour some of thickened hot sauce into beaten eggs, beating c stantly. Then pour warm mixture into the rest of hot sauce, beating while pour. Remove from heat beat in mozzarella che and salt. Pour the chee custard sauce over casser Sprinkle generously w Parmesan cheese. Bake serole for 25–30 minutes til custard is set and gol on the top. Serves 4–5.

SPINACH STUFFED LAMB (pictured)

- 2 lbs. boned breast of lamb (about 3 pieces)
- 1 (9-oz.) pkg. frozen spinach thawed
- 2 cups fresh bread crumbs
- ½ cup chopped walnuts or pine nuts
- ½ cup chopped parsley
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 2 Tb. finely chopped shallots
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper

Preheat oven to 325°. C bine spinach, bread crum nuts, parsley, egg, shall garlic, salt, and pepp Place stuffing mixture on boned breasts, and r meat and stuffing from thickest end to the thin e Tie roll securely with stri Place lamb on rack in a sh low roasting pan. Bake i 325° oven for 2 hours. move string, cut each rol breast in half and arra with yellow rice on a platt Serve with Rosé W Sauce. Serves 5–6.

ROSÉ WINE SAUCE

Melt 3 tablespoons butter margarine in a small sau pan. Stir in 2 tablespo flour and cook for one m ute. Remove from heat a stir in ¾ cup water, ¼ c rosé wine and 2 beef bouill cubes. Return to heat, co stirring constantly until smooth a thick. Add 1 tablespoon chopped pa ley. Makes 1 cup.

LAMBURGERS (pictured)

- 1 lb. ground lamb
- 2 small tomatoes, peeled, seeded and diced
- ½ cup sliced green onion
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- ¾ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 1 (14-oz.) can artichoke hear drained
- 2 Tb. butter or regular margari melted
- 3 oz. mozzarella cheese, sliced
- 2 Tb. chopped parsley

Lightly mix lamb, tomatoes, green ions, garlic, salt and pepper. Form i four patties ½-inch thick and 3½ inches in diameter. *(continue*

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LAMB CHOP *continued*

Place patties on broiler rack. Broil 3-4 inches from source of heat 5 minutes. Turn, broil 4 minutes. Place artichoke hearts on the broiling rack after tossing them with butter or margarine. Top burgers with cheese. Broil 2 minutes longer or to desired degree of doneness. Sprinkle artichoke hearts with chopped parsley before serving. Serves 4.

SWEDISH LAMB SHANKS (pictured)

- 6 each lamb shanks (about 5 lb.)
- 2 Tb. butter or regular margarine
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 cup sliced onions
- 1 cup sliced mushrooms
- ½ cup dry vermouth or white wine
- 1 Tb. grated horseradish
- 2 tsp. grated orange rind
- 1 tsp. rosemary, crumbled
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 1 cup sour cream
- ¼ cup chopped fresh dill

Melt butter or margarine in a large saucepan. Sauté three shanks at a time until golden brown. Pour off accumulated fat, returning lamb to saucepan. Sprinkle with paprika. Add onions, mushrooms, wine, horseradish, orange rind, rosemary, salt, and pepper. Cover and cook over medium-low heat 1 hour 15 minutes. Remove shanks to a warm serving platter.

Add sour cream and dill to drippings in saucepan. Heat to serving temperature over low heat, stirring constantly. (Do not allow to boil.) Pour sauce over shanks and serve. Serves 6. **END**

MERINGUE *continued from page 107*

All of our recipes are based on the Foo proof Meringue given on page 10 Once you've learned the basic tec nique, our variations are simplicity i self, so simple, in fact, that you'll thir of your own ideas. When we were d veloping these recipes, the home eco omist in charge made all kinds of fanc ful shapes with meringue—including a extraordinary swan. We chose to sho the slightly more practical strawberr basket; but we urge all readers who e joy creative cookery to take our recip only as suggestions and go on to high flights of fancy.

STRAWBERRY ALMOND BASKET (picture

Cut three 17x14-inch sheets of unglaze brown paper, brush with oil, and flou Place on three cookie sheets. Draw oval shapes 8 inches across and inches long on paper. Draw five ov shapes 5 inches across and 9 inch long inside five of the large ovals. O one oval draw a line going across th 8-inch width to make two basket ha dle shapes.

Prepare two batches of meringue directed in Fool-Proof Meringue Rec pe, adding ½ teaspoon almond extra with the cream of tartar to each recip Upon completing the first batch, pla meringue in a piping bag with a st tip. Pipe out a coil of meringue in a oval layer for the bottom of the baske Then pipe out 4 rings each about ½ inch high to form the sides of the bas ket. Pipe out two horseshoe shapes fo the handle on remaining divided ova Bake as directed in basic recipe.

After meringues are baked, prepar one-half recipe of Fool-Proof Meringu to be used in assembling basket. Sprea unbaked meringue between and stac to make a basket. Spread more u baked meringue on flat sides of th basket handles and press the two fla sides together. Attach handle across narrow width of basket with remainin unbaked meringue. Secure with t th picks. Place back in 200° oven and bak for 1 hour. Serve with strawberries

RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

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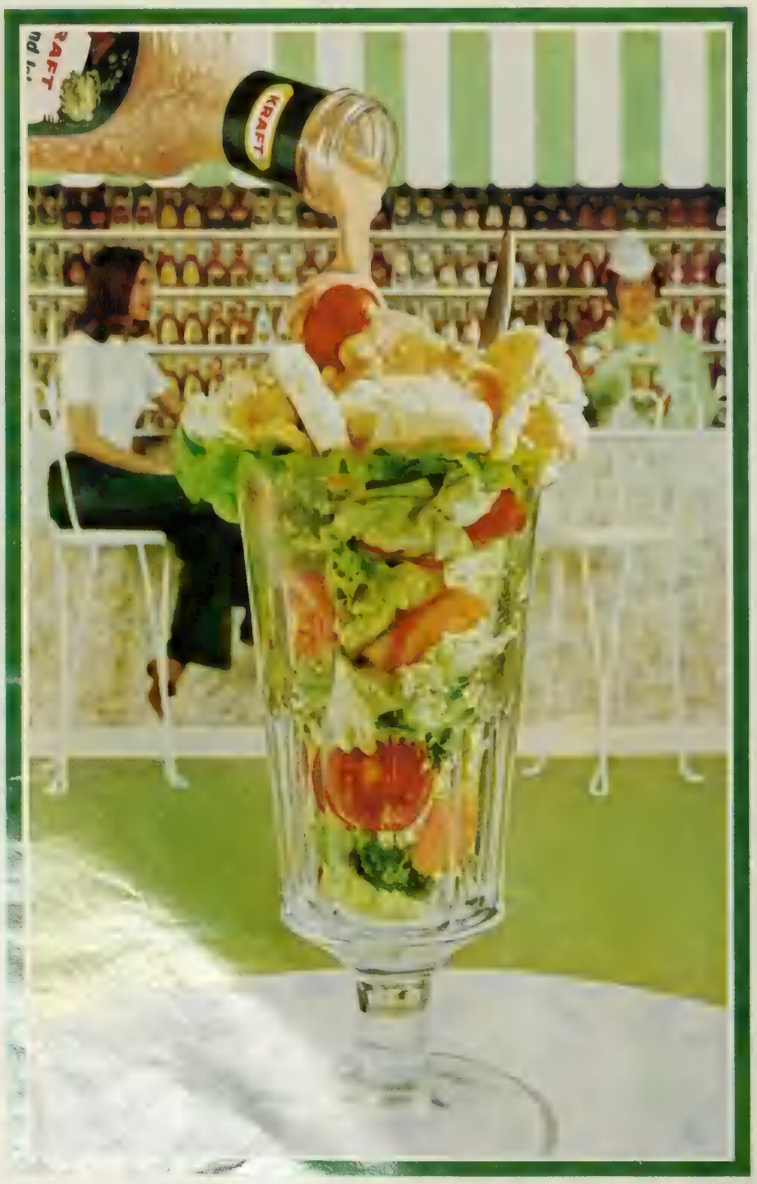
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anas, mint, and whipped cream. If ired, dip strawberries in almond ar: combine ½ cup superfine sugar n 1 teaspoon almond extract.

RINGUE CUPS WITH PEARS IN T WINE SAUCE (pictured)

pare meringue as directed in Fool-of Meringue Recipe. Place in a ing bag with star tip. Draw six 4-n circles two inches apart on brown er. Pipe out 6 circles forming a coil ign and continue to pipe around the er edge to form the shell sides. Bake directed in basic recipe.

Marinate 2 (29-oz.) cans pear halves, lined, in ¼ cup kirsch.

n a small saucepan combine 1 pint sh raspberries, 2 tablespoons corn-rch, and 1 cup sugar. Simmer gently ring constantly until thickened, then l ¼ cup port wine. Cool.

emble Shells: Sprinkle about 1 lespoon grated chocolate in the bot-n of each shell and place pear halves ach. Top with sauce. Serves 6.

CH PIE

e a 9-inch pie plate with brown er; oil and flour.

Prepare meringue as in Fool-Proof ringue Recipe, adding ½ teaspoon namon with the cream of tartar. th a metal spatula cover the bottom l side of lined pie plate with me-gue. Bake as directed in basic recipe.

epare Peach Custard: Bring water to oil in bottom of double boiler. In top double boiler combine 1½ cups milk, cup sugar, 4 egg yolks, and ½ tea-on cinnamon. Simmer mixture gent- stirring constantly with a whisk til eggs have thickened. Cool. Dice 1 -oz.) can peaches, drained, and add h 2 tablespoons brandy. Pour into shell. Serves 6–8.

GER FLAN

epare meringue as directed in Fool-oof Meringue recipe adding ½ tsp. ound ginger with cream of tartar. pattern by drawing a 10-inch cle on the brown paper. Fill the pip-g bag with the meringue, using a star . Make a coil design starting from center of circle out to the edges. ntinue to pipe meringue around cir-'s edge until 2 inches high. Bake as ected in basic recipe.

lling: In a saucepan over low heat solve 1 cup sugar and ⅛ teaspoon am of tartar in ⅓ cup water. Bring syrup to a boil and continue boiling til it reaches 240° on candy ther-meter. In a heatproof bowl beat 4 g yolks until fluffy. Pour syrup in a n stream while beating yolks until uble in bulk. Beat in ½ cup softened tter, ¼ cup each snipped dates and s, ¼ cup chopped pecans, 2 Tb. bran-, and 1 Tb. crystallized ginger. Fold o meringue shell. Top with 1 (16-oz.) n apricot halves. Serves 10.

ESTNUT TORTE

epare meringue as directed in Fool-oof Meringue recipe. Place meringue a piping bag with a star tip. Pipe on paper four 7-inch layers, in a il pattern starting from the center circle to the outer edge. Bake.

lling: Whip 1 pint heavy cream til stiff; gradually add 2 tablespoons nfectioners' sugar. Fold in ½ cup araschino cherries. In a separate bowl at 1 (15½-oz.) can chestnut purée, ding 3 tablespoons milk. Beat gradu-ly until smooth. Assemble torte by spreading each meringue layer first with the chestnut mixture and then the cream mixture. Stack layers on top of one another and serve. Serves 6–8.

CHOCOLATE KISSES

Prepare Fool-Proof Meringue Recipe. Add 3 Tb. cocoa and 1 tsp. vanilla extract after adding all the sugar. Pipe out meringue kisses, using a No. 3 star tip, placing them about 2 inches apart on paper. Bake for 1 hour. Allow to cool completely before removing. Makes 48.

WALNUT COOKIES

Prepare meringue as directed, adding ⅛ teaspoon cardamom with the cream of tartar. Quickly fold in 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour and ½ cup ground walnuts. Spoon out meringue by teaspoonfuls 2 inches apart on brown paper. Bake. Allow to cool before removing. Makes 36.

END

For your Rath Ham– an Easter bonnet with Dole Pineapple on it.

Dress up your Easter ham with this glamorous cherry and pineapple glaze. Just place 5 lb. Rath hickory-smoked ham, fat side up, on rack in shallow pan. Spoon jellied ham juices over it. Heat at 325° F. for 1½ hours. Meanwhile, drain 1 lb. 4 oz. can of Dole Pineapple Slices, reserving syrup. Combine syrup with ½ cup cherry preserves, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon and ⅛ teaspoon ground cloves. Cook over medium heat until reduced to half. Remove ham from oven, brush top and sides with glaze. Arrange Dole Pineapple Slices over top and spoon rest of glaze over it. Bake ½ hour longer. Parade it out for ooohs and ahs!



Dole® T.M. of Castle & Cooke, Inc.
From Rath—the first family of hams. The Rath Packing Co., Waterloo, Iowa

APRIL

By Maureen Cannon

April's a gift tied with ribbons of rain.
Silken and silvery. Over again
April's a green world with dove-colored weather.
And wet nights that glisten like black patent leather!

Take a good thing.



And top it.



1. Lettuce, iceberg wedges. Serve 'em with your own fresh dressing. Combine 1 cup mayonnaise, ¼ t. curry powder, ½ t. grated lemon peel, 3 Tb. fresh lemon juice, and 1 beaten egg yolk. Stir over low heat until thick.

2. Tomatoes, fresh sliced. Go from plain to fancy. Quick. Combine ⅔ cup salad oil, ⅓ cup fresh lemon juice, 1 Tb. dried basil, 2 Tb. fresh chopped parsley, 2 t. fresh grated lemon peel and ½ t. pepper. Drizzle over tomatoes.

3. Cucumbers, crisp cartwheels. Combine 1 cup sour cream, ½ t. salt, ⅛ t. pepper, ½ t. grated lemon peel, 1½ Tb. fresh lemon juice and ¼ cup snipped chives. That's cool.

4. Avocado, creamy ripe slices. All they need is a sprinkle of salt and a squeeze of fresh lemon. Fantastic.

Want some more fresh fruit ideas? Drop a postcard to Sunkist, Dept. [illegible] Box 7888, Van Nuys, California 91409.

Sunkist.



WORK WONDERS WITH SKILLET DINNER MIXES

In the world of quick cooking, one of the most popular and successful newcomers is the packaged skillet dinner. Pop the prepared mixture into the frying pan, add meat, and sit down to a feast in a matter of minutes. The real talents of the skillet mix, however, are only hinted at in the package directions. Using the manufacturers' ingredients and our imagination, we have created, clockwise from left: a savory Chili con Carne Pie; Spicy Zucchini Canoes stuffed with an Italian pasta mix plus sausage; a delicate Chinese chicken and vegetable soup from a Chinese dinner mix; and a Hawaiian Stuffed Flank Steak whose rice and almond filling comes from a Hawaiian dinner mix. These and other recipes are on page 124. Photograph by Michael O'Neill

NGING UP CHILDREN

tinued from page 30

rse he becomes confused; who or it should he be angry or afraid of? has to find something that can ex- n his anger and fear both to him- and his mother. By coincidence he rs about the wolf, so he decides it ne wolf who is so angry, and that he fraid of the wolf.

However, once the problem has ved away from the cousin, the anxi- becomes incomprehensible—and the blem becomes much harder to solve both Jeff and his parents, because ething could have been done about cousin, but there's little or nothing or they can do about the imaginary f. As long as it's taken as a wolf blem, as this mother had originally ught, the problem cannot be re- ed.

Parents would find their children tly more understandable if they 're always to ask themselves, "When uld I be afraid of what my child is id of?" or "Why would I do what child is doing?" or "How would I if I were in my child's situation?" e answer to the child's apparently xotic behavior lies close at hand if h questions were asked and an- red.

Luckily for Jeff, problems such as are relatively easy to untangle and to rights when they're still recent. hey're allowed to fester and go un- ground, they can require years of choanalysis to undo—because as e passes the original problem be- nes overlaid with many other fears form a rich tapestry of neurotic anx- es that is almost impossible to avel.

Children are afraid of the "bogey n," or of wolves, or of witches—they l try out all sorts of images until y find an anxiety-creating figure t is acceptable both to the parent d to their own needs. But the anxiety starts out with the child want- to do something, or feeling some- ng, of which he thinks his parents approve. Feeling helpless and at the rey of emotions that have no ac- otable outlet, the child will sooner or er project them onto some outside ure such as a wolf—and then in turn d himself at the mercy of this dan- ous creature he has created. He l have saddled himself with a true ankenstein's monster—and that's ough to make anyone wake up cry- .

END

ENDING YOUR MONEY

ntinued from page 30

ponsibility for the family's financial ll-being; an increased feeling of sculinity; a sense of achievement d independence; determination to ep the new property in good condi- n; stronger desire to stay at home much as possible; a greater sense of nmunity spirit and neighborliness.

s for the wives, they said they felt t their roles as wives and mothers re more sharply defined and re- rted an improved sense of status; a eater desire to be a good housekeep- a deeper understanding of the nily's financial situation.

As for costs, of this you may be sure: e price trend of houses will continue be upward.



A great rice recipe you make yourself.

BEEF PAPRIKASH: 2 tablespoons cooking oil; 1½ lbs. beef round steak (¼" thick); 1 can (14½ oz.) whole tomatoes; 1 can (4 oz.) sliced mushrooms (undrained); 1 package (1½ oz.) Stroganoff sauce mix; 1 tablespoon paprika; 1 cup sour cream; 1 cup *Uncle Ben's® Converted* Brand Rice; 1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Cut beef into ¼" squares; brown well in oil. Drain tomatoes, reserving juice; chop and set aside tomatoes. Add tomato juice, mushrooms and liquid, sauce mix and paprika to beef. Cover tightly and simmer 45 minutes to 1 hour, or until meat is tender. Stir in sour cream. While meat is cooking, prepare rice according to package directions. Fold tomatoes and parsley into cooked rice. Serve Beef Paprikash over hot cooked rice.

Serves six. *Uncle Ben's® Converted* Brand Rice comes out fluffy and separate every time. It makes rice recipes taste better.





A great rice recipe we make for you.

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Honest Invitation?

We were quite flattered recently to be invited to be listed in a social directory—not the famous Social Register, but another one that is distributed nationwide. However, the invitation was combined with a solicitation to buy this directory, and my husband and I are wondering just how much of an honor the deal is after all.

Perhaps the solicitor is blending your blood line with your bank account.

Poverty Lines

I hear over and over again about the "poverty line."

Where is it? Not only for a couple or a family of four, but for families of various sizes?

The current "poverty guidelines"—on which public assistance programs ranging from housing subsidies to medical care are based—are shown in the chart below:

Family	*Non-Farm*
1	$2,100
2	2,725
3	3,450
4	4,200
5	4,925
6	5,550
7	6,200

Note: For families of more than seven, add $650 for each additional member. The figures for farm families are in all cases somewhat less.

END

ONE SKILLET DOES A DINNER MAKE...

It's sweet...it's tart...it has the hearty meaty goodness of browned pork; it's the perfect dish to take the sting out of robust appetites. The secret of its goodness is Kitchen Bouquet's special blend of delicate herbs and spices that helps seal the succulent juices inside the chops while it helps them cook dark and crisp on the outside.

Kitchen Bouquet works wonders for steak and poultry, too, broiled indoors or out. And as many good cooks know, a teaspoon of Kitchen Bouquet helps make gravies rich-looking and savory. If you've never used it, try a bottle!





PORK CHOP SKILLET

- 4 pork chops, trimmed
- 2 tablespoons honey
- 1 teaspoon Kitchen Bouquet
- 4 medium-sized Louisiana yams
- 2 medium-sized tart apples
- ½ cup apple juice or cider
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
- ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

Combine honey and Kitchen Bouquet in a large skillet; place over low heat. Turn chops to coat meat on all sides. Increase heat to medium; brown chops. Remove chops. Add a little apple juice to skillet, stirring to loosen bits. Add pared yams, cut into ¼-inch rounds, add pared and quartered apples cut into thick slices to skillet; top with chops. Pour remaining apple juice and seasoning over chops. Bring to a boil, cover and cook over low to medium heat until tender, about 45 minutes. Baste occasionally. If necessary, add more apple juice. 4 servings.

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Enclosed is my boxtop from Kitchen Bouquet. Please send me free 32-page recipe book.

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KITCHEN BOUQUET

WWW SKILLET DINNER MIXES

continued from page 122

CHILI CON CARNE PIE (pictured)

- 1 (8-oz.) pkg. chili tomato dinner
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 2 cups coarsely grated sharp cheddar cheese
- ½ lb. ground pork
- ½ lb. ground round
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 3 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 (15¼-oz.) can red kidney beans
- 1 to 2 Tb. chopped hot chili peppers

Preheat oven to 375°. Cook macaroni from the chili tomato dinner in 1½ qt. boiling salted water for 10 minutes.

Combine the beaten egg and ½ cup cheese. Drain macaroni, combine with the cheese mixture, and arrange as a pie crust in a 9-inch pie plate. Place in a 375° oven, and bake 15 minutes. Cover with aluminum foil and continue baking for 15 additional minutes.

Meanwhile, brown pork and beef in a large skillet with the onion and garlic. Drain off excess fat.

Drain beans, reserving liquid. Add water to bean liquid to make 1⅓ cups. Add to skillet with the sauce mix from dinner package and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and add the beans, 1 cup cheese, and the chili peppers to taste. Cover and simmer 15–20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Place chili con carne mixture in baked macaroni pie shell and garnish with the remaining cheese. Melt cheese under broiler, if desired. Serves 6.

SPICY ZUCCHINI CANOES (pictured)

- 6 large zucchini
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- ¾ lb. sweet Italian sausage
- 1 (17-oz.) pkg. lasagne-style dinner

With a sharp knife cut each zucchini in half, lengthwise and scoop out centers with a spoon. Chop hollowed out portions and place in a medium skillet with the garlic. Remove casing from sausage and add to zucchini. Heat until sausage is brown and will break apart with a spoon, then drain to remove excess fat.

Meanwhile parboil zucchini "canoes" 7–8 minutes or until they begin to soften. Drain. Preheat oven to 350°.

Prepare seasoning packet from the skillet dinner according to directions on package. Set aside.

Stir the sauce from the packaged dinner and ⅔ cup water into the zucchini-sausage mixture and bring to a boil. Add noodles from the packaged dinner, cover, and simmer for 3 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Spoon sausage mixture into prepared zucchini. Place in a shallow baking dish and bake at 350° for 15 minutes. Top each stuffed zucchini with a portion of the seasoning packet mixture and bake 5 additional minutes. Serves 6.

CHINESE CHICKEN AND VEGETABLE SOUP (pictured)

- 1 lb. boned, skinned chicken breasts
- 6 chicken bouillon cubes
- 1 (16-oz.) pkg. chow mein dinner
- 2 cups coarsely shredded cabbage
- ½ cup sliced scallions
- ¼ cup soy sauce
- ½ cup dry sherry

Slice the chicken breasts into 2-inch julienne strips, about ½-inch wide. Set aside.

In a large saucepan or Dutch oven bring 1½ qt. water with the chicken bouillon cubes to a boil.

Blend sauce mix from the chow mein dinner package with 1½ cups cold water. Add to the boiling bouillon and stir for a few minutes. Then add chicken, vegetables from the dinner package, cabbage, scallions, and soy sauce. Cover and simmer for 30 utes. Just before removing from stir in sherry. Serves 8–10.

HAWAIIAN STUFFED FLANK STEAK (pictured)

- 1 (3-lb.) flank steak

Marinade:

- ¼ cup honey
- ¼ cup red wine vinegar
- 1 Tb. soy sauce
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed

Stuffing:

- 1 (15½-oz.) Hawaiian-st dinner
- 1½ cups wat
- 1 (8¼-oz.) ca crushed pin apple

Trim flank steak and score in dian shape pattern.

In a small bowl combine honey, gar, soy sauce, and garlic. Place steak in a shallow rectangular Pour marinade over steak, turn brush other side. Cover with p wrap and set aside at room tem ture for 2 hours.

Make stuffing: Mix rice and seas packet from the skillet dinner pa with water, then bring to a boil duce heat, cover, and simmer minutes. Pour the sauce from the age over the rice and stir. Drai crushed pineapple, reserving li Add pineapple and the almonds the packaged dinner to the rice ture, then remove from heat. Pr oven to 350°.

Take from the marinade, rese liquid. Place rice stuffing on leaving a 1-inch border all the around. Roll the steak, secure skewers, and place in a shallow r ing pan. (If any stuffing mixtur mains, moisten with reserved pinea liquid and bake in pan with steak

Brush steak with reserved mari and bake at 350° for 45–50 min brushing occasionally with pan j and marinade. Serves 6.

GERMAN POTATO SALAD

- ½ lb. sliced bacon
- 2¾ cups hot water
- 1 (7-oz.) pkg. potato stroganoff dinner
- ½ cup thinly sliced celery
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 1 Tb. dry mus
- 1 tsp. sugar
- ⅓ cup cider vinegar
- 2 Tb. chopped parsley
- 1 hard coo d

Cut bacon into 1-inch pieces and in a medium skillet until crisp. D on paper towels and pour fat from let. Add hot water, potato slices, sauces mix from the potato strog dinner to skillet. Bring to a boil, ring constantly, then reduce heat simmer. Add celery, onion, dry tard, and sugar. Cover, and simme 25 minutes. Add vinegar and sim 5 additional minutes. Stir in pa and reserved bacon pieces. Gar with chopped egg white and si yolk. Serves 4–6.

PICADILLO

- 1 lb. ground pork
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 2½ cups hot water
- 1 (6-oz.) pkg. hash dinner
- 2 fresh tomatoes, peeled and diced
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- ½ tsp. ground cloves
- ½ cup dry whi wine
- ½ cup sliced stuffed green olives
- ⅓ cup raisins
- ¼ cup toasted slivered alm

Brown pork with garlic in a m skillet and drain excess fat.

Add hot water, the potatoes, sauce mix from the hash din diced tomatoes, cinnamon, lemon r and cloves. Bring mixture to a l reduce heat, cover, and simmer fo minutes, stirring occasionally. wine, olives, and raisins and simm additional minutes. Garnish with to ed almonds. Serves 4–6.

continued from page 24

would had I been a man. Under the age of 40, men have ten to 20 times more heart attacks than women. But after the age of 55 the ratio drops to two to one. One possible explanation is that premenopausal hormones protect women (although there are theories that female arteries are different somewhat from those of the male).

Stress is always mentioned as a factor in heart attacks. With so many women working outside the home these days and getting themselves into the stress patterns men have to face in business, one wonders about a possible increase in women's chances of heart attack. Although Dr. Hurst was not eager to measure the role of stress in causing heart disease, he explained that while tensions obviously can have harmful effects, "stress" is a difficult thing to measure in daily behavior. He emphasized the rise in cigarette smoking as the factor in increasing heart disease among women.

But many doctors now believe that a period of prolonged emotional stress, particularly if accompanied by over-fatigue, is an excellent way to precipitate a heart attack. People in all walks of life can be subject to stress for a variety of reasons—a business reverse, an unhappy love affair, sudden, deep grief, or a demanding job (such as football coach or President of the United States).

Exercise, of course, is another important factor in the family lifestyle. Too many families tend to become sedentary; they ride everywhere instead of walking. Men too often engage in sports in school and then sit around in offices for the next 40 years—to their body's detriment. Heart doctors are urging everyone to have regular exercise.

Can one really head off heart attacks by having regular medical checkups? Nobody will come out and say yes, definitely, but nobody will say no, either. A simple blood test will reveal whether a cholesterol level is high. An even simpler test will tell the doctor whether or not one's blood pressure is high. One of the problems with women is that they will visit doctors in their childbearing years, and then skip ten years or more unless there is a particular problem. (It's now being suggested that gynecologists take blood pressures when they do Pap smears.)

As I have been made acutely aware recently, over 50 percent of America's population die of diseases of the heart and blood vessels—almost every one is susceptible. Perhaps my father's heart ailment could have been helped by better habits in his early life; perhaps his tendencies were genetic. But I hope that his illness will make people more aware of heart disease and arteriosclerosis . . . and the need for continuing research in these areas. I also hope it will help people realize the simple nutritional, mental, and physical steps they can take to provide an optimum setting for their hearts. Perhaps it will mean pushing aside a plate, or breaking the smoking habit. But life is too precious to reduce your odds. I have never been more conscious of this fact than in Texas and Washington during the last two weeks of January.

PRECAUTIONS to reduce your family's risk of heart attack:

1. Limit the intake of animal (saturated) fats and cholesterol.
2. Avoid being overweight. "Clean plate" awards are not essential.
3. Be sure all members of the family get regular exercise.
4. When tensions build or an unusual problem must be faced, don't let yourself get overtired. Plan schedules to include plenty of rest.
5. Non-smoking parents tend to have non-smoking children. Kick the habit if you can.
6. Get regular medical check-ups. Only your doctor can tell if your blood pressure or cholesterol tests are normal.
7. Know the early warning signs of heart attack: prolonged, heavy pressure or squeezing pain in the center of the chest, behind the breastbone; pain may spread to the shoulder, arm, neck, or jaw; pain or discomfort is often accompanied by sweating, nausea, vomiting; shortness of breath may also occur; symptoms may subside and then return. END

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Use chocolate and caramel, instant cocoa and frosting, sugar and spice and anything nice. Fruit and honey, nuts, coconut, and flavored gelatin powders. Anything is fair. Don't knock it if you haven't dunked it.

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Dole® T.M. of Castle & Cooke, Inc.

continued from page 16

Extreme care must be taken throughout to keep the follicle intact and undamaged. If the follicle dies, the hair will never grow again.

Sufficient space must be left around the donor plug so that surrounding hair will cover the empty spot. There must be enough scalp around the recipient spot for proper healing of the area. If more hair is required for coverage, it can be filled in later with smaller plugs. The plugs removed are so small and shallow that there is usually very little bleeding, and what there is can be controlled with wads of gauze along with minute stitching (this is usually not required). If there are sutures, they are removed about a day later.

With this necessarily meticulous procedure, no more than one dozen to four dozen plugs are grafted in each treatment. The next day or two, more plugs can be grafted in another area—but not in the same site, which must be given two weeks or more for proper healing before more plugs are added. The procedure may thus extend over a few days, weeks, or months, depending on how many grafts and how much coverage you require.

"Do hair transplants hurt much?"

That depends on the individual's pain threshold. Most patients state that they feel either no pain at all or very little.

A mild numbness may exist for a few weeks or longer, but there is rarely any lasting pain.

Some slight aching may bother you during the first 24 hours, but it is generally relieved by simple analgesic medication.

Before surgery, the donor and recipient areas are cleansed (it is not necessary to shave the head), then well anesthetized with spray or injection, probably a combination of both. A sedative is sometimes given to counteract excess nervousness. Precise details of the procedure depend on the doctor's technique.

Keep in mind that the plugs of scalp taken are never deep, thus minimizing the amount of pain, discomfort, and length of healing time.

"Is care needed afterwards?"

No hospitalization is involved. The procedure is performed in the doctor's office, and you leave soon after each session, which usually averages one or two hours.

A turban-like bandage may be placed over the head. Some people don't mind this appearance; others worry about what people think, and prefer to remain at home until the bandages are removed a few days later.

Once the bandages are off, the hair can be combed—with great caution in order not to disturb the healing areas of the scalp. Redness around the transplants is covered by combing the adjacent hair across the area or can be concealed by gently patting on makeup cream. A hair piece or wig may be worn over bandages or unbandaged areas as soon as the physician approves, but no adhesive or other attachments can be permitted to touch the treated spots.

Strenuous physical activity is not permitted for the first day after surgery, and only limited physical movement and activity for the first five days. The treated spots must not be touched for a minimum of 10 days. In the first few weeks great care must be taken not to bump or scrape the head lest the plugs be damaged and the hair follicles die.

Showering, and gentle, careful shampooing is permitted five days after surgery. The scabs or crusts shouldn't be touched at all. No scrubbing or massaging the scalp even lightly is allowed for some time.

Some doctors specify that alcoholic drinks should not be taken for the first day or two after surgery (because inebriation leads to carelessness), and very strenuous chewing is not recommended. Aside from the restrictions mentioned and using good sense during the recuperative period, you can proceed with work and activity as usual.

If you wish, the transplants can be treated with "safe" colorings when they are fully established and have healed.

Vigorous brushing, pulling, tightening, or forceful massaging of the hair and scalp should be avoided; so should too-frequent shampooing and excessive applications of hairdressings and colorings.

"How soon will I look 'normal'?"

During the first month after the transplants, hair falls out of the transplanted spots—sometimes noticeably, sometimes not. It usually takes about three months for the normal cycle of hair growth to be re-established in the new sites.

After that, the hair should maintain its appearance as long as it would have in its previous sites. This emphasizes how important it is that hair plugs be taken from a "permanent" growth area, rather than adjacent to the bald spot where, given the natural course of your particular growth and loss pattern, you're more likely to become bald eventually.

If the hairline in front or elsewhere does not look graceful or natural, it can be filled in with smaller plugs. If bald spots develop elsewhere on your head, and you have enough hair remaining for transplants, further surgery can be undertaken at practically any time later.

"Will I be satisfied?"

As with every surgical procedure, a small percentage of hair transplant patients are disappointed—either because they expected more, or because something goes wrong in the process. The vast majority of patients say they are "delighted." It must be stressed that the hair transplant procedure usually takes a month or longer. Much patience and perseverance is required until final results are seen three months or more after surgery. Each prospective patient must ask: *"How great is my desire?"*

Strip Transplants

Some medical specialists perform "strip transplants," which transfer more hairs at a time than the "punch" technique previously described. Here, too, very narrow strips of hair are taken from a lasting, hair-bearing area. The strip, generally less than ¼-inch wide and under four inches long, is transferred to replace a strip of skin of the same size that has been removed from the bald area.

Usually only a single strip of hair is transplanted per session. A half dozen or more sessions may be required, depending on the extent of coverage planned. Two weeks or more elapse between treatments. The hair soon falls out, then grows in again to its fullest extent within three to six months or longer.

Postoperative details and care with strips are similar to those with plug transplants. However, with strip transplants, stitching is usually required and the sutures are removed a week or more later. A sensation of scalp numbness—not pain—may linger for up to a year.

Strip and "punch" hair transplanting may be combined. In some cases, the physician may prefer to establish the front forehead lines with strips of transplanted hair, and then fill in behind that with plugs.

Scalp Flaps

Another procedure, performed less frequently than plug or strip transplants, is the scalp flap. This is a much more extensive and complicated procedure, which usually involves hospitalization.

A sizable flap of hair is shifted from an adjacent hair-bearing area of the scalp (where surrounding hair will conceal the denuded spot) to a bald spot. Some good results are obtained, but most specialists recommend the other, simpler procedures.

What about hairweaving?

This procedure does not require the services of a physician or medical technician, since the scalp itself is not involved. The hair is added by interweaving it with the person's own remaining hair.

The results of this treatment are limited by the extent of the bald areas to be covered. The larger the space, the sooner the attached hair loosens, due to the distance of the new hair from the anchoring spot where hair still grows.

A number of people have found hairweaving more satisfactory than wearing a hair piece or wig, since the hair attached by interweaving will not slip or fall off. The attached hair requires considerable attention, however. It must be tightened about every two months, cleaned, and perhaps restyled; this means many return visits to the salon. Hairweaving is done for men and women; costs vary widely with each establishment. **END**



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In some
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do some exercises to in
but I think it really is
a woman to be walkin
house squeezing a rub
strengthen her wrists. You
as well with the figure you h
of building up your arms,
and wrists. It might not even
your game. It might only chan
shape.

A lot of men may hate me for s
this, but golf is one game that cou
can spend a great deal of time discus
ing. Unlike football or baseball, golf
really is a sport for both men and wom
en. Feminists may disagree, but a wife
discussing the Super Bowl with her
husband senses that she is out of her
league.

Women can improve their game by
reading the how-to golf books. A good
how-to book can improve your tech
nique and eliminate some bad habits.
Good instructional books also help to
eliminate mistakes. The instructional
book could be the difference between

STAR CHILDREN *continued from page 48*

Sparkling and She's rather
have a a feminine
Bead brilliant. Sparkling and pure
and white. Eileen.
(Aileen.

...ne in-
...or anything
... in golf. Some of
playing very well now,
...y Whitworth leading the
she is about the best of the
women golfers around today. Very few
women can play like Kathy Whitworth
—very few men can, for that matter.

Remember the basics: Don't try to
play like a man; don't overpower the
ball; play with poise and finesse; be
comfortable with your outfits and
equipment. Listen to the advice of your
club pro; practice as often as you can.
Most of all, have fun with the game;
enjoy the fresh air and think kindly of
that poor husband of yours who
couldn't get out of the office for
round today. He is what we call a
"golf widower." END

OLF

ontinued from page 86

lay within their limits. They general-
lay quite conservatively, keeping
he ball straight in front of them, out
f trouble, and always advancing to-
ard the pin.

Women actually putt better than
hen. Men like to smash the ball as
ard as they can off the tee—it's some-
ing in the male ego—then they lose
nterest in the rest of the game until
he next tee. Women play with more
nesse. A nice drive. Another nice,
raight shot toward the green, maybe
good roll, a couple of putts, and in
he hole in par four. Meanwhile, the
dy's husband is in the sand some-
lace, trying to stay under eight.

Men feel sorry for themselves if they
hoot a bad round. Women can get vio-
nt about missing shots, but they seem
o recover from the misfortunes of life
etter than men.

Most women who take up golf aren't
ntent on winning the club champion-
hip. They can go out with their friends
nd play for fun. The big thing is to
njoy the day. Women don't need to
other with 14 clubs. Six or seven
ill do: a driver, a four-wood, three-
on, five-iron, seven-iron, nine-iron,
nd putter. After your game improves
ou can add other woods and a wedge.
But, most important, make sure the
lubs are comfortable for your size and
trength.

How good a golfer a woman becomes
epends on how much she practices and
ow much desire she has. If a woman
s content to have a pleasant day with
her friends, or a pleasant game with
her husband, she will probably reach a
certain level and not improve beyond
it. Remember always that the object is
to have fun.

After proper lessons and enough
time at the practice tee, you are ready
to play. Don't overpower the ball. Play
to your strength. Don't get discouraged.
When you start improving, don't worry
about beating your husband and hurt-
ing his feelings. That went out with
women's lib—and high time it did.

Golf, of course, can be a marvelous
family sport. My wife Winnie plays
once in a while, but she isn't really very
good at it. My oldest daughter Peggy,
17, doesn't play, but my youngest,
Amy, 14, seems to be showing some
aptitude for the game. I wouldn't op-
pose her becoming a golf professional if
she wanted to.

Kids practice putting

One of the best places for family
recreation is the golf driving range. It's
a great place for practice and fun.
What cleaner, better way is there for a
family to enjoy healthy, outdoor ac-
tivity on a summer night than on a
range? The husband and wife can drive
few buckets of balls (the husband as
far as he can and the wife as straight
as she can) while the kids play minia-
ture golf or practice putting. I travel
all over the country and I have seen
these driving ranges everywhere. Some-
times the lines are just as long as
those at the first tee on the local pub-
lic course.

Women can improve their golf driv-
ing on these ranges. Most courses now

And what can't you make of it!

QUICHE LORRAINE

1 cup Bisquick baking mix
1/4 cup light cream
12 slices bacon (1/2 pound), crisply fried and crumbled
1 cup shredded natural Swiss cheese (about 4 ounces)
1/3 cup minced onion
4 eggs
2 cups whipping cream or light cream
3/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon sugar
1/8 teaspoon cayenne pepper

Heat oven to 425°. Stir baking mix and 1/4 cup light cream to a soft dough. Gently smooth dough into a ball on floured cloth-covered board. Knead 5 times. Roll dough 2 inches larger than inverted 9-inch pie pan. Ease into pan and flute edge.

Sprinkle bacon, cheese and onion in crust. Beat remaining ingredients with rotary beater until blended; pour over bacon mixture. Cover edge with 2- to 3-inch strip of aluminum foil to prevent excessive browning; remove foil last 15 minutes of baking. Bake *15 minutes. Reduce oven temperature to 300°.* Bake *about 35 minutes* or until knife inserted 1 inch from edge comes out clean. Let stand 10 minutes before cutting. *6 servings.*

This recipe was developed and tested in the Betty Crocker Kitchens.

Any of over 100 good things from just one box of Bisquick.



STAR CHILDREN

continued from page 48

Sparklingly feminine, she'd rather have a home and career than be purely domesticated. She's full of curiosity and joy of living and travels under a lucky star.

Beatrice: Latin, 'blessed.' Witty, kind and brilliant. **Candace:** Greek, 'glittering white.' Sparkling and joyous. **Helen** (Aileen, Eileen, Eleanor, Ellen, Helena): Greek, 'light.' Cultured, captivating, clever. **Ella:** Old English, 'beautiful elf.' Radiant, spirited. **Fay:** Old English, 'fairy.' Light-hearted, elusive. **Vanessa:** English, 'butterfly.' Light-hearted, young and gay. **Sonia** (Sophie, Sophia): Latin, 'wisdom.' Clever and attractive.

CANCER June 22 to July 22

Sign: The Crab. Element: Water. Affinities: Scorpio and Pisces. Planet: Moon. Zodiac Gems: Ruby and Pearl. Lucky Color: Violet. Lucky Number: Two. Flowers: Rose and Water Lily.

BOYS. Versatile with a constructive imagination, he is sympathetic and loves family life. For adventure he turns to the sea, for interest to history and lovely scenery. He seems retiring but is tenacious.

Andrew: Greek, 'manly.' Magnetic, just and good. **Humphrey:** Teutonic, 'protector of peace.' Loyal, loving and concerned. **Kevin:** Celtic, 'comely. Tender, brave and clear-sighted. **Leslie:** Celtic, 'dweller in the gray fo tress.' Thoughtful, just, protectiv **Matthew:** Hebrew, 'gift of the Lord Honest, home-loving. **Norman:** Te tonic, 'stranger.' Placid, brave an philosophical. **Ralph:** Old Englis 'counsel of wolf.' Protective, fearles wise. **Rodney:** Old English, 'famou one's island.' Sea-loving and romanti

GIRLS. Imaginative and impressio able as a child, but strong-willed, she very feminine, a bit perverse and u willing to be involved too deeply relationships. She's clever and has retentive memory.

Eva: Hebrew, 'life.' Willful, feminin and emotional. **Margaret:** Persia 'pearl.' Home-loving, valued. **Ros** Latin, 'rose.' Precious, charming. **C leste:** Latin, 'heavenly.' Gentle an sweet. **Priscilla:** Latin, 'past or prin itive times.' Charming, emotional, p tective. **Sarah:** Hebrew, 'princess Sympathetic, warm. **Diana:** Lati 'moon goddess.' Loving, beautiful an serene.

LEO July 23 to August 22

Sign: The Lion. Element: Fire. Affi ties: Sagittarius. Aries. Planet: Su Zodiac Gem: Sardonyx. Lucky Color Orange, gold. Lucky Numbers: O and Four. Lucky Flower: Sunflowe

BOYS. A happy extrovert who lov power and is a born leader. He can warm-hearted, affectionate and full fun, or he can be philosophical ar proud, quick to anger. As a child needs direction.

Arthur: Celtic, 'high.' Industriou proud and brave. **Dominic:** Lati 'Sunday child.' Honest, staunch ar bold. **Eric:** Teutonic, 'ever king.' Lor ly, bold and just. **Gilbert:** Teuton 'bright pledge.' Active, powerful a brilliant. **Leo** (Leonard, Leon): Gree 'lion.' Just, bold. **Neal:** Celtic, 'char pion.' Warm, talkative, a leader. **Pa rick:** Latin, 'noble.' Extravangant; n ble and courageous. **Randolph:** Te tonic, 'house-wolf.' Brave, humoro and passionate.

GIRLS. A golden girl with arde hopes and dreams and a way of achie ing what she wants. Very generous a audacious, the Leo woman spreads su shine wherever she goes but has a bos streak too.

Audrey: Teutonic, 'noble strengt Strong-willed and generous. **Bernic** Greek, 'victory-bringing.' **Arde** cheerful. **Felicity:** Latin, 'happines Gay and gracious. **Cleo:** Greek, 'glor Expansive, warm-hearted and impet ous. **Iris:** Hebrew, 'the rainbow.' Glo ing and warm-hearted. **Julia:** L in, 'youthful.' Impulsive, dazzlin **Patricia:** Latin, 'noble.' Willful, happ successful. **Stephanie:** Greek, 'crow Headstrong, impulsive, passiona **Victoria:** Latin, 'conqueror.' Cour geous, just and proud.

VIRGO August 23 to September 22

Sign: The Virgin. Element: Earth. A finities: Capricorn, Taurus. Plane

INSOMNIAC

By Jean Herrod

Love too far away to touch
and too near to forget
is insomnia 24-hours
a day.



1. Prepare the old-fashioned stuffing in a jiffy with Kellogg's® Croutettes® Stuffing Herb Seasoned Croutons. They're oven-toasted with eight savory seasonings baked right in.

2. Roast your turkey in Reveal™ see-thru Roasting Wrap. The bird browns and bastes itself automatically, and there's no pan or spattered oven to clean later.



The delicious, old-fashioned stuffing is made in minutes using Kellogg's Croutettes. Just add hot water or stock to the crisp, herb seasoned croutons as directed in the Stuffing Guide on the Croutettes package, and it's ready to pop into your bird.

Tear off enough Reveal to enclose bird lengthwise, allowing for 3-inch overlap. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon flour. Center turkey on wrap. Spread with soft butter mixed with salt and paprika. Wrap turkey snugly and double-fold foil edges to seal. Pierce top of wrap with meat fork six times. Place turkey on rack in 2-inch deep roasting pan. Roast in preheated oven at 325°F. until golden brown.

Roast Turkey:
10-14 lbs., 2-2½ hrs.;
15-18 lbs., 2½-3½ hrs.;
19-24 lbs., 3½-4½ hrs.

For free collection of other favorite [illegible] recipes, send name, address and zip to [illegible] Recipe Booklet, Box 429, Brooklyn, N.Y. [illegible]

rcury. Zodiac Gem: Chrysolite, idot. Lucky Colors: Yellow, Blue. ky Number: Five. Lucky Flower: hflower.

YS. Considerate and industrious, boy will grow up to be a specialist ome kind in art, industry or science. likes perfection, can appear critical possessive but at heart is loving kind.

hony: Latin, 'inestimable.' Kind, n and philosophical. **Edward:** Teuc, 'rich guardian.' Confident, clevconventional. **Gregory:** Greek, tchman.' Patient, quiet and effit. **Guy:** Celtic, 'sense.' Clever, true. rge: Greek, 'husbandman.' Solid, endable and loving. **Simon:** Hew, 'obedient.' Ambitious, protective. **hothy:** Latin, 'fear God.' Generous. **phen:** Greek, 'crown.' Amiable, less and thoughtful. **Daniel:** Hew, 'God the judge.' Strong, fearless busy. **Raymond:** Teutonic, 'wise tection.' Wise, dauntless and proive.

RLS. Perceptive, sensitive, kind and ainly not impulsive or impassioned, Virgo girl will grow up to be very inine and fastidious. She will als have a subtle appreciation of life love.

bara: Greek, 'stranger.' Idealistic, llectual and dignified. **Nora:** Latin, nor.' Dependable, loving and thrif**Tammy:** Hebrew, 'perfection.' ng, good and capable. **Mona:** Cel'solitary.' Pensive, sweet and prac. **Melissa:** Latin, 'bee.' Domestid, busy and kindly.

LIBRA September 23 to October 22

n: The Scales. Element: Air. Aftes: Aquarius and Gemini. Planet: ius. Zodiac Gems: Opal and Coral. ky Colors: Blue and Green. Lucky mber: Six. Lucky Flower: Violet. **YS.** A happy, sincere and frank d who spreads affection. In adult he will be tolerant, sometimes inve, full of humor. He will be inectual in his approach rather than otional.

tram: Teutonic, 'bright raven.' ppy, bright and independent. **Ed:** Teutonic, 'rich friend.' Openrted and versatile. **Kenneth:** Celtic, nely.' Handsome, versatile. **Keith:** tic, 'refreshing breeze.' **Nathan:** brew, 'gift.' Open-minded, sociable. **ence:** Latin, 'smooth polished.' ver, cultured, a flirt.

RLS. Attractive, loving, artistic, inine and very interested in the opite sex, the Libra girl is full of rm and guile and loves to be apciated; she gives understanding and pathy in return.

rienne: Latin, 'from Adria.' Dark, ractive. **Ella:** Old English, 'elf.' ightly, clever. **Gabrielle:** Hebrew, ro of God.' Tender, uncritical and ative. **Grace:** Latin, 'thanksgiving.' aceful, responsive and intellectual. **ida:** Spanish, 'pretty.' Feminine l vivacious. **Lucy** (Lucille, Lucin: Latin, 'light.' Gay and lightted. **Pamela:** English, 'sweetness.' lcoming and sweet. **Rebecca:** Hew, 'bound.' Spirited and possessive.

SCORPIO October 23 to November 21

gn: The Scorpion. Element: Water. finities: Cancer and Pisces. Planet: ars. Zodiac Gem: Topaz. Lucky lor: Red. Lucky Number: Nine.

The Presto Magic.
It doesn't stop at pressure cookers.

Presto makes a lot of different products with a single important thing in common. We've built into every product outstanding features to set it apart from ho-hum, no-magic appliances.

Take our Presto Mist Hair Dryer. To our conditioning mist for resetting without reshampooing, we've added an extra-large hood for extra-big rollers.



Then there's the Presto Vertical Broiler. We call it the Meat Toaster because it seals in flavor by cooking both sides at the same time. On top of that, we made it easy to take apart for cleaning.



Our Presto Coffeemaker in 9 or 12-cup sizes makes better coffee easy by making thorough cleaning easy. It's completely submersible. Has an open, scrubbable spout. And what comes cleaner than stainless steel?



The Presto Jumbo Fry Pan is *big*. 15" big, in fact. Big enough to measure up to a meat-potatoes-and-vegetable meal for eight. Yet convenient enough to fit a cozy dinner for two.

And this is where it all started.

The famous Presto Pressure Cooker. The original idea is as modern as tomorrow. And we've even added an electrical model with Control Master to maintain correct cooking temperature automatically.

But just like always, it cooks a surprising number of delicious things surprisingly fast. 3 to 10 times faster than pots and pans, in fact.

How's that for magic?

PRESTO®

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Lucky Flowers: Heather and Chrysanthemum.

BOYS. Courageous, emotional, determined, deep. These children of water are often an enigma. They have ambition and driving power but are often secretive. They're kind-hearted and form stout friendships.

Barnabas: Greek, 'son of consolation.' Piercing, truthful. **Howard:** Old English, 'chief guardian.' Protective and deep. **Irving:** Anglo-Saxon, 'sea friend.' Moody, deep and adventurous. **Morgan:** Celtic, 'white sea.' Tempestuous. **Roger:** Teutonic, 'spear of fame.' Mystic, just and perceptive. **Walter:** Teutonic, 'powerful warrior.' Ardent, ambitious and moody.

GIRLS. Passionate, emotional and tender, these deep people are constantly full of mystery and mysticism. They always love a secret. Many doctors and nurses come under this sign.

Christine: Greek, 'Christian.' Passionate, idealistic and sensitive. **Dinah:** Hebrew, 'judgment.' Loyal, deep and strong-willed. **Doreen:** Celtic, 'the serious one.' Loving, mysterious. **Doris:** Greek, 'from the ocean.' Alluring, mysterious. **Erica:** Teutonic, 'ever kind.' Courageous, dignified. **Gwendolen:** Celtic, 'white browed.' Mystic, idealistic. **Josephine:** Hebrew, 'addition.' Alert, passionate. **Laura:** Latin, 'laurel.' Loving. **Rosemary:** Latin, 'sea dew.' Charming, intuitive. *(continued)*

SAGITTARIUS November 22 to December 22

Sign: The Archer. Element: Fire. Affinities: Cancer and Pisces. Planet: Jupiter. Zodiac Gem: Turquoise. Lucky Color: Purple. Lucky Number: Three. Lucky Flower: Red Carnation.

BOYS. Enterprising, outgoing, adventurous, intelligent, this boy loves liberty and a challenge. He is fiery, impulsive, a lover of justice. Friendly and very generous, he can also be a formidable enemy.

Ernest: Teutonic, 'eagle stone.' Youthful, soaring. **Francis:** Teutonic, 'free.' Fearless, lively, independent. **Malcolm:** Celtic, 'servant of Columbia.' Liberal, impetuous. **Philip:** Greek, 'lover of horses.' Handsome, commanding. **Richard:** Teutonic, 'stern kind.' Bold, energetic and just. **Russell:** Old French, 'red-haired one.' Vital, impulsive, brave.

GIRLS. Happy-go-lucky in relationships, but careful with money, that's the Jupiter girl. She attracts very easily, likes variety as the spice of her life and is quite capable of both working and playing hard.

Frances: Teutonic, 'free.' Light-hearted. **Joyce:** Latin, 'sportive.' Merry and mischievous. **Kay:** Teutonic 'rejoicing.' Sunny and impetuous. **Mabel:** Celtic, 'mirth.' Mirthful, broad-minded, passionate. **Sylvia:** Latin, 'forest dweller.' Lighthearted, adventurous. **Valerie:** Latin, 'healthy.' Sporting, passionate, fiery. **Wendy:** Teutonic, 'wanderer.' Happy-go-lucky, generous, sweet. **Yvonne:** Teutonic, 'archer.' Graceful, spirited. **Shirley:** Old English, 'from the bright meadow.' Happy, sunny.

CAPRICORN December 23 to January 20

Sign: The Goat. Element: Earth. Affinities: Taurus and Virgo. Planet: Saturn. Zodiac Gem: Garnet. Lucky Color: Green. Lucky Number: Eight. Lucky Flower: Hyacinth and Gillyflower.

BOYS. A Capricorn boy will be practical and ambitious. As a child he is affectionate, serious and easily hurt. As a man he is loyal, stubborn, clever in business and will always fight for what he really believes in.

Christopher: Greek, 'follower of Christ.' Loving and determined. **Damian:** Greek, 'tamer.' Strong, fearless and calm. **Hugh:** Teutonic, 'thoughtful.' Deep, dependable and kind. **Lance:** Old French, 'attendant.' Courteous, loyal and intelligent. **Noel:** Latin, 'Christmas.' Successful, happy. **Peter:** Greek, 'rock.' Firm, lovable. **Roderick:** Teutonic, 'famous ruler.' Just, wise. **Sebastian:** Greek, 'venerable.' Serious, conventional and conscientious. **Trevor:** Celtic, 'prudent.' Wise, good and unselfish. **William:** Teutonic, 'helmet of resolution.' Energetic, hospitable, stubborn.

GIRLS. Industrious, constant, loving, a girl born under this sign will marry, make a wonderful wife and mother. She is straightforward in all her dealings, but she's often pessimistic and lacks confidence.

Bridget: Celtic, 'strength.' Devoted and calm. **Cathleen** (Karen, Katherine): Greek, 'pure.' Staunch, contented and unspoiled. **Lydia:** Greek, 'woman of Lydia.' Graceful and strong. **Mary** (Marion, Maureen, Molly, Marilyn): Hebrew, 'bitterness.' Gentle and unselfish. **Naomi:** Hebrew, 'pleasant one.' Gracious and home-loving. **Natalie:** Latin, 'Christmas born.' Shrewd, tactful. **Prudence:** Latin, 'foresight.' Reserved and sympathetic.

AQUARIUS January 21 to February 19

Sign: Water Bearer. Element: Air. Affinities: Gemini and Libra. Planet: Uranus. Zodiac Gem: Amethyst. Lucky Color: Light Green. Lucky Numbers: Four and Eight. Lucky Flowers: Snowdrop and Foxglove.

BOYS. Resourceful, knowledgeable, constructive, adaptable, ambitious and willful. These children are inspirational, have the gift of leadership, inflicting greater discipline on themselves than on others. **Alan:** Anglo-Norman, 'cheerful.' Spirited, adventurous. **Benjamin:** Hebrew, 'son of my right hand.' Intelligent, interesting, and brave. **Brian:** Celtic, 'strong.' Amusing, independent and strong. **Charles:** Teutonic, 'man.' Romantic, manly and clever. **David:** Hebrew, 'beloved.' Honorable, alert and popular. **Donald:** Celtic, 'proud chief.' Sprightly, skillful and romantic. **Robert:** Teutonic, 'brighter fame.' Loquacious, brilliant. **Stewart:** Anglo-Norman, 'steward.' Bright, gregarious and willful. **Vernon:** Latin, 'flourishing.' Successful, very ambitious.

GIRLS. Independent, ardent, original and determined, Aquarius girls grow up to be fascinating women who attract easily. They never go unnoticed and are active, charitable, amusing and a little bossy.

Alison: Teutonic, 'famous war.' Witty, courageous and eager. **Adelaide:** Teutonic, 'noble cheer.' **Carola** (Caroline, Charlotte): Strong, queenly. **Jennifer:** Celtic, 'white wave.' Dedicated, courageous. **Estelle:** Latin, 'star.' Artistic and dramatic. **Madeline:** Greek, 'magnificent.' Brave, alluring.

PISCES February 20 to March 20

Sign: Fishes. Element: Water. Affinities: Cancer, Scorpio. Planet: Neptune, Jupiter; Zodiac Gem: Bloodstone, Aquamarine; Lucky Color: Silver. Lucky Number: Seven. Lucky Flower: Carnation.

BOYS. They are emotional, sensitive and discerning. They can work furiously for what they desire or be overcome by lassitude. They have a great sense of humor, will usually be artistic and have great charm.

Edmund: Teutonic, 'rich protector.' Good and unaggressive. **Frederick:** Teutonic, 'peace ruler.' Peace-loving and friendly. **Godfrey** (Jeffrey): Teutonic, 'God's peace.' Peaceful. **Michael:** Hebrew, 'who is like unto the Lord.' Wise, sympathetic. **Oliver:** Latin, 'peacemaker.' Chivalrous and sensitive. **Paul:** Latin, 'little.' Thoughtful, humorous and argumentative.

GIRLS. Generous, sincere, charming, the Pisces girl is truly feminine and usually artistic. She beguiles, leads on and flirts a little but is not vain. She could be a dancer or musician but will marry early.

Angela: English, 'angelic.' Happy, modest, day-dreamer. **Beryl:** Greek, 'sea-green jewel.' Intuitive, amiable, seductive. **Cecilia:** Latin, Sensitive, musical. **Paula:** Latin, feminine of Paul. Feminine and sentimental. **Sabrina:** Latin, name for river Severn, boundary line. Water-sprite, dream, alluring. **END**



ZESTY

CORN-CRISPED CHICKEN

Make it the quick 'n easy Dip, Roll, Bake way using Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs and Kikkoman Soy Sauce.



Have ready—3-lb. frying chicken, cut up. Wash chicken pieces and dry thoroughly.

DIP chicken pieces in mixture of 1 egg beaten with ¼ cup KIKKOMAN® SOY SAUCE.

ROLL dipped chicken in 1½ cups KELLOGG'S® CORN FLAKE CRUMBS. Place in a single layer, skin side up, in well-greased or foil-lined shallow baking pan; do not crowd.

BAKE in moderate oven (350°F.) about one hour, or until tender. No need to cover pan or turn chicken while baking. Serve with additional Soy Sauce, if desired.

YIELD: 6 servings Zesty Corn-Crisped Chicken



HANDSOME DOES AS HANDSOME IS. The new Mirro-Matic 3-qt. Bake-and-Serve is your ultimate casserole. Does almost everything an oven can do, electrically, automatically, with never a guess about goodness. Clean, sculptured aluminum design deserves tabletop or buffet display. Bake-and-Serve has a removable cooking insert—lined with no-stick, no-scour Teflon II—that does double duty storing food. Mirro's Colormode exterior finish wipes squeaky-clean in seconds. Comes in Harvest Gold, Avocado or Poppy. You'll love the small wonders you can work with Bake-and-Serve... you may even think of buying a pair. Under $30 at better stores everywhere.

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Mirro Aluminum Company, Manitowoc, Wisconsin 54220

slender

Slender is for taking it off and keeping it off

It can help you peel off pounds fast. Or, it can help you hold onto the good figure you already have. Mixed with the substantial nutrition of milk or chilled from the can, Slender is just 225 calories. And it *works*. So ask your doctor, and get Slender.



BING CROSBY

continued from page 98

trip to establish a closer relationship with my daughter. We're a close family. Kathryn and I see a lot of our children at home. We take them on trips whenever we can. But on safari, Mary Frances and I were together all day, every day. You get to know someone pretty well on a three-week junket like that.

"I learned how resourceful and independent my daughter could be. She always did the right thing in situations she'd never encountered before. She was always on time. She knew instinctively when to get out of the vehicles to stalk game. She knew the right things to wear without Kathryn or myself having to watch and worry every minute.

"A couple of times she shot more grouse than I did, and she kidded me about it. We'd be counting up the birds and I'd say, 'Well, I got fifteen.' Mary Frances would look at me and say, 'I got eighteen,' and then walk away feeling very superior. Many times, the two of us would wait for game for hours together, just being close without saying too much. And sometimes we'd look at the flowers and animals and talk about the beauty of Africa. Those were rare moments."

The big event on the safari, recalls Bing, came when Mary Frances shot a 13-foot-long, man-eating crocodile. "She is very competitive with her brothers," says Crosby, "and I don't think her brother Harry will ever hear the end of that crocodile. Never!"

Bing finds the tomboy in his daughter easier to deal with than the young woman part of her. "Mary Frances has been taking ballet for eight or ten years," he said. "When she's weari that ballet outfit, she's not the sa girl. I suppose all teen-age girls difficult to understand. One day sh hitting the hide off a softball, and next she's modeling a new dress for She's two different people. I like th both, but I have to watch my step.

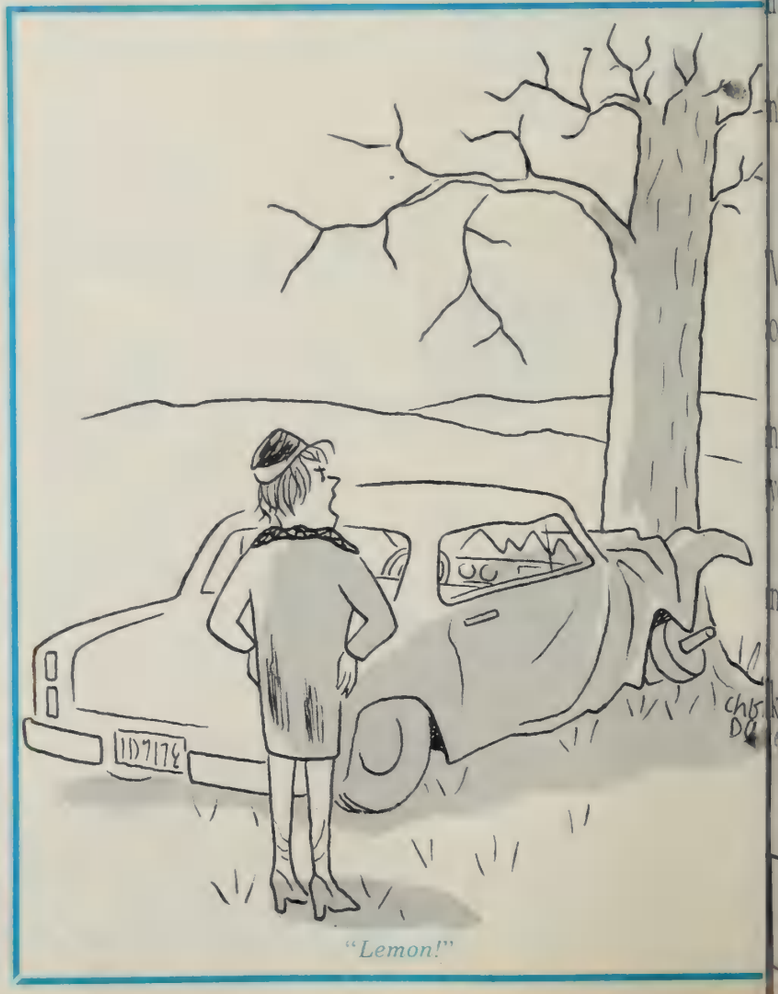
"Mary Frances knows how to tu on the tears. That's an entirely n gambit to me. I don't know how handle it at all. I'll be right in middle of a big lecture about sh skirts or something and tears begin fill her eyes. I lose my direction have to give up. She'll make a f actress if she goes on that way.

"One night she came home af dark from a jungle expedition, alo with a hunter and a tracker. I had dress her out pretty well, letting know how much she had worried mother and myself. She started to c The best I could say then was, 'W you did get home. You made it.' E she's not coquettish. She doesn't c dle on my lap when she wants a n dress or a favor of some kind."

Clever coquette

Kathryn Crosby smiled at her h band's assessment of his daughter. clever coquette never shows it." said. "I know Mary Frances took in dozens of times on safari. An only got a couple of winks from B to signify that he knew he was bei victimized. Most of her ploys w right by him."

Kathryn Crosby is often an amus spectator when there is a confrontati between father and daughter. "Bi talks to Mary Frances when there a misunderstanding. When that does work, he tries *not* talking to her. Tha always very successful *(continue*



"Lemon!"

© 1973—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Something for menthol smokers to think about.

There are menthol cigarettes and there are menthol cigarettes. And if you're a menthol smoker you certainly know by now which one you really enjoy smoking.

So what makes us think we'll ever get a crack at switching you?

Well, we're going to try.

Because if you're like a lot of cigarette smokers these days, you're probably concerned about the 'tar' and nicotine stories you've been hearing.

Frankly, if a cigarette is going to bring you flavor, it's also going to bring you smoke. And where there's smoke, there has to be 'tar.' In fact, in most cigarettes, the more flavor, the more 'tar.' Except for Vantage.

You must know that Vantage cigarettes have a special filter which reduces 'tar' and nicotine without destroying flavor.

What you may not know is that Vantage is also available in menthol.

Not surprisingly, what separates Vantage Menthol from ordinary menthols is that Vantage Menthol gives you all the flavor you want, with a lot less of the 'tar' and the nicotine that you probably don't want.

Now Vantage Menthol is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol you'll find. It's simply the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

Since you're the best judge of what you like about menthol cigarettes, don't just take our word for it.

Try a pack of Vantage Menthol and then you'll know for sure.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. 72

He can be terribly silent with her. It kills her. But the silences don't last long. They don't have to. Mary Frances is quick to make amends. She wants very much to please him and to make him proud of her. Sometimes she loses sleep studying late at night to get good grades in Latin. Bing was a good Latin student and is delighted when she excels in the subject."

Mary Frances Crosby is a self-composed young woman, five feet four inches tall, with long brown hair. She is delicate and quiet among strangers. She smiles as little as possible to hide the braces on her teeth. The braces are removed from time to time for television appearances, plays, or commercials. Then her smile is the brightest in view.

As a student at a public high school in Burlingame, Calif., Mary Frances would like to behave and dress more in the style of her peers. But not many suburban San Francisco fathers are as strict as Bing Crosby. Mary Frances fancies miniskirts and blue denims. Her father prefers that she wear floor-length dresses, and he likes squeaky-clean hair. Mary Frances complies with his wishes.

Kathryn approves of her husband's ideas on raising a daughter. "My daughter is learning to be a lady," she says. "She understands that respe for her parents is more important th approval of her friends. But as far Bing is concerned, Mary Frances still his baby girl. It will be a tricl moment in our lives when Bing is ful aware that his daughter is having reg lar dates. So far, she only goes to cha eroned parties."

Mrs. Crosby smiled. "I think Bi and Mary Frances developed a speci rapport while we were on safari, and was lovely to see. But Bing kno nothing about girls. So Mary Franc generally comes to me with her pro lems. Mostly because her questio have to do with young men."

Bing smiled, too. "Kathryn doesn know that I'm aware of some of t boyfriend talk going around. Ma Frances doesn't really have a beau, b her girlfriends come over and I he them chattering about boys. She has yet come to the stage of all-night te phone conversations. I hope I can co trol that when the time comes. I afraid I'm going to be a little unreaso able in a year or two, when the tee age boys start hanging around t house. We're already the victims slumber parties. My daughter lo them. The girls bring over sleepi bags and giggle half the night aw Usually, Mary Frances tries to pl those get-togethers when I'm out town."

Unexpected kiss or hug

Bing is startled—but hugely pleas —when his daughter displays h affection toward him with an une pected kiss or hug. However, he kee his cool. Generally she receives in turn a self-conscious throat-clearing, dicating his pleasure.

One day Bing watched his daught fishing off the end of a jetty near th home in Las Cruces, Mexico. She sto there, patiently dipping a hook a line in and out of the water. Sudden the water exploded in froth and foa Mary Frances had hooked a vicio six-foot moray eel. Nearby fisherm ran to her aid and managed to kill t eel, being careful to avoid its aweson teeth. "She brought that eel into t house and said, 'Daddy, I want to ha this stuffed and mounted for my roo She was heartbroken when I told h I didn't think little girls had mor eels in their rooms."

Bing's daughter likes the idea of b coming an entertainer, a dream h father neither encourages nor discou ages. "Show business is rarely a top of conversation," says Bing. "I thi she gets her love of show business fro her mother, who is a consummate ha But every once in a while, Ma Frances will catch an old movie of mi on television and will ask a lot of que tions about the people in the cast.

"My daughter is very much part her generation. She doesn't like noi rock singers, but she does dig Jam Taylor, Tom Jones, and Engelbe Humperdinck. I haven't heard h listening to any of my own recordin She watches very little television cept those programs we want her see, which she accepts with some grun bling. But that's the way it is."

Bing keeps in close touch with h children at the breakfast table. "W have breakfast together at 7:30 sha to discuss the day's activities. Ma Frances is usually preoccupied wi her studies. I go over homework wi

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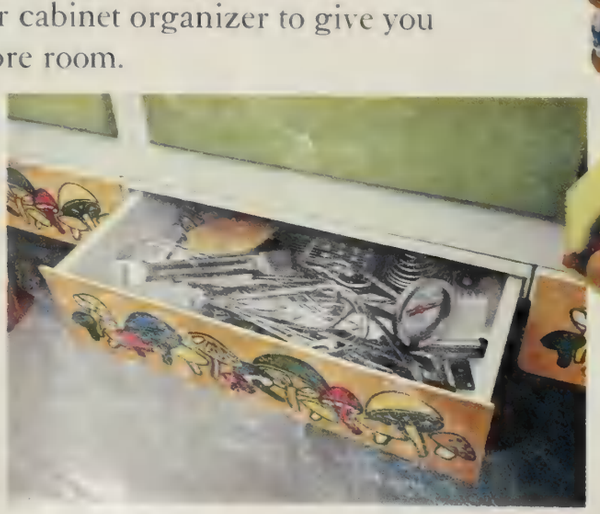
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three kids. Like most parents, I'm with the new math. But I help with rature, history, and geography."

His wealth and celebrity notwithnding, Bing is determined not to il his children, particularly his ghter. "Mary Frances gets an alvance of twenty dollars a month. t she works for the money by making bed, cleaning her room, and doing er chores. We keep a big chart upirs, and chores are checked off daily. he kids don't keep up their duties, ir allowances are docked or they are ied privileges."

Apple of his eye

Kathryn says that Mary Frances is apple of her father's eye, but Bing sn't entirely agree. "I love my sons much as I do Mary Frances," he d. "Maybe I've watched her and nt a little more time with her, but ather can never tell how much he lly knows his daughter.

'A man must handle a daughter ferently than he handles his sons. I ven't had to spank Mary Frances in rs. I do more good by talking to r. You know, 'We don't want to get volved in this because it wouldn't be d for either one of us.' My daughter perates best when she thinks in ms of the family sticking together d caring for one another. With the ys it's usually 'Aw, c'mon. Shape up there's going to be some head-knockg around here.' With my daughter, s a matter of making her my partner. "I emphasize when I can that she's e only girl in the family, so she has be really outstanding to hold up r end of things. But Kathryn is the ict disciplinarian. I imagine I'm a shover by comparison.

"Mary Frances appreciates that le pat on the head and the extra tention more than the boys do, so aybe there is a special affinity beeen a father and his daughter—one at isn't too easy for me to articute. Mary Frances is sweetness and nderness and sentiment. But I guess at's what most daughters are to their thers. At least, I hope so." END

HE WORKING WOMAN

ntinued from page 47

eater economic need, or the unspoken pport men give to each other's egos, e no justification for passing over a ore worthy female.

• Recently published Title VII uidelines, issued by the Equal Emoyment Opportunity Commission which administers Title VII), state at it is unlawful for an employer to se sex as an excuse for maintaining pension or retirement plan with difrent retirement ages or different enefits for women and men. Some ans have paid women lower monthly etirement benefits, based on the raonale that women live longer and herefore will collect more benefits in e end—a rationale that means nothg to all those women who don't live s long as the actuary predicted.

A second guideline specifies that an mployer can't use the fact that it ost more to provide the same retireent benefits to a woman as an excuse or not hiring a woman or not paying woman equal monthly benefits. (For urther information or to file a Title II complaint write to EEOC, 1800 G. St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20506.)

• Age Discrimination in Employment Act (ADEA) prohibits job bias on the basis of age for women and men between ages 40-65 "in such matters as hiring, discharge, leave, compensation, promotions, and other areas of employment." A few examples will indicate the scope of the ADEA:

1) A company cannot force you to retire before age 65 unless it maintains a legitimate retirement benefits program that requires an earlier retirement age—*and* unless you are included in the benefits coverage of that program.

2) If you're 58, you cannot be refused a job simply because the company has a compulsory retirement age of 62—even though you may only work a maximum of four years, and your coverage might raise the company's retirement costs, you cannot be denied employment on this basis.

3) Unless there is a Bona Fide Occupational Qualification, classified ads seeking younger persons for a job are considered illegal. The ADEA construes a BFOQ narrowly: it could mean a young person to model clothes for teens or to play the part of a newlywed.

The ADEA is administered by the Wage and Hour Division of the U.S. Department of Labor, Washington, D.C. 20210. When a *(continued)*

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Jamaican Pizza: Top it with slices of crisp bacon, green pepper and onion rings (sauteed in bacon fat), canned kidney beans and some cooked sliced okra.



Polish Pizza: Add 1 to 1½ tablespoons sour cream and ½ teaspoon horseradish to the pizza sauce and top in the last five minutes of baking with sliced cooked kilbassi sausage, sliced canned mushrooms and shredded cabbage (sauteed lightly in butter).

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complaint is made, every attempt at conciliation is exhausted before the Secretary of Labor seeks court action. It is possible for a complainant to be awarded up to double the amount of damages if the employer is found guilty of age discrimination.

According to Ms. Morag Simchak, Special Assistant to the Assistant Secretary for Employment Standards, over $3 million has been found owing to 2,050 people who filed complaints since the ADEA went into effect in 1968.

THE OUT BASKET

• *Prime Time*, a monthly newsletter, has been called a lifeline for older women. It lists loans and scholarships, job openings, medical programs, and relevant courses for the mature woman, plus news of OWL (Older Women's Liberation) groups forming in various localities. $5 a year from Box 11A, 645 Water St., New York, N.Y. 10002. (Special reprints: *OWL Consciousness-Raising Guidelines*—10¢; "*The Older Woman: A Stockpile of Losses*, a provocative essay by Ti-Grace Atkinson—25¢.)

• *The Gray Panthers* began as a consultation service for older adults. Today there are groups in Philadelphia, Santa Fe, N.M., Berkeley, Calif., Chicago, and New York who attempt to form effective coalitions between men and women, young and old—to reverse the waste of human potential in our older population. Contact: Ms. Maggie Kuhn, Tabernacle Church, 3700 Chestnut, Philadelphia, Pa. 19104.

• A free reading list for women returning to work is offered by *The Information Center on the Mature Woman*, 3 W. 57 St., New York, N.Y. 10019.

• A useful woman's Bureau pamphlet can help ease those first steps back to work. *Jobfinding Techniques for Mature Women* is a dry run through writing your résumé, making applications, being interviewed, or finding training programs and career organizations for extra preparation. Request Pamphlet 11 (30¢) from U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.

• *Work When You Want To*, a booklet discussing the advantages of temporary employment, is available free from Western Girl, Inc. 60 E. 42 St., New York, N.Y. 10017. (But remember that the disadvantages of temporary work is the lack of fringe benefits coverage.)

• *OWL* groups have answered a great need for mutual support and advice during mid-life adjustments. To form your own Older Women's Liberation rap (or consciousness-raising) group write for advice from OWL, c/o Peggy Fenley, 3711 Oakland Gravel Rd., Columbia, Mo. 65201; or OWL, 243 W. 30 St., New York, N.Y. 10010. (Send stamped envelope in either case.) Or just take this column, order the pamphlets listed above, invite six friends over, and start talking honestly and non-competitively about being a "mature woman" in a society that worships youth.

THE IN BASKET

• *Notable American Women*, edited by Edward T. and Janet W. James is too expensive for most homes (the three-volume set costs $75) but should be made available in every city and university library. Published by Harvard University Press, the work includes over 1,000 biographies of mostly forgotten women whose significant lives and work have gone unheralded by male historians. Educational for us, this work is also inspirational for our daughters.

• In a recent bulletin, *The New York Civil Liberties Union* reports its action on various women's rights cases that remind us how far we have yet to go.

The NYCLU has challenged: the practice of not paying female coaches of athletic teams while paying salaries to male coaches; the refusal to admit females to a maritime college; the requirement of two years of college for women police trainees while high school diplomas suffice for men trainees; the mandatory maternity leave policy that forces a healthy woman to give up her work and her wages; the requirement of a weightlifting test that excludes women even though arm strength is unrelated to the job; a bank's refusal to give a married couple a mortgage because the husband's salary wasn't large enough and the wife's salary didn't count at all, since she "is capable of bearing children." END



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RANKLIN & ELEANOR

ntinued from page 92

s enjoying his role as Assistant Sec-tary of the Navy. I had vague feel-gs of hostility to the place, usually ginning at breakfast time. Nothing sted as good as the meals we were ed to in Granny's house at Hyde ark, in upstate New York. Everyone cept Mother regarded Hyde Park as r real home. There we breakfasted hot cereal, eggs and bacon, home-ade muffins, and plates full of straw-rries and cream from the farm. Gran- and Father had such pride in Hyde rk's bounty that fruit, vegetables, d eggs were shipped down to us in ashington.

As a household manager, Mother did not compare to Granny. The meals she oversaw were uninspiring, because she took little interest in planning them. But she was always up and dressed—usually in a wool skirt and shirtwaist—when we children came down to breakfast. Father liked to linger in his bedroom, reading the newspapers and sipping a first cup of coffee. While Mother was settling us at the table, he would still be shaving. Our breakfast could seldom wait.

My sister Anna had to be off to classes at the Misses Eastman's, while Jimmy, in knickerbockers and long black stockings, was due at the Potomac School.

Mother sat at one end of the table, opposite Father's empty chair. This was a position of status she never enjoyed at Hyde Park, where her place was halfway down the table, with Granny at its head.

At last Father would come downstairs, stylishly dressed in one of his dark, English-cut suits, a high, starched collar, and London-bought shoes. He was always in a good humor, eager to tackle anything the day might bring. "Good morning, Babs," he would say, kissing Mother on the cheek. "Good morning, chicks. How are we all today?"

Astonishingly dignified

On a typical morning the doorbell would ring before we left the table; Louis Howe was stopping by to pick up Father for their walk to the Navy Department. Louis was barely five feet tall and weighed little more than a hundred pounds. His clothes were rumpled, and gray with cigarette ash. A childhood accident had scarred his face. But his voice was astonishingly deep and dignified.

"Good morning, boss. Good morning, Mrs. Roosevelt."

Mother didn't pretend to like Louis, but she knew her duty as a hostess. "Would you care for some breakfast, Mr. Howe?"

A cup of coffee was enough. Then he would light a cigarette, one of the hundred or so he smoked in a day, and break into a cough.

"Do you think you should see a doctor?" Mother would ask.

"I once saw a doctor who gave me two months to live. That was nearly ten years ago."

After Sis and Jimmy had left for school, the conversation might turn to the war in Europe. "There may be German submarines over here pretty soon," Louis said one morning. "What if one turns up at Campobello?"

We regarded Campobello Island as a part of our family life, despite its fogs and rocky barrenness. Mother took us children there almost every summer, with the governess and some of the servants, to stay in a house that Granny had bought for us. She had her own house nearby, and our vacations were timed to fit in with hers. "Campo" could be reached only by boat, a choppy half-hour's crossing from the Maine coast.

The thought of German submarines invading the Bay of Fundy did not seem at all ridiculous. But "I fancy we shall be safe enough," Father said. "I can't believe that the Germans will want to capture Campo, but if they do we'll be ready for them." In fact, Campobello was Canadian territory, and Canada was already fighting Germany.

On his way to the front door with Louis, Father would often meet a caller climbing the front steps. She was fair, slender, full-breasted, and smiling. As a child, Lucy Mercer had lived in this same row of red brick houses. Now she worked for Mother as a social secretary.

"It's the lovely Lucy," Father would call to Mother.

The domestic explosion, kept secret for close to half a century, was two years in the future; but the human factors that sparked it were already becoming evident. *(continued)*



"I've been thinking, I don't remember ever asking you to marry me."



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was eight years old. She and her brother Hall, who was two, went to live with great-grandmother Hall. The household of which the old lady was the nominal head could have served as a model for Bleak House. She spent most of the day in her bedroom, leaving the rest of the place to her frivolous daughters, Pussie and Maud, and her hard-drinking sons, Vallie and Eddie. The furnace was never lit; on chilly nights log fires warmed the downstairs, while wood-burning stoves glowed in the bedrooms. Mother's lifelong preference for cold houses was part of her inheritance.

Before being orphaned, Mother had often visited her uncle Theodore Roosevelt and his exuberant brood at their home, Sagamore Hill, on Oyster Bay, Long Island. Now she saw Roosevelt cousins only at Christmas parties. They were the only boys her own age she ever met. Aunt Pussie told her that she was an ugly duckling who would probably never have a beau. Her Roosevelt relatives had the same thought. In an often-quoted letter, Theodore Roosevelt's second wife, Edith Carew, wrote to Auntie Bye, after one of Mother's visits, "Poor soul, she is very plain. Her mouth and teeth seem to have no future. . . ."

When Mother was 15, Auntie Bye sent her to a girls' school near London, where she stayed until she was nearly 18, virtually removed from the company of men. Then she "came out" as a debutante, making a bashful entrance into New York and Washington society. At dances and dinner parties she began to see more and more of her cousin Franklin, who often came down from Harvard.

As adolescents, we children used to speculate about our parents' marriage. Were they ever deeply in love? Sis and I concluded that Mother had set out to win Father. He made parties fun for her. Suddenly, she had a beau. She was stunned by the thought that here was a handsome man seeking her companionship. She poured out her heart to him; undoubtedly he was the best listener she had ever met.

Father, we decided, felt secure with a girl whose lack of worldly experience exceeded his. A more sophisticated woman probably would have scared him at that stage of his development.

Until they announced their intention to be married, they did not so much as kiss, according to Mother. "The idea that you would permit any man to kiss you before you were engaged to him never crossed my mind."

A passionless code

Father had been raised by Granny under the same passionless code. And like Mother, he had never lived in a house where a man and woman shared a loving, physical relationship. His father, James Roosevelt, was a country squire, a widower when he met and married his distant cousin, Sara Delano. He had a son, James "Rosy" Roosevelt, by his first marriage, and he was 52 years old—twice Sara's age.

On January 30, 1882, in her big carved walnut bed at Hyde Park, Granny bore her first and only child. She had performed her wifely duty; she was ecstatic over her baby, but one

FRANKLIN & ELEANOR *continued*

My mother was a repressed, painfully introverted girl of 20 when she was married in March, 1905. Father was by no means repressed, but at 23 he was still emotionally immature. His experiences with girls had been limited, it would seem, to mild flirtations during his Harvard days. None of his dates developed seriously until he became engaged to Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, his fifth cousin once removed.

A few years later, when we were living in Washington, Father had changed. He now knew that men and women alike admired him, and he responded. Old Admiral William Sheffield Cowles, Auntie Bye's husband, shook a finger at him: "The girls will spoil you soon enough, Franklin, and I leave you to them."

When young Franklin proposed to Eleanor, she could only have considered him a great catch. The exact words of the proposal are not known; our parents never told us children. According to one account, by a latter-day friend of Mother's, Father promised her that "with your help" he "would amount to something someday," while she supposedly replied, "Why me? I am plain. I have little to bring you."

Knowing the nature of my parents, I doubt that those words, or anything like them, were exchanged.

If, at the time of their marriage, Father was a mere boy in terms of experience with women, Mother was no more than a child in her knowledge of men. Until her wedding day, the only men who had touched her heart were her father, Elliott (for whom I was named), and her younger brother Hall.

Mother was born in New York City on October 11, 1884, the eldest of three children of Elliott Roosevelt and Anna Hall, who was a queen of Manhattan society. My mother was, I believe, largely the product of her own mother's stern upbringing. Anna Hall had been disciplined in mind and body by a father who kept a resident clergyman in the house, and who forced his daughter to walk with a stick across her back to improve her posture.

Great-grandfather Valentine Hall was a gentleman of leisure. The family seat, Oak Terrace, was a Victorian mansion on the Hudson River, north of Hyde Park. When he died, Anna was 17, the oldest of six children; the widow had never learned to run a household, or to avoid unwanted offspring.

Within three years, Anna had met and married Elliott Roosevelt. He adored his "slender, fair-haired little beauty," though the rigors of her training had left her as cold as ice, to judge by the tales we heard as children from an old servant.

"A miracle from Heaven"

Mother remembered her father Elliott calling her "a miracle from Heaven." She spoke of his being "the love of my life for many years after he died." Whatever her feelings were for her mother Anna, she did not speak of loving her; this icy, scornful woman "was troubled by my lack of beauty."

When Anna died in 1892, Mother



The Chicken Kiev on the right,
made with Fleischmann's Margarine
instead of butter, is
53% lower in saturated fat.

CHICKEN KIEV Pound 8 large pieces boned chicken breasts very thin. Put 1-1/2 tbsp. Fleischmann's Margarine in center of each breast. Combine 4 tbsp. chives, 1 tsp. salt and 1/8 tsp. pepper; sprinkle over margarine. Roll each breast and overlap sides so that margarine mixture is completely enclosed the flesh will adhere. Beat 4 egg whites and 2 tbsp. milk together. Roll chicken in bread crumbs, then in egg white mixture and again in bread crumbs; coat well. Refrigerate at least 20 minutes. Deep fry in hot (370° F) corn oil until well browned, 8 to 10 minutes. Drain well. Serve hot. Makes 8 servings.

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It makes sensible eating delicious.



The broccoli on the right, erved with Fleischmann's Margarine instead of butter, is 69% lower in saturated fat.

OCCOLI Buy 1 bunch dark green, firm broccoli, with no trace of yellow. se well in cool water and cut off stalk bottoms and leaves. Separate into werettes. If stems are thick, quarter lengthwise up to flowerettes. Stand werettes up in small saucepan. Cover stems with water. Add 1 tsp. salt. ring to boil and cook about 10 min. or until tender crisp. Drain well and serve topped with 2 tbsp. Fleischmann's Margarine. 4 servings.

Fleischmann's Margarine
It makes sensible eating delicious.

In what I find to be one of the most touching and revealing passages Mother ever wrote, she said, "I know now that it was years before I understood what being in love was and what loving really meant. I had very high standards as to what a wife and mother should be, and not the faintest notion of what it meant to be either a wife or mother, and none of my elders enlightened me. I marvel now at my husband's patience, for I realize how trying I must have been in many ways. I can see today how funny were some of the tragedies of our early married life."

This was written in 1937, when it seemed that the damage could never be repaired.

Second honeymoon

After their honeymoon in Hyde Park, Mother and Father moved into a hotel suite in New York. Father, having graduated from Harvard, was attending Columbia Law School. When the term ended, he took Mother on a second honeymoon in Europe. She was pregnant when they got back. In their absence, Granny had rented a house for them on East 36th Street in New York, furnished it, and hired three servants. Mother was to be under Granny's complete care.

Under grandfather's will, a trust fund brought Father about $5,000 a year. Mother's own inheritance produced about $7,500 a year. But the expense of running the household and paying the servants would have been too much for the young couple, if Granny had not subsidized them.

As her first confinement approached, Mother grew anxious. "I knew absolutely nothing about handling or feeding a baby," she said. A nurse was quickly hired—Blanche Spring. On May 3, 1906, Anna was born—"a beautiful little girl," Granny noted, "ten pounds and one ounce."

Within a year, Mother was pregnant again.

After Father passed his New York State bar examinations, he went to work for the old downtown law firm of Carter, Ledyard and Milburn as "A full-fledged office boy." He began to meet more colorful men than anyone he had known at Hyde Park or Harvard, and took to playing Saturday-night poker. Free of Granny's bonds, he was beginning to test the new restraints that Mother wanted to impose.

"I feel quite lost and sad without you," she wrote him once, when she had been left at Hyde Park while he stayed overnight in New York, "and it was horrid coming home last night, so I don't think we will try this experiment again, do you?"

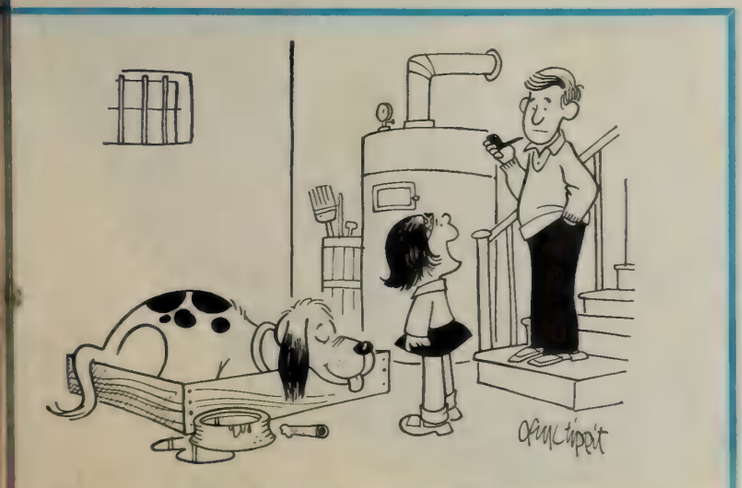
My brother James was born in the morning of December 22, 1907. Nurse Spring's stay was extended, and one of the living rooms was turned into a bedroom. The place was getting overcrowded. Granny met the problem by having twin houses built on East 65th Street, each six stories tall and inter-connected, except that ours would open into each other on almost every floor. Our family moved into Number 49, and Granny moved into 47.

A few weeks afterwards, Father found Mother weeping. *(continued)*

enough. There is no evidence to est that she ever tried to bear her child during the 18 years that sed before her husband's death. anny could see no reason for her n's wanting to marry Eleanor evelt. In the hope that absence d wither the romance, she took er and his Harvard roommate, rop Brown, on a cruise to the Indies. Auntie Bye invited Moth- take refuge with her in Washing- On their return, Granny and Fa- went down to Washington, he to round for tea with Mother at ie Bye's. Granny left him behind she went back to Hyde Park, ssing to "feeling pretty blue" now he was "gone."

The wedding took place on March 17, 1905. That night Granny noted her impressions of the day: "Took Mrs. Peabody out in the electric to do some errands. Had all ushers to lunch. Left at 2:30 for 76th Street. Franklin is calm and happy. Eleanor the same. . . . Almost 200 at the ceremony, a large reception afterward. Theodore Roosevelt, President, gave Eleanor away."

Perhaps the honeymoon gave both man and wife a hint of what the future would hold. They had gone into marriage with no true knowledge of what is needed for an enduring physical relationship. Instead, they shared a superficial, romantic view of love, which I think led rapidly to disillusionment.



"Can I give a shower for her?"



The apple pie on the right, made with Fleischmann's Margarine instead of butter, is 69% lower in saturated fat.

APPLE PIE Combine 2 C. unsifted flour, 1 tsp. salt and 2/3 C. Fleischmann's Margarine in a bowl. Add 6 tbsp. ice water; mix thoroughly. Chill. Roll 1/2 to fit 9" pie pan. Put in pan. Combine 6 C. sliced, fresh apples, 3/4 C. sugar, 1/4 C. flour and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Turn into pan. Dot with 2 tbsp. margarine. Roll out remaining pastry. Place over apples. Seal to bottom pastry, shape edge. Cut 6 slits. Bake at 400° F. about 50 min. or till done. 8 servings.

Fleischmann's Margarine
It makes sensible eating delicious.

"I don't like living in a house which is not in any way mine," she sobbed.

"Don't be such a goose," he said.

The year 1910 saw the major event of my own life: I was born on September 23. Otherwise, history indicates that these were 12 months of comparative calm. In the White House, William Howard Taft carried himself with portly dignity; George V came to the throne in England; and Franklin Delano Roosevelt entered politics.

The precise moment of entry was at 3 o'clock on an August afternoon when he strolled across the gravel path that linked Granny's Hyde Park house with that of her stepson, "Rosy" Roosevelt. Tom Leonard, a house painter and Democratic committeeman for the Hyde Park district, was at work.

"Hello, Tom," Father said.

"How do you do, Mister Roosevelt?"

"No, call me Franklin. I want to enter politics, and Mister Perkins, the county chairman, told me I'd have to see you."

"The town caucus meets next Wednesday night in the town hall," Leonard said. "I think it would be fine if you could be there."

On the following Wednesday, Father stood up in the hall and said a few words to outline his desires. The house painter and his colleagues were favorably impressed.

A definite hit

The process of political indoctrination continued at the local policemen's clambake in Buckingham Woods. Father, wearing his confident smile, circulated among the policemen, their wives, and children. "You were a definite hit," Leonard assured him.

The Dutchess County Roosevelts had been Democrats time out of mind, which put them in the minority in the area. The last State Senator that the Democrats had managed to elect from the district was a Roosevelt neighbor, Tom Newbold, and that had been 32 years ago.

Mother, who has been portrayed as having steered Father in most decisions in his career, spent the summer in Campobello while he conferred with party leaders in Dutchess County. It was late summer when Mother left Campobello to await my birth in New York; Sis and Jimmy went to Hyde Park with their nurse and Granny.

With my arrival, Mother had borne four children in as many years, each birth preceded by long spells of pain and nausea. Recently she had been grieving over the first Franklin, Junior, dead of pneumonia at the age of seven months—"the biggest and most beautiful of all the babies," as she remembered him. Her morbid mood continued when she discovered that she had once more conceived. "Certainly no one could have behaved more foolishly than I did practically up to the time of Elliott's arrival," she said.

Is there a hint here that she was tired of bearing children in such swift succession? If that were true, she knew of only one remedy. When my sister Anna was a young woman, Mother confided to her that she had gone into marriage totally ignorant of any method of contraception. No one had ever told her that means were available to forestall pregnancy. The only security Mother knew was in abstinence.

Meanwhile Father pressed ahead with his new political ambition. The local party leaders saw his Harvard background as a handicap, but they invited him to stop at Poughkeepsie headquarters so they could take a closer look. He turned up wearing a riding habit. "If you run," he was told, "you'll have to take off those yellow boots and put some pants on."

They had decided to put him up for the State Senate seat which Tom Newbold once held. In this staunch Republican district, Father's chances of winning were estimated at five to one against. Still, his name might be an advantage. Cousin Ted Roosevelt was President of the United States, and in the party councils they guessed that Granny would pay all her son's campaign expenses—as she did.

Mother stayed in New York while Granny went with her son to Poughkeepsie to hear his acceptance speech. It did not occur to Mother that she had any part to play. She didn't believe then that women should go in politics, or even have a vote.

Republicans dismissed Father as just a "rich young man," and most local newspapers ignored him. But he won with a solid majority and in his own district he ran ahead of the party ticket. Granny promptly paid $1,5[illegible] for six months' rent on a big brown stone house in Albany, the state ca[illegible]

Wella Balsam

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all seasons woman

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l, and set about planning how the rniture could be rearranged. On New ear's day we moved in with three use servants, an English nurse for s and Jimmy, and a wet nurse for me. Our library became an informal club- use for a group of Democratic party bels, led by Father, who decided to ake war on Tammany bossism. The mosphere was thick with intrigue d cigar smoke. Mother found many our visitors distasteful. Most repug-nant to her was Louis McHenry Howe.

To support his wife and children, Louis reported Albany news for two New York newspapers, and worked on the side as a confidential agent for Thomas Mott Osborne, the wealthy major of Auburn, N.Y., sending him long, "inside" reports. Soon Louis was acting as adviser and informant for Father's group of insurgents.

He first addressed Father as "Beloved and Revered Future President" in a telegram sent on the day in July, 1912, when Woodrow Wilson, governor of New Jersey, was nominated for the Presidency. Until then, Father had been plain "Mister Roosevelt" to Louis, who worked with him in rounding up New York delegates to support Wilson at the Democratic convention.

Now Father and Louis began working to get their man elected. If they helped Wilson now, he would surely help them sooner or later. Meanwhile, Father was fighting for his political life in his own district, where he would be up for re-election in the Fall. Tammany wanted revenge, and Father's leadership of the insurgency had lost him the support of some party leaders in Dutchess County. He set hopes on a whirlwind campaign, but in September he was put to bed in the house on East 65th Street with typhoid fever.

Louis Howe's hour had struck at last. He had quit his newspaper jobs, expecting to be working for Osborne full time. But Osborne had fired him. In this crisis Louis wrote Father, "If you can connect me with a job during this campaign, for Heaven's sake help me out."

Father was desperate, too. Without someone to run his campaign, he would lose in a three-way race against Jacob Southard, a progressive Republican, and George Vossler, candidate of the Bull Moose party. Father had Mother telephone Louis at his ocean-side shanty in Horseneck Beach, Mass.

"More fun than a goat"

Within a day or so Louis was beating the drum for Father all over the three counties. "Keep the temperature down and get on the job," he said in a bulletin to Father, "I'm having more fun than a goat. . ."

Louis buttonholed party leaders and voters alike. He wrote newspaper advertisements, and flooded the district with letters extolling Father's record on agriculture, labor, and bossism. "Your man Howe is a corker," said one admiring letter to Father. "He is the quaintest political promoter in America."

Exactly how quaint was proven on election day, when Father outran every candidate in his district, including Woodrow Wilson.

From then on, Father and Louis were two halves of a single political being. The gamble they had taken in backing Wilson paid off. Like Cousin Ted in his day, Father had his eye on the Navy Department. He was in Washington for Wilson's inaugural when Josephus Daniels, just appointed Secretary of the Navy, offered him a job as Assistant Secretary.

"It would please me better than anything in the world," Father said. "All my life I have loved ships and been a student of the Navy."

He immediately resigned his State Senate seat, giving Louis the task of winding up matters in Albany. When Father was sworn in on March 17, 1913 —his eighth wedding anniversary—he was 31 years old, the youngest man ever to hold the job. Louis Howe became Father's secretary—salary $3,000, more than he had ever earned.

Mother took us children to Campobello before she embarked on the dreaded tasks of a Washington official's wife. She had a foretaste of what was in store when Father came up for a short vacation, and ordered that the battleship *North Dakota* be anchored off Eastport, Maine, over the Fourth of July weekend. As the Assistant Secretary's wife, Mother had to entertain senior officers at tea, bridge, and dinner, and the job stretched out for days when fog kept the battlewagon at anchor.

Not until Fall did we join Father and move into Auntie Bye's house on "N" Street. Mother was obliged to make between ten and *(continued)*

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20 formal calls every weekday afternoon. "I am Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt," she would recite, her voice fluttering with nervousness. "My husband has just come as Assistant Secretary of the Navy."

And then Mother learned that she was pregnant. The practice she had followed to avoid pregnancy during the past four years, the longest span of freedom in her marriage so far, had been only spasmodic. At some time in November a man-and-wife relationship was resumed.

Pregnancy, added to the daily social calls, proved too much for Mother to handle unaided. She needed a social secretary, so Lucy Page Mercer began

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PAGE 84: RUSS polyester and nylon one-dot bodysuit ($12) and seersucker wrap culottes ($15) available at Gimbel's New York and Stamford, Filene's Boston, Ivey's Orlando, Carson Pirie Scott & Co. Chicago, Sibley, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Joske's Houston. **WHITE STAG** cotton ribbed T-shirt ($11) with polyester and cotton wrap culottes ($19) available at Abraham & Straus Brooklyn, B.H. Gazelle Boston, Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Bullocks, California. **ARNOLD PALMER** sweater-striped bodice ($16) and cotton pleated skirt ($24) available at B. Altman all stores, B. Forman Co. Rochester, Doral Country Club Pro Shop Miami, Rich's Atlanta, Battletown, Houston Sports & Sportswear, Sacramento. **ACCESSORIES:** White Stag red sweater Bucova watches Burlington Argyle socks.

PAGE 86: KORET nylon outerster shell ($9) with dacron and cotton culottes ($8) available at B. Altman All Stores, Lit Bros. Philadelphia, Gimbel's Pittsburgh, and branches, Hecht-Nacht-man Norfolk and Newport News, Virginia, Joske's Houston. **DAVID SMITH** polyester striped shirtdress ($21) available at Lord & Taylor All Stores, Jacobson's Michigan, Marshall Field & Co. Chicago, Neiman-Marcus All stores, Sanger-Harris Dallas, L. Magnin All Stores. **JACK WINTER** cotton seersucker blouse ($14) and elastic waisted polyester pantskirt ($18) available at William H. Block Co. Indianapolis, Carson Pirie Scott & Co. Chicago, Joske's Houston, Sanger-Harris Dallas, J.W. Robinson's Southern California. **J.C. PENNEY'S** polyester knit check blouse ($6) and culottes ($8.50) available at selected JCPenney stores. **ACCESSORIES:** Bermel-Pratt Emerald rug belt, Sheffield watches, Bonnie Doon socks. All prices are approximate.

THE NEW WHITE WAY

PAGE 100 (upper left): Stretched on walls, Kristan shade cloth in ginger by Breneman, Inc. available through local window shade dealers of this manufacturer's product. On the floor, Armont Ceramelle vinyl corlon in Barcelona white, by Armstrong Cork Co. Lamp tables, coffee table, arm chairs and love seat (the latter two with buttoned white vinyl cushions, some of which are stacked on the floor), of durable thermoplastic from the Life style group by Stanco, 225 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Covering pillows, Collins & Aikman wide wale cotton corduroy, El Cordo #41115 tobacco and El Cordo #40842 tomato from F. Schumacher*, 939 Third Ave., N.Y.C. Indonesian batik paintings (the two are exactly alike) from Groninkworks*, 22nd E. 58th St., N.Y.C. Copper basket jug, from a group ranging in price from $8 to $55, carved wood birds from Bali, $65 to $110, depending on size, and tall brown pottery jug with lid and twisted handle, $50, all from Country Floors, 300 E. 61st St., N.Y.C. White pottery basketweave pattern planters by Moore Rockwell White, large width, has ball finials, $23, and small, $15, from Mayhew, 509 Park Ave., N.Y.C. Horn boxes, $10 ea., flat Balay basket, $16, and tobacco leaf hat, $9, from La Tienda, 251 E. 52nd St., N.Y.C. Column lamp by Roselle.

PAGE 101: Background is a broadloom rug, Drawing Room quality, in Burgundy plum by Armstrong. Oriental console table in white lacquer finish, from Talley Lord*, 964 Third Ave., N.Y.C. Crystal candlestick jar, 4¾" high, $16.50, and cut crystal decanters: Oakwood, 28 oz., $65; Cross Cut and Fan, 1 qt., $42.50, and Prism, 1 qt., $55, all by Wallace Crystal. Revere bowl, 10" dia., in silver plate, $28.50, by Wallace Silversmiths. Chinese porcelain vase, opaline box and crystal candlesticks are old pieces from David Weiss Importers*, 969 Third Ave., N.Y.C.

PAGE 102: Stretched on walls, Stoplite Duplex shade cloth in blueberry, by Breneman, Inc. On the floor, Bradford Brick, white, 12 x 12" Place 'n Press vinyl asbestos tiles, by Armstrong Cork Co. Dresser, mirror, and night stand, in snow white finish, from the Kensington group by Drexel Furniture Co., Drexel, N.C. Bamboo arm chair in white lacquer finish and upholstered chair with ottoman, from Talley Lord*, 964 Third Ave., N.Y.C. Oval white pottery bowl with scalloped rim by Moore Rockwell, White, $29, from Mayhew, 509 Park Ave., N.Y.C. Old blue and white porcelain plaques (the frames are new), $148 ea.; blue and white umbrella stand, $95; matching planter, $76.25, and blue and yellow plate, $27.75, are all Portuguese pottery pieces from Country Floors, 300 E. 61st St., N.Y.C. Apothecary jars, long opaline box, blue and white lamp with shade, covered dish and tray, and Leeds porcelain cup, warming stand, are old pieces from David Weiss Importers*, 969 Third Ave., N.Y.C.

PAGE 103: Stretched on walls, Kristan shade cloth in jade by Breneman, Inc. On the floor, Palazzo pattern Designer Solarium, which has a mirabond wear surface by Armstrong Cork Co. Wool rug, Momentum pattern in pagoda jade, is by Karastan Rug Mills. Velvet upholstered Bergere with ottoman, white lacquer elephant head console table, elephant head wall brackets, and mirror with pineapple decoration from Talley Lord*, 964 Third Ave., N.Y.C. Covering pillows, Collins & Aikman wide wale cotton corduroy, El Cordo #40806 Empire green, 54" w., from F. Schumacher*, 939 Third Ave., N.Y.C. White basketweave pattern umbrella stand, $25, and bamboo pattern pottery jar with cover, $8, by Moore Rockwell White, available from Mayhew, 509 Park Ave., N.Y.C. White porcelain figures, bowl, and platter, are old pieces from David Weiss Importers*, 969 Third Ave., N.Y.C. (through decorators).



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pearing at our house three mornings
week. She was gay, smiling, and re-
ed. We children welcomed the days
came to work. Granny, who could
stinging in her remarks about some
ople, found only praise for Miss
rcer. "She is so sweet and attractive
l adores you, Eleanor."

Lucy was 23 years old, with a rich
ntralto voice, femininely gentle
ere Mother had something of a
oolmarm's air, outgoing where
ther was an introvert.
ough now a working girl,
was listed in the Social
gister in New York as
ll as Washington, a lady
her fingertips.

Lucy fills in

Her mother, Minnie Tu-
, had been called the most
autiful woman in the capi-
Minnie's first husband
s an Englishman; she had
orced him for adultery
er she met Carroll Mer-
. Mercer was a native
ashingtonian, and a de-
ndant of Charles Carroll,
of the signers of the
claration of Indepen-
nce. That put him in the
drawer of society, and
nnie had enough money
let them cut a broad
ath. When the money ran
, Mercer left; Minnie
k her daughters Lucy and
oletta to New York, to go
o business as an interior
orator. Eventually they
urned to Washington,
ere Minnie found a job
n art gallery. For Lucy,
rking as a social secretary
s the next best thing to
ng a hostess in her own
ht. She filled in for
ther at luncheons and
ners as an equal among
ds.

Early that summer, Moth-
again took us to Campo-
llo, where she planned to
e her next baby. Father
s left in Washington, with
house servants and a
uffeur. Lucy remained
the payroll, tending
ther's social business.
Father happened to be
iting with us in Campo-
llo when Mother's labor
ns started. He sailed his
ooner *Half Moon* across
he mainland to fetch Dr.
en Bennett from the fish-
nery town of Lubec. On
evening of the next day
anklin, Jr., was born, the
ond to bear that name.

Mother was still convalescing, with
nche Spring minding the baby,
en Father returned to Washington.
esently he announced that he would
n for the U.S. Senate, entering the
mocratic primaries against anyone
mmany put up. He had "finally
eed to be the goat," he told a friend.
esident Wilson stayed aloof, but it
s his Ambassador to Germany,
nes W. Gerard, who was chosen
Tammany as Father's opponent.
ther was as disinterested as Wilson.
remember very little about the
npaign," she said.

On primary day, Gerard over-whelmed Father; on election day, the Republicans flattened Gerard. Father was glad to get back to his Navy job.

On the surface, Mother was being the quiet, sensible wife who subordinates herself to a husband destined for greatness. If she was uncertain of the future, she realized what the recent past had meant to her. "For ten years," she said, "I was always just getting over having a baby, and so my occupations were considerably restricted."

In the summer of 1915, Father was energetically promoting the building of a bigger Navy; like many others, he expected the United States to enter the war in Europe. Mother's thoughts were fixed on her next baby, which she hoped would arrive on their wedding anniversary. But it was not to be: Johnny arrived on March 13.

After Johnny's birth, my parents never again lived together as husband and wife. Mother had performed her duty in marriage—five living children were testimony to that. She wanted no more, but her bland ignorance about how to ward off pregnancy left her no choice except abstinence. Shyness and stubborn pride prevented her seeking advice from a doctor or woman friend. The break in the relationship quickly became the most tightly held secret that we five children ever shared. It did much to explain to all of us what we had seen develop in the disparate lives of the unbelievably complex man and woman whom the world was later taught to identify as Franklin and Eleanor.

Men and women alike felt Father's magnetism. The impression he gave was of abounding energy and virility. He would rather run than walk, leap over a rail rather than open a gate. In a way, Lucy Mercer was physically his complement. She was as tall as Mother, but she took great pains with her clothes and general appearance. She had great charm, and there was a hint of fire in her warm, dark eyes. In the new circumstances of Father's life at home, I see it as inevitable that they were attracted to each other.

In this period, Father and Louis were trying to win from Congress an appropriation of nearly $500,000,000 for more warships and more Navy recruits. But Father still had time for fun with his friend Nigel Law, Third Secretary at the British Embassy—trips to New York, golf at the Chevy Chase Club. Mother had taken us to Campobello again, and Father wrote her chatty letters. "Went out to Chevy Chase . . . a nice dinner . . . everybody danced afterwards, except self, who lost his nerve . . ."

When the chauffeur wrecked our car in Washington, Mother sent one of her typical warnings to Father, to be read between the lines of an apparently guileless comment. "Isn't it horrid to be disappointed in someone? It makes one so suspicious!"

As yet she would tell no one of her nagging doubts about Father, nor would she confront Lucy Mercer with her suspicions. In fact, she left unchanged the arrangements for the woman she now distrusted to come regularly to the house. But veiled hints warned Father that Mother was jealous and watchful.

"I can't bear it, Franklin"

It was at this time that I witnessed, just once, an outburst of emotion in her. We were back in the "N" Street house. Mother came up to kiss us goodnight—and dissolved into tears on my pillow. I had never heard her cry in this hopeless way. She was still sobbing when Father came in.

"What's wrong, dear?"

"I can't bear to go down and meet our dinner guests," she said. "I'm afraid I just can't face all the people, Franklin."

"Oh, nonsense!" Father said. "They'll be arriving in a moment. Do pull yourself together."

For years, I attributed the scene to Mother's shyness. Later, I realized it was more than that. Those were the early days of Father's involvement with Lucy. Mother was facing the breakup of her marriage, and felt she was powerless to prevent it.

"Some protective instinct makes us attempt to keep our everyday lives on an even keel," Mother wrote, "though we feel the world rocking all around us." This remark, introduced into her account of American preparations for war in the summer of 1917, can be only a deliberately obscure reflection of her own internal struggle.

Our entry into the war had put an end to Mother's round of social calls. She took up knitting socks, scarves, and sweaters for servicemen. Every Saturday she turned our house into a depot for the handling of wool, provided by the Navy League, and the collection of finished items from the volunteer knitters. Lucy helped.

Father did not flaunt his growing fascination with the *(continued)*

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graceful, charming girl, but he made no secret of his admiration, nor did he hesitate to discuss it with friends, especially with Nigel Law. In a guarded way, Mother let Father know that her suspicions were deepening. She kept the household staff and us children longer than usual in the sweltering city before packing up for Campobello.

That summer Father was at his Navy desk all day, and sometimes until after midnight. Over the weekends he wanted a breath of fresh air. In the middle of June, 1917, he requisitioned the *Sylph*, a yacht attached to the Secretary's office, for a weekend cruise down the Potomac. As his guests he took along his golf partner, John McIlhenny and his wife; two Marine Corps officers; Nigel Law—and Lucy.

Somehow Mother missed the sailing from the Navy Yard, and had to be picked up downstream. It is inconceivable that she was not invited; but it is possible that she decided, at first, that swimming and playing on the shores of Chesapeake Bay were not for her—then changed her mind in order to watch over Father.

Whether it was part of a plan, or the result of something that happened aboard the *Sylph*, Lucy enlisted in the Navy as a yeoman (F) a week later. She was assigned to duty in the Navy Department. Evidently she worked directly for Father. On July 15 Mother left for Campobello, apparently after an open quarrel with Father.

"You were a goosy girl," Father wrote from his office the day after we departed, "to think or even pretend to think that I don't want you here *all* summer, because you know I do! But honestly *you* ought to have six weeks straight at Campo, just as I ought to, only you can and I can't . . ."

"A bully trip"

The next weekend Father boarded the *Sylph* for another overnight cruise. His guests were Rear Admiral Cary Grayson, the White House physician, and his wife, and Charles Munn, an old Harvard friend, with his wife. Nigel Law and Lucy Mercer again completed the party. (Gossips were saying that Nigel Law, as an act of friendship, had agreed to be Father's stalking horse on public occasions.) Father was careful to report to Mother the names of all aboard on what he described to her as "a funny party, but it worked out splendidly . . . a bully trip . . ."

The Washington summer brought on Father's annual throat infection, requiring him to rest in a hospital. Mother returned to Washington temporarily, leaving us in the hands of the nurse and governess. The running quarrel broke out again, but the root of the trouble was not mentioned. Instead, Mother uttered complaints: she was lonely for Father's presence in Campobello; she was tired of the excuses he had been making for not leaving Washington; he didn't bother to read the letters she sent. In conclusion she delivered an ultimatum. He must be in Campobello before the month was out. If he was not. . . .

She emphasized her intention to retaliate with a note written on her northward journey. "Remember I *count* on seeing you on the 26th. My threat is no idle one."

Her biographers have made something of a mystery of the nature of the warning she gave Father. There was no mystery; she threatened to leave him.

Father was not ready for a confrontation. He came up to spend a few days with us, as he had promised. On his leaving Mother told him effusively, "The chicks and I bemoaned our sad fate all through breakfast."

In subsequent letters from Washington he continued to report how he was spending his time, not omitting Lucy's name. He did not mention that Lucy's father had died suddenly. Almost at once, Lucy was discharged from the Navy "by special order of the Secretary of the Navy."

There is solid ground to speculate on the following sequence of events. Lucy was deeply in love with Father, and she hoped that they would be married. She was a working girl, helping to support her penniless mother, yet, at 26, had rejected every other man. The fact that she was a Catholic might not have been an insuperable obstacle—though she could no longer receive the sacraments if she married a divorced man. Her mother had been a divorcée at the time of her second marriage. The man Lucy married would not necessarily have to obtain a divorce and undergo a conversion to her faith. There was the faint possibility of annulment; if he were divorced, he could remain a Protestant and agree, following the standard procedure, that any children of the marriage would be raised as Catholics.

The unmentionable subject of possible breakup of our parents' li together, still without explicit refe ence to Lucy, rose close to the surfa when Mother and Father spoke wi Granny one week later. With a sen of approaching disaster, Mother ha put aside her critical attitude towa the older woman, now that she mig urgently require her help. She w addressing Granny as "Dearest Mur my" and telling her, "You will nev know how grateful I am n how much I love you, dear

As the three of them sat the library in Hyde Par the question Granny and F ther heatedly discussed w family responsibility and th future of the whole estate.

"I should like you promise me, Franklin," sh said, "that it will be kept the family forever, just my family has held on Delano property." She ha inherited $1,338,000 fro her father, and she expecte to leave this fortune to h son.

"Forever" is doubtful

Father, bone-tired fro overwork and internal co flict, could not agree. Clear he had doubts about "fo ever." The argument ha not been resolved whe Granny saw her son an daughter-in-law off on th train. She returned hom and set down her though on paper.

One passage read: "I car not believe that my preciou Franklin really feels as h expressed himself. Well, hope that while I live, I ma keep my 'old-fashioned' the ories and that *at least* in m own family I may con u to feel that *home* is the bes and happiest place and tha my son and daughter an their children will live i peace and happiness an keep free from the tarnis which seems to affect s many. . . ."

With the approach of win ter, Mother worked longe and longer hours as a volun teer, principally at the Re Cross canteen in Washing ton, scrubbing floors, makin up sandwiches, anything t keep busy. She carried he knitting everywhere, brood ing over an urge to get awa from everything by volun teering to serve in canteen near the battlefields o France. But her first obligation, sh felt, was to "stay with my children an do what work I could at home."

Father, too, wanted to escape over seas. He had become less discreet abou his love of Lucy. Many people had see them driving together, including h cousin, Alice Longworth, who invite them to her house for dinner, happy t plot against Mother.

Father's Navy associates discouraged him from volunteering for active duty and President Wilson advised Daniels "Tell the young man that his only an best war service is to stay where he is."

The "young man," *(continued)*

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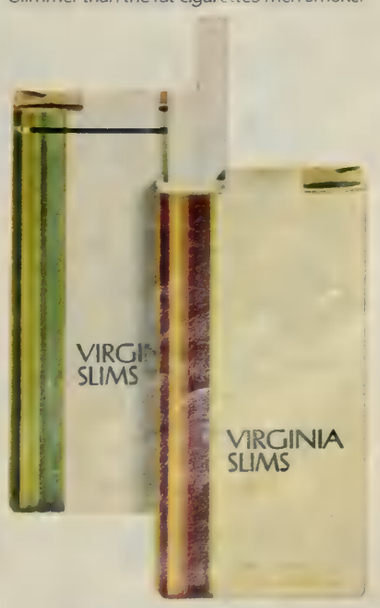
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father of five children and 13 years married, acted like someone starting to wind up his domestic affairs. He sold his schooner *Half Moon*. He put our New York house up for rent. He devoted more time to us children, taking us cruising with him aboard the *Sylph*. Then, in the summer of 1918, he sailed for Europe to inspect Navy facilities.

King George V invited the dashing Assistant Secretary to Buckingham Palace. At a formal dinner Father met Winston Churchill, then Minister of Munitions. He spent a weekend with the Astors at Cliveden, and for this occasion splurged on a pair of silk pajamas—price, three guineas.

In Paris he visited President Poincaré, attended a dinner for Herbert Hoover, then moved to the front. At Verdun, he came under German shelling. He wrote to Mother, "The more I think of it, the more I feel that being only 36 my place is not at a Washington desk . . . I know you will understand."

Letters from Lucy

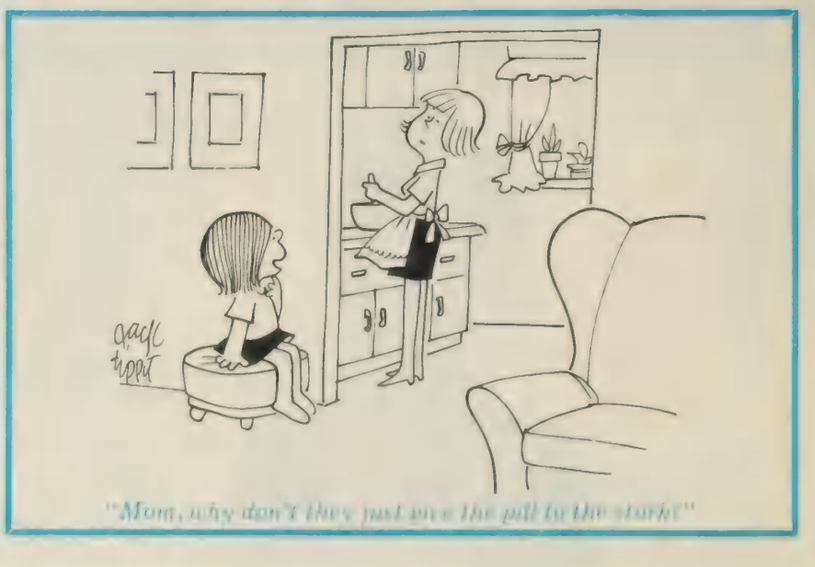
Now that Father and Lucy were separated for the first time since their intimacy began, she began writing to him. Out of the habit of a lifetime, if not from sheer sentiment, Father saved the letters from the woman who loved him.

In mid-December he returned to New York on the *Leviathan*, ill with pneumonia. Mother called a doctor to meet her and Granny on the pier, with an ambulance. They would all go back to Granny's New York house.

A great deal of mystery has been generated about the climactic confrontation which finally took place between Father and Mother over Lucy Mercer. The one source of information quoted *ad infinitum* is Cousin Alice Longworth, who reported that one day she was doing imitations of Mother to amuse her Aunt Corinne, Theodore Roosevelt's youngest sister.

"Auntie Corinne looked at me and said, 'Never forget, Alice, Eleanor offered Franklin his freedom.' And I said, 'But, darling, that's what I've wanted to know about all these years. Tell.' And so she said, 'Yes, there was a family conference and they talked it over and finally they decided it affected the children, and there was Lucy Mercer, a Catholic, and so it was called off.' "

My own knowledge, my observations of Father and Mother, and my talks with them, together with all the weight of available evidence, make it possible to fix the day when Mother and Father dared to face reality. It was September 20, when he lay in bed with pneumonia in Granny's bedroom at 49 East 65th Street. Mother, unpacking for him, found Lucy's letters. She had no compunction about reading them. They were the concrete evidence she had lacked and long waited for. She immediately called on Granny as an ally.



"Mom, why don't they just give the pill to the stork!"

Mother would have preferred a divorce. That was her first thought, and her first move was to offer it. She had grounds, even in the State of New York, which recognized only adultery. The letters were her proof. But Granny held iron-clad views about *noblesse oblige* and broken homes. If divorce were the answer, she would cut off Father's money as punishment for his offense. He could never afford to support two establishments. And to be divorced for adultery would mean political suicide for a man who was already being talked about as a future President.

So the course of embittered conversation changed. Plans for separation and divorce were "called off," as Aunt Corinne said. Granny, as her part of the three-way agreement, would continue to lavish money on Father—as she did, through all the White House years. Because he could see no alternative if he wanted to continue with a public kind of career, in or out of politics, Father agreed to give up Lucy.

Mother, on second thought, preferred that choice. She had made a start on a career of her own, and wanted to continue. Besides, her husband had greatness in him that she could draw on. She set a price for her compliance when she laid down the rules to Father in private: She was willing to have him as a partner in public life, but never again as a husband.

HYDE PARK, 1920

Every Christmas we could count on all the family being home together in Hyde Park. The rule on Christmas mornings was that the children were

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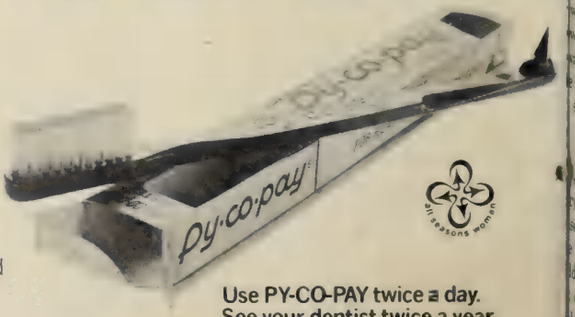
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to disturb the grownups before
). When the old grandfather clock
ned the half hour we were off *en*
se to Father's bedroom. He would
waiting for us, grinning broadly,
)ped up on two plump pillows.
"Merry Christmas, Pa," we would
us as we climbed onto his bed to
hange kisses.
Merry Christmas, chicks! And as
y Tim says, 'God bless us every
' "
e darted to the fireplace, where our
istmas stockings were hanging,
d with candies and small presents.
now, Mother would have heard our
hter and come in to join us from
room next door.
he bedrooms had been added five
s earlier as part of an expansion of
house. Father's room, with its fire-
e and magnificent bay window, was
ched by a bedroom for Granny,
larly equipped. Mother's small
n was fitted in between, with no
lace, no bathroom of its own, and
ngle window. Father and Granny
designed the layout.
n Christmas morning, some time
r ten o'clock, we all went to the
ury, where relatives and friends
ped by to share in the fun.
ranny kept an eye on the time. It
a rule that on Christmas morning
vent to church, no matter what, and
service began at 11:30. On that day
920, as I remember it, snow lay
over the Hudson valley. The big
, with a matched pair harnessed
stopped outside. Bundled against
cold, we all piled in for the ride to
James Episcopal church, Granny
mposing sight in her furs. She was
unremitting churchgoer. Father,
kly bored by sermonizing, usually
e excuses to stay away. Christmas,
gh, was a day on which he felt he
ld occupy the family pew.
fter dinner we settled by the fire in
library for the climax of the cele-
ion. Father opened his old, worn
of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. Then
egan to read in his clear, calm
e: "Marley was dead to begin with.
re is no doubt about that. The
ster of his burial was signed by
clergyman. . . ." Father snarled
words of Scrooge and chirruped the
s of Tiny Tim. He stretched out the
ormance for two more fireside
its before he came to the last, re-
ding sentence, "And so, as Tiny
observed, 'God bless us every
' "
here were other readings in the
s ahead, in the same setting and in
same company. We took them for
nted until, one by one, we children
lly left the sanctuary of Granny's
se. We also took for granted that
istmas the fun we had with Father
ve raced around together in the
v. But we would never do it again.
as the last Christmas he would be
to run with us, or even walk, with-
steel braces gripping his legs.

No further childbearing

er since the confrontation over
y, Mother had grown increasingly
e in her treatment of her family.
was secure from the risk of further
dbearing, but this Spartan choice
our parents openly irritable with
other. "I do not think I have ever
so strangely as in the past year,"
her wrote in her private diary, a
r to the day after she had seemingly

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vanquished Lucy. "All my self-confidence is gone. . . ."

One day she wrote Granny, "Did you know Lucy Mercer married Mr. Wintie Rutherfurd two days ago?" Since *The New York Times* had reported the event, it is certain that Granny knew.

When her association with Father ended, Lucy had gone to work for Winthrop Rutherfurd, a handsome, wealthy American aristocrat. At 57, Rutherfurd was a widower with six young children who were in need of a woman's care.

A year or so after Lucy became a foster-mother to his children, Rutherfurd asked her to be his wife. Lucy now had security, a husband of her own faith, and—16 months later—a child of her own, named Barbara. All in all, it looked to Mother as though the attachment between Father and Lucy had come to a tidy conclusion. Mother used to tell friends that she had the memory of an elephant, able to forgive but not to forget. As it turned out, Father could not forget Lucy, either.

Father had to think about moving out of Washington if he wanted to keep moving on, so he arranged with two young attorneys, Langdon Marvin and Grenville Emmet, to set up a New York law partnership—Emmet, Marvin & Roosevelt. In the two years that he had devoted to the Navy, Father had lost influence with *(continued)*

Democratic party leaders in New York. In fact, he had to fight for delegates to the 1920 national convention in his own 26th District. That summer, heading for the party's convention in San Francisco, he felt the odds against the Democrats were nearly hopeless. The Republican candidate, Warren G. Harding, looked like a certain winner.

The Democrats finally chose the city bosses' compromise, Governor James M. Cox of Ohio. Father didn't know that Cox had asked Charles Murphy, the Tammany chief, if Father would be acceptable as a candidate for Vice-President. Cox needed an Easterner to balance the ticket.

"I don't like Roosevelt," said Murphy. But "I would vote for the devil himself if Cox wanted me to. Tell him we will nominate Roosevelt on the first ballot." Murphy had agreed because, in Tammany's view, Father was expendable; their own man, Alfred E. Smith, had to be saved for bigger things.

Mother's enthusiasms centered on her own achievements, not those of Father or anyone else. "I am sure that I was glad for my husband," she said, "but it never occurred to me to be much excited. . . ." More than four years had passed by then in the cold war between our parents, a war that had started with Johnny's birth.

Louis Howe handled as much of Father's press campaign as he could while staying on his Navy job, but Father had to have other help. First he persuaded Charles McCarthy to join his staff as manager of campaign headquarters. McCarthy had been private secretary to the Assistant Navy Secretary when Father brought in Louis over his head. As a temporary secretary for the Washington headquarters, McCarthy hired a bright young girl named Marguerite LeHand. She liked Father's looks from her first sight of him in McCarthy's office.

Elusive wonderland

Two days after the Hyde Park celebration, Father set off on a trip to California and back, with speeches to make in 20 major cities and half-a-dozen trackside chats every day, delivered from the rear platform of a rented railroad coach. Father won friends with his smile, but his crusading for the League of Nations brought only feeble applause. Voters yearned for the elusive wonderland called "normalcy" that Harding promised.

Mother's lack of sympathy for Father's exhausting battle showed itself in a note she sent Granny: "I do think he should have cut Monday out and come here directly. However, there is no use in saying anything." This was when he had wound up his first national tour—8,000 miles long—then agreed to make an extra speech in Brooklyn.

In a few days he would be off to hit more western states. Louis dashed up from Washington to ride with Father. I believe it was at Louis' urging that Father asked Mother to join the train. Louis wanted her to become a member of the team, and he set out to win her over by teaching her about politics.

She must have seemed an unlikely student. For one thing, she found it hard to accept Father's popularity with the crowds, and the attention he got from women voters aroused her jealousy. At the end of each day she thought he should be settled down in his berth; she didn't like his sitting up with some of the gang over a drink or two and a few hands of poker.

Louis took to tapping on her stateroom door to discuss Father's speeches in advance, trying to break down her shyness. He taught her how to be comfortable in the presence of newspapermen, a lesson that she did not forget. I am certain, too, that he implanted in her his own perceptions of Father as the man who some day would lead the United States into new dimensions.

Mother was utterly charmed by Louis' attention. She suddenly discovered that he had sensitivity, a fine mind and, as she said, "rather extraordinary eyes." She rebuked herself for having judged him only on his shabby clothes and unwashed collars, his slovenly table manners, and his nicotine-stained fingers. She sensed that this was a special kind of courtship and admired his cleverness in conducting it.

In four tumultuous weeks, as the train jounced across the country, Mother started to assemble the person she wanted to be. But jealousy had not yet died out. Once she reported that photographs were taken "of lovely ladies who served luncheon for my husband and then worshiped at his shrine." The pictures, she said, "were one of the starring jokes of the campaign."

Tumble into ruin

Harding defeated Cox by seven million votes. The Republicans swept the House of Representatives, and in New York Father saw years of effort tumble into ruins. Not one State office went to the Democrats; even Al Smith lost his bid for re-election as Governor.

Granny could now hope that Father would settle down to the calm routine of being a gentleman farmer with a downtown law practice. He had no such thought. First of all, in his need for financial security, he sought out Van Lear Black of Baltimore, whom he had met at the Democratic convention eight years earlier. Black controlled the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland, a prosperous surety bonding house. Like Father, he was a yacht

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man, a Democrat, and a go-getter—and he saw in Father just the man he needed to head his New York office. Father had a celebrated name, broad contacts in business, labor, and politics, and a salesman's gift for finding customers. He was appointed a vice-president of Fidelity, at $25,000 a year; he would still spend half his working hours at Emmet, Marvin & Roosevelt.

After election day he went to Washington, where he visited his old campaign headquarters in search of a secretary. Something about the looks of Marguerite LeHand must have appealed to him. He asked her to join him on a permanent basis in New York, early in January.

She was not sure she wanted that. "I told Mr. Roosevelt that I had made up my mind long ago never to work for a lawyer. He assured me that he had other interests besides the law. . . ." She would only promise to give him her answer after she had talked to her family—they lived in a Boston suburb.

"Please believe that I deeply appreciate how nice you were to me and that working for you and with you was a *very great* pleasure," she wrote.

There was a long list of more eager candidates, but Father had no one else in mind. He clearly felt that this tall young woman with the strong jaw line, 22 years old, who had gone straight to work as a typist from high school, was the right choice for him.

He was not disappointed. Ten days before Christmas she wrote him, "I hope you will forgive my seeming negligence, but I have been ill for the past week and really did not want someone else to write for me. If you would still like to have me, I will be in New York on January 3."

Strong-willed women

Mother had mapped out a schedule to fill her days and all the evenings when Father pleaded the pressure of work as his excuse for not coming home to dinner. To begin with, she took lessons in cooking, typing, and shorthand. She allowed herself to be recruited to the board of the League of Women Voters, and began to move in the company of strong-willed, social-minded women who were not enchanted with men in the role of husbands.

Outside of office hours—mornings at Fidelity, afternoons at Emmet, Marvin & Roosevelt—Father took on so many other activities that Mother sometimes wondered whether he ever again intended to spend an evening at home. Speaking dates crowded his engagement book, kept current by Miss LeHand. Mother protested that it was all too much.

By March, Father and Louis had mapped out their next move. Louis would resign from his Navy job in June, and join Father at Fidelity. They and their families would spend a summer vacation at Campobello, when they could plan future conquests—perhaps a try for a U.S. Senate seat in the next election. Granny would not be around; she was going to Europe this year.

We children looked forward to long days of fun. We knew there would be hikes along the cliffs, and chases on the beaches, with Father as the hare luring us poor hounds into rockbound corners where we'd get our feet wet in the rising tide. There would be sailing and swimming—even picnics. *(continued)*

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the only kind of outing Mother cared for. "Quite a number of persons really did not enjoy Father's games at all," she remembered.

Early in July Mother took us to Campobello. We had in tow our tutor, Jean Sherwood, her mother, and a Swiss governess for Johnny and Franklin, Junior. The Howes were expected to join us. Father was spending two weeks in New York, broken by a weekend at Hyde Park. On Friday, August 5, he boarded Van-Lear Black's yacht *Sabalo*, in New York, to bring his employer up for a visit.

"I thought he looked tired when he left," Miss LeHand wrote to Mother a few days later.

Toward the end of the *Sabalo*'s three-day cruise, as they passed along the Maine coast, bad weather set in. The yacht's captain was a stranger to the treacherous tides and rocks of the Bay of Fundy, so Father took the helm. He navigated for hours in dense fog, easing the yacht through dangerous waters he had known since childhood. By Monday the *Sabalo* was safely anchored in Welchpool Harbor.

The chill was a joke

The next day the weather cleared. Father was showing Black's friends the techniques of cod fishing when he fell overboard. The water was so cold that "it seemed paralyzing" to him. He ignored the chill, making it a joke that an old salt could be so fumble-footed. The next afternoon, with our visitors gone, we went sailing in our own boat, the *Vireo*. Father spotted the smoke of a forest fire on a nearby island, so we went ashore to fight it. He cut evergreen boughs for us all, and we spent hours thrashing at the creeping flames.

Around teatime, the fire under control, he docked the *Vireo*. "Our eyes were bleary with smoke," he remembered. "We were begrimed, smarting with spark burns, exhausted." The solution, he thought, was a swim in landlocked Lake Glen Severn on the other side of Campobello. He led us on a two-mile dogtrot in our bathing suits. We swam across the lake, then scrambled out and over the beach for a plunge into the chilling waves of Herring Cove; afterward we trotted home.

We children were still shivering, so we changed into warm clothes. But Father was too preoccupied for that. Mail and newspapers had come from Eastport. He sat reading awhile, "too tired even to dress." About an hour later, a chill ran through him. "I think I shall do without supper tonight," he said. "I'll go to bed and get warmed up."

The next day was Thursday, Augu 11, 1920. "When I swung out of bed m left leg lagged," he said afterward "Presently it refused to work, and th the other."

His temperature was climbing; t thermometer registered 102°. Stabbi pains came and went. Mother decid early that morning to fetch Dr. Be nett from Lubec, on the mainland.

Even today, more than 50 years late after the expenditure of uncounted mi lions on research, poliomyelitis remai a deadly enigma, difficult to diagno and held at bay only by the vaccines Sabin and Salk. The thought of pol didn't occur to Dr. Bennett. That w a disease of children, as its comm name, "infantile paralysis," indicate Deciding that Father had nothing mo serious than a common cold, he r turned to Lubec. But Mother and Lou were not reassured.

Each of us children had some of F ther's symptoms but in much mild form: runny noses, slight temperature and—a telltale sign—an odd feeling stiffness in the neck. These compar tively minor aches and pains were ove looked in the developing crisis th gripped us all. Our symptoms slow disappeared. According to medic opinion given later, when we had grov up, there is little doubt that all of children had contracted polio, with n body recognizing it.

By Friday, Father could not stan The pain in his back and legs began turn into numbness, yet his sensitivi to touch increased, until he could n bear even the pressure of a bedshee As darkness fell, paralysis began to s in from the chest down.

Dr. Bennett was recalled. He was a loss to explain why an ordinary co should have taken this course. Lo and Mother decided to get a seco doctor's opinion at once, and Lou volunteered to go with Dr. Bennett find one. They sailed to Eastpo checked around by telephone, a Bar Harbor, Maine, 100 miles dow the coast, they located an old Philade phia surgeon, Dr. William W. Keen.

Just a matter of time

Dr. Keen arrived at Campobello th evening. Father was now complete paralyzed. The aging surgeon decid that a sudden congestion of the blo had formed a clot in the lower spin cord, producing temporary loss movement. The condition would rig itself in time, he said; by mid-Septe ber Father should be able to return work. Meantime, Dr. Keen left instru tions that Father's legs should be ma saged at intervals throughout the da

As soon as he had departed, Moth sat down to report all this to Fathe half-brother, "Rosy" Roosevelt. "I ho you will think I am doing right," s said. "I do not want particulars to g into the papers, so I am writing t family that he is ill from the effects a chill. . . ." She asked Rosy to me Granny at the pier, on her return fro Europe in two weeks' time, si neither she nor Father could be the

On a second visit, Dr. Keen chang his mind; Father, he now said, mu have a "lesion" in the spinal cord—b the massages should be continued. F ther felt in his heart, as he confess later, that God had abandoned him, b he kept his despair to himself.

(continued on page 15

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How to start your body producing (FMH) (p. 16)
How to test yourself and regulate your weight loss (p. 126-130)
Which brand name foods and diet drinks to beware of (p. 163)
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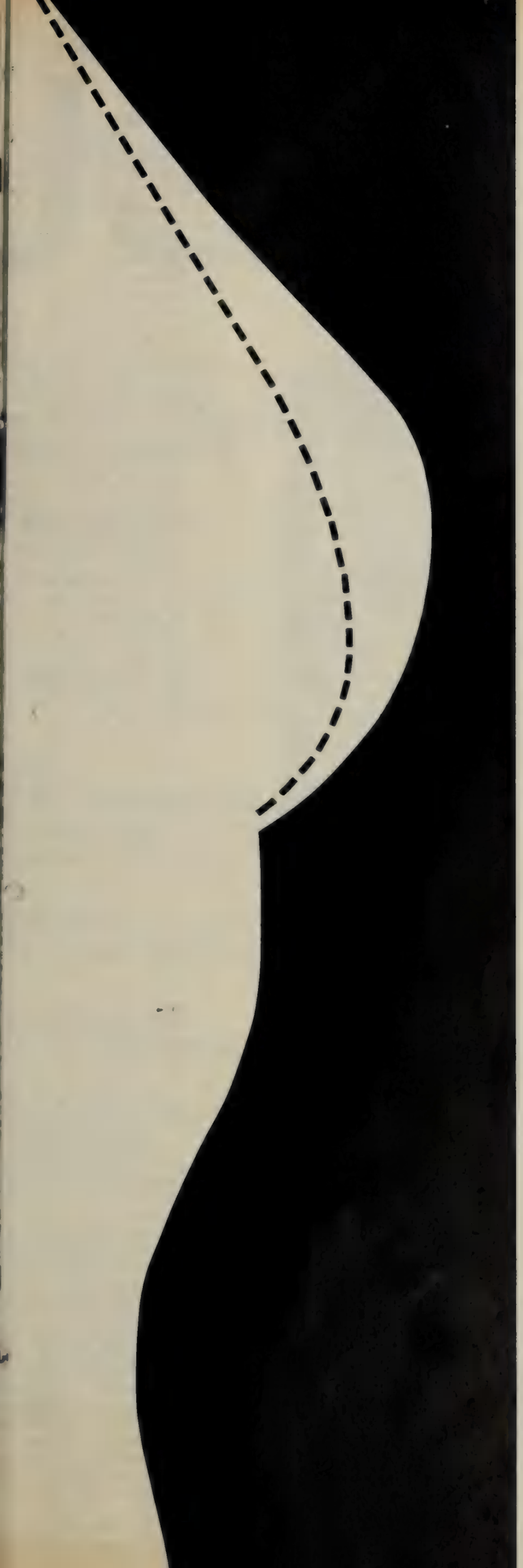
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continued from page 150

Hour after hour, Mother and Louis spelled each other in rubbing Father's contorted legs and feet, a painful treatment that deepened his depression. Yet when we children were allowed a glimpse of him through the doorway, and said our weepy "Hello," he grinned and struggled to gasp out a word or two in answer.

It is impossible to assess his courage, or Mother's emotions, as she compelled herself to perform the necessary physical tasks on the body of the man whose intimate touch was only a memory. With Louis panting from the effort of helping, Father was lifted and turned. He had to be bathed and rubbed to guard against bedsores. All of his bodily functions were paralyzed now. Catheters and enemas had to be used to do the work of powerless muscles.

He grew worse. Louis, darkly suspicious of Dr. Keen, wrote a detailed letter to Uncle Fred, the calm, wise head of the Delanos. The report sent Frederic Delano hastening to Boston to seek help at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. The first specialist he saw, on August 20, read Louis' letter, and another written by Mother. Dr. Samuel A. Levine straightaway diagnosed the illness of the patient he had not seen: polio, for a certainty.

Uncle Fred passed on to Mother the expert's advice. "He said you should stop the massage. Let the patient have as much rest as possible for four to eight weeks."

No self-reproach

Mother brought in a Boston polio specialist, Dr. Robert Lovett, who confirmed Dr. Levine's diagnosis. Whatever the source of the disease, the over-exertion and chilling ten days earlier had intensified the force of its onslaught. The massage Dr. Keen prescribed had increased the damage to muscle tissue. Recovery would be that much harder. Dr. Lovett suggested soothing hot baths.

Dr. Keen saw no reason for self-reproach. He wrote Mother a long, rambling letter, largely devoted to recollections of his earlier days, adding, "As to the financial side, will you kindly send me at your entire convenience a thousand dollars."

Carrying the massive, inert patient into the bathroom, and making sure of the hot water supply, doubled the load on Mother and Louis, who did his share until a trained nurse arrived. Then he went to New York to pick up the threads of Father's business affairs. At the offices of Emmet, Marvin & Roosevelt, no one knew the real cause of Father's illness; Louis kept the facts to himself. He said Father should be back at work in mid-September.

One of the people Louis impressed was Father's new secretary, Marguerite LeHand. "It was really awfully good to see him," she wrote to Father. Miss LeHand was a perceptive girl, whose shining gray eyes could probe surface appearances. In the six months she had worked for Father she had been drawn to him. They had rapidly built an exuberant, laughing relationship, full of jokes and gossip.

Back at her desk after a vacation, knowing nothing of his illness, she had written to Father asking for a salary increase. In the midst of nursing him, Mother took time to reply. "Your letter has been so long unanswered because Mr. Roosevelt had a severe chill last Wednesday, which resulted in fever and much congestion, and I fear his return will be delayed. . . . He feels sure he can get you $35 . . ."

Over the following weeks, "Missy" LeHand kept up a flow of cheerful notes to Father: "I never would have bothered you about the question of salary if I had known you were ill. I am awfully sorry you are feeling so wretched." A week later: "I am making such marvelous strides in the law work that I feel sure you can soon turn over all your cases to me!"

On September 1 she wrote, "I have moved my desk and typewriter into your office, right beside the telephone. Do you object?" A day or so after that: "It is just getting ready to pour broomsticks, and *you know* how dark this office gets when that happens, so if I slip an occasional letter, please forgive it." Always lighthearted gossip, the weather, and the hint of two minds meeting. "September 8: It is hot! . . . I wasted a perfectly good evening seeing George White's *Scandals* last night, and it is terrible." There was a postscript: "A letter came to me this morning addressed to *me*, 'Esq.' I love it!"

"I love it!" was one of Father's favorite remarks.

Mother's advance warning to Granny said only that "Franklin has been quite ill . . . the island is really at its loveliest . . . We are both so sorry he can't meet you." When Granny's liner docked in New York, Uncle Fred revealed the facts. The next day she wa in Campobello, concealing her anguis

"Well, I'm glad you are bac Mama," her son said, "and I got up th party for you."

We children had still not been to that he had polio. He remained con pletely paralyzed from the chest dow Louis, trading on his reputation f square dealing with the press, put o word that Father had been ill but " now improving."

Two more weeks went b before he was ready for th journey home. Uncle Fre supplied a private railroa car, which waited on a Eastport dock siding. Lou was in charge of moving o of the house an invalid wh could not even raise h head. He had to be carrie down the long cliff walk, o to our little pier, into th motorboat for the two-mi sea crossing, then up th hazardous steps to the sa dine dock for the final sta of the journey to the trai

"This is my job—helpi Franklin," he explained.

A big grin

He had the boat capta nail together a homema stretcher, and engaged i land men to carry it. Fath had his fedora firmly on h head and our Scottie do Duffy, cradled in his arm Someone lit a cigarette f him and put it in h cigarette holder. He stu out his chin, flashed a b grin for us children, and w lowered down the front ste in a canvas sling, head fir

When Louis at last brok the story to the papers tw days later, he quoted D George Draper, of Pres yt rian Hospital, in New Yor "He will not be crippled. N one need have any fear permanent injury. . . ."

"F. D. ROOSEVELT ILL POLIOMYELITIS," said *T New York Times* in fron page headlines. "Recoverin Doctor Says."

If Father was deceive Louis appeared not to h When Herbert Pell of th Democratic Executive Cor mittee invited Father to a tend an early meeting, Lou said, "Mister Pell had bett wake up and hear the bir ies."

Marguerite LeHand w not yet sharing the secre "Everyone is much excit about your coming back and muc pleased," she wrote from the offic "By the way—wish I could say, 'Yo Majesty.' "



Coming Next Month

In the second and concluding excer from his forthcoming book, Ellio Roosevelt makes more headline-ma ing revelations. Writing for the histor cal record, he tells for the very fir time the story of President Roosevel long love affair with another woma (not Lucy Mercer)—a relationsh that has been hidden until now.

ES' HOME

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I got my blonde hair from my mother, and she got hers from me... last Tuesday.

That radiant honey blonde is Mother. And (I still can't believe it) that girl who looks like the sun is coming up in her hair is me!

Ever since I can remember, I've been yearning to take this self-improvement step. But since I have all I can do to even get my eyeliner on straight, I was afraid I'd goof up the shade.

Well, my mother doesn't give up so easy. Last week, she talked to a friend who's a professional hair colorist and she found out a blonding secret they use in the finest salons. Ultra Blue® Lady Clairol® Hair Lightener. This expert explained that Ultra Blue is the step that lifts the darkness out of your hair. (So you're like an artist starting with a fresh canvas.) Then all you have to do is apply any Clairol toner, and you can get the delicate blonde shade you want.

Well, it sounded good, but



I just sat there looking at my 10 thumbs until Mother came up with the clincher. She said she'd been thinking of lightening her hair, too—as a soft way to hide her gray instead of going darker. So she had a beautiful idea. Why didn't we go blonde together?

Why not? The next day we did. And helping each other, it wasn't hard at all. First, Mother gave me a hand in applying the Ultra Blue lightener. And I did the same for her. Then while it was working, we just sat and had a good tall When we looked the clock next, was time to put the toner.

That's all there was to And you can see the pur shimmery shades we got.

What does it feel like be a blonde? All I can say i feel like celebrating la Tuesday as my birthday, b cause it was the beginning the real me.

And I haven't seen Dad jealous of Mother like this 20 years.



Mother and me, the day we went blonde.

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2. Store bought 3-bean salad.

3. Their potato salad.

4. Pound cake. Frozen or from the bakery.

And mother it.

1. Your favorite take-out chicken. Pour over a quick, but sassy, sauce. Combine a 12 oz. jar plum preserves, ¼ t. ginger, dash onion salt, 4 t. fresh lemon juice, 1 Tb. soy sauce. It's enough for a bucket.

2. Store bought 3-bean salad. Make it special by adding 1 t. fresh lemon juice, 4 slices crumbled bacon and 2 hard-cooked eggs, quartered, per pt. Tastes fresh. Home made.

3. Your potato salad. Start with theirs, and add ½ cup sliced celery, ¼ cup sliced dill pickle, 1 t. grated lemon peel, 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice and ½ t. poppy seeds, per pt. So easy. So much better.

4. Pound cake. Frozen or from the bakery. Split into four layers. Spread layers with a 10 oz. jar red currant jelly, combined with 1 Tb. grated lemon peel. Assemble cake. Combine 1 snack-size can lemon pudding with 2 t. fresh lemon juice. Spread on cake. Decorate with almonds.



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VOL. XC. NO. 5
MAY

JOURNAL

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN®



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EDITOR'S DIARY

BY JOHN MACK CARTER

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT. The public woman was the wife of a President, an outspoken liberal, first lady of the world. The private woman was something else—awkward, naive, insecure, with an indomitable drive frozen in Victorian repression.

Eleanor Roosevelt was also very much a part of the *Journal*. Her early memoirs, "This Is My Story," ran in ten installments in the *Journal*, from 1937 to 1938, and set down with painful candor the difficulties of an ugly duckling childhood. Her monthly column, "If You Ask Me," in which she answered questions selected by the editors from readers' mail, was a popular *Journal* feature from 1941 through 1949, with much of her earnings going to charity. She worked with editors Bruce and Beatrice Blackmar Gould on a "Woman in the World" project, but was unsuccessful in launching that perhaps-premature idea. The Goulds described Mrs. Roosevelt as having "her weaknesses and her failings. Many came from a trusting, naive spirit. . . . Unloved at home, she was loved round the world."

I took home some of the old bound volumes of the *Journal* the other evening, and searched Eleanor Roosevelt's columns for her own words, words that would perhaps soften her son Elliott's portrait of his mother in "Franklin and Missy: An Untold Story." (See page 90.) In the December 1941, issue, I discovered a reader had asked: "At various times, I have heard that you and Mr. Roosevelt are separated, but that you live together to keep down scandal in the United States. I do not believe this is at all true. Will you please answer this so I may read it in black and white?"

Mrs. Roosevelt's answer: *"You are young, I imagine, and therefore your question is neither impertinent nor malicious. It is the kind of question, however, which, when I was young, we were taught belonged to the realm of things about which one might speculate, but never talk. Gossip of the kind which you have heard is whispered about almost all people in public life, and no one should notice it."*

Today, modern life, for better or for worse, has jettisoned innocence for explicit honesty.

To some of our readers, this "invasion of privacy," this son's revelations, will seem to desecrate an American legend. To others, the counterbalance of human weakness and strength, of loyalty and infidelity, will simply provide a new set of dimensions for Eleanor Roosevelt. Whatever is written about her, or however one interprets the tensions of the Roosevelt marriage, Eleanor Roosevelt will remain for the *Journal*, and the nation, one of the great women of our age. The personal details in this new controversial biography will be only fleetingly newsworthy. Whether accurate or not, they are poignant. We could have wished Eleanor Roosevelt more love, more emotional fulfillment. But we could not have conceived for her a more secure, more respected place in the history of this nation as a woman of conscience, involvement, and achievement.

JMC



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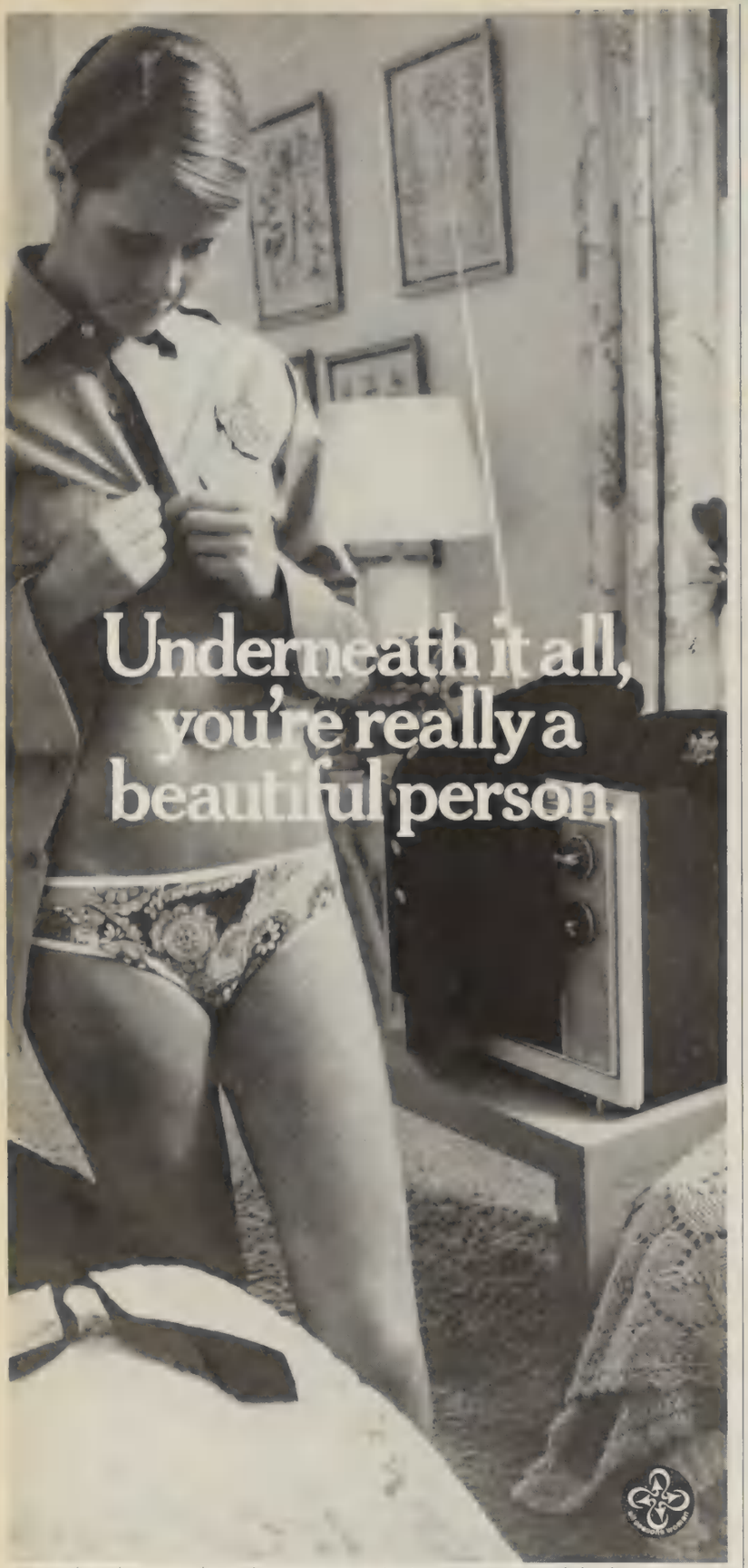
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WHAT'S HAPPENING

BY GENE SHALIT

The Movie Screen Scene. *Save the Tiger* gives Jack Lemmon one of the juiciest roles of his career. He portrays a Los Angeles garment manufacturer whose life is coming apart at the seams. Lemmon is in a financial squeeze: he's on the edge of bankruptcy, he bribes buyers with call girls, he deals with arsonists, and he betrays his own life. Among the best moments: Lemmon's pick-up of a younger-than-springtime girl who's ready for a fall, and his tough but touching scenes with his honest older partner, Jack Gilford. Definitely worth seeing. . . . *Shamus* has Burt Reynolds as a free and breezy tough-guy private eye. He's involved in a preposterous plot that keeps us guessing, but the action's fast and Reynolds has the dash to keep three steps ahead. When I called Shamus "entertaining junk" on television, Reynolds sent me a potted azalea with a note: "I love your moustache and your taste in bad movies." . . . *Pulp* is one of the year's funniest films, laced with classy lines. It mocks the tone of hard-boiled detective yarns, *The Maltese Falcon* to—why not?—*Shamus*. Michael Caine and Mickey Rooney are winning as the unlikely stars of this likable yarn. This laughing-out-loud flick will have you coming out feeling good about going in. . . . *Ten From Your Show of Shows* stars Sid Caesar, that glory of early TV comedy. He and his 1950's cohorts—Imogene Coca, Carl Reiner, and Howard Morris—are hilarious in ten of their wildest lampoons. I recommend *Your Show of Shows* as your go of goes. . . . It's a grand spring for children: *Charlotte's Web* spins a fantasy from the marvelous book by E. B. White. It's about the spider who wins the Battle of Lexicon b weaving miracle words into her we and saving the life of her friend Wi bur, the pig. (With a little help fro her friends, primarily Templeto the rat, perfectly spoken for by Pa Lynde in a whining, pointy voice. Julie Andrews returns in two of h biggest hits: *Mary Poppins*, one the happiest of musicals, and *T Sound of Music* which is re-issu now for the first time in five yea *Supercalifragilisticexpialidocio* adds up to *Do-Re-Mi* indeed!

The Small Screen Scene

They're gathering down at t tube for the annual bath of self-co gratulatory bathos: It's Emmy tim when the world's most ridiculo looking statuette is clutched h happy winners in a plethora of cat gories. (Plethora sounds like som thing you could catch.) ABC-T carries this statuary jape on M 20. It's one of the year's highe rated shows because it's got wh the public loves—glamour, glitt and Johnny Carson as the host Hollywood's handshake hacienc This is the 25th Anniversary Emm show. How time flies! It seems li only a year ago that we were ce brating the 24th. . . . For the fi time in his career, Marcus Welb M.D., sings in public this mon Well, Robert Young. And it h pens on a Special called *Rob Young and the Young*, a Special music and mirth. The doctor int will be supported by funny per Arte Johnson, and by Sandy D can, TV's hard luck kid. If it f apart (unlikely), the Carpent will put it all together (likely). set for ABC May 6. . . . Ten everyone? Just about. Alan K bounces onto your (continue



Jack Lemmon and Jack Gilford reflect on their lives in Save the Tiger.



Caesar and Coca have the time their lives in Your Show of Sho



It's 10 days for me. And the color's practically the same as the day I did it.



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screen with his Tennis Classic May 19-20 (ABC) in which celebrities and super-pros will compete for $150,000 in prizes from Las Vegas. Stars include such swingers as Charlton Heston, Bill Cosby, Beau Bridges, Lloyd Bridges, Sidney Poitier, and Andy Williams. Among the tennis stars: Bobby Riggs, Bill Talbott, and Jack Kramer. All will serve at King's court—a feast for tennis buffs. . . .

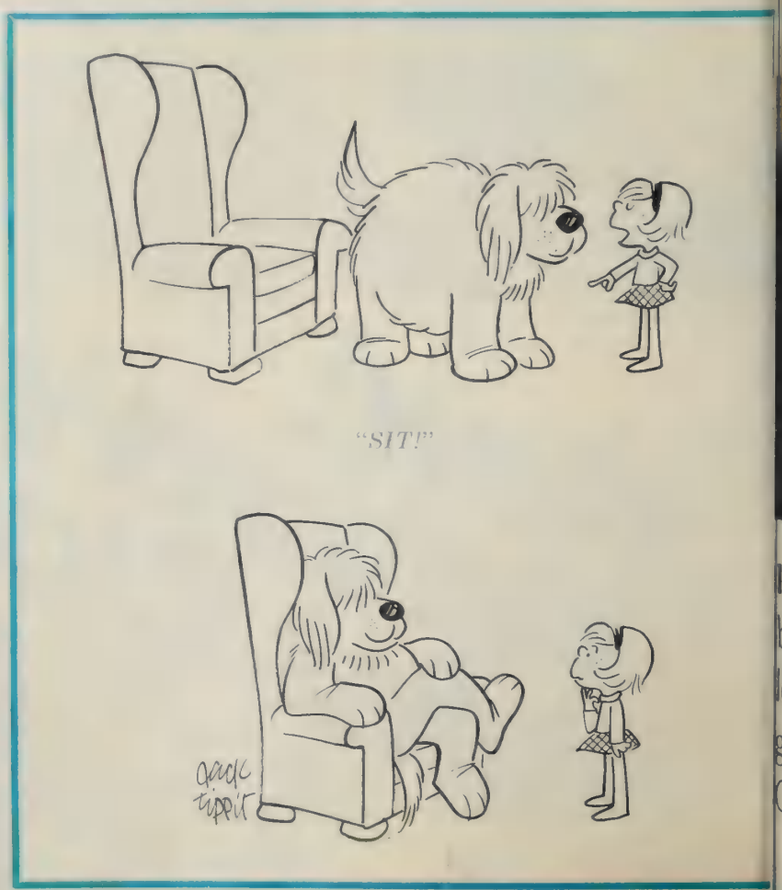
In January's *What's Happening*, I checked the good and chucked the bad of Saturday morning children's television. Some readers, skimming my sticking to Saturday, were surprised by my non-mention of the Sunday show *Make a Wish*, so they took me to task (not far from my office—I've been taken there before). The general tone of the letters was: "How dare you ignore *Make a Wish*?" I couldn't and I wouldn't and I agree with you all completely: *Make a Wish* is a program spilling with wonders: it's peppy and smart, with a whizzing vocabulary, snazzy visual effects, and bursts of instant information. Do we still need proof that learning can be satisfying fun? You ought to watch—even if there aren't any kids around.

A Book Bound To Be Read. *The Eternal Bliss Machine* by Marcia Seligson (Morrow) is rushing down the aisle toward the best-seller list. Marriage has been altered since the caveman days of marriage by capture. Now it's the *guests* who are captured—like those of the Pittsburgh couple whose Polish wedding lasted an entire weekend with the 450 guests dancing a 2-day polka marathon and an endless string of sausages being rushed to the scene. Here is everything you'll never believe about American weddings—especially America's ethnic weddings. How about the Italian factory foreman in Duluth, Minnesota? He gave each of his four daughters a $10,000 wedding including a $600 gown, 2 bands, and 6 varieties of pasta. Or the Italian wedding in which two heirs to Mafia misfortunes were united before 3,000 guests, entertained by Tony Bennett, given $100,000 in cash gifts, and decorated with thousands of daisies flown in from California. Among the guests were Albert Anastasia, Frank Costello, and Vito Genovese. "A Jewish wedding," says Miss Seligson, "is built on three key elements: food, flowers, and noise." To quote Rabbi Will Kramer of Los Angeles (where else?): "The essence of a successful Jewish wedding is that at the end there is as much food left over as there was at the beginning, and yet everybody goes home feeling sick." Jewish food must be artistic: sliced cucumbers are laid out to resemble a whole fish with black olives for the eyes, chopped liver is shaped into a liner, and a wedding bell is made from lox. One family in a suburb of Chicago had $800 worth of chopped herring sculpted into a replica of the bride and groom. END

JUNE FEVER

By Maureen Cannon

I guess that you might say it was the heady honeysuckle
That addled every corner of my brain. . . .
I only know I shed my shoes, undid my belt and buckle,
And danced—oh, I went dancing!—
In the warm, sweet rain.





THE MAKEUP WITH THE BUILT-IN GLOW.

It's 'Touch & Glow' Liquid Makeup. Every shade has a glow of its own. That's because each one is a special blend of Revlon colors. So your complexion looks warm, alive, never 'flat'. And our exclusive moisturizer keeps the glow going. Keeps your skin dewy-fresh (never greasy)—hour after hour. Get a beautiful 'Touch & Glow' glow of your very own.



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Golden Gate Scampi starts with Rice·A·Roni.

Prepare 1 pkg. Spanish Rice-A-Roni according to package directions. In a 2½ qt. casserole combine cooked Rice-A-Roni with 2 cans (4½ oz.) shrimp, 1 can (2 oz.) mushrooms, and ⅓ cup dry white wine. Bake for 20 minutes in 350° F. oven. Makes 4 to 6 servings. Delicious!



New! Noodle Roni Parmesano

Tenderthin egg noodles complete with a delightful sauce of rare Italian cheeses and herbs. Bravissimo!



CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Veronica was so upset by Howie's constant criticism that she attempted suicide. In disgust, Howie sued for divorce. By Dorothy Cameron Disney

A husband or wife will often file for divorce in an attempt to save the marriage. This is not a very sensible procedure. In several large counties, courts of conciliation have been set up to deal with unhappy married couples. These courts, which offer sound and thorough counseling to the unhappy pair, have reported good results. The majority of the couples who have been able to afford the court's services have been straightened out with little difficulty. A number of follow-up studies reveal that almost all of the couples are now getting along very satisfactorily—because they learned how. They should have learned before they married. Indeed, they should have learned before they became engaged. Howie and Veronica, the couple discussed here, talked with me recently, one year after we had closed their case. They told me how wonderfully their lives had been changed, how beautifully they were now getting along together, and how much they owed to the Institute. But similar positive results can be achieved wherever competent help is found. The increasing divorce rate does not indicate inherent flaws in the institution of marriage; it merely indicates that marriage is not being handled intelligently. —The counselor in this case was Mrs. Mary Amendt.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board of the American Institute of Family Relations

Veronica talks first

"Three weeks ago I got so desperate listening to Howie's complaints about me as a wife, mother, and human being that in the middle of the quarrel I ran to the bathroom and slashed my wrists with his razor," 24-year-old Veronica said in a shaky voice. The mother of three sons, Veronica had shining blonde hair and beautiful blue eyes, but she was extremely overweight.

"It happened late at night, the night of my birthday, in fact. Howie rushed me to the emergency ward of the hospital while a neighbor sat with our three sons—we have a five-year-old boy and four-year-old twins—and paced the halls until my wrists were stitched and bandaged. I wasn't seriously hurt. The doctor pronounced me fit to leave, but Howie said I ought to stay overnight to recuperate. I wanted to walk out of there that minute but I didn't dare protest. I rarely interfere with Howie's plans.

"Howie took the next afternoon off—he works like a slave in his father's hardware store—and returned to the hospital. He brought me a change of clothes and a corsage. I was pleased by his thoughtfulness. I supposed that he was ready to forget our quarrel.

"But we didn't go home. To my surprise, Howie drove into town. A few minutes later, he led me into the reception room of a large law firm. Meek and dumb, I followed him into the private office of a divorce lawyer.

"The lawyer smiled cordially as he seated us in chairs facing his desk. He then explained that Howie had stopped by on his way to the hospital and had started divorce proceedings. The grounds were 'irreconcilable differences' or 'incompatibility' or something similar. I'm not quite sure; I was too stunned. However, Howie made it very clear that he intended to demand custody of our three sons.

"For a moment I was too dazed to speak. Unfortunately, I still loved Howie—in spite of his tireless efforts to change my entire character. I couldn't bear to face the future without him, and I couldn't bear to lose my children.

"I pumped up my courage and told Howie I wouldn't let him have custody of the kids. But the lawyer interrupted to announce that I had proved my unfitness as a mother by my suicide attempt. It would be easier on the boys, he said, if I accepted the inevitable and spared innocent children an ugly courtroom battle. Howie added that it was his duty to rescue the boys from the chaotic home environment I had created. He hoped that a divorce might finally teach me self-control. Without further protest, I signed an agreement that Howie could keep the boys. I was in shock, I guess, or I was too brainwashed put up a fight. I invariably lose in all fights with Howie.

"Maybe Howie and I sho never have married in the f place. He is devoted to his pare who exploit him terribly, and I h always disliked them. I really h his younger brother Tim, who w high school classmate of mine dated Tim a short while. I wa enthusiastic about his company, he was president of the senior c and I was flattered that he noti me. I was fairly attractive, bu had a weight problem even then

"My father stayed thin as a and was forever at me to watch calories. He tried to kill my ap tite at family meals by coun every bite I swallowed out lo one, two, three—until I often the table in tears. Mother we then try to cheer me up by sn ing me a box of candy. Ono gobbled a two-pound box of ch lates in a single afternoon. I awfully sick, but in some stra way I almost wished I would

"During graduation week I myself be talked into spending night with Tim. After the se prom we went to a motel. I ph home and said I was with my friend. I hated to deceive my ents, but I thought I was ma Tim a sort of patriotic, good- gift—he told me he had joined Army and had been ordered o seas on a dangerous mission. said he was unlikely to return a This was a complete lie. A few c later he flew to the East Coast entered art school. Before he Tim told all his friends that I willing to sleep with anybody. a long time I was swamped v opportunities to go out, but I fused all invitations.

"I lost a lot of weight that s mer. I was too miserable to ea sat at home by myself while Fat in a complete turn-around, c plained that I was so skinny so picky about dates that I w never find a husband. I didn't c I had decided to rule out marr in favor of a career. I worked l all summer to advance myself in secretarial job with a whole hardware firm.

"I met Howie at my office. day he came in to place a l order. The purchasing agent out of town, so I handled the or Howie congratulated me on efficiency and suggested we seal bargain at lunch. I didn't see h could refuse. But when he sugge we have dinner that same nigh asked him if he had talked to brother about me.

"Howie replied that he was to form his own judgments. But face turned red and I felt sure he'd heard all about me. Never less I told Howie everything had happened between his bro and me, and said in plain w that I despised Tim. Howie he wasn't surprised, that Tim been spoiled rotten. At any Howie said, the past shoul matter to us, and I agreed.

"I fell in love with *(continu*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counselin research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories rep here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal iden



s? As you can plainly see, they're not the same
ichelle Petties as they are on anybody else.
neither is the perfume she always wears.







When Barbara Douglass finds something she *really* likes, she buys one in every color. Same thing with fragrance. Barbara thinks Cachet is really Her. So she has it in everything from perfume to bath stuff.

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Because now, we've created a new kind of fragrance called Cachet.

Every girl on this page can wear it and it'll be something a little different on every one. Because, besides being fresh and fascinating, Cachet was designed to pick up and play up every girl's own special chemistry.

Maybe you should try it? Maybe it isn't you. But then again, maybe it's the first perfume that really is.

Cachet by Prince Matchabelli.

him almost at once. During our brief courtship he was tender, loving, and respectful. We were married two months later.

"On our combined salaries, we were able to rent a lovely apartment. But at the end of the month a blow fell. My boss disapproved of married women as employees, and I was fired. Before I could find another job, I became pregnant. Howie regarded the pregnancy as a disaster, and lectured me about my carelessness in neglecting to take my birth control pills.

"In my opinion, Howie was as responsible for my unwanted pregnancy as I was. Whenever he wanted sex I willingly made love, even when he reached out for me in his sleep. We often had intercourse while he was sound asleep. He would remember nothing in the morning.

"Howie worried incessantly about money. When I became pregnant, his weekly paycheck was $80, a miserly sum even six years ago. But he refused to ask his father for a raise. Instead, he scouted the employment market for me and located several possibilities, but I wasn't hired. I had gained so much carrying Billy—60 pounds in all—that employers were probably turned off by my size.

"Howie was turned off, too. But the more he complained, the hungrier I got—and the more I ate. He was glad to get away from me. When his father phoned in the evening to discuss business, Howie always went off and ate dinner at his parents' place. I was never invited. I was so discouraged and lonely that I bought a dog to keep me company.

"When Billy was born, Howie nearly burst with pride. At that time, my parents came into an inheritance and made the down payment on a house for us, as a belated wedding present. Howie wanted to keep the gift a secret, but I called my father-in-law and told him that thanks to *my* father's generosity we owned our own home. But we had no furniture, I said, and demanded that Howie get a long-overdue raise. Howie was furious at my meddling, but he immediately received his increase in salary. He got another raise after the twins were born.

"Last year Tim flopped as a commercial artist and returned to Los Angeles. He was welcomed home like a conquering hero. My father-in-law took him in the business at once. I wouldn't be surprised if Tim's salary was the same as Howie's.

"Ever since Tim came back, Howie has knocked himself out doting on his father. The grand climax occurred three weeks ago on my birthday. Howie had promised me a restaurant dinner, but his father phoned as we were going out the door, and we wound up going over to their place.

"I was so depressed that I drank too much. I can't recall what I did or said, but according to Howie, I behaved disgracefully. After we got home that night he carried on so about my conduct that I tried to kill myself.

"I think I've already suffered e I don't think it's fair for Howie for divorce and try to take aw children."

Howie's turn to talk

"Veronica loves our kids, an claims to love me," said 26-ye Howie, a black-haired man with a chin, a stubborn jawline, and a scowl. "Unfortunately, she ha little self-control to bring up

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Make i

Milk. A body-building package no other single food can match. Isn't it great you can use it so many ways? Coolers, floats, shakes—you get the fun of the flavor and the vitality of the Grade A Way.

MILK'N JUICE STARTER
Yield: 4½ cups

4 eggs
1 Tbsp. sugar
1 can (6 oz.) frozen concentrated orange juice
2½ c. cold milk
Orange slices

In a mixing bowl or blender combine eggs and sugar. Gradually add orange juice and milk. Garnish each serving with an orange slice. Makes 4 servings. Add toast and you have almost a complete breakfast.

THE GRADE A WAY

Plain good, fresh, cold milk. Always refreshing, and a body-building package no other food can match.



PINEAPPLE PICK-
Yield: 6 cups

4 scoops vanilla ice
¼ c. instant tea pow
⅓ c. chilled pineappl
¼ c. sugar
4 c. (1 qt.) milk
Pineapple wedges

In a mixing bo combine ice crea pineapple juice sugar; beat unt thoroughly blen Gradually add Pour into glasses garnish with pinea wedges, if desi Makes four 1 servings. Nice refreshing for teati the middle of a busy

boys and also be a good wife. sing the boys and being divorced to teach her to conduct herself responsible adult. In six years ad no effect in helping her ma- All my words have been wasted. eacts to the most logical advice emper tantrums or wild hysteria. r know what to expect. That kind ff is bad medicine for kids. Our are nervous youngsters at best. ree reflect Veronica's emotionalism and mood swings. They need a calm, orderly environment.

"In six years, Vee has yet to learn to keep a clean, orderly house—even though she doesn't work outside the home. I've often wished she did. We need the money and she needs the discipline.

"I don't claim to be an expert on anything except the hardware business. Every since my boyhood I have been Mr. Average—socially, intellectually, and scholastically. This was a source of considerable humilation to me, since I yearned to shine. Few people know that I was adopted by my parents after Mom was told that she could never have children. Then, as I'm told often happens, she did get pregnant, and Tim was born nineteen months later. My parents tried to treat us equally, but as a boy I felt obligated to excel at everything to justify being a member of the family.

"Tim was a natural star. He goofed off constantly, walked off with all the school prizes and all the girls. Tim was sent to college at the family's expense. I probably could have gone to college myself, but I preferred to learn the family business from the ground up. My starting salary was lower than market wages, but Pop has old-fashioned standards and I didn't want to disturb him by mentioning that he was underpaying me.

"My salary went from $5,000 to $10,000 a year when Billy was born. Strange as it seems, the raise made no difference in my home conditions. Vee was thriftless, so we remained as poor as ever.

"When I met Vee, her greatest appeal to me, aside from her looks and figure—she used to be thin—was her hatred for Tim. Against my will I had always felt obliged to stand up for my brother, and it was pleasant to hear Vee sound off against him.

"Although I soon fell in love with Vee, I didn't intend to marry at the age of twenty. I was swept into eloping. To this day I don't know how it happened. I can still remember the sinking sensation that enveloped me after the ceremony.

"We had counted on two salary checks, but Vee immediately lost her job because of a rule against married women working for her firm. She insisted that she had never heard of the rule, but I wonder. She got pregnant because she forgot to take her pills. She had hospitalization insurance, but she forgot to tell me that the policy had lapsed when she lost her job.

"We opened a savings account to pay the obstetrician's fee. But instead of depositing her unemployment checks, Vee used $150 to buy a dog. She couldn't understand why I was furious. She complained constantly of being lonesome. When I tried to watch TV, she sat down beside me and fiddled with my hair. If I went to the bathroom, she lurked at the door and waited for me to come out. I felt as if I was choking in cotton candy.

"Vee has always resented my close association with my father. Last December Tim came back from the East—and a place was made for him in the business. I must say it jarred me to see Tim start so near the top. However, I could hardly blame Pop since I knew Mom had pressured him. Nevertheless, under the present situation, it seems only wise to stick close to Pop's side and keep my eyes open.

"Three weeks ago Pop called and asked me to drive over. It happened to be Vee's birthday, and I was taking her out to dinner. When I explained our plans to Pop, he said to bring her along. She was disappointed and so was I, but we went.

"It turned out that Pop had set up a poker party for three out-of-town customers. Tim had also been roped in. At midnight Mom and Vee served cold cuts but the game continued until 3 A.M. By then, Tim had taken us all to the cleaners.

"Without my knowing it, Vee had been drinking. When we cashed in our chips, Tim was still crowing about his skill, and I made a few nasty remarks. At that point Vee jumped in and created an incredible scene. She accused Tim of stacking the deck. When Mom tried to intervene, Vee said Tim had always been a cheat. *(continued)*

vith milk.

STRAWBERRY BANANA FLOAT

Yield: 4 cups

1 c. (½ pt.) strawberry ice cream, softened
1 c. mashed strawberries
¾ c. ripe mashed banana
2 c. milk
¼ c. orange juice
4 scoops strawberry ice cream

In a mixing bowl or blender blend ice cream with strawberries and banana. Gradually add milk and orange juice. Pour into large glasses. Top with scoops of ice cream. Makes 4 servings. Great kid's snack.

APRÈS ANYTHING

Yield: 2 cups

1 c. (½ pt.) vanilla ice cream, softened
¼ c. creme de menthe
1 c. milk

In a small mixing bowl or blender blend together ice cream and creme de menthe. Gradually add milk. Makes four 4-ounce servings. Good after-dinner drink. Or after tennis. Or anything.

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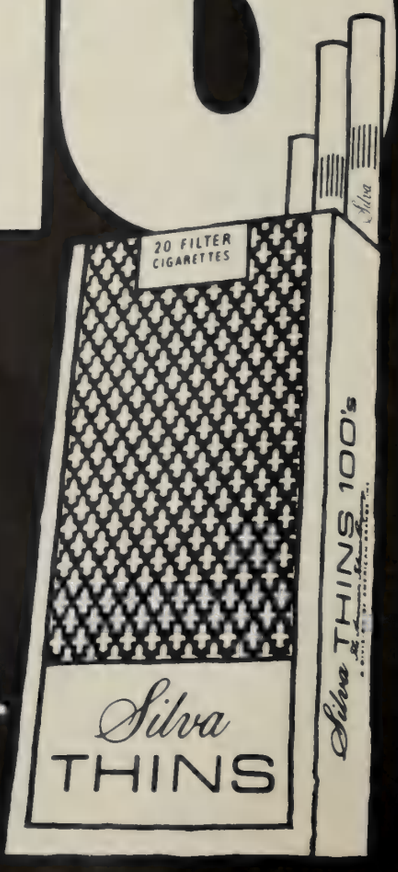
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hen she explained to everybody, in-
uding the out-of-town customers, ex-
tly why she hated Tim.

"After we got home, Vee claimed she
membered nothing. I didn't believe it.
t when I tried to have it out with
r, she cut her wrists.

"I can't subject our children to such
havior. But I want to be fair. If Vee
willing to make radical changes in
r habits and personality, I am will-
g to bargain. If she will find a job,
opt a sensible budget, save ten
rcent of her earnings, learn to
ep house decently, and lose twenty
unds, I will take her back. It's strict-
up to her."

The counselor speaks

"Howie saw himself as a logical,
lm, clear-headed person, and Vee
eekly went along with this evalua-
n," the counselor said. "Actually, he
s impractical in the extreme. In
der to punish Vee for embarrassing
m socially, he proposed to deprive her
her children. But cool, clearheaded
owie had made no solid plans for the
re of three rambunctious boys. He
guely hoped that his mother would
k after them until he located 'a good
usekeeper.' A single phone call to his
rents' home from my office shattered
owie's rosy dream. The divorce ac-
n was soon dropped when he found
at his Mom had no intention of tak-
g the boys in.

"A more important point in our
unseling was the fact that Howie and
e loved each other. Yes, Howie loved
ee—although his love was flawed by a
ult-finding, over-critical personality.
idence of his cramped, narrow affec-
n was shown by his unrealistic de-
rmination to enforce improvements
on his wife. When we are indifferent
people, we aren't interested in teach-
g them.

"Actually it wasn't Vee but Howie
o was most in need of changing his
rsonality. He was almost entirely out
touch with his own feelings. It's
ite possible that his peculiar, som-
mbulistic form of lovemaking in-
ated a deep fear of closeness and
man warmth. It's my guess that, as
boy, he built up a wall between him-
lf and others to protect himself
ring his unsuccessful 'competition
ainst his brother.

"Vee looked to Howie for the guid-
ce, protection, reassurance, and love
at she missed in childhood. Howie
nted freedom to triumph in business
d win the esteem and admiration of
s own father. A clash was inevitable.
he harder Vee pressed to get what she
anted from Howie, the faster he ran
way. But by employing an uncon-
ious 'revenge technique' learned in
ildhood, she saw to it that he didn't
t away scot-free.

"When her father cancelled her al-
wance, Vee stuffed herself with candy
ntil she got sick. When Howie ignored
r, she retaliated with tears, hysterics,
oppiness, and overeating.

"Howie came to realize he had bit-
rly resented Pop's bullying but,
rompted by expediency, had swal-
wed his wrath. He perceived that his
bservience hadn't been a good way to
andle Pop; after all, Vee had secured
is first big raise with rebellious words.

"Howie held his first honest, open
iscussion with his father and dis-
overed to his surprise and relief that
e was earning considerably more than

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Tim. He requested and received a percentage of the profits of any new business he brought in, and was promised an eventual full partnership. Howie then told Pop he was no longer available for night-time conferences—his family needed him.

"When Vee and Howie gained understanding of each other, they also gained tolerance. Vee will never be highly disciplined, but Howie is now less disturbed by her disorganization. She, in turn, objects less to his need for privacy. If he settles down to watch a favorite sports program on TV, she doesn't press against him with a silent command to pay attention to her. His attention, she now knows, will come later.

"When Howie broke his bondage to his father, it seemed that he also released his buried emotions. Both he and Vee report that their sexual relationship has vastly improved. Now when they make love, Howie is awake.

"Vee is still a sloppy housekeeper, but once a week they hire a cleaning woman. Vee now holds a pleasant part-time job in the local drugstore. Her earnings cover the service of the cleaning woman, a weekly visit to the beauty parlor, and a weight-reduction course at the neighborhood gym. As of this writing, she's lost 11 pounds. She hopes to have lost 20 by Christmas—as a present to Howie and to herself!" END



POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

If baseball pitchers can have pinch-hitters, I think *everyone* should—I mean if we all only had to do what we do really well, it would be a wonderful world!

People get nostalgic about a lot of things I don't think they were that crazy about the first time around.

I like handiwork best if it isn't my hand that's worked it.

If you treat children like grown-ups, they'll probably behave just as badly as the rest of us.

Not only is the grass always greener on the other side of the fence, but the roses are redder and the vegetables bigger, too!

The longer you talk about something, the less apt it is to happen.

I'm not usually a nervous passenger in a car, but I get awfully fidgety when the driver is one of those people who insists on looking you in the eye when he's talking.

I like a daily paper, but I wish I only had to read it once a week.

When a couple you like is having trouble with their marriage, separation is often the answer—*you* from *them*.

It's a lot easier to get nothing for something than it is to get something for nothing.

Considering the movies people are going to today, it's surprising that they bother to pull down the shades when they get home!

Sometimes when I want to press forward, I get the feeling that someone else is pressing back.

Everyone's always talking about what's wrong with The System. I'm not even sure it's well enough organized to be called a System.

If you think the important thing about playing tennis is just getting out there and having fun no matter how bad you are at it, try not to play on the court next to me.

Is it true that older men are getting better looking, or do they just look better to me?

Some women do such a really excellent job of concealing all their flaws that when they're finished there's nothing about them worth noticing.

If you work hard and live a clean life, everyone will think you're weird.

When you compare the way a dog cries to the cry of a human, you have to admit his is not only more sensible—it's more moving.

Every once in a while I tell myself that something I'm not crazy about doing will be "good experience" . . . but I never can figure out what it's good experience *for*.

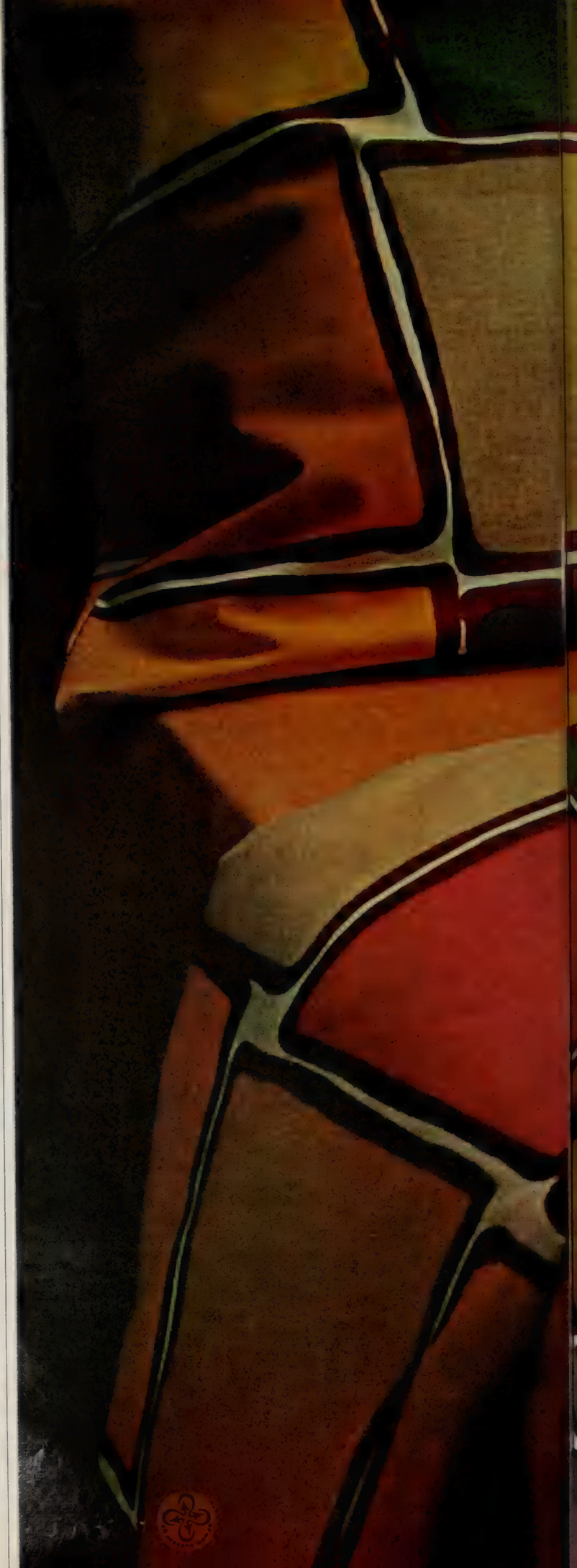
Some of the things I used to buy as substitutes for more expensive foods have gotten so high-priced that I've started looking for substitutes for the substitutes!

Every once in a while I like being someplace where there's nobody else my own age.

It's a relief to be able to put away the winter clothes you're sick of now . . . the only trouble is, it's time to get out the summer clothes you were sick of when you put them away last fall!

Considering how much talk there's been about changing attitudes toward marriage, I'm always surprised at the number of "nuptials" and "betrothals" in the social pages of the newspaper.

Why is it, just when I feel I'm winning in the Game of Life, someone calls for a time out?





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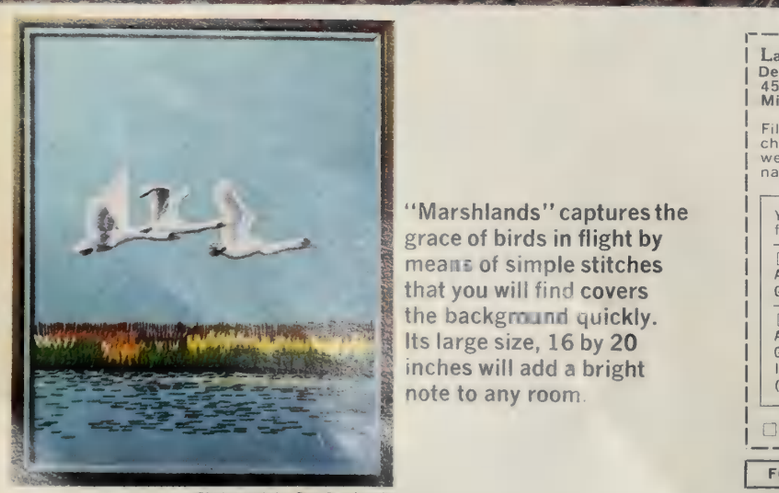
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Dorothy Lambert Brightbill

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Photograph by Ben Swedowsky

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BRINGING UP CHILDREN

BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

Does your child throw screaming tantrums in public? Our distinguished child psychologist explains why children sometimes behave so badly in stores.

My daughter is driving me razy with her screaming in the upermarket," a mother told us dur- ng one of our weekly discussion roups. "Ann is our only child, and take her with me shopping; but she lways ends up making a scene, creaming at me about something." or instance, this mother continued, nly the day before she had taken nn to the supermarket. Whenever ey go shopping together, her nother gives Ann a penny for the andy machine. Yesterday was no xception—Ann got her penny, spent , and then started screaming for a econd penny. If she had gotten a econd coin, the mother felt, she ould have screamed for a third one.

I asked this mother how she re- ponded to Ann's screaming. "Not ery well," she answered. She had rabbed Ann, shook her, and told er that next time she wouldn't get ny penny at all since she wasn't atisfied with only one. So the girl ept on howling while the mother nished shopping—although now nn was howling not about her pres- nt unhappiness, but about the fu- ure, when she wouldn't get any enny at all. The mother didn't per- nit the tantrum to interfere with hat she had to do, although when ey were through with the shopping rip both she and Ann were exhaust- d and the day had been ruined for oth of them.

Supermarkets are an especially empting place for children. It is nderstandably difficult for them to estrict themselves to one purchase hen they see their parent buying ozens of things. But what struck e in this case was the mother's re- ction—punishing her daughter by hreatening not to give her a penny n the future. The mother agreed hat this action hadn't been very ise or effective—but what could she ave done? Should she just give the irl penny after penny? She wanted er child to learn how to behave roperly on shopping trips.

If Ann's mother wanted her laughter to learn to behave proper- y, I suggested that perhaps the cor- ect way was to tell Ann that she ould no longer go shopping with er mother if she was going to carry n so. Obviously, Ann can't really ope with the supermarket experi- nce; if it proves so frustrating to her, why continue to submit her to it? Ann's mother didn't like that solution, however. Yes, she said, she could do her shopping while Ann was at nursery school, but she felt that marketing was an activity that was important to them both, because it took them out of the house together.

While this seemed to be a valid idea, in actuality the activity was hardly enjoyable to either party, as it usually led to Ann's screaming fits. No doubt Ann would eventually learn to handle shopping trips, but why punish her for not being able to handle them now? Maybe children were better off when parents didn't think it was all right to let them make public scenes. A generation ago, a mother would have been profoundly ashamed if a child acted that way in public; if her child started screaming, the mother would have been so mortified that they would have immediately left the store. In this way the child was removed from temptation and frustration, and soon learned that if she wanted to remain in the store she'd have to behave.

Mothers do realize that children need to receive a little something while shopping; that's why Ann's mother gave her the penny in the first place. And certainly parents shouldn't give in to screamed demands, if they don't want to. But when parents don't take a child out of situations that the child can't handle, then they are not really taking the youngster's frustrations seriously. By telling her daughter that next time she'd get no penny, this mother not only failed to ease the girl's frustrations but compounded them. The mother tried to bypass the difficulty instead of dealing with it.

The supermarket turned out to be a problem for many mothers. Another mother *(continued on page 26)*

Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, one of the world's most distinguished child psychologists, recently retired after 28 years as Professor of Psychology and Psychiatry at the University of Chicago. He is Director of the Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School for chronically disturbed children, and has written many books about children—their psychological development and problems.



Did you ever notice how some of the loveliest women around are accomplishing some of the most serious things? It's inspiring. And there's going to be a lot of inspiration on view this May 14th, when Clairol sponsors the TV special show of the year—the first "Women of the Year" Awards, honoring the great accomplishments of American women in different fields. There are over eighty nominees and they include most of the women we all admire. Join us—May 14th on CBS.

This is the season for free-flowing hairstyles. And one of the easiest ways to get them is with Clairol's powerful *Air Brush* styling dryer. Soft, warm air blown through this styling dryer gives your hair a fullness and style that's great for today's look. Whether it's giant waves or flipped ends, the *Air Brush* styles your hair just the way you want it, quickly and easily. Go from wet to wonderful in just minutes . . . with the *Clairol Air Brush*.

If you're dreaming of going blonde, the best way to make your dream come true is with *Lady Clairol*. After all, who knows more about blondes? If you're a traditionalist, you'll probably want to use the famous *Lady Clairol Ultra Blue* hair lightener. It lifts the dark color right out of your hair, easily and gently. Or, if you're looking for a very fast way to lighten, you'll want *Lady Clairol Maxi Blonde* hair lightener—for maximum lightening. Both *Lady Clairol* formulas are available in a complete kit that has everything you need for perfect pre-lightening (or for one-step blonding if you do not choose to use a toner afterwards). Have fun!

The short new hairstyles need body, to keep in shape. And the body-builder with the mostest, is *Great Body* instant conditioner. It'll make your hair feel fuller, bouncier, and better at holding a set—whether you have fine hair, coarse hair, dry hair, oily hair, damaged hair, or even (gasp!) glorious healthy hair. So if you want your hair to shape up, don't yell at it—treat it to *Great Body*.

Want to wash your hair in a fragrant mountain pool? You can get just that feeling with Clairol herbal essence shampoo. It's a heavenly shampoo made with fragrances of herbs and wild flowers—camomile, juniper, melissa. It gets your hair naturally clean! And for the perfect follow-up, use Clairol herbal essence cream rinse. It'll detangle and smooth your hair, while its first-day-of-spring smell detangles and soothes your mind . . . If you would like a 2 oz. sample of herbal essence shampoo just send 25¢ to Joan Clair, P.O. Box 1020C, Yonkers, N.Y. 10701.

If you're planning a summer trip, there's no need to lug your hair dryer around with you. Just take along a can of *Psssssst* instant shampoo. It's a quick and easy way to clean your hair on a trip.

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Hum drum.



1. Green beans, fresh, canned or frozen.

2. Asparagus, fresh or frozen.

3. Broccoli, fresh or frozen.

4. Zucchini, fresh.

Yum yum.



1. Green beans, fresh, canned or frozen. Combine ⅓ cup butter or margarine, 1 Tb. chopped parsley, 1 t. grated lemon peel and 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice. Shape into butter pats. Chill. Serve on hot green beans. You'll love it.

2. Asparagus, fresh or frozen. Make a nifty lemony sauce by fixing a package of white sauce mix, according to directions. Add ½ t. grated lemon peel, 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice, and hot pepper sauce to taste. Garnish with chopped egg yolk.

3. Broccoli, fresh or frozen. Top it with a quicky Hollandaise. Here's how. Melt ½ cup butter or margarine with 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice, ½ t. salt and a dash cayenne. Add slowly to 3 egg yolks, beating constantly.

4. Zucchini, fresh. Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine. Add 1 t. grated lemon peel, 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice and 2 t. instant minced onion. Pour over cooked zucchini. So simple. So good.

Like these easy little lemon tricks? Let us send you some more. Just drop a postcard to Sunkist, Dept. S-73-25, Box 7888, Van Nuys, California 91409.

Sunkist

recalled that it was in a supermarket that she hit her son for the first and only time in his life. She had become so exasperated with him that she slapped him almost without being aware of what she was doing. Her son goes shopping with her frequently, and while he doesn't get a penny for candy, he does get to select some of the products they buy. For instance, he can choose the cereal he wants, and puts it in the market basket. He seems to enjoy choosing things, and looks forward to the shopping. But almost every time they are in the supermarket, somehow he ends up having a screaming fit. On this one occasion, his mother really lost her temper. She'd told him to stay by her and watch where she was walking, but he strayed away and she had to go look for him. He didn't start screaming, oddly enough, until she found him—apparently he had been lost and scared, but only began screaming when Mommy was in sight. He wouldn't stop screaming, so she slapped him.

Besides being hotbeds of temptation (thanks particularly to television advertising), supermarkets are also extremely confusing to the young child. There is so much noise and movement, and so many preoccupied strangers. On the street, people usually pay enough attention to children to avoid running into them, but in the supermarket shoppers often become immersed in selecting goods. So they are more likely to jostle other people, and to push by others roughly—all quite upsetting to a young child who may almost get trampled in the traffic. Add to this the myriad temptations on all sides, attractions that capture the child's attention and lure him away—and it's no wonder children get easily lost and terrified.

Screaming and panic

Not only that, but most of the time the middle-class parent is very aware of her child, particularly when they are outside the home. The child has come to expect this and relies on it. But in the supermarket everything changes. Mother is suddenly not concentrating at all on him, but on her shopping. So two things beset the child: he has lost his mother's attention when he needs it more than ever and he becomes afraid of getting lost. On the other side of the coin, the child's screaming and panic are doubly upsetting to his mother. She needs to do her shopping, and his agitation is difficult and embarrassing to her. She wants to get him and her groceries out of the store—but she is held up by his tantrum. To the child, her reaction is very wrong: he has all of his mother's attention at other times when he doesn't need it, but can't get it when he needs it most.

Especially in supermarkets, where there are so many choices to be made, shoppers seem to become quite preoccupied with displays and selection. Thus mothers seem to pay much less attention to their children; maybe they feel as frustrated as their children in such places. The child senses this, and added to his personal frustrations, the whole situation becomes unmanageable for him.

"It's certainly true that children get lost easily in supermarkets," said the mother of a 7-year-old. Her daughter had never got lost before, because she usually stays close to her mother in stores. As they shop, the little girl likes to nibble from the food they buy, and this keeps her happy. "But the other day," the mother continued, "we were shopping together as usual and suddenly she lost me."

The mother's choice of phrase summed up the situation in a nutshell. In any other context this mother would have said, "I lost my daughter," because as an adult it is her responsibility to watch over the youngster, particularly in a place where we know children get lost easily. But in this situation she said and felt that her daughter had lost *her*—the mother—as though it were the child's task to watch over the adult. It goes to show how mothers really feel and act in a big store—differently than in almost any other place.

It seems that the confusion in this case had started when the mother and her daughter approached the check-out line, which was very long. The mother had said briskly to her daughter, "Come on." As it turned out, the girl had interpreted this statement to mean that they were leaving the store, so she walked outside. When she found her mother was not with her, she went to find a policeman. The mother,

(continued on page 38)

You wouldn't take an allergy pill for a cold. Then why do you take a cold pill for an allergy?



Cold pills are meant for colds. As a result, some have drugs in them for the fever, the muscle aches, and the headaches that come with colds. Which are drugs most allergy sufferers don't need and certainly don't want.

On the other hand, allergy pills are meant for allergies. They're made just to relieve the sneezing, the runny nose, and the itchy, watery eyes of hay fever and other allergies.

To our knowledge, there's only one line of allergy products you can buy without a doctor's prescription: Allerest.

Allerest tablets contain 2 antihistamines and a decongestant which not only help clear up your runny nose and watery eyes, but make breathing easier.

Allerest capsules are similar to Allerest tablets, except they have a time-release formula to provide long-lasting relief.

Children's Allerest as its name indicates is made specially for children. It's chewable and it's cherry-flavored. So you don't have to fight with your kids to take it.

Try Allerest. Just remember the principle: headache pills for headaches, cold pills for colds, allergy pills for allergies.

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It's made just for what you've got.

Are you sure your tampon keeps you odor-free?

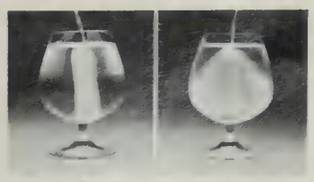


Playtex® makes the first deodorant tampon to help protect you two ways.



A girl can never feel too secure. That's why Playtex created the first and only tampon that offers deodorancy *and* absorbency. Two kinds of protection to help give you two kinds of security.

The fresh delicate scent reduces doubt about intimate odor in a very gentle, totally feminine way. Yet Playtex Deodorant Tampons contain no hexachlorophene.



Deodorant's one kind of protection. Then there's that famous Playtex self-adjusting action. *All* Playtex Tampons (with or without deodorant) respond to your inner contours to help meet your individual absorbency needs. In fact, tests with women like you show Playtex is more absorbent than the leading tampon.

Deodorancy. Absorbency. Plus a smooth, flexible plastic applicator designed for easier, more comfortable insertion. With or without deodorant, you'll find there's nothing quite like the Playtex Tampon. Honest.

Playtex. The dual-protection tampon. Self-adjusting and deodorant.

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Back in the good old days, men didn't buy appliances. They married them.



all seasons woman

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Regular: 17 mg.''tar,''1.2 mg. nicotine—Menthol: 18 mg.''tar,''1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'72





THOSE NEW-STYLE WEDDINGS

BY AMY VANDERBILT

With more and more couples choosing untraditional ways to get married, what happens to the old rules of wedding etiquette? Some answers from the definitive authority.



Wedding at Fort Ticonderoga, in upstate New York. Sarah (Sally) Gibbs Hudson, in American Revolutionary dress with attendants similarly attired, wed John William Krueger at the fort. Sally's grandfather, John H. G. Pell, owns the historic site. Note the bagpiper. I thoroughly approve.

Barefoot in the Park

If *your* son called to say he was getting married barefooted in Central Park, what would you say? And what would you, as mother of the groom, wear to the wedding?

I am prepared to be flexible with all of my unmarried children when the moment comes, and I will abide by the couple's wishes in the matter. I would wear a becoming dress suitable to the time of year and the informality of the occasion. I would wear shoes, however, as I feel bare feet on city streets are unattractive and will almost certainly encounter dangers.

Wedding Dress

I've seen brides and grooms in all kinds of costumes lately—peasant dress, old army uniforms, jeans. Does anything go these days?

A man said to me recently that he wondered how some of these young people would feel when they looked back at their wedding pictures 25 years hence—if indeed their marriages last that long. (One in three American marriages is ending in divorce, the latest figures seem to indicate.) Traditional marriage, with its decorously attired witnesses and celebration, certainly focuses on the importance of the occasion. Any attire or behavior that makes this sacred ceremony seem of little consequence runs the risk of downgrading marriage.

There have been acceptable changes, however. Most men's wedding attire is rented and the majority of young men now prefer the Edwardian look to the conventional cutaway, or stroller, for daytime formal wear. With proper accessories this look can be very attractive.

Giving the Bride Away

Isn't it perfectly acceptable today for the bride to give herself away?

Having someone give the bride away is just custom. Very frequently this part of the wedding ceremony is dispensed with. It is certainly never necessary for the second-time bride, be she a widow or divorcée.

Modern Announcements

My mother wants to send engraved announcements of our wedding, which will be highly informal. We want to send announcements in our style. I suppose you'd say that Tiffany wouldn't print them.

Tiffany wouldn't, but you can find printers who will. I have seen very formal announcements, and even invitations, in this style, some of them quite charming—and some dreadful. I like the one reproduced here. Included with it was a card which read (written with a felt-tip pen): Party/Saturday, October 3 P.M.-7 P.M./Garrison, N.Y. r.s.v.p. (telephone number).

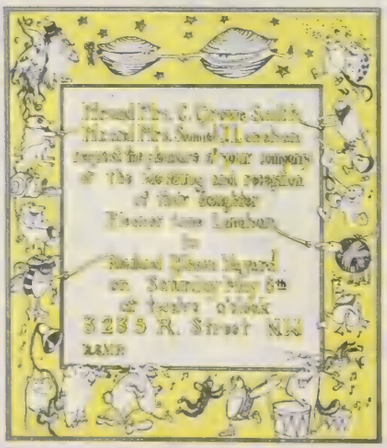
I felt that this invitation was incomplete. It assumed that all guests knew where the bride's home was and would connect her with her father, Russel Wright, the prominent designer. This is the problem with going off on your own in these matters. Guides can be useful.

White Dress or Blue

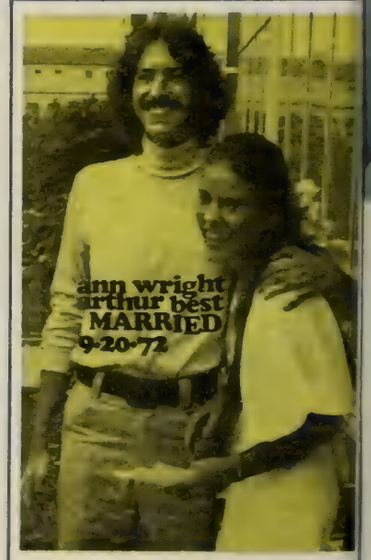
My niece had an abortion a few years ago. Since she cannot wear a white wedding dress, would it be appropriate for her to wear light blue?

For some years now divorcées have been wearing white dresses when they remarry. Presumably your niece's abortion was confidential, but I see no reason why she should not wear a white dress. Recent studies show that most brides are not virgins.

(continued on page 4)



An interesting departure—a printed invitation with illustrations by the bride (granddaughter of F. Scott Fitzgerald) and the inclusion of the bride's divorced parents and their new spouses. Confusing, perhaps, except to close friends. I do feel that the complete address, including Zip Code, should have been included—and under R.S.V.P., the words, "to Mrs. Smith." This was an informal home ceremony, hence the phrase "the pleasure of your company," which is never used on an invitation to a church wedding.



An informal and rather charming printed announcement on yellow stock, including an invitation to a "party" to celebrate the marriage

Photograph, top, by Jay Te Winburn, Jr.; bottom right, by Marvin Goldberg.



Who put the life in the party?

It was a girl who said, "Let's have a party outside. And for a change, let's get dressed up!" That was you, wasn't it? and when the party fell on "the wrong day," it wasn't a personal disaster.

Tampax tampons give you the protection and the security you need to carry on. It's the kind of protection that lets you feel as fresh and clean as a new blade of grass. The serenely comfortable, supremely confident protection you wear internally. With never the "I-know-it's-there" feeling you somehow always have with pads.



The internal protection that Tampax tampons give you is so much neater, so much more convenient. The container-applicator is readily flushable. And only Tampax tampons offer you three absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. One that is just right for you.

So go ahead—plan as far in advance as you please and forget the calendar. The life of the party has 365 good days a year.

The internal protection more women trust TAMPAX

Watch me lose 125 pounds —a picture at a time.

By Betty O'Neal—as told to Ruth L. McCarthy



270 pounds

Here I am at my top weight. And it began years ago with Mom saying: "If you're a good girl, you'll get an extra cookie." I was so good, my thighs wound up as big as most girls' waists.



255 pounds

Even though I'd lost 15 pounds here, I still preferred sofas to chairs. You see, I once sat in an arm chair and when I stood up, it wouldn't let go. But what really got me losing was those ads about a reducing plan candy that helps curb your appetite.



232 pounds

Down 38 pounds! Quite a record for someone who loved to eat. But I'd never have done it c willpower alone. I needed help and those Ayds candies gave it to me. I'd take a couple with a hot drink before a meal and I'd actually eat less.



215 pounds

No question the Ayds plan was really working for me now. Why, when I saw those scales down 55 pounds, I knew nothing could stop me until I got to my goal—below 150. Another thing, I found I could pass up pies, donuts and cakes more easily because those Ayds also satisfied my sweet tooth.



195 pounds

A big turning point! I'd broken the 200-pound barrier! To reward myself I decided to have a huge meal and gooey dessert once a week. And it worked. I still lost.



145 pounds

Success! I was dow to my goal. And just look at that beautiful waist! don't know who is more proud—my husband or But we're both very happy, thanks to the Ayds pla



Note: *Photos are from the personal album of Betty O'Neal, Chicago, Illinois. The picture at right was for laughs: Betty in a dress she wore before losing 125 lbs. on the Ayds plan. Incidentally, Ayds contain vitamins and minerals, no drugs, and are available at drug counters.*

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After
Height	5'6"	5'6"
Weight	270 lbs.	145 lbs.
Bust	53"	38½"
Waist	46"	28"
Hips	55"	36"
Dress	26½	12



SYLVIA PORTER

SPENDING YOUR MONEY

Low-Cost Food Plan

I'm well aware that meat, eggs, and related high-protein foods take up a big part of my food dollar, but with three young children and a husband who loves to eat meat and eggs, I'm stuck. Can you offer any suggestions on how to handle my food budget so at least my children get the greatest possible nutritional value for my money? With a fourth child due this summer, I'll have to make each dollar count to the limit.

Your answer will leap out of the following two tables obtained from the Department of Agriculture:

First, assuming you're average, you divide your food dollar this way:

Milk, cheese, ice cream	13¢
Meat, poultry, fish, eggs, legumes	40¢
Vegetables and fruit	20¢
Cereals, bakery products	13¢
Other foods	14¢
	$1.00

Now study how a *low-cost* food plan prepared by the Department of Agriculture divides up:

Milk, cheese, ice cream	18¢
Meat, poultry, fish, eggs, legumes	30¢
Vegetables and fruit	25¢
Cereals, bakery products	16¢
Other foods	11¢
	$1.00

The message is clear. You could get an equally nourishing diet for your children at much lower cost than you now pay by allocating *more* food dollars to milk, cheese, and ice cream; fruit and vegetables; cereals and bakery products—and *fewer* dollars to meat, poultry, fish, eggs, and legumes. Also, you might spend less on fats, oils, sugar, sweets, coffee, tea, and soft drinks lumped under "other foods."

Favorite Stocks

Do all those big institutions that buy billions of dollars of stocks have any particular favorite? On the basis that their judgment is better than mine, I'd like to buy that stock if I can.

I think you would have to select as the top favorite International Business Machines—known throughout the world as IBM. This name appears on most institutional stock portfolio lists in the #1 spot.

I won't comment on whether their professional judgment is better than yours. But of course you can buy IBM if you have the money to pay for its shares. It's listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

Used Car Price Guides

We are thinking about selling our expensive station wagon and buying a more economical automobile. In scouting around among used car dealers we have encountered no fewer than four "official" used car price guides revealing a gap of hundreds of dollars between one guide's estimated value of our type of car and the other's. Which is the "official" guide on used car prices?

There really is no "official" used car price guide—although the so-called Blue Book issued by the National Automobile Dealers Association is one widely accepted guide on the subject. Another "nonofficial" but reliable guide on used cars is *Edmund's Used Car Prices*, available from Edmund's Publications Corp., 295 Northern Boulevard, Great Neck, New York 11021.

The thing to remember about used car prices is that, since the market fluctuates day by day in response to the forces of supply and demand, all any price guide can give you is a rough idea of "fair market value."

Tax-exempt Income

Our son, a 17-year-old high school junior, already has landed a good summer job at a nearby auto repair shop. He's a genius at making automobiles run and is likely to earn a lot of money before fall term begins. How much can he earn tax-free?

He can earn up to $2,050 without paying one penny in Federal income taxes, the highest total of tax-exempt income he has been permitted to earn in modern times.

In more detail: he can claim his own personal exemption of $750 and he can claim a flat generous low-income allowance of $1,300 too. The two add up to $2,050 tax-exempt this summer or throughout 1973. He does not have to file an income tax return for 1973 if his earnings *(continued)*

Miss Porter welcomes questions from readers. Those of general interest will be answered in this column as space permits.



come out to just under $2,050 (I assume he is and will remain single).

If, however, his income reaches $2,050 or more, he must file a return next April and use the tax tables to figure out his tax. At $2,050, he would owe about $2. Of course, if his employer withholds taxes on his earnings up to $2,050, he must file a return next year to get a refund.

If your son earns this much, you can claim him as a dependent and also get a $750 tax exemption for him *IF* you qualify under the clearly defined rules for dependency deductions. Your basic dependency rule is that you furnish more than half his support. And your support (apart from cash) includes: board, clothing, cost of maid service at home, lodging, education, medical and dental care, recreation, transportation, similar necessities. If you *can* claim him as a dependent under the rule, and your son also has any bank interest, dividends, or other "unearned" income, he must file if his gross income is $750 or more. In this situation his low-income allowance may also be reduced.

Homesite Information

When you buy an unimproved retirement homesite by mail in a development (as my father-in-law is now considering doing), isn't the developer supposed to give buyers a certai amount of information about the prop erty that they may use in decidin whether or not to buy?

Definitely. One provision of the 196 Interstate Land Sales Full Disclosur Act, administered by the Departmen of Housing and Urban Development, i that all land developers offering fo sale 50 or more unimproved lots vi interstate commerce must furnish a prospective buyers a special "propert report" giving 19 different points o information about the property Among the 19 points: road distance to nearby communities, liens on th property, availability of recreation fa cilities, availability of water supplie and sewer facilities, existing and pro posed utility services and charges, th number of houses currently occupiec soil conditions, the type of title to b given the buyer.

Ideally, of course, your father-in law should personally inspect any re tirement homesite before he eve thinks of buying it. At the very leas he should insist on the details require by Federal laws. And if a develope fails to produce the full list—fro which the above points are excerpted urge your father-in-law to forget abou making any deal whatsoever!

College on the "G.I. Bill"

My husband, who served in the Arm and was released in 1968, keeps think ing about returning to college on th "G.I. Bill" to complete his education What stipend would he receive—and i there a deadline for starting or com pleting his college work?

Yes—in your husband's case, the dead line for *completing* his college trainin is eight years after his release fron the Army.

The current stipend for a full-tim college student is $261 a month i there's one dependent, $298 if there ar two dependents, $18 for each addi tional dependent. (If this were a single college student, the stipen would be $220 a month.)

Incidentally, the rules—and stipen amounts—are slightly different for vet erans going into apprenticeship an various other non-college training-edu cation programs. Your local V.A. offic can fill you in on the details.

Women Dentists

It seems to me I never see a woma dentist. How many are there?

Not many. Only 3.5 percent of al dentists in the U.S. are women, accord ing to latest Census data. That's no much of an improvement over the situ ation in 1920, when 3.3 percent of al U.S. dentists were women, or in 1910 when the proportion of women den tists was 3.1 percent.

Low-duty Imports

We are planning our annual trip t Europe this June and if we follow ou usual pattern, we'll bring back far mor than our $100 duty free quota of goods However, we understand that dut rates on many categories of import are so low that they're still real bar gains. Can you give me a short shop ping list of low-duty items?

Among the biggest bargains now avail able—meaning the items you can bring

Your eyes devour about 25% of all your physical energy. This may be somewhat astonishing, since most women think of their eyes as pretty ornaments resting quietly in their heads.

But the truth is that if they are tormented by badly made lenses, extra energy will be drained.

You'll tire a little faster—not just your eyes, but all of you—and you probably won't know why. Feeling kind of saggy, tense, grouchy. And those crinklies optimistically called "character lines" appear.

All this simply because you were never told what sunglasses are and are not.

A new definition is needed.

Sunglasses are not just a decorative addition to your wardrobe. Not just to make the world a little darker. Nor are they only to hide behind when you're sneaking out with no makeup.

Real sunglasses are for eye comfort and protection. Good lenses filter out infrared and ultraviolet rays and only glass can do that. Each lens must have the same density and pass no more than 30% of the light. And they should be of prescription quality.

All Bausch & Lomb Ray-Ban® Sun Glasses meet these requirements. Ever since the 1930's when the government asked us to develop truly protective sunglasses for their pilots.

Don't let all this technical language frighten you. Good quality doesn't mean ugly. Because we care about fashion as well as protection. Our Ray-Ban line has exciting combinations of shapes and sizes. For any mood. Any taste.

We hope you understand now that all dark glasses are not really sunglasses. It is an important distinction—for how you look and how you feel.

Write for our free booklet, "Sunglasses and Your Eyes": Bausch & Lomb, Dept. 305, Rochester, New York 14602.

Bausch & Lomb
Optimum Optics

Jean Shrimpton is wearing Ray-Ban's aviator style. Others from $10.



Your sunglasses could be tiring you out. If they aren't really sunglasses.

ourself, on which you can pay the
and still save considerable sums
rwise going to importers and simi-
middlemen—are:

em	*Percent Duty*
ransistor radios	10.4
tereo components	5–10.4
eather handbags	8.5–10
kis	8–9
Vood products	8
Iusical instruments	7.5–8
urniture	5–8
ameras	6–7.5
ape recorders	5.5–7.5
havers	6.5
Iotorcycles	5
honograph records	5
Diamonds	4–5
utomobiles	3
ultured pearls	2.5

ese percentages apply to the whole-
value of the articles, which is
ically about 40 percent of the retail
e.
.S.: Art works, truffles, postage
nps, bagpipes, antiques at least a
tury old, books by foreign authors,
genuine (but unstrung) pearls are
luty free.

Deductions

se my car for both business and
isure and I'm sure, after filling out
1972 income tax return, that I'm
getting the maximum tax benefits
n this.
t's too late for me to do anything
ut 1972, but can you give me any
cial tax guides I might not think of
my own?

re's one. In figuring your deductions
the expenses of a car you use for
h business and pleasure, the Trea-
y rules require you to ignore both
ur expenses and the mileage you
lk up in any month during which
u don't use your car for any busi-
s travel. Because of this rule, you
hike your deductions by properly
ing your expenses and business
os.
The secret to this tax saving is to
for your non-recurring automobile
enses—tires, repairs, insurance—in
nths during which you have at
st some business travel. Then you'll
able to take your deductions. If
ur car breaks down in a month dur-
which you normally would not use
ur car for business travel, try to
ord at least one day of business tra-
in that month so you can deduct at
st part of the expense of repairs.

heck Credit"

st what is the "check credit" being
vertised by quite a few banks lately?

is a special automatic line of credit
which you may draw with almost
red tape—up to a certain limit.
As a general rule, you make out an
plication for such a credit line (it
y also be called revolving credit, tap
dit, ready credit, or by still some
her term). The bank sets a limit on
e amount *you* may borrow this way;
d you borrow simply by writing out
e or more checks up to the amount
your ceiling.
As you repay the sum you have bor-
wed via check credit, along with
atever amount of interest is charged
this type of loan, your borrowing
serve rises again. **END**

Two-table test proves New Enriched Formula Pledge gives you hand-rubbed wax beauty instantly.

Compare this table
This table was rubbed with Johnson Paste Wax for five long minutes.

Johnson Paste Wax contains natural waxes.

Johnson Paste Wax brings out the natural beauty of the wood.

Johnson Paste Wax gives you the deep soft glow of hand-rubbed wax beauty...with a lot of hard rubbing.

with this table.
This table was sprayed and quickly wiped with New Enriched Formula Pledge.

New Pledge contains two natural waxes found in Johnson Paste Wax.

New Pledge brings out the natural beauty of the wood.

New Pledge, Lemon or Regular, gives you the deep soft glow of hand-rubbed wax beauty... *instantly* every time you dust.



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Number five. A liquid that's easy for you to use. With Massengill Liquid, you don't have anything to dissolve. Just add it to the water in your douche bag.

We also have a measuring cap, so it's easy to get the right amount every time.

Number four. A liquid that won't upset the sensitive acid-alkaline balance of your vagina. Massengill Liquid has the same natural balance your vagina needs to stay healthy.

Number three. A liquid that really helps you feel fresh. Massengill Liquid has a low surface tension, so it can reach into the folds in your vagina more effectively to help you stay clean.

Number two. A liquid that brings you a lot of experience. We've worked hard for a long time to give women exactly what they want in a liquid douche. So we're very glad to be the number one selling liquid douche with all of you.

We put the same kind of care into Massengill Powder and our pre-measured powder packettes.

Number one.
You're number one with us. That's why we're number one with you.



Massengill® Liquid Douche.

Beecham Inc., Clifton, N.J. 07012



MEDICINE TODAY

BY DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

The debate over "menstrual evacuation" and "contraception by hysterectomy" . . . drug education debacle . . . latest report o straightening curved spines . . . and other health news.

Contraceptive overkill? Two new approaches to contraception are winning widening approval.

The first technique, popular with young, radical feminist women, is called "menstrual evacuation." A few days after a woman misses her period, she undergoes a procedure in which the lining of her womb is sucked out by a vacuum device. Some birth control clinics and private physicians charge about $30 for this "mini-abortion" procedure, and Planned Parenthood is now conducting a nationwide study of it. There have been reports of medically untrained young women illegally performing "menstrual evacuation" on each other—and even on themselves.

In trained medical hands, this method may one day be proved safe, but birth control experts warn that repeated recourse to menstrual evacuation may possibly impair a woman's fertility and her ability to carry a child. There is also an obvious infection risk.

Among older, wealthier women, undergoing a hysterectomy—or "hysterilization"—in which the womb is removed either by the standard transabdominal surgical route, or the more complicated but nonscarring vaginal route—has become increasingly popular. Obstetricians once considered hysterectomy a poor form of birth control; now more and more are willing to perform such surgery.

A hysterectomy is a major operation; the patient usually remains in the hospital for a week and then requires a long period of convalescence; the cost is high—about $2,500. Yet, claims one proponent, Connecticut obstetrician Dr. Ralph Wright: "The elective hysterectomy [for sterilization] has arrived."

Critics disagree. They cite the small but real risk of death from surgery—and the high rate of complications stemming from hysterectomies: early infections and, later, sometimes unsatisfactory coitus or even total frigidity. They say that performing hysterectomies for sterilization reasons is dangerous, damaging to a woman's sense of femininity, and just poor medical practice.

Facial paralysis. Sudden and inexplicable paralysis of the face—called Bell's palsy—strikes 40,000 Americans yearly. Many recover, but some remain stigmatized for life b deadened and drooping appear on one or both sides of the face. T suffer great pain, and both sense of taste and ability to tears may be impaired.

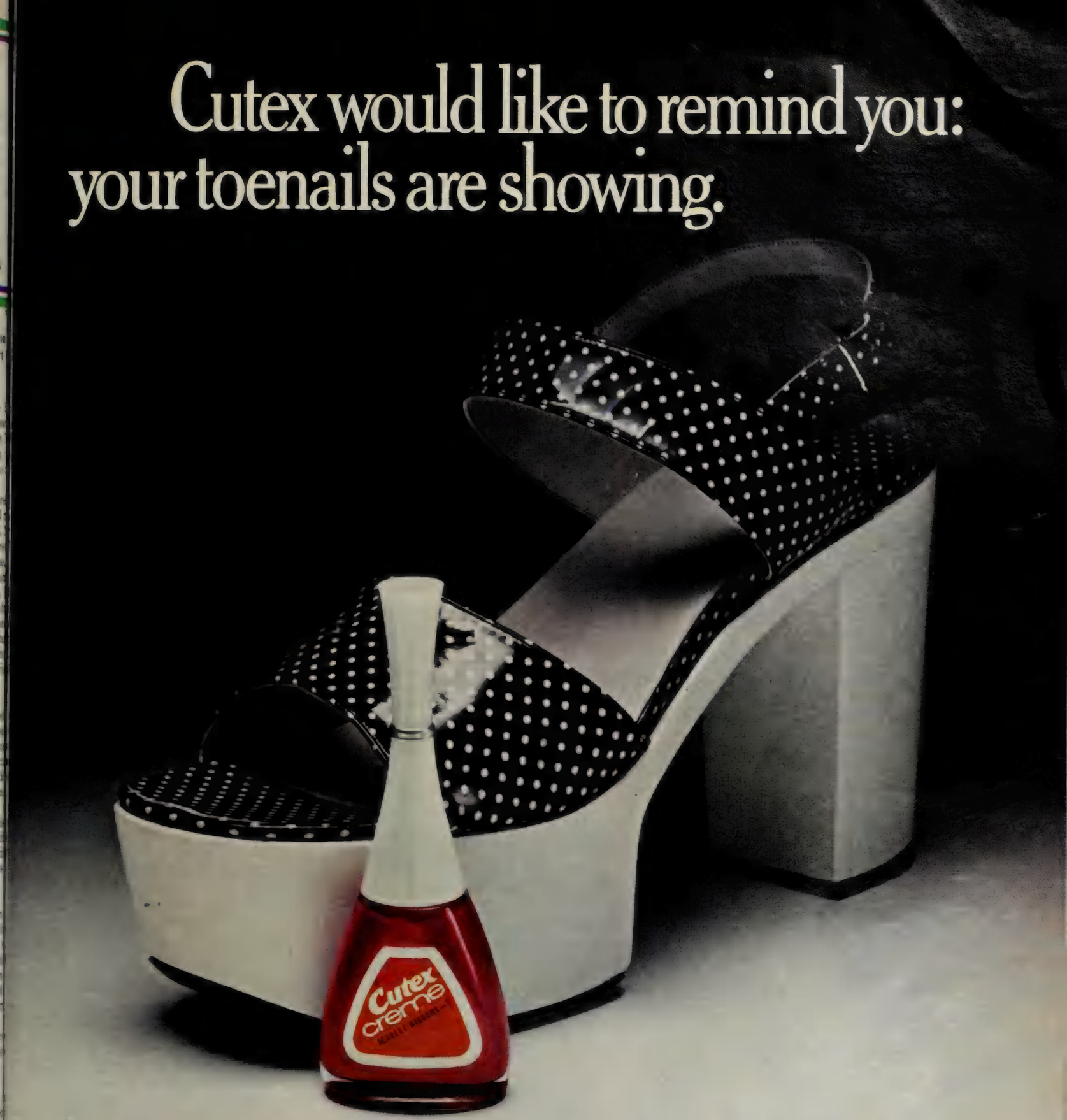
Complicated surgery to re pressure on the affected facial r has been a standard treatment. I in one of the largest, most caref controlled studies ever done, searchers at the Kaiser-Perman Medical Center in Oakland, h shown that *immediate* treatm with the steroid drug prednison fectively reduces swelling along facial nerve and prevents comp loss of nerve function, thus obvia the need for surgery.

Catastrophic lessons. Drug ed tion in the U.S. is a "catastrop and our children are the victims says Dr. Peter Hammond, Execu Director of the National Coordi ing Council on Drug Education. says the Council has found "more than 80 percent of exis drug abuse films contain scientifi medical misstatements about d and drug effects." Many films too inaccurate to be used.

Chastening chaser. Most men many women who poisoned th selves with drug overdoses drinking heavily beforehand, t Glasgow physicians report. On average, the men's blood alcohol els were commensurate with cur standards for drunkenness. Scottish doctors say that alc abuse is the most common facto self-poisoning with drugs.

Straightening bent spines. A approach to curved spine, or sc sis, is being explored by Dr. Wa Bobechko at Toronto's Hospital Sick Children. He believes this dition can be cured in teen-agers inserting a small electronic p maker under the skin, to deliver seven-volt shock per second to spinal postural muscles. Keeping muscles taut and the back upright this way, he says, may produce manent postural correction du the period of adolescent growth. Bobechko has tested this met successfully on rabbits and pigs ports *Medical World News*, but yet to test it on children.

Cutex would like to remind you: your toenails are showing.



Please paint them. Before you set one foot in those naked new shoes or sandals. And paint them with Cutex.

We've got all the latest open-toe colors. Torrid reds, torchy plums, warm-blooded pinks. On the naked foot, or veiled in sheer hosiery, they're going to end up looking pretty darn sexy.

Cutex makes this ticklish job a shoe-in. Our patented bottleneck pre-measures each brushful. So you're less likely to color outside the lines.

And Cutex nail colors have just the right consistency to smooth over the flaws that toenails are prone to. Creamy coverage. No brushmarks. And lots of shine.

So don't just dabble in fingerpainting. At 65 and 75 cents a Cutex shade, you can walk off with flying colors.

Cutex

Good 'n easy chicken

Marinate 2 pounds chicken thighs in ½ cup Kikkoman Teriyaki Sauce at least 2 hours. Remove and coat thoroughly with about ½ cup flour. Brown slowly in ¼ cup hot oil. Reduce heat, cover and cook 45 minutes, removing cover during final 10 minutes of cooking.



Pan-tastic Creations by KIKKOMAN

That wonderful smell is dinner—a choice of three flavorful easy-to-make main dishes. The secret is in the seasoning—the zesty zing which Kikkoman Teriyaki Sauce brings to food. Use as an ingredient, a marinade and baste—and as a marvelous meat sauce at the table.

Lambrosian chops

Brown 6 shoulder lamb chops. Combine ½ cup each Kikkoman Teriyaki Sauce, orange marmalade & vinegar; pour over chops. Cover & simmer ½ hour. Remove chops; thicken sauce with 2 tbsp. cornstarch mixed with ¼ cup water. Return chops; turn over to coat with sauce.



Best ever burgers

Thoroughly combine 2 pounds ground beef with ¼ cup Kikkoman Teriyaki Sauce and 3 tbsp. instant minced onion. Shape into 6 patties; brown and cook on both sides to desired doneness. Just before serving, brush patties with additional Teriyaki Sauce.





KIKKOMAN Teriyaki Sauce—*the flavor revelation!*

(By the makers of world-renowned Kikkoman Soy Sauce)

course, explained that she got quite upset when she noticed that her daughter was missing. When she realized the girl was nowhere in the store, she thought to call home—and, thankfully, the child was there. Nothing untoward had happened, the girl calmly explained to her mother: as soon as she realized she was lost, she found a policeman, told him her name, address, and phone number, and he had taken her home.

It's interesting to think about why *this* little girl hadn't needed to panic and scream, as so many other children would do in such a situation. This girl was in command of herself. She did not feel hopelessly at the mercy of her anxieties, as so many other children do in stores. She knew what she needed to do in the emergency, and she did it. If she had not felt so able to take care of herself, she too would have scream in desperation.

In general, a child screams out o sense of helplessness and frustrati It only serves to frustrate him m when we don't know what to do ab such screaming, except punish hi Punishment merely adds to his d tress, which is acute enough by t time he is having a screaming fit. Pu ishment for such public scenes m give the adult a chance to dischar his own frustration, but nothing go comes from it for either parent or chi On the other hand, if we can learn recognize the source of frustratio such as a fear of getting lost, or a l of mother's much-coveted reassurar —then we can do something constru tive. Such screaming fits can thus avoided, to the relief of both moth and child. E

Invitations and Honeymoons

I have been living with my fiancé for two years, with our parents' knowledge. We plan to issue our own wedding invitations and think a honeymoon is silly. Is this too much for you?

It is not too much for me. Under certain circumstances, it has always been possible and sometimes preferable for a bride and groom to issue their own invitations. Usually they follow the form that gives complete information. Some offbeat invitations omit the essentials—the place, for example, or the address to which acceptances are to be sent. Wedding invitations may also be issued by phone. This has always been true for informal ceremonies. And I can understand your skipping the honeymoon under the circumstances.

I would like to hear my younger readers' thoughts on honeymoons and formal engagements. I feel that both are on the way out, but I may be wrong.

No Wedding Guests

My daughter wants to be married with only her best friend as a witness. No guests, no parents. Am I wrong to be offended?

I agree that the marriage of a daughter, or a son, is a very important moment in the lives of parents. The groom will have to have a witness also, so that makes two. Perhaps if you explain it this way to your daughter, and if you are not interfering or critical, she will relent. I do believe that the bride and groom have every right to have the kind of wedding they desire, however, so try to be understanding and forgiving if they rule against you.

Outdoor Weddings

I find a lack of literature on the new informal outdoor weddings and have many questions, such as whether guests sit or stand during the ceremony.

There have always been outdoor weddings, some of them really quite formal —with altars, vines, and flowers, and engraved invitations indicating optional arrangements in case of rain. The guests do stand at garden weddings.

The kind of informal outdoor wedding you mention does lack literature because no two are ever alike. I have one hand-lettered invitation in my fil it reads that the wedding is to t place "in the pasture by the millpo Bring boots." One bride and gro opted to be married on a mountainsi then returned to a bucolic reception an apple orchard. One New York st featured simple cotton wedding dres for barefoot brides who want to married outdoors. Many couples wr their own ceremonies.

Yet from my mail, I judge that t majority of brides still follow traditio al guidelines—and unless and un this trend is reversed, it is not possib to draw up rules for these spontaneo outdoor ceremonies. Even traditio weddings, however, are changing—b coming less formal, more innovative

Colored Invitations

I received an invitation on yellow p per, engraved in red, to a formal chur wedding. The traditional wording w used. Is this a growing trend?

This kind of invitation is in the min ity. Henri Bendel in New York, one its innovators, reports that only 12 p cent of its wedding invitations and a nouncements are in color, and they s a return to the classic papers. T largest manufacturer of wedding st tionery produces none in color. Tiffa will not engrave any wedding invit tions or announcements in color. T unusual examples shown here we done by small printers; while they a interesting and charming, they do n reflect any strong trend.

Bride's headcovering

Is it all right to wear instead of a veil lace scarf made from the same materi as my gown, and to carry red roses?

The scarf is quite correct if you wa to wear it. After all, many brides we mantillas. I like the idea of red rose it is very modern. E

Now ready for JOURNAL *readers: Mi Vanderbilt's new booklet, "Large Pa ties" (open houses, anniversari house warmings, showers). Also "Le ter Writing," "Engagement and We ding Etiquette," and "Table Manners Send 75¢ in coin for each booklet Miss Amy Vanderbilt, Box 1155, We ton, Conn. 06880.*

You'll wake up feeling good if your back feels good. That's why Sealy Posturepedic® is designed in cooperation with leading orthopedic surgeons for firm comfort—to promise no morning backache from sleeping on a too-soft mattress.

Posturepedic isn't made like an ordinary firm mattress. Extra coils give you more support, even around the edges where ordinary mattresses first start to sag. And, Sealy's patented torsion bar foundation works together with the mattress for better all-around support.

Sealy Posturepedic is truly unique. It's the bed that promises you a good night. And, a good day.

SEALY POSTUREPEDIC
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A Sealy Posturepedic morning. Your back will be glad you didn't buy an ordinary firm mattress.



THE IMPOTENT HUSBAND

BY THEODORE I. RUBIN, M.D.

Impotence affects not only marriage partners but marriage itself. This month psychiatrist Theodore I. Rubin analyzes what makes a man impotent—and what can be done to help him.

Medically speaking, the term impotence is used only to describe the male's inability to function sexually. Some doctors consider frigidity the female equivalent of impotence, but, from a physiological point of view, this is not true. Since the anatomy of a male is so different from that of the female, I feel that equating frigidity with impotence only creates confusion.

The psychology of men and women is similar, however; so women who are frigid and men who are impotent may have similar reactions to sex; both can be interested or not interested in it; both can or can't become excited. Here again, there is one great male-female difference: a frigid woman can have intercourse; an impotent man cannot, because he cannot sustain an erection long enough to complete the sexual act.

Impotence is more common than most men believe, and causes both husband and wife to suffer. For these reasons, impotence should not be ignored or considered a taboo subject.

Many women misinterpret impotence as a sign that their mate is rejecting them. Other women feel that they themselves are responsible for their husband's impotence because they are not attractive or sexy enough, or because they lack the sexual know-how to enable their man to perform sexually. Men fear impotence because they equate it with old age, approaching death, lack of masculinity, homosexuality, etc. These mistaken male and female fears result in self-hate and mutual loathing of the other person—all of which are destructive to a relationship that is already precarious because of the husband's impotence.

What are the causes of impotence?

Physiological causes: Few cases of impotence are caused by physiological problems. The rare cases may be connected to one or several serious physical illnesses such as advanced arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries), endocrine or hormonal problems, severe urological diseases, advanced venereal disease, neurological disorders or accidents (such as paraplegia—paralysis and loss of function from the waist down due to spinal cord injury).

Physical causes: Physical conditions that produce impotence are rare and are relatively easy to diagnose. The most common physical basis for impotence is over-indulgence in alcohol or drugs. Severe fatigue and/or physical debilitation (starvation, overexposure, etc.) can also cause impotence. In all of these physically induced cases, the impotence is usually temporary and will vanish when the physical problem is eliminated. Even though physically caused impotence is rare, every man suffering from impotence deserves a thorough physical examination.

Emotional causes: Emotional problems cause impotence in the majority of afflicted men. There are two kinds of emotionally caused impotence: chronic and temporary.

Chronic impotence is a very serious and difficult problem. Some men suffering from it have never functioned sexually, not even once. The causes are often there from as far back as birth. These causes are woven into the pattern of a man's personality and character; they deeply affect the way he views himself and how he relates to others.

I believe it is valuable for men and women—as sex partners and parents—to understand the causes of chronic impotence. Here are some of the principal factors—they may exist alone or in combination. And, as with many emotional problems, they will probably exist on a subconscious level—meaning that the impotent man will not be able to connect the real causes to his problem.

1. Overprotecting parents. They can emotionally stifle a son and make him unable to think of himself as an individual able to get along on his own.

2. Cruel, emotionally castrating, and inhuman parents. Upbringing by such parents leads to a son's chronic poor self-esteem, self-hate, distrust, and repressed rage—especially at his mother. This rage and distrust is then displaced to other women.

3. An exploitative mother who uses her son for her own benefit. She is overinvolved with him, too close emotionally—and sometimes physically. She overconfides in her young son, sometimes telling him about her sex life (particularly her sexual dissatisfactions). She may be consciously or unconsciously seductive to him. She may take him into bed with her and sleep with him, even though there may be no overt sexual encounter. She may use him as a surrogate husband and dissuade him from relating to girls his age.

This mother nearly always disapproves of any girl her son has anything to do with, often stating that she is "not good enough" for him. This kind of background produces two kinds of sexual guilt: first, an encounter with another woman is unconsciously felt as an infidelity to mother. Second, attempts at intercourse result in tremendous guilt because of the son's incestuous sexual feelings for his mother, generated by her seductive maneuvers. His resulting impotence effectively removes the anxiety and guilt that would follow intercourse.

4. A clinging mother, coupled with a father who is passive and fails to participate in bringing up his son. These parents can cause the son to have sexual misidentification, fear and hatred of women, and sometimes to become a homosexual. Homosexuality may result in impotence. (I must point out that not all homosexual men are impotent, and the vast majority of impotent men are not homosexual.)

5. An overly strict, puritanical, anti-sexual, and anti-pleasure-oriented upbringing. Such households view any kind of pleasurable activity as sinful. There may be a history of terrible parental recriminations following discovery of the boy's masturbation or sexual interest.

6. A household that is an emotional vacuum, devoid of any exchange of feelings. In such a home, there is little or no opportunity for a child to learn to make emotional exchanges, to communicate, and to relate. This can lead to asexuality or to an anesthetizing of sexual feelings.

7. Sex education that is prejudiced against women, together with frequent warnings about the danger of sex and women.

8. Inadequate parents who pass on to their son their own feelings of near-total incompetence. As a result, the son feels inadequate and is incapable of self-esteem in any endeavor. He sees sexual performance as a test situation in which he will surely fail. While most men may feel concerned about their sexual ability, (especially in initial encounters), they do not have the all-consuming fear of inadequacy characteristic of men with this background.

9. Men who have been brought up to "be perfect in every way" suffer self-hate following any less-than-perfect performance. The fear of resulting self-hate can be devastating to sexual performance.

10. Castrating fathers who constantly put down their sons. They tell the boy that he is too small, weak, shy, intellectual, not athletic enough, etc. Such fathers are very competitive with their sons, and often arrange competitions in which their sons must lose. These men also project their own inadequate feelings and demand that their sons fulfill Dad's own unfulfilled expectations.

11. Traumatic sexual experiences at a very early age that can be destructive in adult life. These experiences can include contact with prostitutes and older women mock, castigate, and put do young boy's initial sexual over Some boys were told as young that their genitalia are inade and that they will never be a satisfy a woman. (Traumatic th the experience may have been problem is not as hard to tre the others listed here.)

12. A background of emot disturbance. Chronic disturb can result in impotence as we other sexual problems. But very disturbed people who h function in any other area, ma fairly competent on a sexual l

Temporary impotence can s nearly anybody, and often ha much to do with a man's imme life situation as with his pers emotional, and sexual history. T sient impotence can become ch if the situation leading to it is corrected, or if help is not provi The following is a list of com factors that can lead to tempo impotence on an emotional lev

1. Impotence itself. Any s sexual mishap may make a pe tionistic man extraordinarily conscious. This concentration o and on performance can lead to tinuing attacks of impotence.

2. Misinformation and fear garding the process of aging.

3. Misinformation and fear garding diseases of the genito nary system—especially pros or genital surgery or hernia re

4. Serious emotional depressi

5. Any blow to self-esteem, e cially in the business area.

6. A change in a long-stan status quo situation, such as mo from a house to an apartment.

7. A change in family status For example: marriage of a ch sickness or death of a parent, m or child, etc.

8. Fear of a real or imagined ness.

9. Change in economic status

10. Any change in his marital lationship that leads to rela problems and possible hostility. example: a wife's going back to w or school, or her feeling differ about herself due to psychoanal treatment. Change in a wife's a tude toward sex—she may be sexu ly demanding for the first time—also cause impotence.

11. Guilt following a man's ex marital affair, or his rage and f following his wife's disclosure of interest in another man.

12. A newlywed may become t porarily impotent because of fear his inability to perform or fear inexperience.

Most men need a wife's help overcome the embarrassment of mitting to impotence, and in seeki competent help to overcome problem. Wifely rage, recriminati or demands will only make matt worse. Patience, warmth, and frier ly, even loving talk and demonst tions of concern and affection can quite helpful. In chronic impoten deep and prolonged psychoanaly is necessary. In temporary imp tence, a combination of psychoth apy and treatment by experts in t field (such as Masters and Johns in St. Louis, or Dr. Harold Lief Philadelphia) can be helpful.



Come where it's cool

For years, people have been coming all the way up to Kool. Millions have switched from their hot-tasting brands to Kool's extra coolness. Now, here's a chance to get out of the heat, and into the "Koolhouse." It's a ten-sided canopied pavilion, 11' 2" in diameter, ceiling height 7' 6". You can easily put it together yourself. Great for parties, or just a little shade in your backyard. Ordinarily $199.00, the "Koolhouse" is yours for only $129.00 and one end flap from any carton of Kools. Put a "Koolhouse" in your yard this summer. And enjoy Kools, all year round.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KOOLHOUSE OFFER!

47

Special bargain price covers delivery of a complete KOOLHOUSE (pictured at right), including folding walls and door (with aluminum frames and fiberglass screening), heavy-duty vinyl roof cover, and a complete instruction booklet.

Allow 6-8 weeks delivery. This offer good until 12/31/73 (or while supply lasts) and is limited to U.S.A. It is open only to those 21 years of age or over.

Make certified check or money order payable to KOOLHOUSE offer. Mail to Box 3000KH, Louisville, Kentucky 40201.

Please send me_____KOOLHOUSE(S). For each one I enclose one Kool carton end flap (any size) plus $129.00.

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18 mg. "tar," 1 .5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.



Do You Dim the Lights to Hide Your Age?

Just when a woman reaches the age she feels most tenderly romantic, she often becomes a little self-conscious about her appearance. Little lines and a dry complexion reveal that she isn't as young as she used to be. So she turns the lights down low when the man in her life is present, hoping to preserve the illusion of earlier days and nights.

What a pity. If you're a woman who tries to hide the signs of an older-looking skin, instead of doing something importantly helpful to appear younger-looking, then it's surely time you knew the secret of a treasured fluid created by beauty researchers especially for women like you. This unique beauty blend, used faithfully by women in countries around the world, is known here in the United States as Oil of Olay. Dry, old-looking skin rapidly absorbs the remarkable fluid, containing rich natural oils and moisture that help restore the smoothness you probably never dared hope to see again.



Oil of Olay moisturizing lotion quickly penetrates the highly-visible surface layer of the skin, where the unique blend works with nature to ease away dryness, the dryness that accents the lines and wrinkles that cause you to look older. The beauty fluid, with its natural ingredients, establishes an effective barrier that helps retain your skin's own moisture, particularly important at an age when nature's own supplies of vital skin fluids have diminished.

Join the youthful-looking women in countries around the world who make this treasured blend part of a faithful twice-daily beauty ritual. Apply Oil of Olay (you will find it at drugstores everywhere) lavishly each morning as a superb makeup base which doesn't allow cosmetics to discolor or streak. Again at bedtime. And at whatever other times a feeling of skin dryness signals the need for lovely, loving attention.

Beauty Hints

Even if you do not wear cosmetics during the day, don't forget your morning application of Oil of Olay. Smooth it on generously to give your complexion a moisty, misty glow. Leave your husband with pleasant memories to occur and reoccur during his working day.

* * *

Little lines around your eyes and mouth may be the first complexion signs to betray your age. These areas need and deserve extra attention. At night, after you've soothed Oil of Olay® over your face and neck, wait ten or fifteen minutes. Then gently pat additional beauty blend around the eyes and mouth. This little effort will be amply rewarded.

all seasons woman



RALPH NADER REPORTS

Many families who need a lawyer can't afford one. Now there's a promising new way to cut costs. It's called the group legal-service plan, and it works like health insurance.

A Cleveland couple recently bought a set of furniture. It looked fine in the showroom, but on delivery turned out to be shoddy. The couple wrote the manufacturer, who referred them back to the store where they bought the furniture. The store had gone out of business. Angry and frustrated, the couple ended up keeping the furniture. The idea of consulting a lawyer did not occur to them.

In Columbus, Ohio, a family had owned a new car for only three weeks when the engine burned up because of a faulty water pump. The dealer offered to repair the engine but refused to replace the car with a new one. The couple retained a lawyer who contacted the dealer and got them a new car.

When they believe they have been gypped, most people are probably like the couple in Cleveland: either they don't consider getting legal help or they can't afford it. The Columbus family, on the other hand, belongs to a group legal-service plan, which makes legal help available to them for a flat monthly membership fee. Not only can they get representation when unexpected difficulties arise, such as with a faulty automobile, but they can also seek advice on common transactions--the purchase of a new home, an insurance policy, a finance loan or an employment contract.

No business executive would be without a lawyer when significant decisions are made. But for the average person, legal advice is a luxury, and many are effectively denied even the most ordinary legal rights. For example, for years many poor people have not been able to get divorces because they could not afford to pay the court costs involved. Recently a few steps have been taken to provide legal counsel for those too poor to pay for it. These efforts, minimal at best, have not begun to reach most of the poor. And in addition, there are millions of middle-income people who cannot afford or can ill afford the costs of legal services.

Several years ago, a survey was made in Cambridge, Mass. A random sample of about 700 people were asked what they would do in a variety of difficulties. When asked what they would do if a department store refused to exchange a faul television set, only 30 percent s they would go to a lawyer. Only percent said they would seek le advice if their Social Security p ments were stopped; only 17 p cent if their driver's license were voked; 52 percent if they w evicted; 23 percent if their car repossessed.

Because legal services are creasingly necessary in a comp society, prepaid legal service pla analogous to health insurance h become an important means of suring basic rights to millions citizens. There are some 1,500 p paid group legal-service plans day, organized by members of la unions, cooperatives, credit unio teachers associations, stude groups and, in a growing number cases, members of the general pu lic. Plans range in cost from cents a month to $10 a month. Th range in coverage from job-relat problems alone to almost all p sonal legal problems within specifi dollar amounts.

Basically, group legal services three things. First, they significa ly reduce the costs of legal help. example is the legal-services p gram of the United Mine Work Union, which hires a staff attor for an annual salary of $12,400 p expenses. Over a two-year peri the UMW legal-services attorn won workmen's compensation cla totaling $2.5 million. If he had h dled the cases on a contingency basis, as is customary, he wo have collected at least 20 percent the claims, or $500,000. This wo have been $487,600 more than t mine workers paid him. The UM plan meant a reduction in cost about 97 percent.

A second result made possible group legal services is the prev

In the last seven years, Ralph Nad 39, has become America's forem consumer defender. He is credi with the passage of at least six ma laws that imposed new Federal sa ty standards on cars, meat and po try products, coal mining, gas pi lines, and radiation from electro devices. In 1970 Nader founded Public Interest Research Gro which investigates and researc consumer issues.

on of serious legal difficulties. In me cases, a single phone call can ttle a matter that could lead to exnsive litigation if not handled at early stage. Private attorneys ave little incentive to practice "prentive" law, since they earn more oney after legal difficulties arise, ot before. Group legal-service plans at designate attorneys to serve eir members are more efficient in is regard than plans under which embers choose their own lawyers, nce the staff attorney earns a fixed lary and does not profit from timeonsuming expensive litigation. uch group plans also help assure embers of getting a competent wyer.

Because legal "ethics" prohibit wyers from advertising their areas specialization, the average person s no meaningful information on hich to base a choice of attorney. The ideal group legal-service plan ould also include a provision for "legal health checkup," during hich members can consult an atorney about their insurance polies, credit situation, and other dinary matters that can cause difculties. The attorney could make ure that members have made out eir wills, a potentially costly omison for their beneficiaries. The erkeley, Calif., Cooperative Assoiation, for example, has a full-time aff attorney, whom members can onsult twice a year for a membership fee of $25. In addition, mems can get complicated legal work one at reduced rates by a panel of 5 participating attorneys.

Third, group legal services proide access to the legal system for iddle-income and low-income citiens who have been virtually shut ut of it—to the detriment not only f the individuals involved, but of veryone. What happens when orporations are assured that few onsumers can take them to court or selling faulty products? What appens when prohibitive legal osts allow sellers or employers to ictate the terms of consumer or mployee contracts without fear of hallenge?

Legal rights that are beyond the each of the average person produce results that weaken our whole ociety.

Any group of citizens can organize a legal-services plan that meets he interests or needs of its members. The National Consumer Center for Legal Services was recently established to assist groups that want to develop a pre-paid legal-services plan. Write the NCCLS, Suite 800, 905 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. **END**

KENT STATE—May 4, 1970

By Marilyn Heck Headley

. . . And we weep.
But, if we will, when
he heart's expression
as dried,
he salt will gently
all and flavor the
ood of life . . .
And we love



Read what one woman really thinks about the product advertised above.

Having just finished a load of laundry . . . I cannot resist the urge to write you.

I have used a number of fabric softening products, and was very pleased with the results—at least I thought I was pleased until I used "Rain Barrel".

It only took me a moment to see and feel the difference in the clothes—the difference your product had made.

"Rain Barrel" is far superior to any fabric softening product I have ever used, as well as being far more convenient and time-saving.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. James Mundstock
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You can pay a lot of different prices for a can of hairspray.

You can pay the price of Aqua Net. Or twice the price of Aqua Net. Or three times the price of Aqua Net.

Whatever you pay, you can't buy a hairspray at any price that holds better than all-weather Aqua Net.

That's the simple truth that has made Aqua Net the world's largest selling hairspray. By far.

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THE WORKING WOMAN

BY LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

If you're considering a military career, or if you know someone who is, here's a special report on women in the armed forces—their problems and progress in solving them.

The Army Wants You! So does the Air Force, Navy, and Marines. Whether or not *you* want them may become clear after you weigh some of the pros and cons gathered during my recent visit to the Pentagon.

By law, women in the military cannot bear arms, are not trained to handle weapons, and may not serve in combat situations. Nevertheless, because in one way or another the jobs available to female personnel support the basic fighting function of the armed services, your religious or moral beliefs may keep you from considering a military career if you reject war as a solution to anything.

Assuming, however, that you have no such qualms, serving in the armed forces does offer certain advantages to working women. In fact, according to Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense George A. Daoust, Jr., it's one of the best deals around: "The enlisted woman with a high school diploma starts at $307 per month—which is equivalent to over $5,000 a year when you figure in her tax-free food, clothing, and shelter."

Officers do far better. A second lieutenant who is a college graduate gets $10,000 a year to start—and this can grow to $28,000 after about 25 years. The pot is sweetened considerably by free medical care, an excellent retirement program after 20 years, 30 days annual paid vacation, subsidized recreation and education.

While women now comprise only one percent of the uniformed services (about 35,000 in all branches), Secretary Daoust reports plans to increase female representation to 2½ percent by 1978. This would be the greatest number of women in the military since World War II, when 100,000 served. Within the last few months, much progress has been made in "desexegrating" military occupational specialties (MOS) that were formerly just for men. Army women are in missile repair; Navy women serve aboard ship; and Air Force women are in astronautical engineering. "At present eight out of every ten jobs are open to women," Daoust claims. "Our problem is finding enough trained or motivated women to fill them."

Though the pay is good and the occupational opportunities seem bright, there is some sexist tarnish on the military's brass. The worst of it are the unequal dependency entitlements. As the law now stands, a military woman married to a civilian receives no housing allowance or medical and dental care for her family—*unless* she can prove that her husband is dependent on her for more than 50 percent of his support. On the other hand, a married serviceman automatically receives such benefits for his family, even if his wife is a millionaire. This outrageous double standard may soon be changed by a bill that has been introduced in Congress or by a decision in the Frontiero case now pending before the Supreme Court.

Military regulations governing pregnancy and children are also troublesome. If you are a married woman with children, you must get a special waiver in order to enlist. (If your child was born out of wedlock, you must first submit affidavits of good moral conduct and proof that you don't have custody of the child.) Women who are already in the service when they become pregnant must apply for a waiver in order to stay in. Each case is judged according to how well the woman has provided for the care of the child. The armed forces justify this practice on the grounds that once a woman becomes a mother, she is no longer available to work all hours or travel on short notice.

While it sounds fair on the surface, this policy of interfering in a woman's private life is founded on a sexist assumption: that a woman's basic role is in the home—and it is up to her to prove that such is not the case. The opposite assumption is made for the serviceman who becomes a father: he is still free to pursue his career because he has a wife at home who will do the parenting for both of them.

Even though this latter assumption may be true for most people, it is unjust to penalize women by determining their choices in advance and making them prove otherwise. If this practice is not eliminated, the military should begin asking men for affidavits of morality if they have fathered "illegitimate" children; and asking servicemen with working civilian wives, divorced fathers, and widowers to prove th they, too, have provided adequate for their children.

Lt. Col. Martha Cox of the U. Marines, who is executive secreta of the Department of Defense A visory Committee of Women in tl Armed Services, describes anoth problem: "On many bases, enlist women's barracks are noticeably i ferior to the men's. We are hopi that buildings of World War II vi tage, which house up to forty wom in open bays, can be replaced l modern, more private quarters—wi bathrooms, laundries, and kitche ettes."

From creature comforts to stat discomforts is a giant step, but bo are facts of life in the military. It often emphasized that one salut the rank, not the sex. However, t plain fact is that servicewomen a sist, train, teach, and supervise me —but rarely *command* them. Ar when it comes to rank, there a dozens of female colonels and ca tains, but only one woman is a maj general, and the Navy's only wom admiral is in the Nurse Corps whe of course, she rules a world of wo en. In the Marine Corps, it's a stat fact that enlisted women may a vance no higher than sergea major, and officers can't rise abo colonel without an appointme from the Secretary of the Navy.

Despite the negatives, everyo connected with the services me tions how fast things are changin In fact, talking with the dynam women who direct the four women branches is enough to send one the nearest recruiting office.

Brigadier General Mildred Bailey, Director of the Women Army Corps (WAC) is a 30-ye career soldier—articulate, well-i formed, and remarkably unassum ing. She explains that WAC's a concentrated in administratio clerical, communications, and me ical areas—a reflection of women somewhat limited role in the priva sector. Recently, though, sever new MOS categories have bee opened to women.

"During World War II, wome were mechanics and truck driver we held lots of jobs that were co sidered unladylike but acceptable i an emergency," says General Ba ley. "After the war, the WAC responded to public opinion, whic insisted that women again becom ladylike. But we always knew th variety of jobs women can do, an now that public opinion has change women are doing them." It doesn bother General Bailey that the Arm still excludes women from 48 MO categories. Because of the logistic problems, such as housing and cloth ing, that arise when just one woma decides that she wants to go int tire-repair work, for *(continued*

☐ *Letty Cottin Pogrebin, 33, is a thor, wife, and mother of thre During her 13-year business caree she rose from file clerk to vice-pre ident—and she wrote a best-sellin book:* How to Make It in a Man World. *Although Ms. Pogrebi reads all reader letters, she regret that time does not permit her t respond personally.*

If you have a bottle of Bacardi in the house, cheers!



Bacardi & cola

Bacardi screwdriver:
Splash a jigger or two of Bacardi light over ice. Add orange juice.

Bacardi sour:
Squeeze half a lemon into shaker. Add half teaspoon sugar, generous jigger Bacardi dark, ice. Shake. Strain into glass. Top with half an orange slice and cherry.

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Stir 4 or 5 parts Bacardi light, 1 part dry vermouth, ice. Add olive or lemon twist.

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example. "It's just not cost-effective," she says.

The maternity issue? "We have a heavy investment in a woman who has been trained," General Bailey says. "If she has good potential we can afford to take the risk that she will return our investment if she wants to stay on after childbirth."

In March, Captain Reba C. Tyler became the first woman to command an all-male Army unit. Before learning who would break the sex barrier, General Bailey said, "She must be a strong, able person. In our first command post we can't afford the luxury of failure."

Colonel Billie M. Bobbitt, the witty, relaxed Director of Women in the Air Force (WAF), is pleased about plans to increase the number of Air Force women from the present 13,000 to 45,000 by the end of 1973. She is also extremely proud of an historic "first": WAF Colonel Norma Brown has for some time commanded a 2,000-*man* unit at Ft. Meade, Md., and there hasn't been a revolution yet. "No more than five of our career fields are closed to women," Colonel Bobbitt remarks, "and proportionately, we have more women in executive positions than there are in corporate life. We're looking now for officer candidates who are scientists, mathematicians, space analysts, engineers, and technicians."

I pointed out that highly paid male civilian pilots received their training and flight time in the Air Force. Why can't women get a similar occupational advantage—especially in peacetime, when they can fly Air Force planes without violating the non-combat law.

"Because we are oriented to combat *readiness*," explains Colonel Bobbitt. "We don't allow men limited duty so we can't create a special category of female non-combat pilots."

What if the Equal Rights Amendment passes and women must be considered for pilot training? "I'd love to see it," confessed Colonel Bobbitt.

Captain Robin Quigley, Assistant Chief of Naval Personnel for Women, is the Director of that branch of the U.S. Navy commonly (but inaccurately) known as the WAVES. She is a sophisticated executive type who believes in gradualism. Last summer, Admiral E.R. Zumwalt, Jr., Chief of Naval Operations, outlined sweeping goals for women in the Navy. In a press statement, he said: "I believe any man or woman should be permitted to serve his country in any capacity that he or she, as an individual views as appropriate."

Yes, those are goals and directions, Captain Quigley agrees, but there are no deadlines attached. "We use flexibility," she says. Whatever it's called, the progress is noteworthy. The Navy is accepting applications for women chaplains. A group of women have been assigned to the crew of the converted hospital ship *Sanctuary*. And eight women officers have been accepted for flight training—to become pilots of helicopters, transports, and search planes. (They met the same physical standards as men: minimum weight 107 lbs. and over 5'4" tall.)

Colonel Margaret Ann Brewer, Director of Women Marines, is earnest but very new at her job—which is why she asked Lt. Col. Eric Wieler to join our discussion. He explained that women Marine officers do not compete with men for advancement, "but in terms of years of service our women have had as equitable promotions as our men."

Since the Marine Corps is essentially an elite assault force, it is understandable that women are excluded from 40 percent of the jobs. (An MOS such as infantry, amphibians, or artillery, for example, would be off-limits.) Also, according to regulations, a woman Marine may not command a male unit.

The Marines will accept female officer candidates who are married, but enlistees must be single. Lt. Col. Wieler admitted that a small number of pregnant women had requested waivers but "the preponderance have been denied."

The Corps is in the business of "making men lean and mean," which doesn't leave much room for women. However, there is a fact sheet on women Marines that states: "Considerable emphasis is placed on good grooming to . . . present an attractive and feminine appearance in uniform." Perhaps such a charm-school approach is considered necessary to counteract the myth of the "butchy" woman Marine, but it seems gratuitous, condescending to career-minded women, and not the type of publicity that will attract the talented women the Corps needs.

The In Basket

■ *A Bill of Rights for women veterans* signed into law last fall, provides access to additional amounts of pension money, educational allowances, and compensation for women and their families. In the past, women vets had to prove that their husbands were disabled and permanently incapable of self-support before claiming these benefits.

■ *Women Today* was listed in the December column with an incorrect subscription price. The six-page newsletter costs $15 a year from Today Publications, National Press Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20004.

The Out Basket

■ *National Organization for Women* has a legislative office in Washington, D.C. (938 National Press Building), which will gladly help members lobby on Capitol Hill. Women who join NOW may become part of an organized effort to change federal and state laws that adversely affect women, or to enforce the positive laws on the books.

■ *The Midwest Academy* offers a 1973 summer session focusing on the organizing of working women. Among the subjects to be covered are unions, affirmative action plans, and how the women's movement can help the working woman. Includes classroom training and supervised fieldwork. Contact Ms. Heather Booth, Director, 817 West George Street, Chicago, Ill. 60657.

■ The last word on sources of discrimination against women in employment is *The Sexual Barrier*, a bibliography of all articles and publications covering sex bias in business and the professions. A fine research tool. $5 from Marija Hughes, 2116 F Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

• *ALERT*, the Women's Legislative Review, analyzes federal and Connecticut state laws of interest to women, publishes a job exchange listing, and covers news of local groups working against discrimination in employment. One-year subscription: (15 issues) costs $4, from Box 437, Middletown, Conn. 06457. END

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West Covina: Sleep City
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Lakewood:
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Levitz Furniture Company
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Northglen:
The American Furn. Co.

Idaho
Boise: Warehouse Furniture
Burley: Wilsen Bates Furniture
Caldwell: Blackers Furniture
Coeur D'Alene: Runge Furniture
Grangeville:
Lindsley's Furn. and Appl.
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Sandpoint: Furniture Exchange
Twin Falls: Wilsen Bates Furn.

Montana
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Bozeman: Gallatine Vally Furn.
Butte: Shiners Furniture
Conrad: Arnots
Glasgow: Town & Country
Glendive: Koch Furniture
Great Falls: Town & Ranch Furn.
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Kalispell: Bitney Furniture
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Missoula: Missoula Furn. Mart
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Self Service Furn.
San Bernardino:
King Size Sleep Shop
Sparks: Gruner's Furn. Co.
Winn: C. B. Brown Furniture
Yerington: Jerry's Fabri Furn.

Oregon
Aloha: Parker's Furn. Co.
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North Bend: Engles Furn.
Ontario: Blackers Furniture
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Directors Furniture Co.
King Size Sleep Center
Lampus Co.
Meier & Frank Co.
Schwary's
Smith Home Furnishings
Tele Tronics
Salem: Hogg Bros. Furn.
Meier & Frank Co.
Seaside: Bjorklun's
Springfield: Robert Saks Furn.

Utah
Bountiful: Lakewoods Furn.
Granger: ZCMI
Hurricane: Graff Furniture
Logan: Edwards Furniture
Ogden: Boyle Furniture Co.
Tribes
ZCMI
Orem: ZCMI
Provo: Taylors Furniture
Salt Lake City: I & M Furniture
SEFCO Warehouse Sales
Soters Home Furnishings
Southeast Furniture
ZCMI
St. George: Richards Furniture

Washington
Aberdeen: Goldberg Furniture
Bellingham: Levin's, Inc.
Bremerton: Arnolds Furniture
Burlington:
Vanderman's Home Furn.
Camas: Camas Furniture
Clarkston: Clarkston Furniture
Colville: Egger Furniture
Dayton: Suffield Furniture
Everett: Bon Marche
Erickson Bros. Furn.
Goldberg Furniture
Kennewick: Bon Marche
Issaquah: Thomas Furniture
Lacey: People's Store
Olympia: Goldberg Furniture
Pasco: Goddard's Furniture
Griggs Department Store
Peshastin: Boswell & Sons
Port Angeles: People's Store
Pullman: Bayley-Vogel Home Furnishers
Richland: Kenwood Furniture
Richland-Bell Furniture
Seattle: Bon Marche
Ken's Suburban
Levitz Furniture
Spokane: Bell Furniture Co.
Bon Marche
Burgan's Furniture
The Crescent
Griffin's Furniture
Liberty Furniture
Marvel's Colonial Shop
Millwood Furniture
Pratt Furniture Co.
Self Service Furniture
Tacoma: Bon Marche
People's Store
Schoenfelds Furniture
Vancouver: Koplan's
Walla Walla: Allen Furniture
Davis-Kaser Furniture
Drumheller Furniture
Garden City Furniture
Naimy Furniture
Wenatchu: Sav-Mart Furniture
Yakima: Bon Marche
Harold H. Schultz, Inc.
People's Store

Wyoming
Casper: Welsh Furniture
Cheyenne: Grier Furniture
Gillette: Ryan Furniture
Laramie: Smith Furniture
Sheridan: Carrolls



Prices suggested except in Fair Trade States.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

A COLLECTION OF SPECIAL FEATURES FROM OUR READERS EDITED BY EVAN FRANCES

FAMILY OF THE MONTH



If the head of the house loses his job, what happens? Ask the Daniel Busheys of Framingham, Mass.—they'll tell you that it's probably the best thing that ever happened.

What happens to a family when the principal breadwinner stops winning bread? The Daniel O. Busheys of Framingham, Mass., should know—it's happened to them twice. The first time 'round, in 1956, Dan Bushey, an electrical engineer, who will be 42 in November, rode out a glut in his profession by selling real estate. And Bertha Bushey, two years her husband's junior, went to work, leaving their son, Dan Jr., with her mother.

Then came the heyday in space exploration and Dan went back to his profession. The Busheys and their three children—Dan, 17; Lori, 15 and Eileen, 12—prospered. (The Busheys are shown above with Dan's sister Marie.) But in 1970 Government contracts for aerospace programs were curtailed, and in May, Dan lost his $15,500 job.

This time, however, unlike 1956, the Busheys had two things going for them that softened the blow. Bertha was now a school secretary with eight years of tenure and a $7,000-plus salary, and they owned a charming house on a street zoned for commercial use. House and garage, on ¼ acre, cost $20,000 when they bought in 1966. Dan had deliberately bought in such an area because he had long cherished a dream of starting his own business. Now, disillusioned with any hope for job security he decided, with Bertha's support, to exercise his dream and open a country store.

"He was irresistible"

Says Bertha, "He had collected junk—especially from apartments or estates when he was in real estate. We always had a garage full of it." Dan's opening gambit for turning the garage into a store couldn't have been more direct: "If I can sell all the stuff we have in our garage, will you all go along with it?" "He was irresistible—how could we not?," asks Bertha rhetorically.

So Dan had a garage sale and sold everything, after which Bertha declared, "If you can sell that junk, you can sell anything!"

The next step was to convert the garage so it would meet local building code specifications. The end result was an almost entirely new building, and it took a lot of time and muscle, mostly Dan's, but every member of the family did his or her share. Beyond that, the Busheys were anxious not to upset the attractive residential character of the neighborhood. Dan painted house and garage a lovely beige color, and added shingles and a bay window.

Then there was the problem of convincing the local planning board of his right to convert the garage to the store. Dan submitted his first building application in July 1971. Weeks went by—and no word. Bertha remembers ruefully: "He kept going to meetings once a week, getting madder and madder each week, demanding, 'Do they want me to go on welfare?' " Meantime, in anticipation, Dan (and Bertha, after work and weekends) chased garage sales, auctions, and estate sales in search of merchandise. Everyone in the family cooperated: Dan Jr., a strapping 4-letter sports star at Marian High, was a big help in loading and unloading the furniture and other heavy objects; Lori and Eileen helped sort and wash the dusty dishes. One of Bertha's brothers, an accountant, taught Dan how to keep books.

Finally the permit came and on October 9th, 1971, the Framington Country Store opened its doors to the public. Eileen and Lori dispensed free penny candy and baby-sitting services for potential customers who chatted, bought, bartered, or sold things. Newlyweds found to their delight that they could furnish their entire apartments at a fraction of the anticipated cost. Many of them love old oak pieces and were delighted to find them. Students walked out with armfuls of books for nominal amounts. There isn't much that the Busheys don't sell: bureaus, kitchen sets, dishes, refrigerators, TVs, spinning wheels, cigar-store Indians, old books, bric-a-brac, old cash registers, ski boots. You name it—Bushey's got it. A flyer reads, "Antiques-Household Goods Bought & Sold. . . we will pay top price for one item or complete estates. Call for a free estimate."

Everybody helps

Everybody does his or her thing in maintaining the store: Dan Jr. not only hauls but sells in between his kitchen job in a nearby motel; Lori works behind the counter when she's not working part time at a nursing home, baby-sitting for fees, or traveling and winning baton competitions; Eileen buys penny candy for the neighborhood kids, cares for the family dogs, and helps Lori tend assorted other pets in the basement of the house. During our visit there were 11 white mice under surveillance for a school project.

Bertha Bushey is living proof of the maxim, "Give a busy person a job to do and it'll get done." Over and above her 10–5:30 job as secretary of Framington North High, she "picks up" mornings ("the kids do their own beds"), markets for groceries on Saturdays with Dan, cooks up a storm Sundays (weekdays, Dan does most of the cooking) and chauffeurs the children around to their many appointments (now that Danny has his driving license, that chore's a lighter one). Saturday is housework day for everybody, broken often and happily by the interruption of customers coming into the store.

How has it all worked out; has it been worth it? Ask Dan and he'll tell you, "It took me six years going nights to Northeastern University to earn my two degrees—one in Electrical Engineering, the other in Business Administration. (My Dad was killed in a work accident leaving Mother widowed with eight children, so we all had to pitch in and work.) But I feel nothing's wasted. I use my college education every day of my life—I could never price items if I hadn't had experience as a tube production engineer involved with quantities and qualities and prices. Tubes are a highly competitive business and you're always looking to save pennies. And the design knowledge I garnered in engineering classes comes in mighty handy when I'm dickering for furnishings from estates or auctions. What's more, my formal education whetted my appetite for reading, and boy, is that ever useful now that Bertha and I read everything we can find on antiques. We're becoming antiquarians!"

Proof of the Busheys' contentment with their newfound life-style is the fact that two months ago Dan turned down an engineering job that would have paid even more than he was earning in his last job—and with his family's blessings. Not because the store nets him that much yet, although by October of this year it should be up to it. "Even if it isn't," he says, "it provides a decent living and, just as important, more joy than we ever knew there could be anywhere—in anything."

Photograph, top, by Bo Muni.

BABY OF THE MONTH

The name David, our fourth most popular boy's name, harks back to David, second King of Israel. Our Baby of the Month, David Banks is clearly King of the Michael Banks clan of Highland Heights, Ky. Middle child of Rosemary and Michael Banks, 25 and 27 respectively, he shares a room, a tricycle, and a teeter-totter with older sister, Michelle Anne, now three. But for baby sister Renée Marie (or "Née-Née" as he calls her), David has special brotherly concern, most apparent when he thinks she's cold and gives her his very own blue blanket—his most prized possession! David loves riding, and when Daddy, asst. controller at a hospital, comes home from work early, he often takes King David and his sisters for a ride across the Licking River Bridge in the family chariot, a two-door sedan equipped with car seats in the back for David and Michelle and a pumpkin seat for Renée in front.





Actual picture size.

I got him with my Pocket.

The loveable little camera that takes big pictures.

A Pocket's great for unposed, unplanned pictures because you can keep it within arm's reach. Which makes it very difficult for a guy to get away—even if he wants to.

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WHY CAN'T THEY?

THOSE TV RATINGS

Mrs. Peggye Eck of Williamsport, Pa. writes: "Why can't they find a more realistic method for rating television programs? It really is unfair to allow a small sampling of viewers (usually just a few thousand) to dictate what shows will survive each season. Shouldn't the networks give more people a voice in what they will be watching in their homes each week?"

We turned to Wallace Westfeldt, executive producer at N.B.C., for a reply: "The networks sincerely feel that the present system of polling ratings is fair. While the number of people actually involved may be small, we are convinced they are highly representative of the public. Nobody, so far, has been able to come up with a better system of judging a program's popularity. (It's altogether another question, of course, as to whether popularity is the proper criterion; some say certain programs should stay on the air no matter how poor their ratings, and sometimes they do.)

"We are trying to provide service and programs for a mass audience. As in most ways of polling what a mass group feels, you have to work with a statistician's 'census tract' to arrive at a truly representative sampling. A census tract is a group of people considered representative of the public in terms of economics, education, age, etc. All networks are looking for ways to improve rating systems. Mrs. Eck seems to think if *more* people were polled it would be better. More is not necessarily better; more may tend to confuse rather than enlighten." (Ed. Note—Friends at all major networks agree that letters from viewers help influence decisions on continuing a specific program, low ratings notwithstanding.)

PARTY OF THE MONTH

AN INTERNATIONAL SCENE

Colleen McGiff of Pleasanton, Calif. sent us this idea for a dinner party given by some members of her high school graduating class. We think it's one that JOURNAL readers would enjoy copying. "My friends and I had an International Relations Dinner. It was to be our last party before graduation, and because we wanted it to be our very own, we did everything: planned it, cooked the food, and made decorations. The basic idea was for everyone to bring food and wear clothes that reflected his or her ethnic background. We had a preliminary meeting to assign chores and plan the menu. The day of the party we all helped on decorations—twisting and draping colorful streamers to which we tied bright balloons. We dressed old picnic tables with tie-dyed sheets and paper-flower centerpieces. We wore clothes the colors of the flags of our antecedents. Because I'm Irish, I wore an orange dress and shamrocks in my hair. Some of my classmates sported Mexican serapes and sombreros, others donned Dutch caps, sabots; and braided their hair; a few of the boys braved it in Bavarian lederhosen.

"Our dinner was a smorgasbord of international foods—Italian pizza, Greek grape leaves, Swedish meatballs, Irish corned beef and cabbage, Polish sausage, German potato salad, Mexican tacos, Black soul food, and French parfaits.

"After dinner we taught each other the national dances we knew—an Irish jig, British hornpipe, Scottish schottische, and so on. That party was the greatest—we plan a repeat next year for our first reunion."

SPARE-TIME MONEYMAKER

DOLLS 'N THINGS



Jessie Gebert of Griffith, Ind., has a tidy little spare time income doing something she loves — repairing dolls. So far over 300 pretty doll patients are proof of her talents. "There are women who relax with coffee and conversation," Mrs. Gebert says. "I relax working with my hands, creating things. As a child I disdained dolls, but as I grew older my feelings changed, and by the time I was 12, I was making doll clothes and accessories."

Marriage put a stop to such spare time activity, but a few years ago when her children (Dawn 10 and Douglas 9) were settled in school, Jessie Gebert went back to making doll clothes as a creative outlet. Most of what she made she gave away. But more and more often, people offered to buy her things and one friend even suggested she open a doll shop and hospital.

Jessie thought about it. She bought a book on doll history and one on restoration. As her research library grew, so did her enthusiasm and know-how. Finally, Jessie decided to go ahead she invested about $400 in drills, fabrics, and other necessities, including old dolls for practice work.

Robert, her husband, a plumbing contractor, converted part of their basement to a shop, which they dubbed Dolls 'n Things. Her first year's work netted over $1,000; in 1972 she did even better. Jessie charges about $7 to do body work on a modern doll, about $25 for overhaul of an antique. She explains the difference—"Antique dolls are a real challenge. Recently I restored an authenticated 102-year-old doll from a bagful of pieces. When the doll was restored and dressed, I cried, 'Just look at this doll, I'd love to have one like it.' Our daughter said, 'Oh, oh Daddy, looks like Mommy's fallen in love again!' She's right, I love every one of them."

Our "How America Lives" pages are based entirely on letters from our readers. We welcome any and all suggestions you have. Address letters to the appropriate section: Family of the Month, Party of the Month, Spare-time Money-maker, Women of the Month, Why Can't They?, and Baby of the Month. For the last, send us pictures of your baby, up to two years old, but please keep a duplicate since we cannot return pictures. We'll send an enlargement of all pictures we choose. Send letters to *Ladies' Home Journal*, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

WOMEN OF THE MONTH

RIDING HIGH



Cheryl White is riding—high—in the saddle, and in what has long been a man's world. She is the first jockey to win three consecutive races at two different tracks in one day. Only 19, she's also beautiful, black, and modest. "My daddy trained all three horses I rode," she says with obvious pride in *his* achievement, then added, pooh-poohing her own skill, "you know it's all in the horse." Because racing opportunities are optimum on the West Coast, Cheryl recently moved to Pomona, Calif. At sunrise every day, she's up and exercising horses at the Los Angeles County Fairgrounds. Then, if she has a mount, she's racing at Santa Anita in the afternoon. Cheryl is five feet four inches tall and weighs only 105 lbs. (jockey-perfect statistics), but she claims to "eat like a horse."

About life on the track she said, "I've found no racism here; we're all one big family. It's cool." Asked if being a girl brought her any special treatment from male jockeys, she said, "I'm out there trying to beat them; they might as well be trying to beat me too."

NO SMALL WONDERS

Cindy Arbelbide, 23, a Californian who was graduated from Oregon State U. in December of 1971, could have chosen between modeling and teaching. She chose teaching—in Petersburg, Alaska, on an island so small that when she landed there she stepped from her plane into a house-trailer that served as the air terminal. Once settled in, she put her missionary zeal to work on not-so-small wonders for the tiny community. One of her appreciative students wrote us: "She's our physical education teacher, but she does a lot more than that. She coached our girls to two state track records. We'd never had that before. Then she taught us modern dance, and the school from fourth grade to twelfth gave a program."

All this plus coaching boys and girls cross country track teams, volleyball, and cheerleading—all of which are extra-curricular for Cindy, over and above her regular assignment teaching physical education to some 200 students from kindergarten through twelfth grade.

Cindy asked us to please say that Alaska is more than one's imagination can create—gorgeous mountains, pink and blue skies . . . and the people born and raised here are a special breed. "My plans for the future? To be as happy as I am right now—*here!*"



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WOMEN'S WHERE TRAVEL FILE

HOME IS NEVER LIKE THIS / BY FRANCES KOLTUN



The American big-city hotel and motel, once the preserve of the businessman, are becoming increasingly woman-minded. Aware that women accompany husbands on business trips, travel on their own, or can be tempted to try a weekend of good hotel living with their families (businessmen, after all, drift away on Fridays to their home and hearths, leaving hotels empty), hotels are turning themselves into havens for women. Here's what is happening: at the Northstar Inn and Marquette Inn in Minneapolis, everything comes up rosy—breakfast tray, fresh flower, even the maid's uniform on a Friday to Sunday package called "Pampered in Pink." The wife gets a pink bed jacket as a gift; the husband gets a happy wife. . . . In Houston, the 21-story Houston Oaks Hotel adjoins an ice rink, which is glass-domed and surrounded by a three-story shopping mall with about 112 shops —among them Tiffany's, W & J Sloane, and auction house Sotheby Parke-Bernet. Neiman-Marcus is connected to the Mall, too, altogether making the Houston Oaks the best shoppers' hotel anywhere in the world. . . . At the new Beverly Wilshire Hotel in Beverly Hills, Calif., each floor and corridor has a different theme and decor—Spanish, Mexican, French, and modern.

MONEY STRETCHERS AT HOTELS AND MOTELS



If you save S&H green stamps, you can use them to pay for a room at most of the 106 Rodeway Inns in this country and Mexico. You must reserve in advance and arrive for a weekend. The Rodeway Inns also give you S&H green stamps on every room you occupy. . . . Since weekends are their lightest occupancy times, most big-city hotels offer bargain-priced packages from Friday to Sunday. Remember to ask about them whenever you make a reservation. . . . At most hotels and motels, there is no room charge for children under 12 in the same room with parents. At Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns, for example, if one or more additional rooms are required for a large family, the single-room rate is charged for each extra room, regardless of how many occupy the rooms. . . . Look for refrigerators and soft drink and coffee machines at hotels and motels so that you can be your own room service. . . . The growing trend among hotels and motels is closed-circuit television programs of first-run, first-rate movies and major sports events, for a very nominal charge. . . . Biggest motel news is the two-year-old phenomenon—the budget motel—now spreading throughout the country. The big draw is the low room rate—$8 single, $10 double. Watch for these chains.

COMING IN—GOING OUT: WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW



Check-In: While the hotel day usually starts at 6 A.M., each hotel has a specified hour, usually 1 P.M., when arriving guests may expect their rooms to be ready. On your arrival, you fill out a small registration card, which, among other things, tells the hotel's telephone board that you are registered. . . . Check-out time is the hour you are expected to leave and is usually posted in your room. If you find that you need your room for a short while beyond that time, discuss the matter with the front desk. If the hotel is not heavily booked, you may usually keep your room for a few hours. . . . Whether a room rate includes meals, and how many, is designated by standard alphabetic abbreviations such as EP or European Plan: room only, no meals; MAP or Modified American Plan: room and breakfast and either lunch or dinner each day; AP or American Plan: room and all meals each day; CP or Continental Plan: room and Continental breakfast only. . . . Family Plan is another term you will frequently meet and it means that families, traveling together, receive a special rate. Reservations are important. A written confirmed reservation—preferably with deposit—means your room will be held for you.

Tennis and other attractions. More and more hotels are including tennis courts as part of the action. For "Tennis for Travelers," a guide to some 5,000 individual court locations around the world, write 407 Blade Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45216. The new 1973 edition is $5. ■ The Wheelchair Traveler: Hotels, motels, and sightseeing attractions suitable for the handicapped traveler are listed in a book. All listings have a minimum 26-inch door opening. Price is $3 a copy from Douglas R. Annand, editor, Ball Hill Road, Milford, N. H. 03055. ■ Marriott hotel rooms are now equipped for the creased, wrinkled traveler. There's an ironing board available in every room, designed as part of the luggage unit. . . . And for foreign guests, The American Hotel and Motel Association (with the assistance of The Statler Foundation) has an excellent booklet that tells the visitor what to expect in American inns.

NEWS NOTES FROM THE HOTEL FRONT *The Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York City, offers a "Backstage at the Waldorf" tour: a visit to the immense kitchen, a cooking demonstration, ... and lunch in Peacock Alley. . . . A recent survey among motels that provide waterbeds show that average occupancy was 74.4 percent for regular rooms and 84.1 percent for waterbed rooms, for a waterbed preference of 9.7 percent. . . . Look for live theater in hotel dining rooms. You'll eat your dinner while watching such plays as* Any Wednesday *or* Marriage Go Round. . . . *Most major Hilton hotels have a Lady Hilton program including special feminine-appeal rooms and a friendly Lady Hilton hostess.*

Drawings by Werner Kappes

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Lifestyle Colorado.
Choose a Royal Inn in Denver or Boulder. And venture out in your full-size Hertz Galaxie or Torino with unlimited mileage. (You pay for the gas.) And the cost for 7 days and 6 nights (per person/double occupancy) is only **$113.50.** IT-UA-RI-H-73B.



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THE WISE CHILD

A short story by Dale Eunson

Is any man in love the man he was before? Her story was false and he chose to believe it.

The petty annoyances of an average day in the life of David Fassett were slowly lifting under the recorded ministrations of Horowitz playing Chopin when the doorbell rang. He put down the book he had been reading and eased his long frame out of the old leather chair. When he opened the door the girl stood there.

"You're David Fassett, aren't you?" she asked.

"That's right."

"Could I see you for a moment?"

"Why not?" he asked. "Did I flunk you or something?"

David looked at her. She was thin and not very tall, her enormous gray eyes set far apart, their pupils swimming in the clear whites. Her nose was uptilted, mouth wide, and chin pointed. Her face was actually heart-shaped; her short blonde hair tousled around her face.

"I might have known," David said, pleased with what he saw. "All the girls in my classes iron their hair this year. Come in. Unless you're pushing magazine subscriptions."

"No, sir," the girl said. "I'm afraid it's personal."

He stood aside to let her enter, then closed the door, *(continued)*

Painting by Howard Terpning



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Romance your bedroom with any one of these beautiful bedspreads. Choose from five exclusive designs. Like English country morning glories. Chinese tiger lilies. Or French roses wrapped in ribbons. Flowers to bloom all year in Sears Sudbury Square Collection.

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crossing to the stereo to silence Horowitz. When he turned back to look at her, the girl was staring at a photograph on the coffee table.

"That was my brother," David said, after a moment.

"Yes, I know," the girl nodded, then started to go on, but no sound came from her throat.

"Look," David said, "why not sit down and tell me what this is all about?"

She found the only chair not littered with books. "I—I don't know how to say this," she said. "My name is Jennifer Parker."

"You said it very well," David said. "Nothing to be nervous about?"

"Oh, yes, there is," the girl said. "I guess you've noticed I'm pregnant."

"Congratulations, Mrs. Parker," David said.

"Miss Parker," she corrected.

"Well—that's no concern of mine," David said.

Jennie fumbled for a piece of Kleenex and blew her nose. "Oh, hell," she said. "I'm a big girl. Why don't I come right out and tell you that Jack is—was—the father. . . ."

"Jack? Jack who?"

"Your brother, the writer," Jennie said.

Jack, David thought. Nobody ever called John "Jack." It wouldn't hav been suitable. "My brother John dead," he informed her.

"I know. That's why I came to you

"You want to get rid of your bab is that it?"

"It is not!" Jennie flared, and ro to her feet.

"All right, all *right*," David sai "Take it easy."

She did not want to go back to h Aunt Penelope in Wichita, Kansa Jennie hurried on—Aunt Penny h raised her after both her parents di in an accident—because Aunt Pen was a square and would think she w a fallen woman. And she couldn't go modeling clothes in her present con tion.

"I see," David said, finding it di cult to repress a smile. "Suppose y tell me all about this alleged affair wi John."

"It was not an affair," Jennie sa "When you're in love, it's not an affa You're lovers."

"My error," David said. "Forgive r semantics."

"Oh, that's okay," Jennie said. A how, she went on, John York Fass had been her idol. Everything he wr spoke to her personally. In fact, never could understand how he wr *The Hungry Virgin* without know her. When she *was* a virgin, that is. had even described her physica "Wasn't that weird?"

"Weird," David echoed. The wh thing was weird.

And then one day she had been i bookstore to buy a copy of his last n el, *Stags at Eve*, and she looked up see the author himself beside her, lo ing exactly like the picture on the ba of the book.

"Amazing," David agreed. Espec ly since the pipe in John's mouth the photographer's notion of how author should look, and John shaved off his moustache immediat after the picture was taken.

"Well, I spoke to him," Jennie c tinued, "and he admitted who he w but he said he hoped I wouldn't anybody, because he hated to be rec nized and asked for autographs."

(That he did, David conceded.)

"So anyhow," Jennie went on, walked out of the store and he said didn't we drop into a cocktail bar c by and he'd autograph my book wh nobody could see him doing it."

"So far as I know, John never w into a cocktail bar in his life," Da said.

"You know, that surprised me t Jennie said. But when they got t friends he admitted that all that her stuff was part of the image his publ ers thought up to sell books. He taken her out to dinner, the thea wherever she wanted to go, even Philharmonic Hall. "Though fran he didn't seem to care much for long-hair stuff, that was just to pl me."

She was so pretty, so appealing, vid thought. Why didn't she shut while she was ahead? John not care serious music? Why, both Fassett had been weaned on the three Their mother had been a music teac

"Go on," David said.

"Well," she said, "then it happe We fell in love. It was beautiful bu lasted for just two months. Becaus that heart attack." *(continu*



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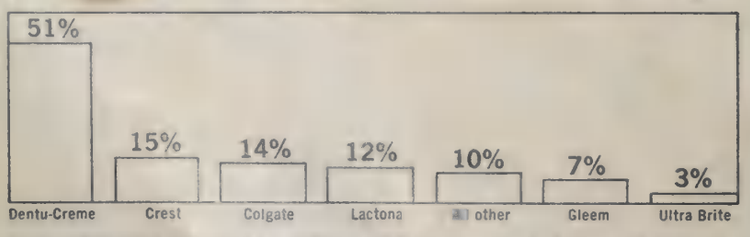




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WISE CHILD *continued*

"You never met any of his friends?" David asked. "Not even Audrey Cooper, his agent?"

"He said they were a crock of literary phonies. He didn't want me contaminated was the way he put it."

"And me. His brother. What did he have to say about me?"

"We saw you once," Jennie said. "It was at Sardi's. You were at a table with a lady, sitting right under Marlon Brando. I recognized you from your picture in *The Times* last year when they made you a full professor of Renaissance Literature at Columbia. I said, 'Jack, there's your brother,' and he said he'd had a fight with you and didn't want to talk to you."

"I had a fight with John?"

"That's what he said. But whether you'd fought or not, you were still brothers. And I got to thinking when I felt the baby kick yesterday for the first time, I'll bet David Fassett would like to know that his brother hadn't died without issue—that's what they call it, isn't it?"

"Issue," David repeated. "Well I'll be damned!"

"Yes," Jennie said. "If you wanted to, you could adopt the baby and give it the Fassett name."

And give it John York Fassett's royalties too, David mused, royalties in which its mother could share. "You had it all figured out, didn't you?"

"Well, not *all*," Jennie said. "I haven't figured out what I'm going to do till the baby is born, but I'll think of something."

David prowled the room. It was all a lie, of course, but how had this girl happened to select J.Y. Fassett as the father of her child? And where was the real father? Or had there been so many candidates that she did not know who he was? David glanced at her covertly. She certainly did not look like that kind of girl, though how could you tell? He was beginning to entertain the possibility that the girl was telling the truth. *Could* this "Jack" she talked about have been John? John, who had always been uptight and formal even with David. If he had fallen in love with this Jennie could he have revealed a side of himself that no one else knew?

"I never fought with John in my life," David said aloud.

"Oh? Well, I'm glad of that. Maybe it was just a misunderstanding."

"You'd better go, young woman," David said after a moment.

"If you think so," Jennie said, rising from her chair.

She started across the room toward the door with no further appeal, no hesitation. Well, she hadn't actually asked for anything, had she?

"Just a minute," David said.

She turned, her hand on the door knob. "Yes?"

"Nothing. Except—well—where are you going? Have you got a place to live?"

"Oh, yes," Jennie said. "My rent is paid till tomorrow."

"Wait!" It had not been a fight between him and John, but there *was* the time David had presumed to ask John what his new novel was about, and John had told him that was none of his damn business. He never discussed work in progress. Could John's neurotic mind have blown that up into a fight?

"Is it all right if I go now?" Jennie was asking.

"What?"

"May I go now, please?"

Her hand was still holding the door open. She looked—what was the word? Pitiful? No, vulnerable. Her rent was paid until tomorrow. What then?

"Why don't you stay here?" David heard himself saying.

"Here? With you?"

"You could. Until your baby is born."

"Well, all right," Jennie said. "Whatever you think. This place is a mess, if you don't mind my saying so. You relax while I straighten up, okay?"

David took Jennie out to dinner. Later they went down to Tenth Street on the subway and she packed her bag—longings—clothes, sample photographs to show possible employers, and a few keepsakes. Among the last was a five-inch Quimper porcelain faun she said Jack had given her. They had been walking up Madison Avenue and she had spotted it in a window. "He said he thought it's eyes were like mine, for some reason."

When they returned to his apartment David told Jennie she was to have the bedroom; he would sleep in the study. She was not to protest. That was the way it was going to be. After she had said goodnight and closed the door David attacked his papers but found the going rough. A few hours ago he had never heard of Jennie Parker. And now in *(continued on page 12)*



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All Creatures Great and Small

By James Herriot

Perhaps once in a decade, an unknown writer who happens to be a born storyteller publishes his or her memoirs. Such an author is James Herriot, an animal doctor in the hill country of Yorkshire, England, during the 1930's—before antibiotics. The Journal proudly presents excerpts from his new book, which crossed the Atlantic without fanfare—and has quickly become a runaway best seller here.

"Old Dog Ill"

I looked at the slip of paper: "Dean, 3, Thompson's Yard. Old dog ill."

There were a lot of these "yards" in Darrowby. They were, in fact, tiny streets, like pictures from a Dickens novel. In front of some of the houses a strip of garden had been dug out and marigolds and nasturtiums straggled over the rough stones; but at the far end the houses were in a tumbledown condition and some were abandoned.

Number three was down at this end and looked as though it wouldn't hold out much longer. The flakes of paint quivered on the rotten wood of the door as I knocked; above, the outer wall bulged dangerously on either side of a long crack in the masonry.

A small, white-haired man answered. His face, pinched and lined, was enlivened by a pair of cheerful eyes; he wore a much-darned woolen cardigan, patched trousers, and slippers.

"I've come to see your dog," I said, and the old man smiled.

"Oh, I'm glad you've come, sir," he said. "I'm getting a bit worried about the old chap. Come inside, please."

He led me into the tiny living room. "I'm alone now, sir. Lost my missus over a year ago. She used to think the world of the old dog."

The grim evidence of poverty was everywhere—in the fireless hearth, the dank, musty smell of the place. On the table the old man's solitary dinner was laid: a fragment of bacon, a few fried potatoes, and a cup of tea. This was life on the old age pension.

In the corner, on a blanket, lay my patient, a cross-bred labrador. He must have been a big, powerful dog in his time, but the signs of age showed in the white hairs round his muzzle and in the depth of his eyes. He lay quietly and looked at me calmly and without any hostility.

"Getting on, isn't he, Mr. Dean?

"Aye, he is that. Nearly fourteen, but he's been like a pup galloping about until these last few weeks. Wonderful dog for his age is old Bob, and he's never offered to bite anybody in his life. Children can do anything with him. He's my only friend now—I hope you'll soon be able to put him right."

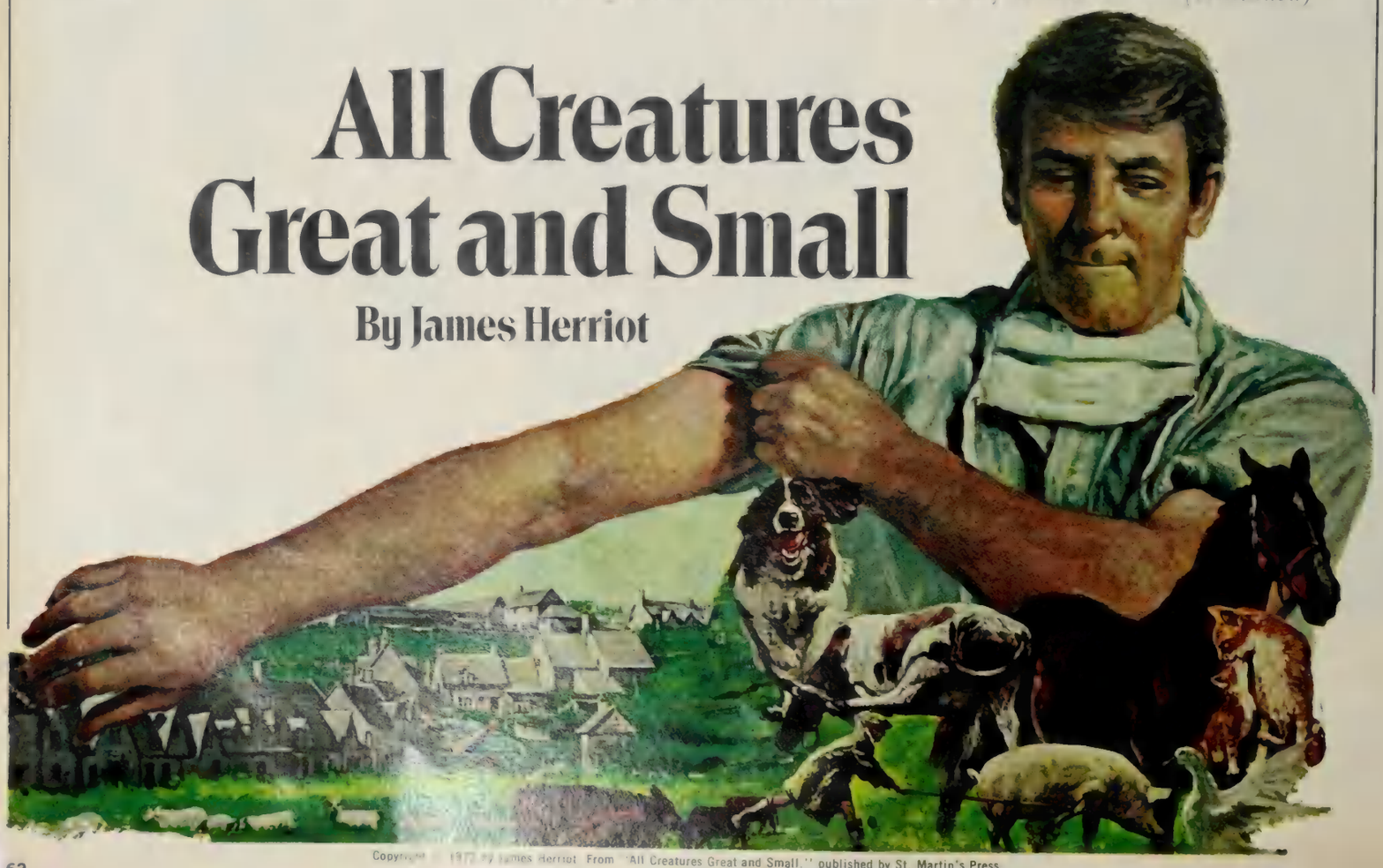
"Is he off his food, Mr. Dean?"

"Yes, clean off, and that's a strange thing because, by gum, he could eat. He always sat by me and put his head on my knee at mealtimes, but he hasn't been doing it lately."

I looked at the dog with growing uneasiness. The abdomen was grossly distended and I could read the telltale symptoms of pain: the catch in the respirations, the retracted commissures of the lips, the anxious expression.

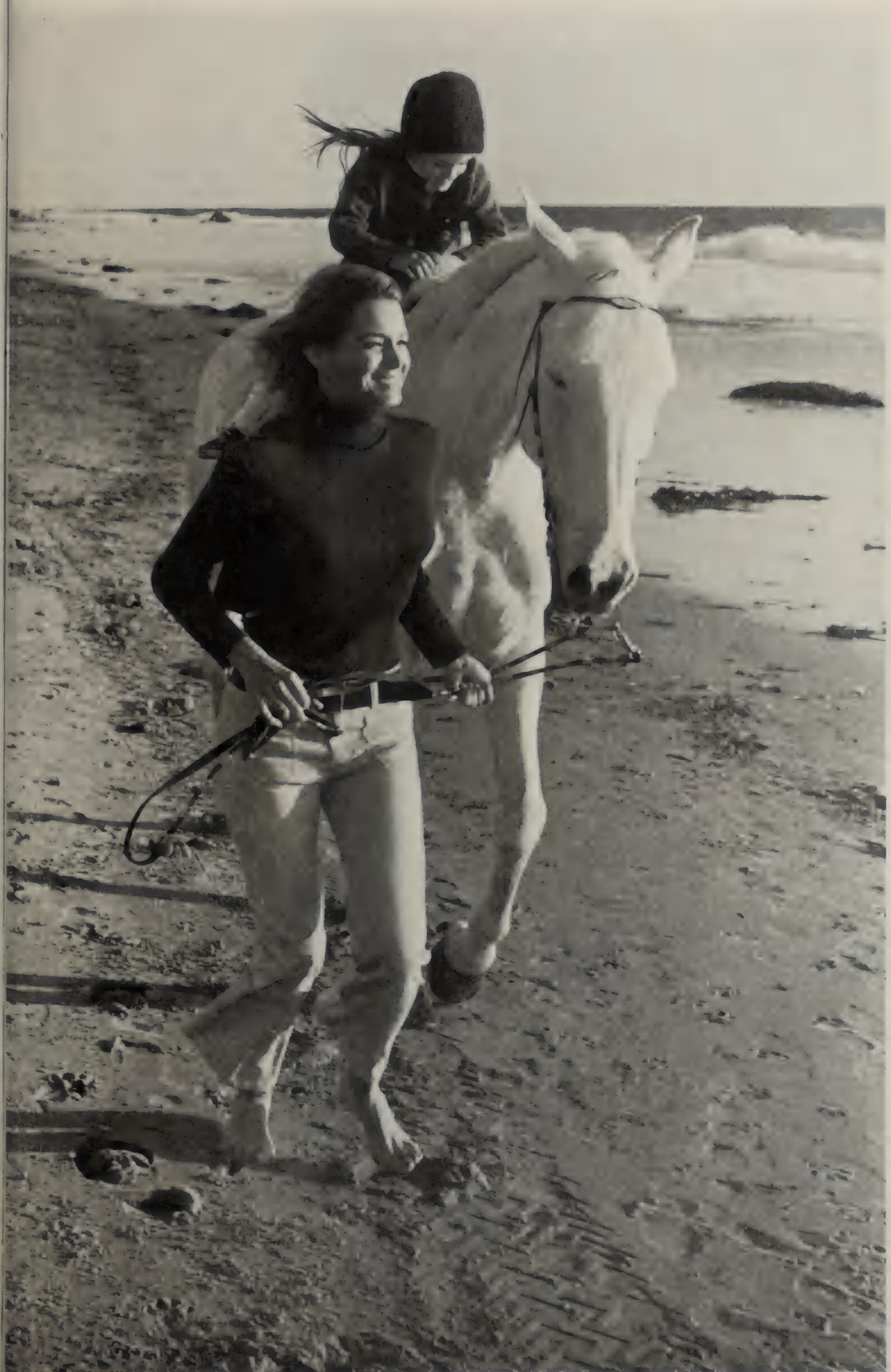
When his master spoke, the tail thumped twice and a momentary interest showed in the white old eyes; but it quickly disappeared and the blank, inward look returned.

I passed my hand carefully over the dog's abdomen. "Come on, old chap," I said, "let's see if we can roll you over." The dog made no resistance as I eased him slowly on to his other side, but, just as the movement was completed, he whimpered. The cause of the trouble was now only too easy to find. *(continued)*



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Through the thin muscle of the flank I could feel a hard, corrugated mass: certainly a splenic or hepatic carcinoma, enormous and completely inoperable. I stroked the old dog's head as I tried to collect my thoughts. This wasn't going to be easy.

"Is he going to be ill for long?" the old man asked, and again came the thump, thump of the tail at the sound of the loved voice. "It's miserable when Bob isn't following me round the house when I'm doing my little jobs."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dean, but this is very serious. This large swelling is caused by an internal growth."

"You mean . . . cancer?" the little man said faintly.

"I'm afraid so, and it has progressed too far for anything to be done."

The old man's lips trembled. "Then he's going to die?"

I swallowed hard. "We really can't just leave him to die, can we? He's in some distress now, but it will soon be an awful lot worse. Don't you think it would be kindest to put him to sleep?" I always aimed at a brisk, matter-of-fact approach, but the old clichés had an empty ring.

The old man was silent, then he said, "Just a minute," and slowly and painfully knelt down by the side of the dog. He did not speak, but ran his hand again and again over the grey old muzzle and the ears, while the tail thump thump, thumped on the floor.

He knelt there a long time while I stood in the cheerless room, my eyes taking in the faded pictures on the walls, the frayed, grimy curtains, the broken-springed armchair.

At length the old man struggled to his feet and gulped once or twice. Without looking at me, he said huskily, "All right, will you do it now?"

I filled the syringe and said the things I always said. "You needn't worry, this is absolutely painless. Just an overdose of an anesthetic. It is really an easy way out for the old fellow."

The dog did not move as the needle was inserted, and, as the barbiturate began to flow into the vein, the anxious expression left his face and the muscles began to relax. By the time the injection was finished, the breathing had stopped.

"Is that it?" the old man whispered.

"Yes, that's it," I said. "He is out of his pain now."

The old man stood motionless except for the clasping and unclasping of his hands. When he turned to face me his eyes were bright. "That's right, we couldn't let him suffer, and I'm grateful for what you've done. And now what do I owe you for your service, sir?"

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Dean," I said quickly. "It's nothing—nothing at all. I was passing right by here—it was no trouble."

The old man was astonished. "But you can't do that for nothing."

"Now please say no more about it, Mr. Dean. As I told you, I was passing right by your door." I said good-by and went out of the house, through the passage and into the street. In the bustle of people and the bright sunshine, I could still see only the stark little room, the old man and his dead dog.

As I walked towards my car, I heard a shout behind me. The old man was shuffling excitedly toward me in his slippers. His cheeks were streaked and wet, but he was smiling. In his hand he held a small brown object.

"You've been very kind, sir. I've got something for you." He held out the object and I looked at it. It was tattered but just recognizable as a precious relic of a bygone celebration.

"Go on, it's for you," said the old man. "Have a cigar."

"A 'ot Dinner and Entertainers"

I was always conscious of the gulf that was bound to exist between these hill folk and a city product like me. Much as I admired them I was aware always that we were different; it was inevitable, I knew, but it still rankled so that a sincere expression of friendship from one of them struck a deep answering chord in me. Especially when it came from somebody like Dick Rudd.

I produced a nice live heifer calf for Dick the first morning we met, and later, gratefully drinking a cup of hot tea in the farmhouse kitchen, I was surprised at the throng of young Rudds milling around me; there were seven of them and they were unexpectedly grown up. In their early married life the Rudds, anxious like all farmers for

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e children, had observed with in-
sing chagrin the arrival of five suc-
sive daughters. "We nearly packed
hen," Dick confided to me once; but
y didn't and their perseverance
rewarded at last by the appearance
wo fine boys. A farmer farms for his
s, and Dick had something to work
now.

puzzled me how Mrs. Rudd, armed
with the milk check from Dick's
shaggy cows, had managed to feed
m all, never mind bring them to this
e of physical perfection. I gained
first clue one day when I had been
ng some calves and I was asked to
e a "bit o' dinner" with them.
cher's meat was a scarce commod-
on the hill farms and I was familiar
the usual expedients for filling up
eager stomachs before the main
rse—the doughy slab of Yorkshire
lding or the heap of suet dumplings.
Mrs. Rudd had her own method—
g bowl of rice pudding with lots of
k was her hors d'oeuvres. I could
the family slowing down as they
ughed their way through it. I was
enous when I sat down but after the
I viewed the rest of the meal with
l detachment.

Dick believed in veterinary advice
everything, so I was a frequent vis-
at Birch Tree Farm. Whenever I
the farm I found something on the
of my car—a couple of scones, three
s. I don't know how Mrs. Rudd
red them but she never failed.

ick had a burning ambition—to up-
le his stock until he had a dairy
d that would live up to his ideals.
hout money behind him he knew it
uld be a painfully slow business, but
was determined.

When Dick stopped me on the road
morning and asked me to come up
his place, I knew by his air of sup-
ssed excitement that something big
happened. He led me into the byre
I stood silent. He didn't need to say
thing because I was staring unbe-
ingly at a bovine aristocrat.

Dick's cows were a motley lot. But
fway down the byre, contrasting al-
st violently with her neighbors, was
erfect Dairy Shorthorn cow. She
resented all the glory and pride of
breed. The wide pelvis tapering to
shoulders and a delicate head, the
el udder thrusting back between the
d legs, and the glorious color—dark
n.

Dick's voice was elaborately casual.
'you like her?"

She's a picture—a show cow. I've
er seen one better." I didn't ask
ether Dick had cajoled his bank
nager or had been saving up for
rs just for this.

Aye, reckon she'll be as good as
of my other cows, and a calf out of
'll be worth a bit." He ran his hand
ng the perfectly level, smoothly
hed back. "She's got a great fancy
ligree name but missus 'as called her
awberry."

I knew as I stood there that I was
king not just at a cow but at Dick
dd's hopes for the future.

t was about a month later that he
oned me. "I want you to come and
k at Strawberry," he said. "There's
nmat amiss with her this morning."

The cow didn't really look ill, but I
iced that she gulped slightly when
swallowed. Her temperature was
rmal and her lungs clear, but when
I stood up by her head I could just hear a faint snoring sound.

"It's her throat, Dick," I said. "There's a chance that she's starting a little abscess in there." I spoke lightly but I wasn't happy. Post-pharyngeal abscesses were, in my limited experience, nasty things. They were situated in an inaccessible place, right away behind the back of the throat, and if they got very large could interfere seriously with the breathing.

I gave an injection and turned to Dick. "I want you to foment this area behind the angle of the jaw with hot water and rub this salve well in afterwards. You may manage to burst the abscess that way. Do this at least three times a day."

I kept looking in at her over the next ten days and the picture was one of steady development of the abscess. The cow was still not acutely ill but she was eating a lot less, she was thinner, and was going off her milk. Most of the time I felt rather helpless as I knew that only the rupture of the abscess would bring relief, and the various injections I was giving her were largely irrelevant.

It happened just then that for a few days I was at full stretch and hardly had time to think about Dick's cow until he biked in to see me one morning. He was cheerful as usual but he had a strained look. *(continued)*

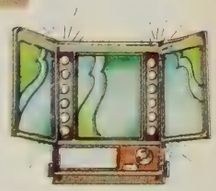
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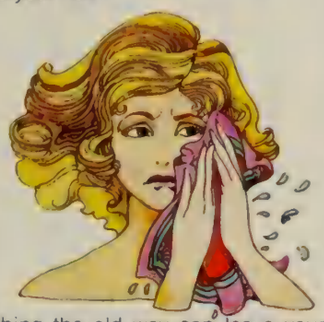


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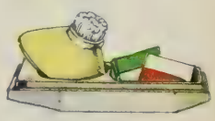




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- 1 package (1 cup) Nestlé's® Butterscotch Morsels
- 1 cup coarsely-chopped walnuts

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4 Seasons Woman



"Will you come and see Strawberry? I don't like the look of her."

I dashed straight out. The sight of Strawberry stopped me in mid-stride and I stared, dry-mouthed, at what had once been a show cow. She was little more than a hide-covered skeleton. Her rasping breathing could be heard all over the byre and she exhaled with a curious out-puffing of the cheeks that I had never seen before. Her terrified eyes were fixed rigidly on the wall in front of her. Occasionally she gave a painful little cough which brought saliva drooling from her mouth.

I winced inwardly. "Hell, Dick, I'm sorry. I'd no idea she'd got to this state. I can't believe it. The abscess must be right at its peak. She hasn't much space to breathe through now." As I spoke the cow's limbs began to tremble and for a moment I thought she would fall. I ran out to the car and got a tin of poultice. "Come on, let's get this onto her throat. It just might do the trick."

When we had finished I looked at Dick. "I think tonight will do it. It's just got to burst."

"And if it doesn't she'll snuff it tomorrow," he grunted. I must have looked very woebegone because suddenly his undefeated grin flashed out. "Never mind, lad, you've done everything anybody could do."

But as I walked away I wasn't so sure. Mrs. Rudd met me at the car. It was her baking day and she pushed a little loaf into my hand. It made me feel worse.

That night I sat alone and brooded. I wished to God I knew what I was going to do with that cow of Dick's in the morning. By the time I went up to bed I had decided that if nothing further had happened I would have to go in behind the angle of the jaw with a knife. I knew just where the abscess was, but en route there were such horrific things as the carotid artery and the jugular vein.

The next day, I saw with a sick dismay that Strawberry's stall was empty. So that was that. She was dead. I was turning away when Dick called to me.

"I've got her in a box on t'other side of the yard. Thought she'd be a bit more comfortable in there."

Strawberry was off her legs now—it had cost her the last of her strength to walk to the box—and she lay on her chest, her head extended straight in front of her, nostrils dilated, eyes staring, cheeks puffing in her desperate fight for breath.

But she was alive, and the relief I felt seemd to prick me into action.

"Dick," I said, "I've just got to operate on your cow. It's now or never. But the only way I can think of doing it is to go in from behind the jaw. I've never done this before, I've never seen it before, and I've never heard of anybody doing it. If I nick any of those big blood vessels in there it'll kill her within a minute."

"She can't last much longer like this," Dick grunted. "There's nowt to lose—get on with it."

With Strawberry under an anesthetic, I incised the skin, cut carefully through the long thin layer of the brachiocephalic muscle and held the fibers apart with retractors. I put the scalpel down, lifted a pair of long artery forceps and pushed them steadily down through the hole in the muscle. It seemed that I had gone an incredibly long way when, almost unbelievingly, I saw a thin trickle of pus along the gleaming metal. I was into the abscess. The trickle became a creamy torrent that gushed over my hand. I stayed quite still till it had stopped, then withdrew the forceps.

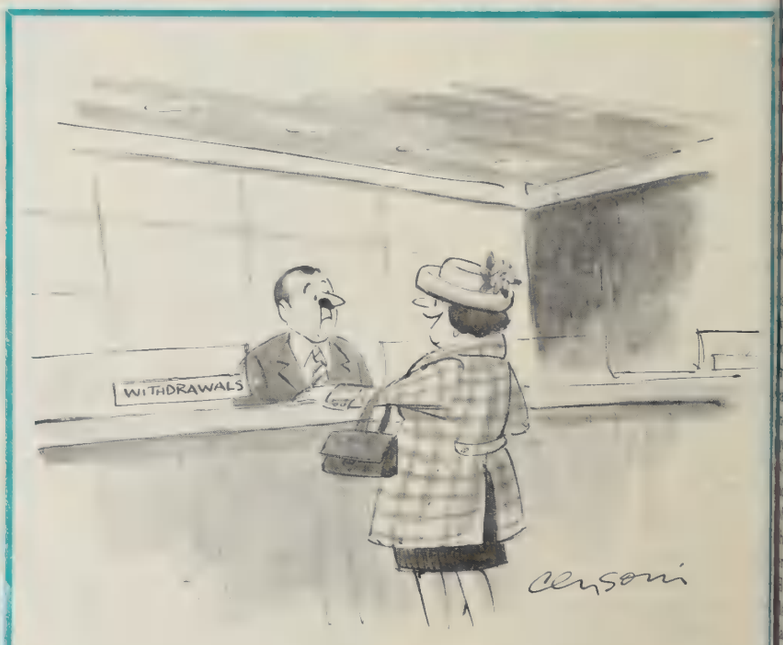
"Well, I've emptied the thing, Dick," I said, "and by all the laws she should soon be a lot better."

Next day as I hurried across the yard I felt buoyantly confident. I shouted across to Dick, "Well, how is she this morning?"

He hesitated, and my spirits plummeted.

Strawberry was worse. And on top of all the other symptoms she had a horribly sunken eye—the sign, usually, of approaching death in the bovine.

We both stood looking at the grim wreck of the once beautiful cow, ther



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Filtered Max-Pax: It's a sure thing.



ck broke the silence, speaking gent-
"Well, what do you think? Is it the acker man for her?"

I shuffled my feet miserably. "I don't ow what to say, Dick. There's noth-g more I can do." I took another look the gasping, staring head, the mass bubbling foam around the lips and strils. "You don't want her to suffer y more and neither do I. But she's t actually in pain, and I want to give r another day." The very words unded futile—every instinct told me e thing was hopeless. I turned to go, wed down by a sense of failure heav-r than I had ever known. As I went t into the yard, Dick called after me. "Don't worry, lad, these things hap-n. Thank ye for all you've done."

The words were like a whip across y back. What had he to thank me for ith his cow dying back there, the only od cow he'd ever owned?

When I opened the car door I saw a bbage on the seat. Mrs. Rudd, too, as still at it. I leaned my elbow on the of of the car and the words flowed om me. It was as if the sight of the bbage had tapped the deep well of y frustration and I directed a soliloy at the unheeding vegetable in hich I ranged far over my many in-dequacies. I pointed out the injustice f a situation where kindly people like e Rudds, in dire need of skilled vet-rinary assistance, had called on Mr. ferriot who had responded by falling at on his face. I drew attention to the act that the Rudds, instead of hound-ng me off the place as I deserved, had anked me sincerely and started to ive me cabbages.

As I drove home I could not detect a glimmer of hope. If the walls of that abscess had been going to collapse they would have done so by now. The cow would be dead in the morning.

I was so convinced of this that I didn't hurry to Birch Tree next day. It was almost midday when I drove through the gates. I knew what I would find—the usual grim signs of a vet's failure: the box door open and the drag marks where the knacker had winched the carcass across the yard onto his lorry. But everything was as usual and as I walked over to the silent box I steeled myself. The knacker man hadn't arrived yet but there was nothing surer than that my patient was lying dead in there. She couldn't possibly have hung on till now. My fingers fumbled at the catch as though something in me didn't want to look inside, but with a final wrench I threw the door wide.

Strawberry was standing there, eating hay from the rack: and not just eating it but jerking it through the bars almost playfully as cows do when they are really enjoying their food. It looked as though she couldn't get it down fast enough, pulling out great fragrant tufts and dragging them into her mouth with her rasp-like tongue. As I stared at her an organ began to play somewhere in the back of my mind: not just a little organ but a mighty instrument with gleaming pipes climbing high into the shadows of the cathedral roof. I went into the box, closed the door behind me, and sat down in the straw in a corner. I had waited a long time for this. I was going to enjoy it.

The cow was almost a walking skeleton. As she stood, she trembled from sheer weakness, but there was a light in her eye, a calm intensity in the way she ate that made me certain she would soon fight her way back to her old glory.

Strawberry made an amazing recovery. I saw her three weeks later and her bones were magically clothed with flesh, her skin shone and, most important, the magnificent udder bulged turgid beneath her.

A few weeks after the Strawberry episode I was back in my old position in the Rudds' kitchen with the family around me, trying to cope with a piece of Mrs. Rudd's apple tart. Mrs. Rudd spoke up.

"Mr. Herriot," she said in her quiet, matter-of-fact way, "Dick has something to say to you."

Dick cleared his throat and sat up straighter in his chair. "What I want to say is this," he said. "It'll soon be our silver wedding anniversary and we're going to 'ave a bit of a do. We want you to be our guest."

I almost choked. "Dick, Mrs. Rudd, that's very kind of you. I'd love that—I'd be honored to come."

Dick inclined his head gravely. "Aye, t'missus and me have worked it all out." He squared his thin shoulders and lifted his chin proudly.

"We're having a 'ot dinner and entertainers."

"Topsy's Kittens"

You don't find people like the Bramleys now: radio, television, and the automobile have carried the outside world into the most isolated places, so that the simple people you used to meet on the lonely farms are rapidly becoming like people anywhere else.

But even in the thirties, when there were many places still untouched by the flood of progress, the Bramleys were in some ways unique. There were four of them: three brothers, all middle-aged bachelors, and an older sister, also unmarried: their farm lay in a wide, shallow depression in the hills.

There was, in fact, no road to the farm, but that didn't bother the Bramleys because the world held no great attraction for them. Miss Bramley made a few trips to market, and Herbert, the middle brother, had come into town in the spring of 1929 to have a tooth out, but apart from that they stayed contentedly at home.

On one visit, I was about to knock when I stopped with my hand poised. I found I was looking through the kitchen window and in the interior, dimly lit by an oil lamp, the Bramleys were sitting in a row.

They weren't grouped round the fire but were jammed tightly on a long, wooden bench that stood against the far wall. The strange thing was the almost exact similarity of their attitudes: all four had their arms folded, chins resting on their chests, feet stretched out in front of them. The men were stocking-footed, but Miss Bramley wore an old pair of carpet slippers.

I stared, fascinated by the curious immobility of the group. They were not asleep, not talking or reading or listening to the radio—in fact they didn't have one—they were just sitting.

I had never seen people just sitting before and I stood there for some min-

(continued on page 77)

America's Teacher of the Year



A lesson on fish in the "food chain" spills over from classroom to Jack's pond. His sixth graders and Principal, Herb Ekstrom, are happy anglers.

This year's first-place winner, Jack Ensworth of Bend, Oregon, is an imaginative sixth-grade teacher who knows how to make school a pleasurable experience for his students—and himself! **By Evan Frances**

Portland recedes, a megalopolis behind us in contrast to the peace of greening Willamette



In "maternity center" of school yard, pregnant ewes, bought by Jack, make biology come alive.

Valley. We spin across North Santiam Pass, over cold decks of sawed fir, hemlock, and cedar logs branded like cows by timber-cutting companies . . . then ascend the Cascade Mountain range with its snow-capped Three Sisters and Bachelor Butte. Legend has it that Bachelor is sidling closer to the nearest Sister and could make it any century now. We reach Summit, Oregon (elevation: 4,817 feet), and streak down to the Deschutes River. In its bend is the fittingly named town of Bend—population: 14,009, including John Arthur Ensworth, 46, Oregon's Teacher of the Year . . . a man with the speech and stride and openness of this Northwest country. And a man his townspeople predict "is bound to be a legend in his time."

What happened to Jack Ensworth recently would indicate he's on his way there: A screening committee of eminent educators and citizens selected him 1973 National Teacher of the Year in an awards program sponsored by Encyclopaedia Britannica Companies, the Council of Chief State School Officers, and *Ladies' Home Journal*. Now in its 22nd year, the Teacher of the Year Award is the oldest ongoing national awards program honoring classroom teachers who symbolize excellence in teaching and is open to participation by the 50 states and six territories. Jack Ensworth accepted the award at a White House ceremony in April and, in turn, saluted two former schoolteachers, Mrs. Pat Nixon and Mrs. Julie Eisenhower, as Honorary Teachers.

As we enter his sixth-grade classroom in Bend's Kenwood School, where he has been for 15 of his 23 teaching years, he is saying, "Sorry, kids, Buttermilk was in false labor. I promise I'll call when it happens even if it's two in the morning. And I'll pass out Tootsie Rolls instead of cigars when she delivers." He did just that when Buttermilk had twins two weeks later. Buttermilk is one of two ewes (both then pregnant) that Jack bought for his students. A girl turns her towhead to us and says earnestly, "You see, she went into labor Friday afternoon and we were sure she'd deliver that night, so we begged Mr. Ensworth to call us as soon as her babies were born. We set up a telephone relay plan. He'd call me and I'd call Cathy and Cathy'd call . . ." Here Cathy interrupted with, "You see, she was five fingers dilated already."

We were taken to an enclosed school yard, where we were introduced to Buttermilk and Mrs. Lincoln, who flourish on alfalfa, hay, water, salt, and range cubes ("Their chief source of protein," Cathy confided). Here the ewes delivered in a specially-heated "maternity center" built by the youngsters, with Jack Ensworth's guidance. When they encouraged their big-city visitor to feed the ewes, they admonished her, as Jack had admonished them: "Keep your thumb down flat and close to your palm or you could lose it."



Son of deaf mutes, Jack teaches sign language "so they'll have another way to communicate."

On a wall hangs a picture of a lamb with a sing-song underneath: "Patty cake, patty cake, brand the lamb . . . bring your money as fast as you can." Students can "brand the lamb" with their initials *if* they can pay for the "privilege" with money they must earn doing chores at home or in school. The money thus collected will pay for the jigsaw at one end of the room. It cost $5 (Jack advanced the money) and is a real bargain considering the woodworking creativity it has kindled in girls and boys—plus, at last, an appetite for mastering reading and math that the jigsaw's manual has whetted among heretofore slow learners. "How else could they figure out how to work the saw's parts or measurements for whatever they want to make? They just had to read and use arithmetic to do it, right?" asks Jack cannily. Near the jigsaw was a time-segmented chart—for students to guess what minute and hour Buttermilk would give birth. We marvel at this irresistible pedagogy—what an adroit combination of sex, shop, nutrition, economics, and math education!



Jack coaches basketball in school gym. He calls it "a great mix for the brawns and the brains."

Along a back wall of the classroom are a half dozen big tanks of tropical fish. Jack gives an assignment—"Tie up Mendel's Law with angel fish." He is very serious as he tells his class why, in order to maintain a balanced ecology, some stronger animals must kill off the weaker. "But," he points out, "animals kill by instinct whereas humans kill wantonly." He leavens such grave lectures with humor: "That's right, it's whalebone—what made girls' figures look great before women's lib—the now-unmentionable girdle!" The 11-year-olds howl with *(continued)*



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America's Teacher of the Year

John Ensworth's running mates (shown below) are Mrs. Sarah Spi of Raleigh, N.C. and Mrs. Mary Elizabeth C. Brown of Houston, Tex.; M Thelma Patel of Woodmere, N.Y., and Mrs. Marita Eng of Jacksonville, I



Sarah Spivey team-teaches 114 pupils in fourth-fifth-grade, multi-age open classroom of North Ridge School, Wake County, Raleigh, N.C.

understanding—and glee. You come away sure nobody's turned off by science.

How consistent these scenes are with Jack Ensworth's philosophy of teaching: "We must guide [children] to be aware of their surroundings, material found in books, the classroom, and their homes. Our communities are rich with natural resources and people, which must be utilized to fuel learning."

For children with, as he puts it, "learning disabilities triggered by low images of themselves," Jack tries "to improve their image . . . because whether they're youngsters who can't read or spell or compute or physically coordinate, you can develop their skills through the things they *like* to do. What opens



Mary Elizabeth Brown teaches journalism and "mothers" Scottish Brigade at Stephen F. Austin High School in Houston, Texas.

the door are personal interests—it's worth everything to unlock those doors."

Jack's tiny ranch, two miles from school, with its man-made lake for fishing or ice skating, and his two horses, are "not just for my family and me. My students feel at home here." The Ensworths have three children: strawberry-blonde, pigtailed daughters named Annetta, 12, Lisa, 10, and their brother Blakely, 7.

Jack often draws upon his past to illustrate a point. He recounts how his father came to see him off to military service when he was drafted right out of high school. Jack's Dad *kissed* him good-bye. Said Jack, "That kiss did it—I boarded the train all smiles. We must be able to show love when we feel it . . . anger, w it's justified . . . honest emoti



Thelma Patel teaches 4th-gra movie-making and cantata-compos along with "3 R's," at Woodmere mentary School, Woodmere, N.Y.

And none of that 'boys mustn't or 'girls are not mechanical' st

He interrupts a lesson on the jor anthropological races to d bigotry, digging into his own in city boyhood in industrial Ak Ohio, where he attended and l



Marita Eng, math department ch man at Jacksonville's Sandalu Junior-Senior High, teaches ev thing from calculus to remedial m

taught school. He tells of gi black children who couldn't af to go on to college . . . about on his two brothers who has three dren of his own and adopted multiracial children. No studen Jack's was ever taught to hate. O have contempt for the handicap either. The son of deaf-mute par who attended famed Gallaudet lege in Washington, D.C., J teaches classes the sign language himself used to communicate v his folks. Why? "It can help hea children aid deaf people. It tea them how lucky they are to be to speak. And it gives them still other way to communicate."

What about exceptionally bri children? "I don't believe in sepa ing them," Jack says. "I put more-gifted to work coaching less-gifted. It keeps them from coming bored, lessens the chanc their being conceited because makes them *givers*. I urge their ents to settle for enrichment, wh is better than acceleration beca many high-I.Q. kids can't make emotional adjustment to older c dren in higher grades."

If your hair isn't beautiful the rest hardly matters.



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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By Gloria Goldreich

The nurse who carried my two-day-old son in for his first feeding wore the overly cheerful, proprietary look endemic to nursery personnel.

"Here's Harry," she gushed, "but where are Tom and Dick?"

I groaned inwardly and apologized to the small creature in my arms. He didn't know it yet, but he was doomed. All his life people would be asking him about Tom and Dick. His adolescence would be plagued by giggling girls humming "I'm Just Wild About Harry" between blushes and snickers. Should he ever make a team, cheerleaders would leap frantically around shouting: "H-A-double R-Y . . . spells Harry!" And of course, there would be the second- or third-grade teacher who might allow him to leave the room with the jocular admonition: "Don't tarry, Harry."

I thought wildly about recalling his birth certificate and choosing another name, but I realized that it really made no difference. All names, however carefully chosen and lovingly bestowed by parents, are fraught with hazard.

My husband, who answers to the simple, unpretentious name of Sheldon, recalls a childhood spent defending himself against being called "Eggshell." In college he decided to make a fresh start and call himself simply Shel, whereupon he spent the next four years known as "Conch."

My own experience as a Gloria has not been happier. Glorias are either Glory or Glo, and so I had to smile weakly and wave lethargically to bright greetings of "Good morning, Glory"—or "Hi, Glow-worm!" Since I am not temperamentally in tune to either the flower or the insect, it took some fortitude until I could insist on the use of my full name.

Remembering our own trials, we were careful when we named our first child; we selected the simple, inoffensive name Jean. We were wrong. Jean rhymes with too many things. To date, our five-year-old has fallen victim to the accusation that she was stuck-up—whereupon she became "Queen Jean." Failure to lend her tricycle leads to cries of "Mean Jean." And wearing a crisply ironed white dress earns her the dread title of "Clean Jean."

We were more adventurous in naming our second daughter; we came up with Davida. "David with an A," we explained, delighted at our own ingenuity—and at what we considered the melodious roll of syllables. We were disenchanted, however, when a fellow vacationer at a resort told how cute our daughter "Velveeta" was.

"We should have called her Mary," I told my husband, but then a Mary moved in across the street—to be greeted each morning by a gleeful chorus demanding to know the whereabouts of her little lamb.

Since no one seems to be safe, friends of ours decided to gratify a small conceit and name their children from the Book of Samuel. Their three sons were called David, Jonathan, and Saul, and their daughter is Micah. The children are constantly being asked for news of their brother Absalom.

The mania for biblical names is subsiding somewhat, but there was a time when the playground sounded like an Old and New Testament roll call. Small Adams and Jacobs fought over marbles, while Rachels and Rebeccas played house with Matthews and Marks. One memorable afternoon I heard a mini-skirted mother chide her small son.

"Jedediah," she hissed, "I told you not to throw sand at Luke."

Poor, poor Jedediah.

Another child who has my profound sympathy is a little girl whom I have seen twice. Her mother and I shared a room when I gave birth to Jean. When I was told that her name was Erica Lynn, I looked at the newborn babe and thought, "Erica Lynn, she has no chin." Which was almost true. Five years later, I passed a park and saw a small, almost chinless girl, fleeing crowd of tiny tormenters who cho used: "Erica Lynn, she has no chin." wonder whether Erica will choose change of name or plastic surgery?

And so if my Harry should ever con plain to me, I shall tell him of Jededia and Erica Lynn and ask him to thir about the fate of all those Toms ar Dicks who are constantly being aske about Harry. Besides, he's lucky not be Absalom. I think.

EN

What carries your lov and proves good thing



Fashionaire
Elegant, roomy, custom-crafted look. Men's 3-suiter shown in Dark Chestnut.

ActionPaks
Sporty, all-purpose carry-alls. Club Bag shown in Desert Tan corduroy.

Silhouette
A tireless travel companion Ladies' 24 Pullman in Autumn Blaze.

RUG AND CARPET CARE

By Virginia T. Habeeb

ugs and carpets will look better and st longer if you keep them free of t, greasy surface soil, and embedded it. Here are some suggestions to cope ith special problems that arise in gen- al rug and carpet care.

Cigarette Burns—Snip off fiber ends singed by the cigarette, and sponge area with a detergent solution. If the hole is large, fill in with a piece of tuft or fiber taken from a sample or similar pile. If burn is serious, seek professional advice.

Moths, Carpet Beetles, Silverfish—If you have purchased your carpeting within the last 18 to 24 months and it was made in the United States, you can be fairly sure it is permanently protected against moths, carpet beetles, and silverfish. You can have mothproofing done professionally or you can do it yourself with products made especially for carpets.

Crushing or Matting—All carpet fibers will crush when subjected to heavy loads, such as furniture, for prolonged periods of time. When furniture is to be removed, "matting" may be corrected by carefully using the following procedure:

- Moisten the matted areas with water and cover with a clean, white, dry cloth.
- Place a hot iron very lightly on the cloth, or use the spray setting over the cloth to moisten it.
- Brush the tufts erect with your fingertips or a dull, blunt knife or spatula.

Curling—Apply a hot iron to a damp cloth (see Crushing) on both back and front of rug and flatten with your fingertips. Repeat if situation is not corrected the first time. Or dampen the carpet and roll on a broomstick or baseball bat and pound curled surface repeatedly.

Loose Edges on Wall-to-Wall Carpets (Stretching)—If newly installed carpeting loosens or stretches near the edges, it needs restretching. Call the carpet mechanic who laid the carpeting and have him restretch or cut it to make it taut. Carpeting may have a tendency to loosen and ripple during the hot humid months. This rippling may correct itself as the fall season approaches.

Pilling—Pilling is characterized by small fuzzy balls of fiber, held to the pile by longer fibers which are too strong to break. Regular and thorough vacuuming and occasional shearing will minimize this problem. There are "pill-removing" gadgets available, usually in notions departments.

Shading—Continued or prolonged traffic wear will flatten pile carpet and tend to slant it in one direction or the other. This creates light and dark reflections, called shading. Turning a rug from side to side to distribute wear will help prevent this situation. If you place rugs so the light goes into the pile, the rug will look darker as the light is absorbed; if you turn the pile away from the light, it will take on a bright sheen. This is especially true with Orientals.

Shedding—During the first few months of use, even the best wool pile carpets will "shed" short pieces of fiber. This is due to short ends of fiber which are caught in the pile during the shearing operation or to loose ends of the staple fibers which are not anchored in the backing or to loss of moisture during the storage (which returns upon use). Normal shedding does not represent a significant loss of fiber. Regular vacuuming will end the shedding problem within a few weeks after installation, if the carpet gets normal wear.

Sprouting—Sometimes ladies' heels, pets' claws, sharp projections on floor-care equipment, or a child's toy will snag the carpet and pull up or "sprout" a tuft. These sprouts should be clipped off with a small sharp shears, *never pulled!* If the condition persists, check one of the above sources.

Static—Most fabrics are susceptible to static electricity, but in carpeting the problem is more severe. It is caused by low humidity when moisture is removed from the air by heat. You may get a "shock" by walking across the carpeting and touching metal or another human being. It is remedied by adding moisture to the air or by applying anti-static materials. **END**

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ves happily ever after,
ome in big packages?



Caribbea
Soft, supple, lightweight. Nile Blue Ladies' 26 Pullman.

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May is luggage and leather goods month.

BEAUTY SIGNALS

New Color from Top to Toe

The big news this spring is an excitin return to color. Important trends watch: Hair tints (especially aubu and henna rinses), new pastel n shades (like baby blue, yellow, mauv and lime), vibrant makeup (in bo pastel and deep colors), brightly c ored beauty accessories. Expressi your own personality with color h never been more fun. So experimer An unexpected touch of color can real lift your spirits.

• Starting from the top, give your h a lift with a semi-permanent co rinse. You can do it yourself wi Clairol's Loving Care, especially ma for beginners. Foam it in, wait 15 m utes, and rinse it out. Color should l through six shampoos. Comes in shades to highlight or cover gray. $2.

• Undecided about hair color? A may be the answer. It's your chance change color without really chang the real you. The "Clio" from Pie Cardin's Collection is a short little with soft off-the-face curls and tape nape. In "Naturelle." About $30.

• Get a head start on your tan w Charles of the Ritz Honest Bronz Packaged in a totable plastic tu Honest Bronzer glides on sheer a natural, lasts all day. Four shades choose from. 2 oz., $5.

• Give your eyes a special color spl with Tussy Eye Coloring Sticks. Tl look like the old fashioned crayons all remember. Let your imaginat take over and create an exciting change in your eyes. Shadow goes smoothly and doesn't cake. 2 for $1

• If you're tired of the same old co on your lips and cheeks, Frances D ny has good news for you: The L Pretty Pastels. Pastel Powder Bl ($6) fluffs on with a little brush. Pa Lip Creams ($4) in six shades f bright to light keep lips shiny.

• Spring's the time to make the n of hands and feet. You can do it Ultima II's new Perfect Pastel Enamel. By Charles Revson. Col "Fragile Blue, Fresh Mint, Baby L on, Tender Peach, and Early Viol Happiness is: painting each nail a ferent color . . . or painting toe match summer sandals. Color goes in two steps: a color-keyed pro base, then delicate pastel enamel. shades. $3.75 each.

• New from Fabergé is their St Hat Scent and Stitch Set. Include the set are 2 oz. of Straw Hat colo and 3 oz. of Powder—with this deli ful bonus: a needlepont canvas l enough for a clutch bag, stamped an original straw hat (what else?) sign, all ready for you to make. C plete kit, $5.50.

• Completing the color news for sp are a new group of Butterfly sungla from Riviera. Bow-shaped lenses l marbelized, see-through frames in colors: bright pink, dazzling turqu and sunset orange. Match them to mood or clothes. $5. —MARGI SM



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CLEANING AIDS

By Virginia T. Habeeb

While we don't expect anyone to become a chemist or laboratory technician, it is helpful to know something about the cleaning and laundering products that are required to remove soot and grime and embedded soil. It would certainly help to clear up the mystery of the "cleaning-product maze" in the supermarket.

Alkalis are chemicals that help dissolve dirt. The most familiar ones are baking soda and ammonia. Others include borax, trisodium phosphate (TSP), washing soda (sal soda), and lye. Alkalis allow you to remove a concentrated accumulation of dirt and grime without too much rubbing. They are especially effective in removing *grease*, as they react with it to form an emulsion. This means that these greasy particles will be held in suspension in the liquid and will not be redeposited again on the surface you are cleaning.

It is a good idea to wear waterproof gloves, since alkalis remove oily dirt and could also take oil from your hands as you work with them. They may a remove oil from linoleum and oil-b paints, causing them to crack or p Concentrated doses of these clean can loosen paint surfaces or dar aluminum surfaces. You can prev some of these harmful results if use a mild alkaline solution and ri the surfaces with clear water a cleaning, to remove all the cleaner.

Baking soda (very mild) is sodi bicarbonate. Mixed with water, it remove coffee and tea stains from ch and plastic dishes. Baking soda also clean glass, wall tile, and po lain enamel.

Household ammonia (moderat mild) is a dilute mixture of 5 to percent ammonia gas in water. It be used in cleaning kitchen range bu ers and greasy ovens, windows, mirrors. The sudsy type of househ ammonia, which looks slightly clo or milky, contains a small amount soap or detergent. This type of am nia can be used in cleaning garb pails, kitchen range burners, and sin

Borax (moderately mild) is a wh crystalline powder. You can use it i variety of household cleaning jobs, s as washing walls, woodwork, and si

Trisodium phosphate (TSP, mo ately mild) is also a crystalline pow It is an effective cleaner for w woodwork, and resilient floors, ex linoleum.

Lye (very strong) is sodium hydr ide, also called caustic soda. It severely burn your skin. It effectiv contributes to some drain and o cleaners.

Acids—The two most familiar acids cleaning jobs at home are *vinegar* *lemon juice*. Other acids may be fo in a variety of cleaning products include hydrochloric and sulfuric.

Two dry substances that form a after they are dissolved in liquid cream of tartar, familiar to cooks, sodium bisulphate, also known as s um acid sulphate. You can use cre of tartar for several cleaning jobs s as sweetening coffeemakers and bri ening aluminum ware. Sodium bi phate can be one of the main ingr ents in some toilet bowl cleaners.

Some acids help remove hard w deposits. Some aid in removing dis oration from aluminum, brass, bro and copper. Other acids remove rust stains without a lot of rubbing.

When they are too strong, acids away clothing, leather, and some r als. Strong acids can also irritate injure the skin and eyes. Check proc labels for potential hazards and fol directions for use.

Vinegar, a weak acid, is about 5 cent acetic acid. It will remove h water deposits from glassware, stains from sinks, and tarnish f brass and copper. It will also coun act alkaline oven cleaners.

Lemon juice contains citric acid, a weak acid, and can be used in m the same way as vinegar.

Oxalic acid is especially effectiv a rust remover, but is very poison

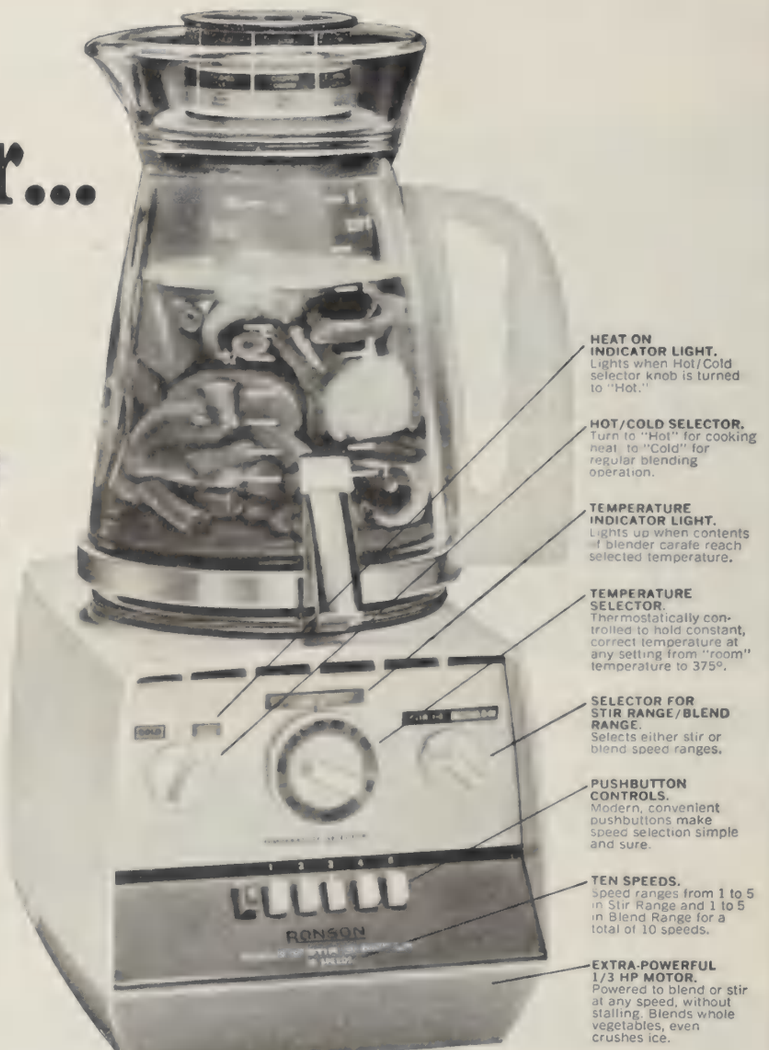
Hydrochloric and sulfuric are str acids even though they are usec dilute concentrations. They are use some toilet bowl cleaners.

Some cleaning products in wh acids are generally found include: t let bowl cleaners, rust removers, metal cleaners.

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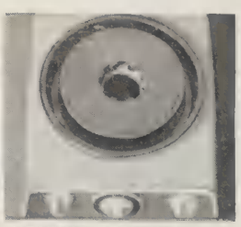




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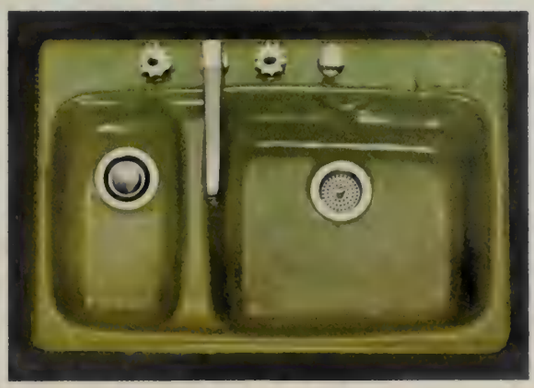
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Upper left: Lakefield (33" x 22") in Avocado. Has large dishwashing basin and waste-disposal compartment. Faucets are Kohler Flair.

Upper center: The Swinger spray-control device. Fits most kitchen spouts. It aerates, swivels, and rinses sinks clean.

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Candle Creatures

BY SUSAN PURDY

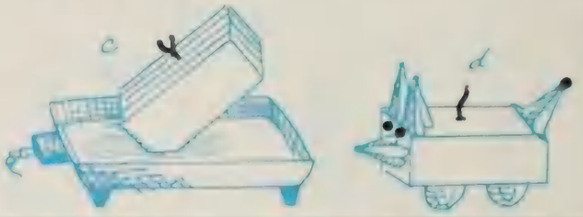
Candles of infinite shapes and sizes, candles to light, delight, and surprise, greet us in boutiques and gift shops across the country. Americans today are buying an incredible quantity and array of candles, often at equally incredible prices. Yet candlemaking is a simple craft; with a few inexpensive materials and the following general directions, you can fashion your own creative candles. Materials required for candle designs below: 4 one-lb. boxes household paraffin (found in grocery stores); several feet of white cotton string and two pennies, or prepared candle wicking (from candlemaking supply shop); 2 plastic (not styrofoam; hot wax will melt styrofoam) egg cartons with paper tops removed; electric frying pan, or regular frying pan and stove; double boiler, or empty tin can set in pot containing 2 in. water; about 24 in. flexible wire and pliers; wire cutters or sturdy scissors; 8 colored pushpins; 8 metal thumbtacks; pencil; black oil-base felt pen; 1 eight-oz. hot-drink paper cup; 1 hemispherical plastic container, clean and dry; three pieces 4-in. long thin wire or straw; wax paper; soup ladle.

General directions: Place 6 slabs of wax in double boiler and melt slowly over *low* heat. (Caution: *always* melt wax in double boiler; it is flammable when too hot.) If you do not use prepared wicking, make your own wick by cutting several one-foot lengths of string and dipping them into melted wax; set string out straight to dry on wax paper. If using an electric frying pan, set it on lowest (warm) setting, about 110°; with stove, keep burner on lowest heat. To color wax, use candle dye, wax crayons, or old candle stubs. Wash wax off utensils with hot water. For the following designs, use one plastic egg carton to prepare ears, snout, tail and beak: first turn carton upside down so the *bottoms* of egg cups are sticking *up*, the between-cup points making deep hollows; prop tray up so it stands level. Ladle melted wax into the 5 between-cup hollows. Set tray aside until wax hardens. To make animal feet and birds' wings, turn second carton right side up, egg cups *bottoms down*. Fill 6 cups each 1/3 full of wax. Let harden, then pop shapes out of plastic forms. If wax sticks, run plastic quickly under hot water.

DRAGON Rectangular body is made of 4 whole wax slabs directly from box. Set frying pan on lowest heat. Rub one flat face of each of 2 slabs on warm pan until wax just begins to melt; then quickly press melted sides together. Be sure they stick well. Repeat with 2 more slabs, making second half of body. Then take one piece of wicking (see below) and tie it around center of one half as shown (a). Holding half with wicking in one hand and other half in other hand, rub slab faces on warm pan, then press them together, sandwiching wick between the two halves (b). Holding the 4-slab body, run the edges over warm pan surface to be sure they are firmly melted together. With body at angle shown (c), set one short edge down on warm pan and melt into a flat angle about 1 in. wide, to which tail will later be added.



Cut wick off flat on one side, and leave a 1-in. length sticking up on the other (top) side. To complete, hold 2 pointy wax ears (see general directions), big sides down, on pan to melt wax slightly, then quickly stick them onto top of dragon body near front edge as shown. Stick pointy snout on front end, and pointy tail on slanted edge in rear. Heat 2 rounded egg-cup wax feet (see general directions) and stick onto bottom of body. Add 2 colored pushpin eyes and a pushpin in point of tail (d).



CAT Make body in same manner as dragon body above, except round all top corners and edges by rubbing wax gently on warm frying pan. Make ears by breaking off small triangles from new slab of wax; rub sides of triangles on frying pan to smooth. Heat and stick ears onto top front of body. Make feet as for dragon. Add pushpin eyes and whiskers. To make tail, cut 4-in. length of wire, curl one end slightly and push straight end into rear of wax body.



BIRD To prepare wick, tie one end around a coin and set it into bottom of paper cup. Measure height of cup on wick and tie wick around pencil at this point (a). Fill cup with melted wax, drop coin-end of wick into bottom of filled cup and balance pencil on center top of cup. Set aside until wax is hard. Then peel off paper cup and pick coin out of wax, leaving 1-in. length of wick exposed at small (bottom) end of cup. Cut wick off flat at large end. To shape body, rub small end of wax form on warm pan until it melts into "face" angle shown (b). Melt same side of large end into an angle coming up to meet face as shown (b). To make beak, melt large end of one pointy form (see general directions) and set onto face just below wick. Set 2 metal thumbtack eyes into wax just above beak. Cut and bend two 4-in. pieces of wire to make feet as shown; stick straight wire ends up into front of body, making legs. Heat wire to penetrate wax easily. Bird balances on feet and back end of wax form. Wings are rounded egg-cup forms stuck, small side down, onto body sides (c).



LADYBUG Measure and prepare wick as for bird above: measure wick to fit height of hemispherical plastic container. Fill container with melted wax and set coin-end of wick into bottom, balancing pencil on center top of container. Set aside to harden wax. Cut two 6-in. lengths of wire; curl over end of each with pliers, making antennae as shown. When wax is hard, pop form out of mold. On top (rounded) side, pick coin out of wax and untie wick, leaving it sticking up. Cut wick off on bottom (flat) side. Draw felt pen line demarking bug's face and another dividing back into halves or 2 wings. Stick thumbtacks into "wing" segments. Stick wire antennae into top of head with pushpin eyes just below; draw line mouth.



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PUDDINGS PLUS

Work Wonders With Packaged Pudding Mixes

BISCUIT TORTONI

- [illegible] (8-oz.) pkg. macaroons
- 3 egg whites
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 (3¾-oz.) pkg. French vanilla instant pudding and pie filling
- 1¾ cups milk
- ¼ cup cream sherry
- ½ cup maraschino cherry halves

Crumble macaroons into coarse crumbs. In a medium bowl, beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Gradually add sugar and beat until glossy.

In another bowl, prepare pudding according to package directions with 1¾ cups milk. Then beat in cream sherry. Fold pudding and half of macaroon crumbs into egg whites. Pour into an 8-inch square freezer-proof dish. Top with remaining crumbs, cherries. Freeze 4 or more hours. Serves 6–8.

BUTTERSCOTCH-MARSHMALLOW CAKES

- 1 (18½-oz.) pkg. white cake mix
- [illegible] eggs
- 1 (3¾-oz.) pkg. instant butterscotch pudding
- 1 cup water
- ½ cup oil
- ½ cup chopped peanuts
- 1 (7½-oz.) jar marshmallow creme

Preheat oven to 350°. Grease the s of a 10½x15½x1-inch jelly roll pan line with waxed paper. Set aside.

In a large bowl, place cake mix, pudding, water and oil. Mix with tric mixer until moistened. Cont beating 5 minutes at medium sp Stir in peanuts. Pour into prep baking pan. Bake in 350° oven 20 utes. Cool. Cut into quarters. T carefully slice each in half horizon to make thin layers. Spread four tom halves with marshmallow cr Press top layers onto bottom la Cut each cake into 10 1½x2½- bars. Yields 40 bars.

GERMAN CHOCOLATE PUDDING DESS

- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts
- 1 cup vanilla wafer crumbs
- ⅔ cup caramel topping
- ¾ cup shredde coconut
- 1 (4½-oz.) pkg chocolate cre flavor dessert
- 1⅓ cups milk
- 1 Tb. brandy (optional)

Melt butter or margarine in a s saucepan. Stir in walnuts and va wafer crumbs. Press into an 8- square pan to form crust.

Mix caramel topping with ½ shredded coconut. Spread over c Place in refrigerator.

Prepare pudding with milk accor to package directions, adding bran desired. Spoon over caramel layer. with remaining ¼ cup coconut. Yields nine 2½-inch squares.

PISTACHIO RICE GELATIN

- 1 (20-oz.) can crushed pineapple in its own juice
- water
- ½ cup uncooked rice
- 1 Tb. butter or margarine
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 env. unflavor gelatin
- ¼ cup cold wa
- 1 (3½-oz.) pkg pistachio inst pudding
- 2 cups milk
- ⅓ cup choppe shelled pista nuts

Drain pineapple, reserving liquid. drained fruit aside. Add water to p apple juice to make 1½ cups liq Bring to a boil in a medium sauce Add rice, butter, and salt. Reduce h cover, and simmer 25 minutes.

When rice is almost cooked, spri unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold wa allow to soften 3 minutes until it absorbed the moisture. Heat over heat until gelatin is dissolved, stir constantly. Prepare pistachio ins pudding according to package d tions using 2 cups milk. Blend in dissolved gelatin. Fold in the co rice and drained pineapple. Pour a 5-cup serving dish. Sprinkle chopped pistachio nuts. Serves 8.

FROZEN CHEESE PIE

- 1 (10¾-oz.) pkg. unbaked cheesecake mix
- 2 Tb. sugar
- ¼ cup melted butter or margarine
- 2 Tb. grated orange rind
- 1 (13½ oz.) can evaporated milk, chilled
- ½ cup choppe pecans
- 2 Tb. rum (opti
- 1 pint orange sherbet
- ½ cup pecan halves
- ½ cup heavy cream, whipp

Prepare graham cracker crust sugar and melted butter accordin cheesecake package directions, stir in grated orange rind. Pat into a 9- freezer-proof pie plate. Refrigerate

Whip cheesecake filling with eva rated milk for 3 minutes. Stir chopped pecans and rum (option Chill about 5 minutes. Spoon into shell, alternately with orange sher Place pecan halves around e Freeze several hours until firm. Be serving spoon whipped heavy cr over center of pie. Serves 8.



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SIGNS OF THE TIMES

By Helen Glazer

little slow when it comes to , so the Age of Aquarius had ly dawned but it must have l noontime before I realized that gy was here to stay. My intro- to this fact came the day I was sible for driving the swimming ol. A 10-year-old passenger got asked my 10-year-old son:

you read your horoscope this g?"

h," replied my son. "It said to e waiting game."

t's because you false-started at t meet. My horoscope was real t said I would take a trip."

at's so good about that?" asked .

neans I'll win the freestyle this ay and get to go to Philadel-

at are you?" my son asked his porary.

. What are you?"

ncer."

1 are?" I gasped, breaking the f Silence for Car Pool Mothers. l then I had never given a t to the signs of the Zodiac un- hich our children were born, or sign for my husband. I knew my gn, Pisces, and Norman Mail- t that was about it. When I got I looked them up and found e have two Tauruses, a Gemini, icorn and a Cancer for children, at my husband is a Sagittarius. next brush with the stars came onthly meeting of our neighbor- ridge club. I pondered over a for a long time, and when it my partner said, "Typical play."

w did you know I was Pisces?" d.

lidn't," she said. "I'm taking a in astrology and I like to guess people are. When you hesitated g I figured you were Pisces: indecisive."

day not long after that, in the ore, I saw a book, *Love and the* Each astrological sign was rated cale from 0 to 10. I found Pisces oked for Sagittarius. Zero. Abso- ero. Alongside this was the com- "Nothing at all here."

bated whether or not to tell Sag, ad taken to calling my husband, y destroying his illusion that he alf of a happy marriage. So I tell him until we had a fight ay. Then I yelled, "That book ght. Sagittarius and Pisces have g in common."

t stopped the fight because he d to know what I meant. I ex- d and he said, "Well, that ought nvince you that there's nothing to this astrology business."

ought that was kind of nice.

nsense or not, a lot of people a lot about astrology, as I found t the supermarket a few days I was shopping for the makings birthday dinner. My 12-year-old sked for lobster tails, but I had sted Rock Cornish game hens wild rice because I had a recipe ted to try. When I found the wild n the gourmet food shelf I was uite prepared for the price, $1.99 ur ounces. I had already posted the menu, though, so I put the package in the basket. The three-year-old who accompanied me asked, "What's that little box?"

"Wild rice."

The young man at the checkout counter looked at it top and bottom and couldn't find a price. "How much is this?" he asked me.

"It's $1.99," I told him.

He held it in his hand and stared at it. Then he walked over to the next checkout clerk and said, "Did you ever see anything like this? A dollar ninety-nine for four ounces of wild rice."

He walked back to me and said, "I sure couldn't afford to buy it."

Guilt feelings poured over me as I thought, "He probably holds down two jobs to make ends meet and he thinks I am some eccentric wealthy woman masquerading as a housewife with this preschool child along as a prop." I thought I owed him an explanation.

"I've never bought any before," I began, "but today is my birthday and . . ."

"Oh, no wonder," he interrupted with a grin. "Mine is tomorrow. Pisces people are all adventuresome and like to experiment, don't we?"

"We sure do," I said.

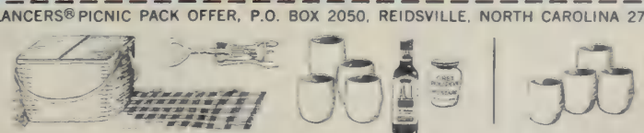
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"It's even tougher for a piece of equipment to get into my school than it is for a student." —James Beard: teacher, author, epicure.



"I'm convinced Corning ranges make better cooks. Or I wouldn't be teaching with them.

To get into my school, all a student has to be is patient. There's a two-year wait.

But a piece of equipment has to be good. And what's "good" to an average cook isn't always "good" to me.

Well, I can honestly say that Corning's Gourmet Range not only meets my demands, it surpasses them.

My first experience with the range convinced me.

I had just arrived at a friend's new country home. Naturally, my first stop was the kitchen. There was this beautiful smooth-top range. Instinctively, I grabbed an apron and began cooking.

In the time it took to make a cheese omelette, I realized this was the most remarkable range I had ever cooked on. Right then I knew it was love.

Those Corning engineers can eat at my house anytime.

I'm a cook, not an engineer. But they made the range so ridiculously accurate, they must be even more fanatical about cooking than I am.

First, they put in heating elements that heat up evenly. Without hot spots and cold spots.

This makes for marvelously even braising and browning. And I haven't seen a custard scorch yet.

Then, instead of just putting a thermostat in the oven, they gave each of the four cooking areas a thermostat of its own.

This keeps a simmer a simmer.

Finally, they designed special pots and pans with perfectly flat bottoms. A set comes with the Gourmet range.

Now, I've used my own flat-bottom cookware, with excellent results. (Which came as a great relief, because I'm very attached to some of my old pots and pans.)

But with Corning's cookware, the cooking control is incredible. I mean when a beginner cook can thicken a Hollandaise right on the cooktop without a double boiler—that's incredible.

It even makes better scrambled eggs.

People ask me why they need the Gourmet range if they're not Gourmet cooks.

To make scrambled eggs. Very few people know how to make scrambled eggs that have a consistent texture. Well, the Gourmet range knows how.

But if improperly prepared eggs is one of my pet peeves, one of my great pleasures is baking cakes and bread. And the Gourmet range has an oven that suits my needs perfectly.

It's big. I've had three 8-inch cakes going at the same time. On one shelf.

Another pleasant feature of the oven is that when it self-cleans, it stays cooler outside than most other ovens. I can really appreciate this after a class. When all of my ovens may be cleaning themselves at the same time.

It's absurd not to enjoy something you have to do every day.

Cooking is more than a business to me. It fulfills a creative need.

But a lot of people cook only because it's a necessity. They'll get a special reward from the Gourmet range. For the first time, they'll experience the pleasure of cooking because they *want* to, not because they *have* to."

James Beard uses our Gourmet Counterange™ unit—the one that comes with Cookmates® cookware.

We also make the Family Counterange unit. It has the same smooth cooktop. But you use it like a conventional range: with almost any pot and pan.

Both our Gourmet and Family series also come in a built-in version: The Counter That Cooks® Cooktop—with single or double wall ovens to match.

For more facts see the Yellow Pages under "Ranges". Or write: Corning Major Appliances, Corning, New York 14830.

CORNING

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A DIVISION OF MEAD INTERIOR FURNISHINGS

"He demolished it." Ann Dowie





"What kind of dog food do you buy?"
"Canned."



"I'm going to put Gaines·burgers down for him." **"Okay."**



"Does that little test tell you anything?"
"Well, it must have a good flavor...he certainly went through it. You'd think he was starving."

We went to San Francisco to prove dogs who like canned dog food will like Gaines·burgers. We fed Gaines·burgers to dogs who eat canned dog food. Did they like Gaines·burgers? Ann Dowie's reaction was typical of most of the dog owners we spoke with.

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Photograph by Ben Swedowsky

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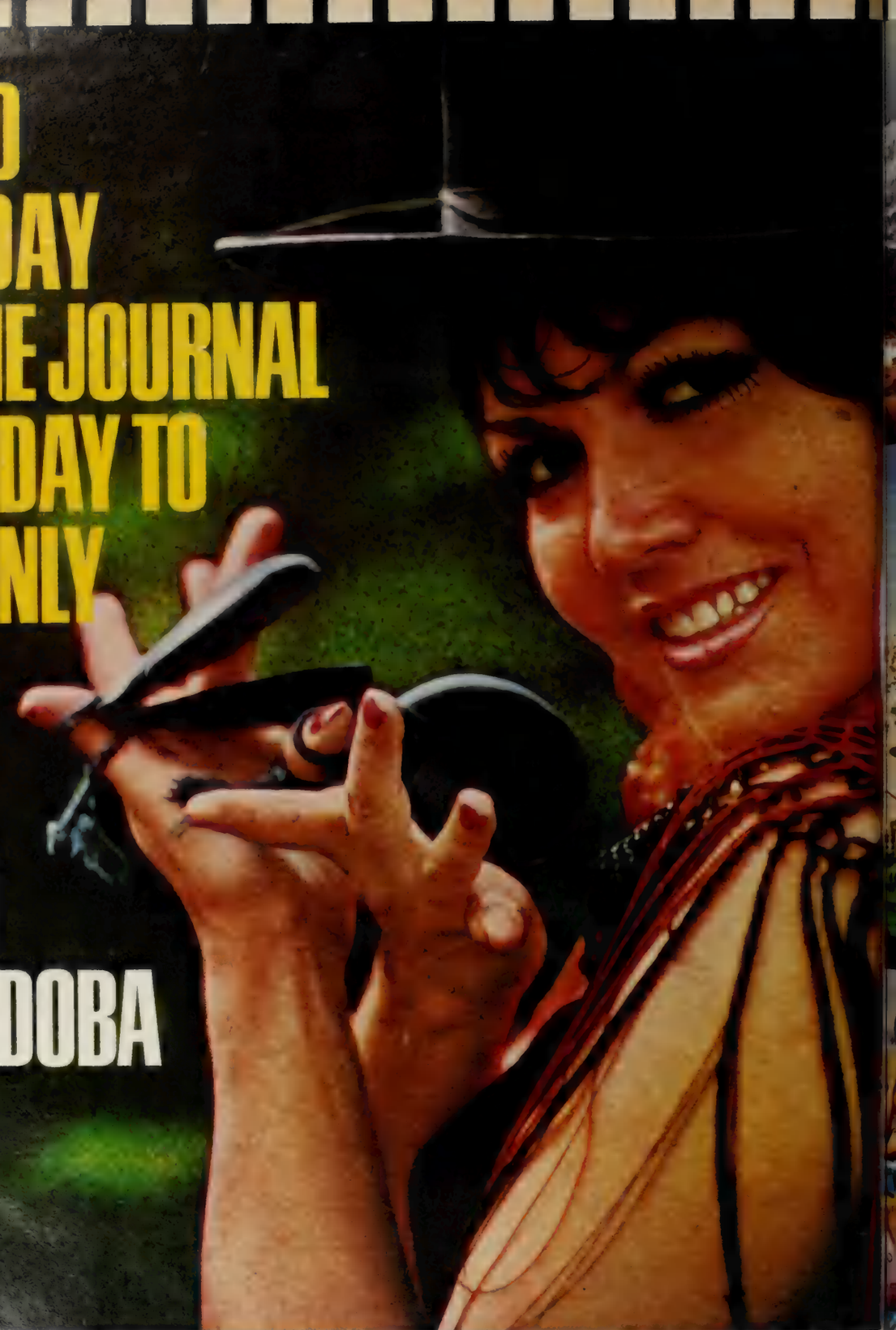
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THE ITINERARY

Day 1-2. Depart New York (JFK Airport) or other gateways via scheduled Iberia Jet (economy class) overnight to Madrid. Certain departures from New York arrive in Malaga and itinerary is reversed. Enjoy renowned Iberia cuisine and inflight services as you wing to exciting Spain. You will be met by your escort and driven by private motorcoach to your hotel for relaxation. In late afternoon you are off on a sightseeing tour of Madrid. You will see "El Prado," the world famous museum with its masterpieces of world renowned painters, Paseo de la Castellana, the Bullring, Retiro Park, the Toledo Gate, Plaza de Espana and the unique Flea Market.

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Day 5. After breakfast, your motorcoach leaves for Cordoba, one of the oldest cities in Spain. You drive through the picturesque countryside and high mountains arriving at Valdepenas for a leisurely lunch which is included. You continue through the Sierra Morena and arrive in Cordoba in the late afterno for your overnight stop.

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Day 7. After breakfast you leave for beautiful ride through the countrysi Seville, Spain's most romantic and tiful city. Seville is also known for it fine wine, lush orange groves, brave gypsy singers and exciting flamenc Arriving at lunchtime, you have the of the day to enjoy this enchanting

Day 8. The morning sightseeing tou Seville is a memorable experience. will see the grave of Columbus in t cathedral, the Alcazar, La Giralda, Moorish Palace, Santa Cruz and the Murillo Gardens. Ample time is left leisure and shopping.









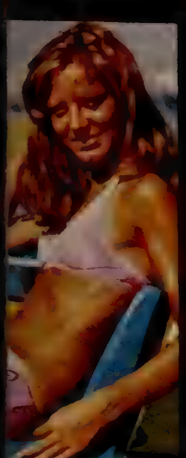




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ay 9. This morning you depart for lalaga on Spain's Costa del Sol. For e next seven days you will live in your wn deluxe, fully equipped luxury apart- ent, a Ladies' Home Journal exclusive! magnificent pool, discotheque and estaurant are on the premises. Your partment is situated in one of the most xclusive areas with the heart of Malaga st minutes away. Torremolinos is just short bus or taxi ride. Both cities throb ith excitement, excellent shops, quaint rcades, restaurants and unlimited sight- eeing. Another Journal exclusive is a omplimentary guest membership to the uxurious El Candado private club that djoins your apartment site. Golf, tennis, estaurants are at your disposal. Horse- ack riding, sailing, waterskiing and a ariety of optional excursions to Granada nd Tangier are available during your unny holiday in Malaga.

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THE ASSASSIN & THE FIRST LADY

On December 7, 1972, while thousands of television viewers watched in horror, live TV cameras caught Imelda Marcos, beautiful wife of Philippine President Ferdinand E. Marcos, as she fought for her life against an assassin who attacked her with a huge bolo knife during an awards ceremony in a Manila suburb. The assailant inflicted lacerations on Mrs. Marcos' arms, wrists, hands, and fingers—wounds that severed tendons in both wrists and required 75 stitches to close. In this exclusive interview, a courageous First Lady tells for the first time the incredible story of her day of terror and courage.

By Beth Day



JOURNAL *writer Beth Day interviews Mrs. Marcos at the Presidential Palace.*

"It's difficult for me to talk about this. It's something I'm trying to forget. . . . Leaders and the families of leaders have to pay a price for their visions and reforms. I have always been afraid for the President and for my children. But somehow I never thought that anybody would hurt me. Each time I go to the provinces people run to me, embrace me; they are very affectionate. I never thought I would be part of any assassination. . . .

"Even when that man came at me, brandishing his knife, I did not think it was going to be for me. Yes, I saw him before the attack. I noticed him just as he was on the last step of the stairs leading up to the stage. I had just presented the second plaque and he followed the delegation. I noticed him because he was wearing a dark suit instead of a *barong tagalog* [the traditional Philippine dress shirt for men]. Then I saw he was trying to pull something from his sleeve, and I thought, 'Oh, he is going to do something wrong to somebody!' But I didn't think it was me. Then he looked at me—a very fierce, deranged look, a crazy, mad look, and I thought, 'It *is* me!'

"I looked back at him. He seemed to pause for a second, and I thought, 'He has changed his mind.' But then he looked off somewhere as though for a signal. Then, without looking at me again, he lunged at me with the bolo [a wide-bladed foot-long knife used by Filipino farmers]. It's strange how several thoughts can race into your head in a split second—six or seven at once. When I saw him coming for me I said, 'I will run away.' Then I realized that if I ran away I would leave my back open to him. So then I thought, 'I will shove the lectern between us and hide behind it.' But our Secretary of Social Welfare was standing at the lectern as if frozen, and I could not push it without help. . . .

"I had no help. Everyone froze. People blame my security men. But I had told them to stay out of camera range, to remain in the audience or backstage. They were not near me.

"But I was never for one second afraid. Why? Well, when one is not afraid to die—and I am not—then she is not afraid. I am in no hurry to die. But I am not afraid, because if I die, I see my God, you know?

"If I had become afraid even for a fraction of a second, I would have frozen, too. But I began weaving back away from him, shielding my body with my crossed arms. It's funny, but experts in judo and karate who watched the television film commented that I did this expertly. Yet I had no such training. The way I moved was instinctive. I was protecting my body.

"I must have a very good guardian angel. My arms and hands were slashed. And I was hit here [she indicated her breast] so hard that I fell backwards across a table. The front of my dress was slashed open. My bra, which was white, was filled with blood. Yet I had no stab wounds on my body.

"When I fell back, I kicked at him, pushing him back with my feet. Since both my arms were wounded and I could no longer use them, I slithered back away from him by using my elbows.

"I could hear shots. My aides were grappling with him, and still he lunged at me. I saw a bullet hole in his cheek. No blood. Just the hole. And still he kept coming. That shot must have gone through his head, yet he still lunged at me, looking at me in that mad way, and I thought, 'My God, he must be a superman. He does not fall.'

"Then my aides stopped him, and others reached me and I was able to stand. I called to the former First Lady, Mrs. Garcia, who was on the stage with me. 'Come, come, we must go backstage. I think there are more of them.'

"I did not realize how badly I was wounded. It was not until I was loaded into the helicopter on the way to the hospital, and I saw that three of my fingers were dangling, that I knew I was hurt. There was so much blood. I thought, 'This blood does not come from me. Where did I get all this? Who is the poor person who has lost all this blood?' I kept telling the general in charge of the helicopter, 'Take care of the children. Load the children.' I don't know why I *(continued)*



Mrs. Marcos turns to see, not the next awards recipient, but a somber, dark-suited intruder with something concealed up his left suit jacket sleeve.



Onlookers seem unaware of the deadly drama being played out on the stage. They are looking the other way as the would-be assassin draws his knife.



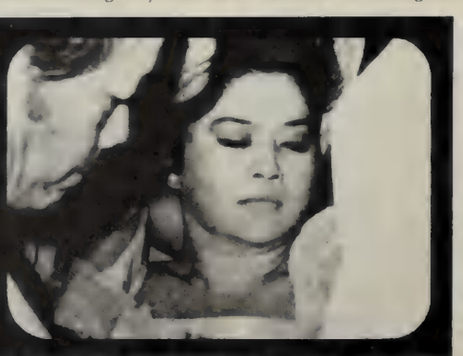
Her assailant, later identified as an obscure engineer named Carlito Dimahilig, stands poised, almost seeming to frame Mrs. Marcos in his sights.



Now Dimahilig strikes as Mrs. Marcos struggles to get away. "He must be a superman," she thought as she saw guards' bullets fail to stop him.



Aides rush Mrs. Marcos to a Manila hospital. By this time the assassin, whose name means "not fond of" in the Tagalog dialect, has been slain.



"Make sure the President does not know," said the wounded First Lady. "Tell him not to get out of the [Presidential] Palace, to stay safe there."

The Parliament recessed filter. It works like a cigarette holder works.



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The Parliament tip. It may not look like a cigarette holder. But it works like one.

s: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—100's: 19 mg. "tar," ng. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72

rning: The Surgeon General Has Determined at Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

thought there were so many children. Later I found there were no children there.

"I did not want the President to know. When they first carried me backstage and I saw my secretary, I told her that he should not know. 'Tell him not to leave the palace, to stay safe there. Don't try to come to me.' I felt that I was a decoy. 'I am not mortally wounded,' I said. 'Take me to the hospital.' I thought that when I got to the hospital I would be all fixed up in a few minutes.

"I had been on the operating table only a few minutes when I saw the President's chief security officer, General Ver, come in. I called to him, 'Promise me you are not going to tell the President?'

"But he said, 'He is on his way now.'

"My husband had not seen it on television. He was in a meeting. But his sister had seen it and had run to him.

"She was incoherent: 'The First Lady has been stabbed!' It was the onlookers, I think, who suffered most—my family, my friends. I had physical pain, but it did not compare to their anguish.

"When I heard that the President was arriving, I immediately told the doctors, 'Clean me, clean me.' I did not want him to see all that blood. Th women doctors took off my clothes an cleaned my body. Oh my God, the used saline solution—water with sa in it—and then I felt the pain.

"I was a little cleaner when th President came in, but my hands wer up above my head, and they wer taking my blood pressure, applyin tourniquets—you know, lots of thing so I said, 'Darling, I'm okay. Only m hands. Only my hands.'

"He looked at my arms and hand and then asked an obstetrician to ex amine my body carefully, inside ou He has been wounded many time during the war, and he knows tha one can be wounded without feeling i But my body was okay.

"By then I was beginning to hur The last thing I heard him say wa 'What is this spaghetti-looking thin dangling here?'

"I heard one of the doctors answe 'It's the tendons, sir.'

"Then I told them, 'Now it hurt Will you please put me to sleep?' was on the operating table for thre hours!

"The hardest part of recoveri from wounds has been the pain;—w Filipinos are used to pain, with a the natural disasters we have—th earthquakes, floods, typhoons. It's th uselessness, the helplessness. Yo can't cut your food. You can't dres yourself. Or write a letter. You wan to cut a steak and you cannot; you fe so helpless.

"There was one odd coincidence. Th first person who came as our visito after the accident was Daniel Inouye the United States Senator fro Hawaii. Senator Inouye has no righ arm, and here I was with my righ arm useless!

"At Christmas, when I wanted t give the President something, I wrot a note to go with it; I wrote it with m left hand, which healed first. It wa only a sentence or so, yet it took m the time to write a whole book. And looked like a scrawl from nurser school.

"The President is a very strong ma I had never seen him cry before unt he saw that note. What did I say? O it was simple, something like, 'the ris is worth taking when you know yo are loved.'"

EPILOGUE

Despite two subsequent operation and some plastic surgery, Mrs. Marco has still not recovered the full use o her right hand. The would-be assassi Carlito Dimahilig, was at first though to be part of a rightist plot again President Marcos, but the latest ev dence indicates that Dimahilig wa acting alone.

And President Marcos' reaction? "I have met many disasters in my life he told the JOURNAL, "such as th killing of my father by the Japanes because I refused to surrender, the fa of Bataan, the death in battle of som of my closest comrades. But I hav never felt at the same time such col fury and deprivation as when I hear that my wife had been attacked an might have been killed." END

Kindness—a language which the dumb can speak, and the deaf can understand.—C. N. Bovée



CREATURES

tinued from page 67

s to see if they would make a move lo anything at all, but nothing hap- ned.

t occurred to me that this was bably a typical evening; they ked hard all day, had their meal, n they just sat till bedtime.

discovered another unsuspected e of the Bramley's when they started ing trouble with their cats. I knew y were fond of cats by the number l variety that swarmed over the ce and perched confidently on my hood on cold days with their unerr- instinct for a warm place. But I was prepared for the family's utter deso- on when the cats started to die. Miss amley was on the doorstep nearly ry day carrying an egg basket with ther pitful patient—a cat or some- es a few tiny kittens—huddling mis- bly inside.

ven today with the full range of dern antibiotics, the treatment of ne enteritis is unrewarding and I l little success with my non-specific ections. I did my best, but the mor- ity rate was high.

The Bramleys were stricken as they v their cats diminishing. I was sur- sed at their grief because most farm- look on cats as pest killers and noth- more. But when Miss Bramley me in one morning with a fresh con- nment of invalids she was in a sorry te.

She stared at me across the surgery le and her rough fingers clasped and clasped on the handle of the egg sket.

"Is it going to go through 'em all?" quavered.

"Well, it's very infectious and it looks though most of your young cats will it anyway."

For a moment Miss Bramley seemed be struggling with herself, then her n began to jerk and her whole face itched uncontrollably. She didn't ually break down but her eyes mmed and a couple of tears wan- red among the network of wrinkles her cheeks.

"It's Topsy's kittens—I'm worried out," she gasped out at length. 'here's five of 'em and they're the st we've got."

I rubbed my chin. I had heard a lot out Topsy, one of a strain of incom- rable ratters and mousers. Her last nily were only about ten weeks old d it would be a crushing blow to the amleys if anything happened to em.

But what the devil could I do? here was, as yet, no protective vac- ne against the disease—or wait a min- e, was there? I remembered that I'd ard a rumor that Burroughs Well- me were working on one.

I pulled out a chair. "Just sit down few minutes, Miss Bramley. I'm ing to make a phone call." I was on through to the Wellcome Labora- ry and half expected a sarcastic ply.

But they were kind and co-operative. hey had had encouraging results with e new vaccine and would be glad to t me have five doses if I would inform em of the result.

I hurried back to Miss Bramley. 've ordered something for your kit- ns. I can't guarantee anything but there's nothing else to do. Have them down here on Tuesday morning."

The vaccine arrived promptly and as I injected the tiny creatures Miss Bramley extolled the virtues of the Topsy line. "Look at the size of them ears! Did you ever see bigger 'uns on kittens?"

I had to admit that I hadn't. The ears were enormous, sail-like, and they made the ravishingly pretty little faces look even smaller.

Miss Bramley smiled with satisfaction. "Aye, you can allus tell. It's the sure sign of a good mouser."

The injection was repeated a week later. The kittens were still looking well.

"Well that's it." I said. "We'll just have to wait now. But remember I want to know the outcome of this, so please don't forget to let me know."

I didn't hear from the Bramleys for several months and had almost forgotten about the little experiment when I came upon a grubby envelope which had apparently been pushed under the surgery door. It was the promised report and was, in its way, a model of conciseness. It communicated all the information I required without frills or verbiage.

It was in a careful, spidery scrawl and said simply: "Dere Sir, Them kittens is now big cats. Yrs trly, R. Bramley." END



We make the soap that's good enough to eat.

Put almost any ordinary soap into your mouth and you can taste the harshness. But not Neutrogena. It's so safe and mild, you can actually brush your teeth with it. Or eat a bar, if you're so inclined.

You see, we figure your complexion's just as delicate as your stomach, and at least as sensitive. That's why every bar of amber, hypoallergenic Neutrogena is made with the purest top quality edible beef tallow (USDA Food Grade). That means it's suitable for eating, so it must be safe enough to use on your skin.

Most soaps are made with fats of some kind. But no manufacturer we know puts this grade of beef tallow in his soap. And it's typical of all the other ingredients in Neutrogena.

A small thing? Not if you have sensitive skin. With Neutrogena soap, you know the ingredients start out pure. Which means the soap you use on your face is pure, clear, mild, and the very kindest of all to your skin.



Neutrogena®

Edible-quality beef tallow. One of the pure reasons people with sensitive skin won't be without Neutrogena.

Main-dish recipes from the

Ladies' Home Journal Family Diet Book

by Evan Frances

More great slenderizing recipes from a new book that can help your whole family stay slim—based on the famous JOURNAL weight loss plan that worked for 100,000 readers.

A year ago, for the very first time, we shared with JOURNAL readers a sample of menus and recipes from the now-famous LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Diet Club Diet. Until then, that diet had been limited to the 100,000 members of the Diet Club. Your reaction to our publication of these slimming recipes was overwhelming. You asked for more, more, and more recipes. At the same time, we were beleaguered by Club members to publish in book form the most salient features of the diet. Your enthusiasm kindled ours, and ours the interest of a major publishing company (see box in lower right-hand corner of this page). Here is a selection of the favorite and most-wanted recipes from the book that was the result of all that interest.

We have chosen only main-dish recipes. Why? Because one of the nicest things that distinguishes our diet from others is its *friendliness*. You will never have to diet alone again—it's one-pot cooking for all, dieters and non-dieters alike.

It's for the whole family—hence the title *Family Diet Book*. And if it had needed a subtitle, it could be, "Everything you always wanted to know about dieting that wouldn't make you miserable." It's a pleasant diet primarily because it doesn't preach . . . and because it avoids the five cardinal sins of most diets:

1. It's not monotonous—there are over 350 recipes.
2. It skirts the make-like-a-rabbit syndrome—sure, there are carrots and cottage cheese in it, but most recipes are connoisseur's-choice.
3. On the JOURNAL DIET, you'll never get the prune look that follows in the wake of many reducing bouts.
4. It's well balanced nutritionally so that you stay healthy while dieting.
5. It changes your eating patterns for better and for life—so that you need never resort to fad diets to get skinny (and possibly sick) overnight. Remember, it took you a long time to put on the weight; be patient and take the time necessary to take it off—two pounds a week, in most cases. And beware of "sensational" or "revolutionary" new diets that purport to take off much more than that poundage per week. Some eliminate carbohydrates; others eliminate everything but proteins and fats; still others eliminate all but proteins and water. They're here today and gone tomorrow—but your weight, if you're seduced into trying any of these fad diets, will be gone today *and back tomorrow*. The JOURNAL diet, prescribed, tested, and approved by medical authorities, is sound, satisfying, sure—not just for a while but for a lifetime of weight self-control.

If chewing celery to a fare-thee-well is not your idea of the full and abundant life, take heart while you take off fat. Start with these recipes.

BEEF TUSCANY (pictured)

Wipe 5 lb. top or bottom round roast with damp paper towels. Remove all fat. In a Dutch oven over high heat, heat 2 tablespoons salad oil. Add roast and quickly brown on all sides. Reduce heat. Add 1 cup water, then 1 cup red wine. Over medium heat bring liquid to a boil, reduce heat, cover, simmer 3 hours or until meat is tende when pierced with a fork. Meanwhile combine 2 cu diced tomatoes, 1½ cups sliced green onions, 1 cu chopped green peppers, 2 chopped stuffed olives, cloves garlic, crushed, and 2 tablespoons wine vinega Toss to mix. Refrigerate to blend flavors. When roast cooked, remove to a 24 x 18-inch sheet of heavy alum num foil. Pour all liquid into bowl. With very sha knife carve roast into ⅛ inch thick slices, cutting on three quarters through so roast opens like a book. Spoo some of vegetable mixture between slices. Bring foil around side and end of roast to re-form roast. Skim off fat from reserved liquid. Pour liquid over stuffed roas Fold foil over top and seal. Let meat stand at room tem perature for 1 hour, then refrigerate until chille Serves 6.

For dieters: 1 serving is 2 slices (4 oz.) roast beef and ½ cup vegetables.

SHISH KEBAB

Combine ¼ cup each beef broth, lemon juice, and tarr gon or cider vinegar. Mix in 1 teaspoon each onion pow der, garlic powder, and cumin seed, ½ teaspoon eac dried rosemary, celery seed, and pepper. Pour over 3 lb lean, boneless lamb, cut in 2-in. cubes. Marinate at lea 6 hours or overnight. Stir occasionally to keep meat eve ly marinaded. To cook, thread lamb cubes on 8 skewer dividing evenly, and alternating with 2 cherry tomato and 2 fresh mushrooms per skewer. Broil 6 inches fro heat or from charcoal, turning frequently. Allow 20 mi utes total cooking time. Baste occasionally with marina from meat. Serves 8.

For dieters: 1 serving is 1 shish kebab skewer (3 cub meat, 2 tomatoes, and 2 mushrooms).

SWEDISH MEATBALLS WITH CREAM SAUCE

Combine in a medium-size bowl ½ lb. ground veal, lb. lean ground beef, ¼ cup chopped onion, ¼ teaspo pepper, ½ clove garlic, crushed. In a separate bowl co bine 5 oz. grated Cheddar cheese, ¼ cup chopped onio 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. Shape into 1½-in. bal then shape meat mixture around cheese, making abo 1-in. balls. Brown in 2 teaspoons diet margarine. Wh meatballs are browning combine in a small saucepan cup yogurt, 1 envelope instant beef broth or 1 bouill cube. Bring ingredients *(continued on page 12*



Once exclusive to members of LHJ's Diet Club, our Journal diet —with over 350 recipes, 65 exercises, and 16 full-color pages—is now available in a 256-page book that will be published by the Macmillan Company. On sale May 1; Price: $6.95.

Women of the Year 1973

Clairol cordially invites
you to spend an evening with them
on Monday, May 14th on CBS-TV.
On the occasion of the
"Women of the Year-1973" awards.



Brought to you by Clairol Inc.

In a pinch, our pants won't.

Because they're trim without being tight. So when you move up. Or down. Or around. They won't pinch. Or bind. Or bag. They're wrinkle-resistant Perma-Prest® fabric of polyester doubleknit. Machine wash-and-dryable, too.

Pants That Fit™ come in misses sizes 8 to 20, proportioned to height. And we've got tops to top them all.

Come try on. In the Misses Sportswear Dept. at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. larger stores.

Similar styles in the catalog.

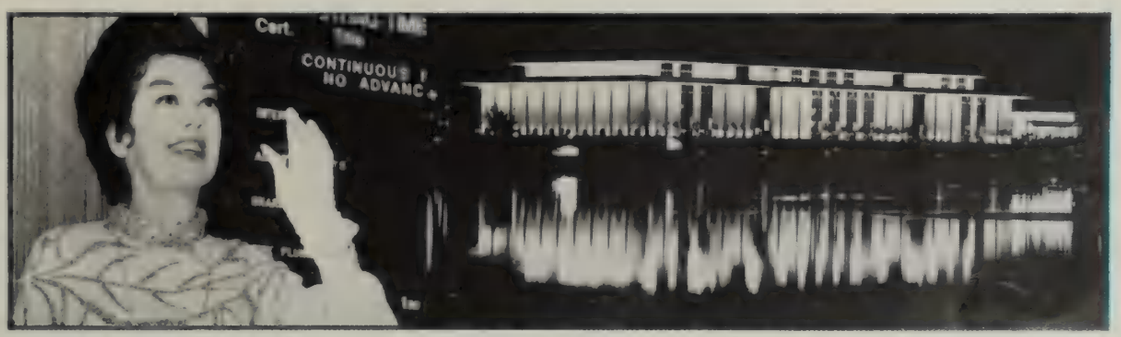
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PANTS THAT FIT



ROSALIND RUSSELL
Ladies' Home Journal
and
Clairol
invite you to watch the television presentation of

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
WOMEN OF THE YEAR
1973



Monday, May 14th, 10:00 to 11:00 p.m.

on the CBS television network
(9:00 to 10:00 P.M. Central Time)

WOMEN OF THE YEAR, 1973

These will be women of achievement, selected in eight categories: public affairs, economy and business, science and research, youth leadership, arts and humanities, voluntary action, human rights, and quality of life. More than 30,000 *Journal* readers have indicated their preferences, but final awardees were selected by a prestigious jury of American women.

Such stars as:

Diana Ross and Marlo Thomas will join hostess Rosalind Russell and eminent women presenters to honor Women of the Year. The award: a gold sunburst pin designed by Sonia Younis of Tiffany's to symbolize the new aspirations and accomplishments of women in every field of endeavor.

A V.I.P. audience:

The program will be presented, live, before an audience of government, business, arts, education, and other leaders. Clairol will host a black-tie reception for all participants before the event, which will be the most significant evening ever devoted to the contributions of women.

How to introduce a little person to a big dentist.



Your child's first dental checkup should be before she's 3 years old. Because by that time all 20 of her baby teeth will probably have come in. And that's the time for the dentist to make sure they're growing properly.

Of course, like anything new at that very young age, if it's confusing and strange, it's scary. If it's been explained and made interesting, it's not scary. And remember, the first impression leaves a lasting one.

Tell her what to expect.

A little person's big enough to know everything. A child doesn't have to understand things, she just has to know about them.

Tell her how very big the chair is. And how the dentist uses a wonderful hose for spraying water and a suction hose that makes gurgling noises while it keeps her mouth dry.

There's a little bib, a tray with tiny mirrors and metal sticks for looking around in mouths.

And a big, round light to help the dentist see in. (Let the dentist explain the drill, *if* he has to use it.)

Tell her how things will taste and smell. And what the dentist will say and do. (Ask the dentist beforehand if he does anything special or different.)

And, when you get there, leave the two of them alone. It's time for them to get to know each other.

The fewer the cavities, the better the experience.

There's no way you can assure yourself of fewer cavities, but you can try.

First, by watching between-meal treats. And by making sure she's brushed regularly with Crest. (Before *she* can do it, *you* should do it for her, from the very first baby tooth.)

Crest with fluoride has, again and again, proven itself effective in fighting cavities.

It's accepted by the American Dental Association.

And both the regular and the mint flavors taste great.

A little person who has all this behind her has a good first experience ahead of her.

Crest

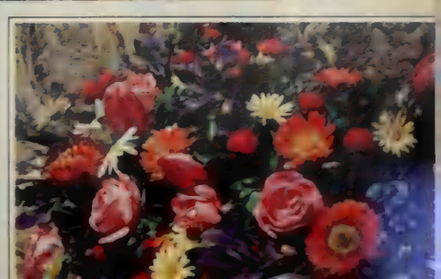
Fighting cavities is the whole idea behind Crest.



Princess Grace: Flowers of the Realm

Outside, inside, everywhere—Monaco is a land in bloom. Here, Her Serene Highness, Princess Grace, surrounded by growing things, stitches flowering needlepoint. She wears more flowers in a long shirtwaist, the first of seven pages of Simplicity fashions you can make yourself. To order needlepoint kit and for full pattern information see page 138.

Photographs by Otto Stupakoff. Hairstyles by Gwendolyne of Alexandre of Paris.



Field flowers in a market basket



Pinks and reds in close harmony . . .

In May, Monaco is border-to-border blossoms . . . every plot of earth, from palace to country cottage, blooms; primulas circle every tree; towering walls and rocky cliffs wear plumes of mimosa; shrinking violets assert themselves in every park. This year, from May 11 through May 14, Princess Grace and the Garden Club of Monaco will sponsor the Sixth Annual International Flower Arrangement Competition—with contestants from all over the world heralding this loveliest of harvests. Right, in the family sitting room, against brocaded walls the color of tea roses and furniture of garlanded tapestry on an Aubusson rug rich with flowers, the Princess wears the deep pink of camellias in a rustling fall of silk moiré, and an eyelet, ruffled blouse. Tables, pedestals, and stands hold masses of roses, carnations, tulips, and quince branches.





In the castle's old guard room, against the deepest of blue, and beneath the Grimaldi coat of arms woven into a tapestry, Her Highness wears the most delicate arrangement of thickly embroidered flowers.

Monte Carlo is modern Camelot: T rulers are a beautif princess and a handso prince; the cast is built high on a hi overlooking the se which is as blue as t sky. Despite Monaco once-upon-a-time qualit there is also a stro flesh-and-blood dime sion. Princess Gra is a warm an involved wife an mother, while Prin Rainier is total committed to everythi Monégasque—fro the Oceanograph Museum to t development of the lan Right, in the form Yellow Salon, with i glints of gold and massive arrangement mimosa, snapdragon carnations an daffodils—the Princes dress is an explosio of impressionist carnations watered sil

Closeups: Two arrangements composed of the many . . .



glorious flowers of Monaco.







Stephanie, 8, the youngest, with her mother in the palace garden, wearing strawberry printed costumes. An older daughter, Caroline, 16, and son Albert, 15, comprise the rest of the family.

Strawberries: The fruit and the flower.

In the family sitting room—filled with sunlight and a glorious mixture of comfortable furniture, three dogs and a parrot—Princess Grace and Stephanie pick flowers matching their checked jumpers.



A gathering of spring flowers.

All sewing and fashion information on page 138.



Franklin & Missy: The Untold Story



For decades historians have been tantalized by veiled references to the close relationship between President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and his secretary, Marguerite "Missy" LeHand (above). Now, in the concluding installment of his headline-making new book, FDR's son illuminates for the first time this long-concealed friendship—one that he says began and deepened with the knowledge and consent of the President's wife, Eleanor.



BY ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT and James Brough

SUMMARY OF PART ONE: In the pages of conventional history, Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt are frozen into marble poses, too cold to feel human passion—legendary figures who are unrecognizable to their son, Elliott. "They are not the father we children loved," he writes, "nor the mother we respected."

On his wedding day in 1905, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was emotionally immature—"not a ladies' man," as his domineering mother put it—while Eleanor, a repressed and introverted girl, came to marriage knowing only one method of contraception: abstinence. And she insisted on abstinence in 1915, after bearing six children. Thereafter, Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt did not live together as man and wife.

In time, Franklin fell in love with his wife's social secretary, Lucy Mercer. When Eleanor found love letters from Lucy to Franklin, she gave him an ultimatum: break off the affair or face a politically ruinous divorce. Franklin said he would give up Lucy who, much to Eleanor's relief, subsequently married wealthy Winthrop Rutherfurd.

Then, during the summer of 1921, after a chilly swim at his summer retreat on Campobello Island, polio struck Franklin, crippling him for life and threatening his hopes for the Presidency. Now his struggle was to restore his ravaged body—and in this fight he found a helpful new companion: his secretary.



1929: Missy with FDR and Ambassador Bullitt.



1930: FDR, Missy, Eleanor (right) at Val-Kill.

Franklin D. Roosevelt dearly loved a bargain, and the haggling he had done increased his pleasure in owning the weird-looking boat. It was more like a floating summer cabin than a yacht, and its old engines were balky. But it was a tool he could use in teaching himself to walk again.

He had driven down the price from $8,000 to $3,750. Indeed, he had to. Our finances were already stretched to cover the upkeep of two homes, the education of five children, and the enormous medical bills incurred after poliomyelitis had paralyzed his legs.

Father split the purchase price with John Lawrence, a Boston banker, who also had crippled legs. Whichever man was using the boat assumed the running expenses. The boat was renamed *Larooco*—short for Lawrence-Roosevelt Company. *Larooco* was commissioned at Jacksonville, Florida, in February, 1924.

The search for a suitable houseboat had begun the previous spring, when Father, seeking ways to restore power to his leg muscles, chartered a similar vessel for a cruise along the Florida coast with Louis Howe, his right-hand man. "What I am looking for," he said, "is a boat that is fairly low in the water so I can easily drop overboard and crawl back on deck. Also, if possible, a boat whose cabin is not down a ladder."

He didn't mind discussing his crippled condition. At home with us he would talk about finding the best exercises, so that, one day, he would be able to stand without steel braces. He would ask whichever of his two older sons was around to help him to the bathroom and stay to lift him. His wasted limbs could support only a fraction of his increasing weight.

Each day began soon after first light, when the song of a hundred different aquatic birds sounded across the water. Some male guests, after sleeping alfresco above, would seize the opportunity to dive overboard *au naturel* in lieu of washing in the minute hand basins—to the point where Father's sense of propriety was upset. The ship's log related: "L.D. [Livy Davis] went to the . . . bridge to fish and came back minus trousers—to the disgust of the . . . ladies. Earlier he had exercised on the top deck *à la nature*. Why do people who must take off their clothes go anywhere where the other sex is present? Captain *(continued on page 133)*

The Roosevelt family in 1928. Back row, from left: Curtis Dall (Anna Roosevelt's first husband), James Roosevelt; seated are Elliott Roosevelt, Eleanor Roosevelt, Anna, FDR, and at far right, his mother, Sara Delano Roosevelt; front row, John Roosevelt and Franklin, Jr., with a pair of the family's Scotties.

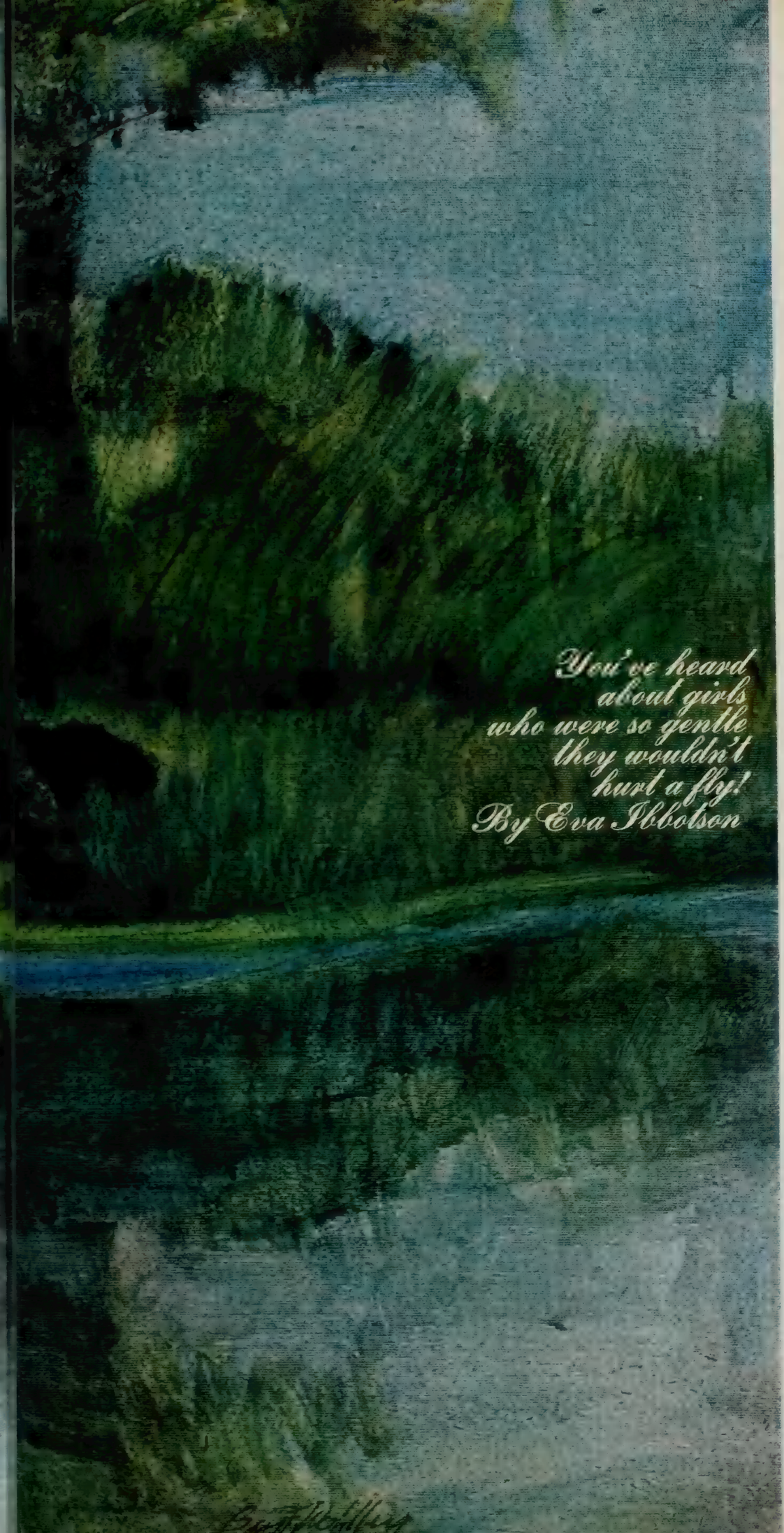


Missy at White House in 1938. Elliott calls her the "unrecognized First Lady."



Copyright © 1973 by Elliott Roosevelt and James Brough. From their forthcoming book, "An Untold Story: The Roosevelts of Hyde Park," to be published by G.P. Putnam's Sons.


A Heart That Was Tender



You've heard about girls who were so gentle they wouldn't hurt a fly!

By Eva Ibbotson

It was always rather gratifying, the first day of the school term. Sitting in the staff room that faced the pleasant, green turfed courtyard of Torcastle Agricultural College, we could see the new crop—mostly men, of course, because that's how it is with life, but here and there, like sudden gherkins in a jar of unpromising pickles, the girls. Wholesome, old-fashioned girls, prospective farmer's wives and dairymen's daughters, whose tiny miniskirts and simple, bursting sweaters told fashion where it could put its latest kinks.

Not that any of us were seriously at risk. I myself could reckon to lecture to roomfuls of girls, all looking at me with eyes turned by incomprehension of the reticuloendothelial system into twin pools of despair, and hardly turn a hair. Rescuing their eyelashes from the pancreas of a pickled dogfish, their earrings from stray vertebrae confronting them in laboratory section, was nothing to me after three years as Lecturer in Zoology One at Torcastle.

It wasn't quite so easy for Pringle, who suffered domestically from a "not-tonight-dear" wife, and research-wise from his experiment with a recalcitrant turnip supposedly respiring in a tank of CO_2. "It's the way they keep tossing all that hair back when they walk," Pringle said, watching a tall brunette glide past the window.

Davies, the nutrition expert, admitted to a more conventional, a mammary approach. "And freckles . . ."

It was left to the vet, Ted Blackwater, to give the tone of the conversation its *coup de grâce*. "With me," he said humbly, "it's simply legs. Legs and legs and legs . . ."

"That's the lot," I said. And then: "Oh, my God!" Trailing up the path like one of those perennial "wait-for-me" ducklings tucked on the end of so many otherwise normal broods came a girl in ancient jeans and shapeless duffel coat. Her tow-colored, village-idiot-looking hair seemed to have tangled with a spray of hedge nettles and her pollen-dusted nose was tilted ecstatically skyward.

"I'll bet she's in my section," I said gloomily.

And of course I was right.

My first-year Zoology class is a strictly academic and orthodox affair. The college insists on that. Straightforward dissections of the earthworm, the frog, the afferent and efferent systems of the dogfish, that kind of simple thing. And though the labman, Potts, is a treasure, everyone—another college rule—prepares his own specimens.

Torcastle is low on student unrest. I entered the lab that first morning to find two dozen earnest heads already bent over their pinned-out earthworms, scalpels flashing, scissors snipping. Except, in the corner of a bench by the window, this sort of anarchic cell, this area of silent nihilism. In short, the tow-colored duckling girl, whose name, it seemed, was Kirstie Hamilton, gazing raptly *(continued on page 131)*

Painting by Ben Wohlberg

SUMMER BY NIGHT

First stop for smart party-going girls this summer is the loungewear section of their favorite store. There, they will discover some luxurious evening things, in hiding at bargain prices. Technically labeled "at-home" clothes, nothing keeps them from going out and having fun, especially when they're accessorized with great costume jewelry. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.

Photographs by Otto Stupakoff, interiors by Winkler/Patino, hairstyles by Peter Green of La Coupe. Accessory and shopping information on page 122.

A Persian-garden print blouson dress has figure-shaping Spandex lining. In Banlon, by Olga, $56.

Low-necked caftan with Grecian flair gathers at set-in waist. In nylon bouclé. J.C. Penney, $17.

This flowing caftan takes off in a bold butterfly print in nylon. By Sears, $16.

Flared culotte printed with posies has puffy sleeves. Nylon tricot, Vanity Fair, $33.











EQUAL TREATMENT: SKIN CARE FOR HIM AND HER

"Of course men care about their looks," says golf pro Richard Metz. "I think it's great!" says Liz Metz, who had no trouble convincing her husband to join her as a subject in the JOURNAL's his-and-her skin-care story. We figured now that men can finally admit they care about the way they look, we'd help them do something about it. There was nothing discriminatory in our approach. Both Liz, a working mother who does television commercials in her spare time, and Richard were scheduled for appointments at Georgette Klinger's skin salon in New York. Miss Klinger, a veteran cosmetologist whose own skin blooms with the vitality of a woman half her age, has recently added facilities for men. As you'll see on the next page, the differences between Liz and Richard's treatments had to do with their skin types, not their sex. Also included are tips on how you and your husband can pamper your skin at home. Richard, by the way, admitted later that he had been a bit uneasy at first about his visit. When it was over he said he felt marvelous. Both he and Liz looked terrific.—By Sally Obre, Beauty Editor

Top photo: Richard consulting with Georgette Klinger. Right: Liz and Richard with Richard Jr., 9, Marijane, 7.





Liz and Richard were each ushered into private rooms at Klinger's, where they were invited to slip into dressing gowns and stretch out on comfortable recliners. For the next 45 minutes their skins would be cleansed, steamed, massaged, smoothed, nourished, and otherwise cosseted by skillful Klinger specialists. But before the actual work, Miss Klinger scrutinized the Metz' skin. Analysis for Liz: a combination of oily skin around the nose, cheeks, and chin and dry skin elsewhere. For Richard, fairly dry, sensitive skin with some oiliness around the nose and center forehead. The treatment prescribed for Liz and Richard's skins was to vary somewhat because of differences in texture. Then Miss Klinger's specialists went to work. First step for both was a thorough cleansing with makeup remover to eliminate surface grime (1, 2). The cleanser was applied in sweeping upward and outward motions and then removed with cotton balls. Then came more cleaning with a clear liquid freshener applied with a succession of cotton balls until no more grime showed on them.

At home: Apply cleansing cream with upward and outward motions to keep skin from stretching. Remove gently with cotton balls or tissue. (Repeat the cleansing process if you're removing heavy makeup.) Then go over skin with a skin freshener or astringent with cotton balls until there are no signs of dirt on the cotton.



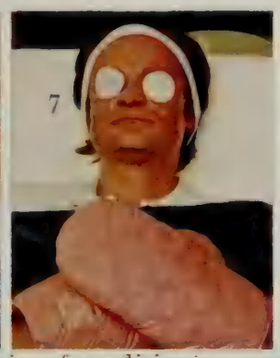


In Liz' room, a pot of boiling water appeared in which camomile and other herbs were steeping. Liz was instructed to lean over the pot with a towel draped tent-fashion over her head to catch the steam (3). The purpose of the steaming was to open and unclog pores. Then Liz' skin was cleaned with cotton balls soaked in an herbal freshener. A parallel step for Richard was performed with a special machine, which sprayed herbal steam on to his face and throat (4).

At home: To open and cleanse pores, boil a pot of water for 10 minutes with a mixture of dried camomile, rosemary, and mint. Remove from heat, cover head with a towel tent-fashion, as Liz did, and steam skin for ten minutes. Pat dry.







More deep-pore cleaning next. A gritty pore cleanser was applied with a brush to Richard's chin, nose, and forehead—the oilier areas where blackheads can accumulate (5). After five minutes the cleanser was removed with the herbal freshener.

At home: Purchase a gritty, deep-pore cleanser. Apply with fingers or a complexion brush, concentrating on areas that are oily or have blackheads. Allow to dry for five minutes. Rinse with cool water.

Following the deep-pore cleansing came a series of conditioning steps: first, a soothing cod liver oil-based mask was carefully massaged over Richard's face, excluding oily areas (6). The same mask was also applied to his calloused golfer's hands. Then big mitts with electric heating coils were slipped on his hands (7). On his eyelids, soothing pads moistened with the herbal freshener. After 10 minutes a final pore-tightening mask was applied to the oily areas for ten minutes (8). After its removal came a spray of oxygen as a final skin awakener. For Liz the final conditioning steps began with an herbal "mask" (9). More masks followed, slightly stronger than Richard's because her skin is oilier and less sensitive. First a honey mask on the outer dry areas, topped by a penetrating oil mask. A special tightening mask was applied to the oily area (10). The refreshing last step was a tightening mask, peeled off after 15 minutes (11), followed by a spray of rosewater. At the end of their treatments both Liz and Richard were glowing. Miss Klinger advises weekly visits for six weeks; then space them out to every three or four weeks thereafter.









At home: It's easy and inexpensive to make your own masks. A good lubricant for dry skin is cod liver oil. Warm it slightly, apply, and leave on for 10 minutes, covering face with cotton balls to keep skin warm. Also apply to rough hands: slip on a pair of plastic gloves and roll hands in a heating pad. Another good all-purpose mask is honey, applied in the same manner as the cod liver oil. An excellent homemade pore-tightening mask for oily skin calls for the white of an egg with the juice of half a lemon. Apply for ten minutes, rinse, and pat dry. Pamper your skin with a home facial once a week if possible and a minimum of twice a month for glowing results.

Photographed at Georgette Klinger's Skin Care Salon in New York by Jerry Abramowitz



1. *Stuffed Sea Bass*
2. *Chocolate Steamed Pudding*
3. *Sauerbraten with Dumplings*
4. *Split Pea Soup*
5. *Steamed Clams*
6. *Deep Dish Cherry Pie*



Photograph by Henry Sandbank

COOKING: A NEW BAG OF TRICKS

midst the crush of new products that compete for our attention on the supermarket lves the most recent winner is the new cook- bags and wrap. These time- and mess-sav- cooking aides are not only as good as the nufacturers suggest, they are in our opinion tter. Not only can you roast meat in these gs, you can braise, steam, poach, bake, mari- te, and even freeze an endless variety of ner dishes. The main advantages are several: burned pots, splattered ovens, offensive ors, no basting, and very little hovering over a hot stove. Experimenting with our own recipes, none of which fall into categories suggested by the manufacturers, we discovered the following (clockwise, picture below): We steamed the stuffed bass (1) without benefit of a special fish poacher in an oven bag for 20 minutes. To steam a chocolate pudding (2) we lined an ordinary mold with an oven bag and added the ingredients. For the sauerbraten (3) we marinated a pot roast in a bag (the bag speeds up the process by about half). To cook, we simply added vegetables and dumplings for this "one-bag" dinner. The pea soup (4) was another easy affair. We simply dumped all the ingredients in a bag in a pan, to cook two hours. No stirring. To steam clams (5) we placed them in a bag, added scallions and liquid, steamed for 25 minutes and, *Voila!* For the cherry pie (6) we lined the pie plate with oven wrap, added filling, and then wrapped top to eliminate any splattering. (The wrap can be used interchangeably with the bags in most cases.) Details for our recipes on page 116. By Arleue Wanderman, Food Editor.



Photograph by Charles Gold



THE JOURNAL

Recipe Exchange



Grace Lambert of New Rochelle, N. Y. sent us this imaginative recipe for Swedish Meatballs some time ago. We confess to keeping it under wraps for just such an occasion as this: the beginning of our new reader-recipe exchange. Serve these meatballs at a party in a chafing dish with plenty of crusty French bread on the side to dip in the delectable sour cream sauce. Or, on a bed of noodles, this becomes a family favorite.

- 1 cup bread cubes
- ½ cup milk
- 2 Tb. butter
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 2 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- 2 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 2 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. dry mixed herbs
- 2 lb. ground beef
- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- 2 Tb. butter
- 1 tsp. chopped garlic
- ¼ cup flour
- 2 cups beef broth
- 2 tsp. liquid gravy seasoning
- 2 tsp. tomato paste
- 2 tsp. aromatic bitters
- 2 cups sour cream
- ⅓ cup chopped chives and/or
- ½ cup chopped dill

In a small bowl place bread cubes in milk to soak. Melt butter in a small skillet and sauté onion until golden. In another bowl combine salt, pepper, nutmeg, paprika, mustard, and mixed herbs. Set aside. Press milk from bread, combine with onions, mixed seasonings, ground beef, eggs. Form into 50 1½-in. balls. Chill.



In a skillet, melt butter. Brown meatballs, a single layer at a time. Remove.

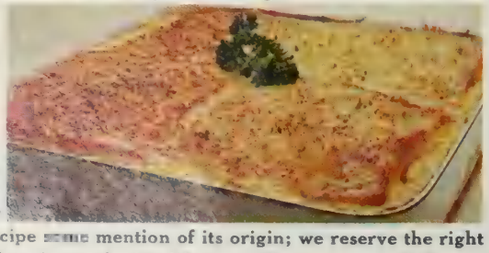
Prepare sauce in same skillet: Sauté garlic 2 minutes. Mix flour with broth and add to skillet with gravy seasoning, tomato paste, bitters. Over medium heat, stir until thick. Reduce heat, slowly add sour cream, chives and/or dill; add meatballs. Heat but do not boil. Serves 8.



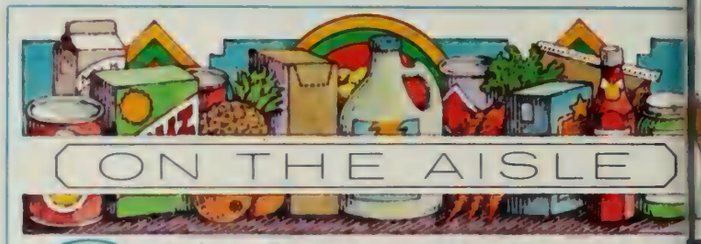
Mrs. Henry Aultman of Canton, Ohio, loves to experiment with seasonings. And we love one of the results of her efforts —thyme-scented, fluffy turkey soufflé sandwiches. Try them for a special springtime lunch served with tossed green salad.

- 8 slices white bread, crusts removed
- ½ lb. sliced turkey
- ¼ lb. sliced Swiss cheese
- 4 eggs
- 2 cups milk
- 2 tsp. onion salt
- ¾ tsp. thyme, crushed

Preheat oven to 325° (300° if using a glass pan). Prepare 4 sandwiches with turkey and cheese slices. Place in a 9-in-square baking dish. In a bowl beat the eggs until frothy. Add milk, onion salt, thyme. Blend, pour over sandwiches. Bake for 50-60 minutes until set and tops golden. Serve immediately.



Send us your favorite casserole recipe. We'll pay $50 for those we use. Include with recipe some mention of its origin; we reserve the right to alter recipes used, and all recipes submitted become the property of Downe Publishing. Entries must be submitted on or before May 31. Send to: Recipe Exchange, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.



ON THE AISLE

Only sixteen. Sometimes the simplest things can be so d cult. Ever try to buy an even one pound of hambu er? You'll find every which weight but that plain 16-ounce package in your supermarket meat coun Help is on the way. There's a trend in ground-m packaging—started by a Midwestern supermar chain—to wrap hamburger centrally and in e weights (one-, three-, five- and ten-pound package The wrapping is the same kind of opaque plastic u to protect sausage meat and liverwurst—helps keep meat fresher extends shelf life. Known to the food trade as "chubs," these unifo cylindrical packages have another useful feature: You can slice rig through the wrap to make instant patties. Three cheers for the chu We hope it's a trend that spreads rapidly.

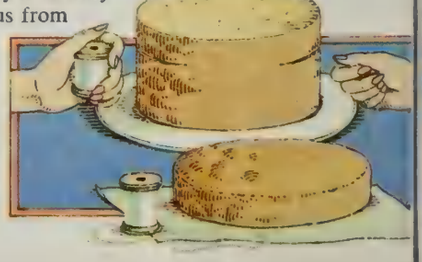
Sweet and Swings. May 5 is Children's Day in Korea. It's called Tan the day of swings. It's a day of general merrymaking, but one thing th makes it special is the swinging contests. Young Koreans try to swi faster and higher than anyone else. Their rewards: sweet rice cak Treat your own little swinger to a sweet new American snack call Crunch n' Munch. It's a mixture of peanuts and popcorn, coated wi butter toffee. Sprinkle it over make-your-own ice cream sundaes.

Outdoor Stuffing. Even the simplest food tastes better when you co it out of doors, but now you can have all the trimmings, too. Wheth National Camping Week (May 6-12) finds you hiking the Appalachi Trail or just stepping out as far as your own backyard, take along a b of the newest instant stuffing—Stove Top 15 Minute Stuffing Mix either cornbread or chicken flavor. It's as quick-cooking as its nam suggests. All you do is add boiling water and butter.

It's Mother's Day, Sunday the 13th. Buy Aunt Jemima's Frozen Blu berry Waffles, the newest addition on the pop-up-toaster scene, and l your kids serve them to you on your day—drenched in butter and syru Later in the week, try our suggestion for tangy-sweet hors d'oeuvr you can make on short notice: Cut waffles in half crosswise, spread wi blue-cheese dip and bake in a 475° oven for seven minutes.

KITCHEN Boutique

The Common Thread: An ordinary spool of heavy-duty white cot thread performs some uncommon tricks in your kitchen. ▪ Ever tried split layers of freshly baked cake and ended up with more crumbs than ca A length of thread will do a perfect job. First, with a sharp knife-po make a one-inch incision around the sides. Hold a 30-inch length of thr taut in both hands and draw it slowly through. ▪ Tie threads on ga cloves in sauce or stew. They'll be easy to fish out. ▪ Keep asparagus from losing its head—with thread. Tie spears of asparagus in bundles of eight, making one tie at the tip of each bundle, one near the base. When done, lift gently from the pot. Leave one stalk free to test for doneness.



FOOD SAMPLER

CHEF'S SECRETS



This month we talk to Louis Szathmary, owner-chef of Chicago's The Bakery, and author of *The Chef's Secret Cookbook* (Quadrangle Press).

▪ *A way to produce a perfect-looking platter of same-size meatballs.* Spread the meat mixture on a flat surface (after moistening hands), then divide it with a sharp knife into halves, then quarters—and so on, according to the number of meatballs desired. Shape the little squares into spheres and pop into sauce to cook. Added bonus: because they're all the same size, they're all done at the same time.

▪ *A startlingly simple way to keep avocado dip fresh.* Left to their own devices, avocado dips, such as guacamole, can turn an unappetizing brown in short order. Chef Louis's remedy: save the pit and place it in the center of your dip until serving time. Seems there's a special chemical in the skin of the pit that keeps mashed avocado freshly green.

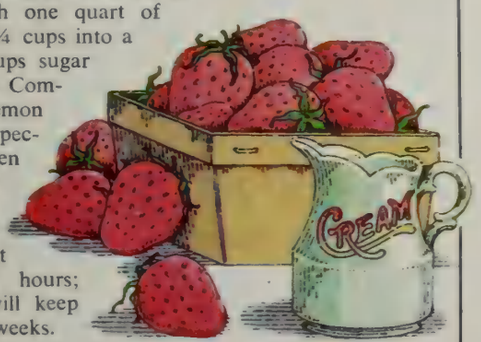
A way to make canned onions taste garden fresh. Rinse them in cold running water. Bring one quart of water with one tablespoon salt to a boil, pour over the rinsed onions and let stand. Discard the water and add the onions to your favorite sauce or stew.

FOOD OF THE MONTH

A New World of Strawberries. Imagine yourself landing on the shores of the New World—400 years ago. As you walk up the sandy South American beach you look down and discover a miracle: growing amid a tangle of green leaves are hundreds of huge ripe strawberries. Those first New World berries must have astounded the early explorers, who knew only the tiny European wild strawberry. Today's berries, offspring of the New World plants, are even more amazingly lush, and in the warm weeks ahead they'll be reaching their full perfection.

Candied Strawberries. Pick the ripest, prettiest fruits you can find, dip them in syrup and dry. The result: shiny strawberry candy—ready to eat out of hand or garnish a summer dessert. Here's how: An hour before serving, wash and pat dry a box of strawberries, leaving the hulls on. Boil one cup white corn syrup until a little bit dropped in cold water forms a hard ball (250° on a candy thermometer). With tongs, grasp each berry by the hull and immerse in syrup. Place the dipped berries on a cookie sheet lined with buttered waxed paper. Allow to dry in a cool place.

No-Cook Freezer Strawberry Jam With May Wine: Thoroughly crush one quart of strawberries. Measure 1¾ cups into a large bowl. Stir in 4 cups sugar and ¼ cup May wine. Combine 2 tablespoons lemon juice and ½ bottle fruit pectin in a small bowl, then add to fruit, stirring for 3 minutes. Ladle into sterile jars, and cover with tight lids. Keep jam at room temperature 24 hours; store in freezer, jam will keep in refrigerator for three weeks.



POTS & PANS & ...

The Greater Grater. If you're tired of risking your fingers along with the carrots you're trying to grate, we think we've found the perfect, painless answer. It's called the Greater Grater (illustrated below), and it's as simple and fun to use as a toy. Take nuts, cubes of cheese, parsley sprigs, lemon peel or whatever and fill the plastic container; then push down the plastic top and turn. No scrapes—the grating mechanism is safely housed inside. There's a removable glass measuring jar on the bottom that let's you grate just what you need and no more. Look for the Greater Grater in hardware, houseware, or department stores. By Acme Metal Goods Mfg. Co. About $2.69.
—VIRGINIA HABEEB



Pots abloom. All the pretty paraphernalia of the kitchen is too good to keep hidden. Particularly the brilliantly colored enamelware. Why not bring it out and use it for decorative containers: a scarlet skillet, for instance, piled with cherry tomatoes and a wreath of parsley for a centerpiece at a Sunday brunch; a sunny yellow tea kettle with masses of celery stalks and spikes of carrots. Think of marigolds in a brown casserole or daisies and daffodils filling a stewpot the color of the brightest oranges.

best bites

Beauty and the R.D.A. Once upon a time there was a sweet young thing named Beauty. She had glowing skin, shining hair, and eyes bright as stars. Skip to the happy ending: Beauty lived healthily ever after because she always had her R.D.A. (Recommended Daily Allowance) of vitamin A. R.D.A. is the newest abbreviation on the charts, a think-positive replacement for that old nutritional stand-by M.D.R. (Minimum Daily Requirement). R.D.A.'s are the amounts of nutrients that a person in average good health needs to stay that way.

What's yours? How much vitamin A do you need to get all those health and beauty benefits? The average normal adult needs about 5,000 IU's (International Units) daily, but since vitamin A is stored in the body, you can eat a surplus one day—say half a cup of spinach—and skimp the next. That will cover your vitamin A for two days. Or 10,000 IU's.

Vitamin A is easy to come by. Aside from vitamin A by pills: Choose the darkest of dark-green leafy vegetables, the yummiest orange carrots (one large 5½" x 1" carrot has 6,000 IU's of vitamin A), the richest yellow fruits (fresh or canned apricots, peaches, pineapple, cantaloupe, each a rich source. A large slice of apricot pie would give you a huge 5,000 IU's of A. Other reliable daily sources are whole milk (100 units per glass), rich yellow Cheddar cheese, and butter.

Garnish with vitamin A. A generous sprinkling of finely chopped parsley adds a big A bonus to your meat dishes (4,000 per tablespoon), mounds of whipped cream will do the same for desserts.—ANDREW WEINBERGER

Illustrations by Rainbow/Grinder

Desserts in

Not all great desserts demand prolonged puttering in the kitchen. Here is a collection of after-dinner show-stoppers, no one of which requires more than 15 minutes to make (not counting chilling time). The common denominator for all of these desserts is cake—either a store-bought sponge or



Short Order

ozen pound cake. But that is where the resemblance to the
mmercial product ends. With the help of some unusual and startlingly simple
cipes, the basic cake is transformed into a toasted pineapple cake, a
andied fruit fondue, a mocha bombe, a chocolate mousse cake, and several
her speedy spectaculars. Turn, quickly, to page 114. Photograph by Charles Gold



THE POTATO BOOK

This is a delightful book about an ordinarily meat-and-potatoes subject. *The Potato Book*, a good-natured 96-page tribute to the tuber, was compiled by Myrna Davis with the help of many friends to benefit a favorite cause, the Hampton Day School, located in potato country on Long Island's eastern extremes and summer residence of numerous New York writers and artists. Many of them have contributed drawings as well as potato recipes (from soup to dessert), potato games, and, if you can believe it, potato beauty tips. A sampling of the fun and some of the book's imaginative recipes, including those below, are on page 118.



Potato Pudding

Fried Shave 'n' Save

Millionaire's Baked Potatoes

Baked Potato "Chips"

Copyright © 1972 by Myrna Davis. Photograph by Michael O'Neill

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M'm! M'm! Good!

So-so.



1. Meatballs, your favorite recipe.

2. Packaged hamburger dinner.

3. Meat loaf, any basic recipe.

4. Hamburger patties.

Not so so-so.



1. Meatballs, your favorite recipe. Make 'em like you usually do. Then arrange on a bed of rice. Top with canned brown gravy. Sprinkle with 2 Tb. coarse grated lemon peel, 2 Tb. chopped parsley and 1 clove garlic, crushed. The lemon parsley topping is ■ knock-out.

2. Packaged hamburger dinner. Make it in your skillet according to directions, adding ½ t. grated lemon peel and 1½ Tb. fresh lemon juice. Lemon freshens, improves the flavor.

3. Meat loaf, any basic recipe. Try glazing it: take an 8 oz. jar apricot preserves, blend in 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice. Brush on meat loaf while it's cooking. 10 minutes before it's done, decorate with lemon slices. Brush with glaze. Finish baking.

4. Hamburger patties. Here's how to give 'em a new, fresh taste. To 1 lb. hamburger, add 1 t. coarsely grated lemon peel, 2 Tb. fresh lemon juice, 1 t. seasoned salt, and pepper to taste. Shape into four spectacular patties. Broil or barbecue.

There are little lemon tricks that help improve most everything you eat.
To get more, send ■ postcard to Sunkist, Dept. S-73-22, Box 7888, Van Nuys, California 91409.

Sunkist®

30 MINUTE MENU

Whip up this appetizing economy-minded supper in minutes.

- Have oven preheated to 325°.
- Arrange sausage patties (12 oz.) in roasting pan; place in oven.
- Bring two quarts salted water to a boil in a large saucepan.
- Slice 3 large bananas diagonally. Line bottom of 8-in. graham cracker pie shell. Set remaining slices aside. Beat 1 cup heavy cream until stiff, gradually adding 2 tablespoons sugar. Blend half the whipped cream with 1 (18-oz.) can vanilla pudding and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Add to pie shell. Arrange remaining banana slices around pie. Garnish with whipped cream and 1 tablespoon toasted sweetened coconut. Refrigerate.
- Add macaroni from 2 (7¼-oz.) boxes macaroni and cheese dinner to the boiling water and cook for 7 minutes.
- Place 1 (8-oz.) package cole slaw in bowl. Pare 1 carrot; pare off 3 strips; shape into curls. Grate remaining carrot into bowl. Wash and dice 1 green pepper and blend with other cole slaw ingredients.
- Drain macaroni and prepare according to package directions, then add ½ cup sour cream, ⅓ cup grated Parmesan cheese, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon caraway seed, and 1 (6-oz.) can sliced mushrooms, drained. Arrange in a shallow 2-quart baking dish. Cut 1 tomato into wedges; place on top. Bake alongside sausage patties for 10 minutes.
- In a small bowl combine ⅔ cup mayonnaise, ¼ cup cider vinegar, 2 teaspoons sugar, and 1 teaspoon celery seed. Stir into cole slaw. Garnish with carrot curls.
- Remove sausage and macaroni from oven. Arrange patties on top of casserole. Garnish with parsley. Serve with beer. Serves 4-6.



Photograph by Mike O'Neill

General Electric Ranges with Total-Clean™ Ovens clean parts of an oven others expect you to clean.



All ovens that claimed to clean themselves aren't created equal. What's the difference? One works by heat. While the other, called "continuous cleaning," depends upon a dark-colored porous enamel. This porous surface is designed to soak up splatter and grease as you use the oven. But since many parts of the oven can't be made with this porous finish, you're expected to lend a hand.

The General Electric Total-Clean self-cleaning system is completely automatic. It cleans the entire oven interior. All you do is latch the door and set the control. Spills, greasy spots and oven soil are decomposed by the heat. General Electric pioneered the Pyrolytic self-cleaning oven, so it's probably no surprise that we have the largest selection of Total-Clean Ovens.

P-7 plus double ovens

The J797 Americana.® The lower oven has the P-7® Total-Clean System. Removable panels and shelves in the upper oven can be cleaned in the P-7 Lower oven. Other features include: dependable solid-state oven temperature control, Sensi-Temp™ automatic surface unit with griddle, automatic rotisserie, meat thermometer, infinite heat surface units, two picture window doors. Available in Harvest, Avocado or White.

P-7 free-standing models

The J757 is a free-standing 30″ model. In addition to the P-7 Total-Clean Oven, you get a solid-state oven temperature control, no-drip cook-top with Sensi-Temp automatic surface unit and griddle, automatic rotisserie, meat thermometer, infinite heat surface units and picture window oven door. Available in Harvest, Avocado or White.

P-7 top and bottom wall ovens

The JK29 is a 27″ built-in double-oven with two Total-Clean Ovens. Other features: dependable solid-state oven temperature control, picture window door in both ovens, easy-set oven timer, rotisserie, and automatic meat thermometer. Counter top surface units with matching exhaust hoods are available. All in Harvest, Avocado or White.



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This feature goes with every P-7 oven range we sell. This is our pledge: that wherever you are or go you'll find an authorized GE serviceman nearby. Should you ever need him.

P-7... Another reason why GE is America's #1 major appliance value.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

30 MINUTE MENU

This speedy, but special weekend lunch—for family or an impromptu party.

Cheese Soup: Preheat oven to 400°. Blend until smooth in an electric blender: 4 packages (4-ounce) shredded, sharp Cheddar cheese, 1 can (13-oz.) evaporated milk, 1½ teaspoons dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper. Pour into a heavy saucepan. Stir in 1 bottle (8-oz.) light beer. Heat gently, stirring frequently Spread 2 tablespoons sesame seeds on aluminum foil and toast in oven until golden, 5-8 minutes.

Peach Dessert: Drain 2 cans (30-oz.) sliced peaches on paper towels. Place in an 8-in. baking dish. Combine ¼ cup white wine and ¼ teaspoon almond extract. Pour over peaches. Crumble 1 package (8-oz.) moist coconut macaroons over peaches. Sprinkle with ¼ cup diced roasted almonds. Bake 15 minutes.

Dinner Rolls: Bake 1 package (8-oz.) brown 'n serve club rolls on cookie sheet 10 minutes. Beat 1 egg yolk with 2 tablespoons milk and brush on top of rolls. Continue to bake 5 minutes longer or until golden brown. Make butter curls or slice into pats ¼ pound butter or margarine.

Salad: Line a large platter with 1 head of romaine lettuce. Slice 1 pound fully cooked boneless ham into 4½x¼ in. julienne strips. Arrange strips in a wheel pattern alternately with 2 cans (16-oz.) of drained, diced carrots. Place 1 (3½-oz.) bottle of drained pearl cocktail onions throughout carrots. Mix ¾ cup bottled oil and vinegar dressing with ¼ cup chopped parsley and pour over salad.
Serve all.



Photograph by Michael O'Neill





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worcestershire a pork chop tonight

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Skillet Glazed Apricot Pork Chops
Salt
6 pork chops, 1-inch thick
1 can (5½ fl. oz.) apricot nectar
5 teaspoons Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce
1 tablespoon cornstarch
⅛ teaspoon ground cinnamon

Sprinkle salt lightly in bottom of a large skillet. Heat until a drop of water sizzles. Add chops and brown well on both sides. Cover tightly; cook over low heat until tender, about 30 minutes. Combine remaining ingredients. Pour over chops. Cook, uncovered, until chops are glazed and sauce is thickened. Garnish with apricot halves if desired. Yield: 6 portions.



For 77 other things to worcestershire, write for free recipe book to Lea & Perrins, Dept. P-11, Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410.

and chicken, eggs, chowder or soup tomorrow.

Chicken and Vegetable Casserole
2 tablespoons oil
3-pound chicken, cut into 8 pieces
1 package (10 oz.) frozen mixed vegetables
1 can (10½ oz.) condensed cream of chicken soup
5 teaspoons Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon Tabasco pepper sauce
½ cup buttered soft bread crumbs

In a large skillet heat oil. Add chicken and brown well. Remove chicken to a 2-quart casserole. Combine thawed mixed vegetables with soup, Lea & Perrins, salt and Tabasco; pour over chicken. Cover and bake in a preheated oven (350°F.) 45 minutes. Uncover. Sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake, uncovered, 15 minutes longer. Serves 4 to 5.

Devilish Eggs
Halve 6 hard cooked eggs. Remove yolks and blend with 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce and 1 teaspoon onion powder. Mound yolk mix-

Hearty Fish Chowder
1 package (12 oz.) frozen fish fillets, thawed and chunked
1 bottle (8 fl. oz.) clam juice
1 can (1 lb.) stewed tomatoes, broken up
1 package (10 oz.) frozen succotash, thawed
1 tablespoon Lea & Perrins Original Worcestershire Sauce
¼ teaspoon salt

In a medium saucepan, combine all ingredients. Simmer, uncovered, 15 minutes or until fish flakes when tested with a fork. Yield: 4 to 5 portions.

Meatball Minestrone
1 can (10¾ oz.) condensed minestrone soup
2¾ cups water
1 can (1 pound) tomatoes, broken up
1 can (15 oz.) meatballs in brown gravy
1 package (10 oz.) frozen zucchini squash
5 teaspoons Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce

In a large saucepan, combine all ingredients. Bring to boiling point. Reduce heat and simmer 10 to 15 minutes or until zucchini is tender. Yield:

DESSERTS IN SHORT ORDER

continued from page 103

TOASTED PINEAPPLE CAKE
picture on page 102

A quick run under the broiler gives this dessert its luscious look and taste of toasted coconut and glazed pineapple.

1 can (20 oz.) pineapple chunks in own juice
2 tablespoons cornstarch
¾ cup light brown sugar
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
3 tablespoons dark rum (optional)
2 sponge cake layers (7 in. each)
½ cup unblanched sliced almonds
⅓ cup shredded coconut

Drain juice from pineapple into a small saucepan. Stir in cornstarch until dissolved. Add brown sugar and butter or margarine. Bring to a boil over medium-high heat, stirring constantly until it thickens. Remove from heat and stir in rum, if used.

Spread about ⅓ cup of sauce over top of one cake layer placed on a heat-proof plate. Stack remaining cake layer on top. Add pineapple cubes to remaining sauce and pour over top of cake. With spatula, spread excess sauce over sides of cake. Press almonds on sides and sprinkle coconut on top. Wipe edge of plate clean with a damp paper towel. Place cake under broiler for 2-3 minutes, watching carefully until coconut is toasted. Serves 6.

BRANDIED FRUIT FONDUE
picture on page 102

A quickie for a party—last-minute or otherwise. The recipe is easily adjusted for smaller—or larger—groups.

4 jars (12 oz.) apricot preserves
1 cup brandy
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
2 pound cakes
Assorted fruits

In a ceramic or metal fondue pot, heat apricot preserves, ½ cup brandy, and lemon juice. When heated through, stir in remaining ½ cup brandy and lemon rind. Makes 6 cups.

Use as a dip for bite-sized pound cake cubes, pineapple or banana chunks, strawberries, other fresh, dried, or canned fruits. Serves 8-12.

MOCHA BOMBE
picture on page 103

This wins our most-elegant-dessert-of-the-month award.

1 sponge cake layer (7 in.), crumbled
1¼ cups confectioners' sugar
1 can (4½ oz.) diced, toasted almonds
¼ cup cocoa
¼ cup plus 1 tablespoon bourbon
2 tablespoons honey
1 quart coffee ice cream
1 cup canned hot fudge sauce

Mix crumbs with 1 cup confectioners' sugar, almonds, and cocoa. Add ¼ cup bourbon and honey. Mix well. Shape into 1-in. balls. Sift remaining confectioners' sugar over bourbon balls. Makes about 30. *To assemble:* Remove a quart of ice cream (round) from carton. Place upside down on a serving platter. Arrange bourbon balls around base and on top of ice cream. Add remaining 1 tablespoon bourbon to fudge sauce, heat if desired, and pour some of sauce over dessert. Pass remaining. Serves 5–6.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE CA
Of all the chocolate mousse ations we've seen (and th legion), this is one of the qu



2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
¾ cup cold water
2 sponge cake layers (7-in. each)
¼ cup coffee liqueur (optional)
1 pint vanilla ice cream
1 pint chocolate ice cream
1 tablespoon instant coffee granu
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Soften gelatin in cold wate small saucepan.

Cut each cake layer in ha zontally. Sprinkle each cu surface with 1 tablespoon c queur, if desired. Place one l bottom of an 8-inch spring fo

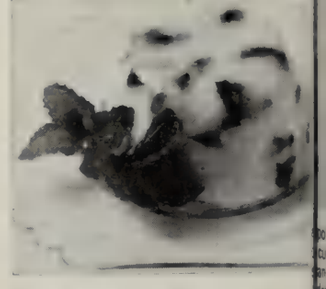
Spoon vanilla ice crea blender. Blend at highest sp til smooth. Remove to a larg

Spoon chocolate ice crea instant coffee into blender. until smooth. Add to vani cream.

Heat gelatin over mediu until dissolved, stirring cons Fold gelatin and stiffly beat whites into ice cream Pour about one-quarter of mixture over cake layer in p peat three times, alternatin and mousse layers. Chill two

If you wish to take extra ti garnish as pictured, whip heavy cream until stiff, ad blespoons confectioners' sug ½ teaspoon vanilla. Top wit chocolate curls. Serves 8.

CROWN CUSTARD MOLI
This jewel of a dessert is s (and quick), we predict it come one of your "secret"



5 fresh strawberries
3 cups ½-in. cubed pound cake
1 cup finely diced moist-pack pitt prunes
1 package (3 oz.) egg custard mi
2 cups milk
1 teaspoon almond extract

Cut strawberries into quart place in bottom of five (6-o tard cups. Place about ⅓ c cubes into each custard cup, ling with 3 tablespoons pru

Prepare egg custard accor package directions, adding extract with milk. Pour custa filled cups. Chill for 1 hou frigerator.

To unmold, run a knife the edge of cup, turning down onto serving plates. S

SICILIAN CREAM CAKE

s is a quick version of the classic lan cassata.



zen pound cake (11¼ oz.), thawed
cups ricotta cheese
up sugar
up creme de cacao
up mini chocolate pieces
up mixed candied fruit
p ready-to-spread chocolate osting
etti decorettes

cake horizontally to make three rs.

ombine cheese, sugar, and 3 espoons creme de cacao in a ll mixing bowl. Beat with an tric mixer until it is smooth. l in chocolate pieces and can- l fruit.

pread bottom cake layer with ut one half ricotta mixture. e second layer on top and ad with remaining ricotta. Place d layer on top.

ombine chocolate frosting with aining tablespoon creme de ca- and spread on cake. Sprinkle decorettes. Chill ½ hour. ves 6.

ILLIAMSBURG CHERRY TRIFLE

s is a quick version of a tradi- al English dessert our food edi- discovered during a visit to onial Williamsburg.



onge cake layer (7 in.)
up kirsch
n (16-oz.) red sour pitted cherries, rained
up macaroon crumbs
n (18-oz.) vanilla pudding
up heavy cream, whipped
blespoon confectioners' sugar
blespoons sliced almonds

it cake in half horizontally to e two layers. Cut in ¾-in. es. Place half of cubes in bottom a glass bowl, about 8 inches wide 3 inches high. Sprinkle with 2 lespoons kirsch. Cover with one f of cherries and with ½ cup shed macaroons. Coat with one f of vanilla pudding. Repeat. Whip heavy cream until it forms f peaks. Fold in sugar and re- ining kirsch. Top trifle with ipped cream and almonds. Serves

END



Fresh grapefruit from Florida goes informal. Which is only natural.

Back in the good old days they used to pick fresh grapefruit right off the tree, peel 'em and eat 'em. Today you can pick the same tree-ripened pink or white juicy fruit right off your grocer's shelf. From Florida, the best, naturally. Rich in natural Vitamin C, and stingy on calories, grapefruit helps you shape up. Yet it's almost meaty enough to make a meal. There are lots of casual ways to serve it. For a start, here are three.

1. Pretty as an instant picture. Just a plain half topped with a strawberry. You can develop this picture in a minute. Other toppings: honey, salad dressings, sherbert, preserves.

2. What can be better than fresh, fresh squeezed? Almost any juice squeezer will do. You can find over-sized ones especially for grapefruit. Think of the exercise as part of shaping up.

3. Make it pretty but keep it casual. This is the shape-up special: cottage cheese with fresh grapefruit sections, topped with a strawberry. Actually, grapefruit can go with any salad, its clean, refreshing taste makes a pleasant contrast.



Shape up with grapefruit from Florida.

Copyright, State of Fla. Dept. of Citrus, 1973.

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COOKING: A NEW BAG OF TRICKS

continued from page 99

Before using our recipes, read through these general instructions. Choose a bag or wrap appropriate to your recipe. Either may be used by fastening the end or ends securely. The bag is recommended for recipes with considerable liquid. Choose a roasting pan that is fairly shallow, about 2 inches deep. It should be large enough so filled bag or wrap does not hang over sides of pan.

The recipe may be prepared in the bag by simply shaking ingredients in it or by placing the bag in a comparable size bowl. If using bowl, overlap ends of bag over the edge of the bowl, adding the ingredients to the bag and combining as you would in a mixing bowl. Place bag in the roasting pan and close with the twist tie, leaving 2 inches between food and the tie. The bag should fit loosely over the food.

In using the cooking wrap, line the intended roasting pan or dish with the wrap, allowing it to overlap on top of food at least 3 inches. The recipe may be prepared in the lined pan or out, whichever is more convenient. Place edges of wrap loosely over food, twisting foil edges.

Puncture 6 holes about 4 inches apart in top of the bag or wrap with a large meat fork or paring knife. It is absolutely necessary to make these holes; they allow the steam to escape. Otherwise, the bag could explode due to the pressure created inside.

Place pan in the preheated oven (temperature should never exceed 400°), making sure that the wrap or bag does not touch oven walls or racks; the plastic can burn and stick to these surfaces after long contact. If extra browning is desired, slit top of bag or open the wrap about 6 inches the last 15 minutes of cooking time. When recipe is completed, remove from oven. Unfasten tie or wrap carefully, allowing steam to escape for a moment before serving recipe.

STUFFED SEA BASS
(pictured on page 98)

To safely transfer fish to serving platter, simply lay bag on dish, cut around the fish and discard bag. This leaves a portion of bag under the fish—but no one else will ever know. Another advantage to cooking fish in bags is that it cuts down on cooking odors.

½ cup chopped onion
½ cup sliced mushrooms
½ cup sliced celery
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 can (8 oz.) drained and sliced water chestnuts
1 cup (1 in.) bread cubes
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon crushed basil
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 sea bass (4–5 lbs.) cleaned
1 cup white wine
½ cup thinly sliced onion
1 thinly sliced lime

Preheat oven to 350°.

In a small skillet sauté onion, mushrooms, and celery in butter until tender. Remove skillet from heat and add water chestnuts, bread cubes, salt, basil, and pepper. Mix well.

Stuff cavity of the sea bass. Place the stuffed fish on its side in a large size oven bag. Place onion slices around fish and place half the lime slices over the top of the bass. Add the white wine very carefully to the bag.

See general instructions. Bake 15–20 minutes.

Serve immediately with remaining lime slices. Serves 4.

Serving Suggestions: Try serving this with cooked asparagus or broccoli hollandaise, tossed salad with French dressing, and a heavy dessert such as cheese cake.

CHOCOLATE STEAMED PUDDING
(pictured on page 98)

Steamed pudding used to be so difficult it was saved for special occasions and year-end holidays. Now, with this simple way, it's Christmas in May.

4 oz. semisweet chocolate
¼ cup butter
3 cups bread crumbs
1 cup flour
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup molasses
½ cup chopped almonds
½ cup raisins
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cloves

Line a 6-cup mold with either medium bag or wrap allowing a 4-inch overlap. In a small saucepan melt chocolate and butter over low heat. Combine with all remaining ingredients in the lined mold, blending evenly. Press mixture to fit design of mold.

Fasten the bag 3 inches from m ture with tie and puncture hol through top of the bag. (See gene instructions.)

Place the mold in an ovenpr pot or dish. Fill the pot or dish thr quarters of the way up with wat Place in oven for 2–2½ hours. R move and allow to cool 1 hour pan then pull bag out of mold, pri the bottom and allow to cool 15– minutes more. Cut away plastic fi and serve with hard sauce.

Brandy Sauce: In a saucepan m ¼ lb. butter or margarine. Blend 1 cup powdered sugar and 2 tab spoons brandy and pour over pu ding. Serves 8–10.

Serving Suggestions: This is a sho off dessert, a fitting end to any e gant dinner party. It's *very* rich, offer small servings.

SPLIT PEA SOUP
(pictured on page 98)

When we think of the hours we us to spend standing over the soup p trying to keep the bottom fr scorching . . .

2½ quarts water
1 package (16 oz.) or 2 cups precooke split peas
1 cup sliced celery
1 ham hock
3 medium onions, quartered
1½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper

Soak peas, if necessary, according package directions with the water largest size bag. Preheat oven 350°. Add remaining ingredien See general instructions. Bake fo hours. Makes 3 quarts.

Mississippi River Recipes for the Jet Age.



Lipton
Onion Soup
AND FOR CALIFORNIA DIP



You can dine as graciously as they did in the days of the river steamboats. And just as well. On Southern Gumbo, Plantation Fried Chicken, and Cream Gravy.

Because now you have professional help from Lipton® Onion Soup Mix.

Lipton knows how to slice plenty of onions and blend them with just the right seasonings. To please your taste and save your time. Which is only fitting. When you're dining Southern style, who wants to get all hot and bothered.

And try Lipton® Beef Flavor Mushroom Mix, another great recipe soup. Recipes on the box.

SOUTHERN GUMBO
4 slices bacon, halved, crisp cooked and drained (reserve drippings)
1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix
1 can (1 lb. 1 oz.) corn, drained
2 packages (9 oz. ea.) frozen cut green beans, thawed and drained*
1 can (1 lb.) whole tomatoes
2 teaspoons chili powder

In medium skillet, combine reserved drippings, Lipton Onion Soup Mix, corn, beans, tomatoes, and chili. Cook, stirring occasionally, 25 minutes or until beans are tender. Makes about 6 servings.

*Or substitute 2 packages (10 oz. ea.) frozen cut okra.



UERBRATEN WITH DUMPLINGS
(pictured on page 98)

our new way of cooking, we call this a one-bag meal instead one-dish meal.

pot roast
uarts cider vinegar (depending strength of flavor desired)
lespoons pickling spice
(16 oz.) ginger snaps
s carrots peeled and sliced in n. pieces
dium peeled and quartered onions
spoons salt
spoon pepper
s dry mashed potato flakes
or
ups dry mashed potato granules
0½ oz. package)
flour
easpoons salt
aspoon baking powder
s milk
s, beaten

e pot roast in a large oven bag. in 1–2 quarts vinegar (adding gh water to make 2 quarts d, if not using all vinegar) and pickling spice. Gather sides of bag so liquid completely covers . Fasten tie enclosure securely. w meat to marinate 1–2 days in efrigerator.

eheat oven to 350°. After the has marinated, remove from gerator and place in a large ing pan. Unfasten tie being ful not to spill liquid. Add ginger s, carrots, onion, salt, and pep- Refasten tie allowing 2-in. space e food.

e general instructions. Bake 2– ours.

ve minutes before you remove sauerbraten from the oven, pre- dumpling mixture. In a medium bowl combine instant mashed potatoes, flour, salt, and baking powder. Beat together milk and eggs and quickly blend with dry ingredients. Form into 3-inch balls. Remove sauerbraten from oven. Unfasten the tie on the bag and drop the dumplings into the bag. Close the bag, refasten the tie. Return to the oven and let bake for 30 minutes more. Serves 8–10.

Serving suggestions: All you really need to complete this meal is a refreshing dessert. We like the idea of apples: baked apples, apple crisp, or apple pudding. If you want, you can also serve wine, any dry white wine would be good, though we'd prefer a domestic or German Riesling.

STEAMED CLAMS
(pictured on page 98)

Be sure to save the broth; it's good for soup (drink it out of mugs) or fish stock (freeze for later use if you can't use right away).

2 dozen little neck
or
cherrystone clams
½ cup water
1 bunch scallions, thinly sliced
1 lemon, sliced and then cut into quarters

Preheat oven to 350°.

Scrub clams with a brush under cold water to remove all sand and dirt.

Combine all ingredients in a medium-size bag.

See general instructions. Bake 25 minutes or until clams are opened. Serves 6 as an appetizer.

DEEP DISH CHERRY PIE
(pictured on page 98)

Whenever a simple treat is required —for family or company—this fills the bill.

3 cups fresh pitted cherries and
½ cup water or
1 can (30 oz.) pitted dark cherries in syrup
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons cornstarch
2 teaspoons orange rind
1 package (10 oz.) pie crust mix
1 cup brown sugar
½ cup chopped walnuts
4 tablespoons water
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Preheat oven to 350°.

Line a 10-in. pie plate with wrap allowing the wrap to extend on both sides 8 inches. Fill lined plate with cherries and liquid. Stir in slowly sugar and cornstarch until smooth. Add orange rind. Cover the pie with remaining wrap overlapping in the center and twisting both ends.

See general instructions. Bake for 45 minutes. (This can be made in a medium size bag by combining ingredients in the bag and placing the bag in the pie plate and fastening the end of the bag.)

Just before you remove the pie, combine the pie crust mix, brown sugar, walnuts and water. Remove pie from the oven and open the wrap or bag. Sprinkle the pastry over the top. Bake additional 20 minutes leaving wrap or bag open.

To serve, simply snip away bag around rim of dish, leaving plastic under pie. No one will be the wiser, except you—when you clean up, so easily. Garnish with whipped cream. Serves 6–8.

COUNTRY-STYLE PORK

If anyone knows of a simpler one-dish meal, let us know.



2 lbs. shoulder pork chops
3 cups sliced fresh yams, peeled
2 cups (16) pearl onions, peeled
2 cups apple sauce
1 tablespoon caraway
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper

Preheat oven to 350°.

In a large bag combine all the ingredients listed above. (See general instructions.) Bake in preheated oven for 1 hour and 15 minutes. Serves 6. END

RECIPES TESTED IN THE JOURNAL KITCHENS

Ruth Lauman, Manager
Jean Aultman
Claudia T. Kinsey

TATION FRIED CHICKEN

ope Lipton Onion Soup Mix
s corn flake crumbs or
y bread crumbs
spoon parsley flakes
2 eggs, well beaten
¼ cup milk
2 chickens (2½ to 3 pounds each), cut into serving pieces
Shortening

ium bowl, combine Lipton Onion Soup Mix with crumbs and parsley. ggs and milk together. Dip chicken in egg mixture; then in onion-crumb e, coating well.

n large skillet, melt shortening and brown chicken. Reduce heat, cover ok 30 minutes; remove cover and cook an additional 10 minutes or until n is tender and crisp. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

CREAM GRAVY

2 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons flour
1¼ cups milk
¾ cup heavy cream
1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix

In small saucepan, melt shortening and blend in flour. Gradually stir in milk and cream; add Lipton Onion Soup Mix. Simmer, stirring constantly, until gravy is thick and smooth. Makes about 2 cups gravy.



continued from page 104

Shave 'n' Save
pictured on page 104

Save all potato peelings. Fry them with coarsely chopped onions and country sausage, bacon or hot Italian sausage, and some parsley. If you use hot Italian sausage, sprinkle Parmesan cheese on it when served. Or fry them with *anything*.

Potato Pudding
pictured on page 104

3 large potatoes, peeled and grated
2 medium-size onions, grated
2 eggs, whole
⅛ teaspoon pepper, freshly-ground
1½ teaspoons of salt, or according to taste
Italian parsley, chopped

Mix these ingredients thoroughly. Before adding egg, partly drain water out of potatoes. Using a ring form, pour two tablespoons of vegetable oil on bottom of pan to grease thoroughly. Also pour two tablespoons of oil on top of the ingredients. Bake 40–60 minutes in 400° oven until the top forms a crust. Invert pudding, fill center with creamed mushrooms. Serves 8.

Baked Potato "Chips"
pictured on page 104

Slice potatoes, unpeeled, into eighths or smaller. Lay out on cookie sheet, cut side up, and bake in 450° oven until puffy and crisp (10–15 minutes).

Millionaire's Baked Potatoes
pictured on page 104

6 large baking potatoes
Cream
1 tablespoon onion, grated
¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
Salt to taste
Caviar

Scrub potatoes well and bake. Cut off tops and scoop out cooked potato and mash with cream. Add onion and seasonings and beat well. Heap seasoned potato into shells and at serving time, heat in a 400° oven for 15 minutes. Top with caviar.

Potato and Salmon Chowder



4 cups peeled, cubed potatoes
1 cup sliced carrots
3 cups water
1 tablespoon salt
1 package frozen peas
⅓ cup butter
⅓ cup chopped onion
¼ cup flour
5 cups milk
1-lb. can salmon, flaked (with skin and bones removed)
1 cup thinly sliced celery
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Pot potatoes, carrots, water, and salt into a saucepan, bring to a boil, lower heat, and simmer until tender, about 15 minutes. Add frozen peas, bring to a boil, and remove from heat.

Sauté onion in melted butter in a skillet until golden, add flour and stir until smooth. Cook for one minute, add 2½ cups milk and stir constantly over low flame until the mixture gets thick. Add salmon and salmon liquid to the vegetables. Add white sauce, celery, Worcestershire sauce, and the remaining milk. Reheat before serving. Serves 12.

Orange Potatoes



6 medium potatoes
2 tablespoons butter
⅔ cup milk, heated
1 teaspoon salt
Juice of one orange
Rind of one orange, grated

Preheat oven to 350°. Boil potatoes in their skins until tender, drain, peel, and mash well. Add butter, milk, salt, and orange juice and beat until fluffy. Turn into greased baking dish, top with orange rind, and bake for about 15 minutes. Serves 4



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Skin Whitener: Vegetable stains can be removed from the skin by rubbing them with a slice of raw potato.

Wrinkle Remover: Envelop a teaspoon of grated raw potato in a compress of surgical gauze. Press compress on each eye (closed) 15 minutes. This is said to smooth eyelid wrinkles.

Rheumatism Cure: A potato carried in a pocket or hung around the neck on a string and allowed to dry is an old-time preventative for rheumatism.

If you'd like a copy of *The Potato Book*, send a check or money order for $4.95, plus 25¢ for postage and handling (total $5.20) to:

The Hampton Day School
Butter Lane
Bridgehamton, N. Y. 11932

New York State residents add 35¢ for sales tax.



Russian Steppes

This adventurous combination of ingredients is not uncommon to Russian cuisine.



4 medium size potatoes, baked, peeled and sliced
3 pickled herrings, chopped
5 ounces salami, sliced thinly
½ cup sour cream
4 ounces breadcrumbs

Butter a casserole or deep baking dish. Put a layer of sliced potatoes around the bottom, then alternate with a layer of herring, another layer of potatoes, a layer of salami, again potatoes, and so on until the ingredients are used up, ending with a layer of potatoes. Spread sour cream on each layer, and salt and pepper to taste. Top generously with breadcrumbs and dot with butter. Bake in 350° oven for about 40 minutes.

Potato Power: Pray for peace and grace and spiritual food,/For wisdom and guidance, for all these are good,/But don't forget the potatoes.—JOHN TYLER PETTE (1822-1907), *Prayer and Potatoes.*

Dieters' Delight: Plain yogurt mixed with fresh or frozen chopped chives or mint makes a delicious low-calorie topping for baked potatoes.

Frying, Baking Tips: For fondue lovers: Boiling oil can be kept from splattering in a fondue pot by placing a large slice of raw potato in the oil.

■ Parboil potatoes for about five minutes, drain and dry and then bake. This will reduce baking time.

Thickening Tips: Mashed turnips will be less thin if a potato is mashed into the mixture.

■ To thicken soups, grate 3 tablespoons of raw potato for each cup of soup and simmer until the potato is absorbed, about 15 minutes.

S.O.S.: To rescue oversalted food cooked in water, drop in a few slices of raw potato and boil until the excess salt is absorbed.

● A slice of raw potato will clean wood and silver.

Slick Slice: Potatoes will slice easily if the knife is sharp and dipped first into boiling water.

Decorators' Delight: Half a potato, pierced with an ice pick in several places and placed flat side down in a vase of water, makes a fine flower holder.

Beauty and Health Lore: *Therapeutic Compress:* Because potatoes retain heat or cold well, they are handy compresses. A cool potato applied to a vein is believed to reduce congestion.

And what can't you make of it!

CRANBERRY-NUT COFFEE CAKE

1/4 cup brown sugar (packed)
1/2 cup chopped walnuts
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups Bisquick baking mix
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
1 egg
2/3 cup water or milk
2/3 cup whole cranberry sauce
Confectioners' Sugar Icing

Heat oven to 400°. Grease square pan, 9x9x2 inches. Mix brown sugar, walnuts and cinnamon. Combine baking mix, granulated sugar, egg and water; beat vigorously ½ minute. Spread in pan; sprinkle with nut mixture. Spoon cranberry sauce over top. Bake *20 to 25 minutes.* While warm, spread with Confectioners' Sugar Icing. *9 servings.*

CONFECTIONERS' SUGAR ICING: Blend 1 cup confectioners' sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla and about 1 tablespoon water.

This recipe was developed and tested in the Betty Crocker Kitchens.

Any of over 100 good things from just one box of Bisquick.



Umn.



Ummmnnnnnnn.



2. Sangria. To one bottle red or white fruit flavored wine, add ½ cup lemon/lime pop, like 7-Up, plus 3 Tb. fresh lemon juice. Slice in 1 whole orange and 1 whole lemon. Serve over ice. Ahhhhhhhh.

. Lemon/Lime kiddie drink. It's ood enough for grownups. Whirl in our blender: 1 envelope unsweetened emon/lime kiddie drink, a 13¼ oz. an pineapple tidbits, 2 cups water, cup sugar and ⅓ cup esh lemon juice. Pour nto pitcher. Add 4 cups e water. Serves 6 dults, or 2 kids.

3. Iced Tea. Served with lemon wedges, it's a summer classic. Here's another classic: make thin spirals of lemon peel and freeze them into your ice cubes. Makes tea, or any drink, beautiful.

4. Frozen lemonade. Make it look, taste fresh. Mix a 6 oz. can, according to directions. Cut a lemon in half. Squeeze one half into pitcher. Cut remaining half into slices and toss in. It's so much better.

We have a booklet full of cool ideas for summertime. It's called "Summer Refreshers." To get a copy send 10¢ to Sunkist, Dept. S-73-33, Box 7888, Van Nuys, California 91409.

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The new Tupperware Decorator Beverage Set isn't just pretty. It's so practical!

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You can see and buy the new Tupperware Beverage Set at a Tupperware Party. Have a Tupperware Party in your home before July 21st, and you may qualify to receive as a gift a Lady Sunbeam® Salon-Style Hair Dryer. Call a Tupperware distributor for full details. (Look in the white pages of your phone book under "Tupperware.")

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If you want to lock in freshness, Tupperware really locks it in.

WISE CHILD

continued from page 60

his bed was a girl who claimed, wi nothing to substantiate it, that she w carrying his dead brother's child.

David had seldom done anythi impulsive. Now he had invited a girl had never heard of to share his life six months. How could he explain su idiocy to his friends? Best never mention it, to invite nobody to apartment, to instruct Jennie to ign the phone while he was away.

David closed his eyes. The Quim faun appeared under his eyelids a looked trustingly at him. Its eyes w like Jennie's. Who was it who had s a woman in love wears blinders a sees only what she wants to see in man she loves? Someone else had w ten that a man, loved and in love, sh his camouflage and reveals himself never before.

So began an amazing, unsettling terlude in the well-ordered life of Da Fassett. He would awaken to the o of coffee and bacon, and the soun a girl's voice singing. He found him hurrying through afterclass chore come home early, where she woul waiting to regale him with someth sad, funny, exciting, or fascinating had happened to her that day.

After a few weeks he rarely thou of her in relation to his brother. W he did, he found himself not ca whether her story was true. Only w she reminisced about "Jack" was disturbed, for she never failed to m tion something that was completely of John's character. One night w she was describing Jack's having ta her to a prizefight, David winced. paused and said, "It hurts you to h me talk about Jack, doesn't it?"

"Hurts?" he repeated. Yes, thought, it hurts, but not the way think.

"I won't talk about him any mo she said, and changed the subject.

In early March, Audrey Cooper phoned him at the University. Au was the only member of John's w whom David knew well. It had through his friendship with Au that she had become John's lite agent.

"I dropped by your place to l some pictures of J.Y. I came acro my files," Audrey said, "and a nant girl came to the door. Are keeping something from me, Davi

He did not answer at once. Shou attempt some fiction or level with Could John have mentioned Jenn Audrey? Suddenly he wanted to k felt he had to know, *if* there was thing to know.

"It's a long story," David said.

"Don't think I'm not interes

Journal Shopping Cent

PAGE 94: OLGA print dress available at B man & Co., all stores; Jordan Marsh, Bo Jacobson's, Michigan; Swanson's, Kansas Missouri; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; The Empor Northern California. **Accessories:** Laguna green necklaces. KJL bracelets and ring. **PENNEY** orange caftan available at sel J.C. **PENNEY** stores. **Accessories:** Lee Menic shell neckpiece and bracelet. Copper bracele P & C Designs. KJL ring. I. Miller san **SEARS** butterfly caftan available at larger Fashion Stores. **Accessories:** Alexis Kirk ch Polcini bead necklace. KJL hoop earrings ring. Tony the Shoemaker sandals. **PAGE 95: VANITY FAIR** culotte availab Lord & Taylor, all stores; Marshall Field & Chicago; J.W. Robinson's, Southern Califo Capwell's, Oakland; The Emporium, Nort California. **Accessories:** P & C Designs laces. KJL earrings and ring. David Evins Miller sandals.
ALL PRICES ARE APPROXIMATE.

Audrey said. "Why don't I stop by on my way to lunch some day?"

She hung up before he could tell her not to. By the time he had found the number and telephoned her office, Audrey had gone out.

At noon David walked home through the softly falling snow. Jennie was not there. The apartment was cold and he was on the phone complaining about it when the doorbell rang. It was Audrey who insisted that she had said she'd stop by today instead of some day. She needed a stiff drink after what she'd been through already today. Her author's new play was a bomb, but that was not what she'd come to talk about. "What about this wall-eyed doe you're shacked up with, David. Come on. Tell Aunt Audrey."

Over martinis, David told her. He had meant to spill everything, the glaring inconsistencies, the fact that Jennie called John "Jack," and all his doubts. But he minimized those and told her simply that John had had an affair with this girl, that she was pregnant, that she had come to him because she was broke, that she was living in his apartment until the baby was born.

Audrey listened without comment. When he had finished she said she felt like another martini. Drier this time. He went into the kitchen to make it, and when he returned she asked, "When is it time for baby shoes?"

"Around the first of June, Jennie thinks," David said.

Audrey held a hurried consultation with her fingers. "June minus nine equals September," she said. "J.Y. was holed up in Bermuda rewriting his last novel all during August and September. Didn't you know that?"

No, John had seldom informed him of his comings and goings. The craving for privacy was a part of his brother's neurosis, and David had respected it. Everybody knew John was difficult, a genius and egocentric who indulged his own personal mystique.

"Face it, friend," Audrey said. "You're being hustled. This little minx is here to get what she can out of a sweet, dear, gullible idiot named David Fassett."

"But why me?"

Audrey shrugged. "Who knows? I've been hustled too, but I usually recognized it and gave the hustler the heave-ho."

"But how could I give the heave-ho to a girl like Jennie?"

"That's your problem, Buster," Audrey said. "And you'd better do it fast fast fast. The mere fact that you're maintaining her would substantiate evidence in any court that John was the father of her child. She could sue to break the will, and she could get plenty."

"Jennie sue?" The notion was preposterous.

"David, for God's sake stop being naive! If you know what's good for you you'll whip this little chit off to some agency for unwed mothers. Knowing you, you'll probably pay for everything. If you do, pay cash. Don't sign the Fassett name!"

After Audrey had gone David walked into the kitchen to make himself another martini, which he needed. A sack full of groceries stood on the kitchen table. It had not been there when he made Audrey her second drink. Jennie must have come in through the service entrance, left the groceries, and gone out the same way.

David dashed into the street, looked up and down in the wintry afternoon. Nobody was in sight. As he began his search for Jennie he played back in his mind what Audrey had said that Jennie could have overheard. It held only one clue: "Whip this little chit off to some agency for unwed mothers."

He visited all those he found in the phone book. He tried to describe her to bored social workers, all of them obviously convinced he was the fellow who had got the girl in trouble. He notified the Bureau of Missing Persons; he trudged the high bridges that might have tempted a rejected girl to leap; he peered down into concrete canyons from skyscraper ledges; he shuddered as he watched a subway train grind to a stop in Times Square. It was late when, bonetired and defeated, he returned to his apartment, put his key in the lock, and opened the door.

Jennie was dozing in his big leather chair.

"Jennie!" he shouted. "Where the hell have you been?"

Well, she had taken Miss Cooper's hint. She had visited any number of agencies for unwed mothers, but they all wanted her to sign papers giving up the baby, promising she wouldn't even

(continued on page 130)

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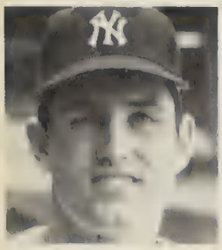
Fritz & Marilyn & Mike & Susan in...

THE SUMMER OF '72

These famous New York Yankee baseball players caused a national sensation when they revealed that they and their wives had decided to trade mates. In this exclusive article, the reporter at whose party it all began tells the full story of what happened—and why. **By Maury Allen**

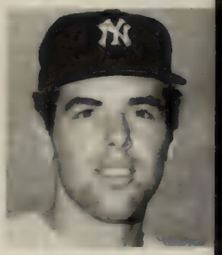


From left, Marilyn Peterson, Mike Kekich, Susan Kekich, and Fritz Peterson on sailboat last August, six weeks after they first experimented with changing partners.



Fritz: "I can't go back. I'll never go back."

Fred (Fritz) Peterson—age 31. Lefthanded pitcher. New York Yankees. Born in Chicago, grew up in Mount Prospect, Ill. Easy-going and gregarious. Interested in music, plays the accordion well; graduated Northern Illinois University with a bachelor's degree in physical education. Signed by the Yankees in 1963, he has continued his education during the winters; received Master's from Morehead State University where he taught courses in physical education, baseball—and billiards. Met Marilyn Louise Monks in school cafeteria at Northern. When he learned that her last name was Monks, he nicknamed her "Chip"—as in chipmunks. They were married December 19, 1964. Fritz likes to hunt, fish, and work around the house. Wears his hair mod-length, dresses sportily. Carries a camera wherever he goes.



Mike: "Not a wife swap but a life swap."

Michael Dennis Kekich—age 28. Lefthanded pitcher. New York Yankees. Born in San Diego, Calif., grew up in Los Angeles. Signed $50,000 bonus contract with the Los Angeles Dodgers in 1964; was considered as bright a prospect as Sandy Koufax, then the best pitcher in baseball. An incredible extrovert, Mike loves to sing and yell at a deafening pitch, is rarely seen without a smile; extremely articulate and intelligent. Loves to ride motorcycles at high speed; hunts, fishes, skis, is interested in ecology, astrology, photography. He met Susanne Tobias when she was a highschool cheerleader; they were married July 12, 1965. Mike loves to fly gliders, parachute jump, scuba dive. Has a very deep introspective side, but keeps it well hidden. He and his wife have two daughters: Kristen, 6, and Reagan Leigh, 2½.



Marilyn: "I begged Fritz to take me back."

Marilyn Monks Peterson—age 31. Raised in Rockford, Ill. Extremely pretty and vivacious. An impeccable dresser (usually wears mini-skirts and boots) and housekeeper. Loves music, museums, taking her children to shows and the circus. Like Fritz, very easy-going. Has a beautiful smile, laughs easily—an immediately likable person. Gets along extremely well with the wives of other Yankee players, reveled in the attention shown her children on special family outings of team. Talked about having a third child (she wanted a girl to go with her two sons, extremely athletic Gregg, 6, and Eric, 2½). Eric was born with breathing problem, but is now perfectly normal. Marilyn quickly adjusted to sophisticated New York life despite small-town Midwestern upbringing.



Susan: "Nothing . . . as sad or as happy."

Susanne Kekich—age 28. From Bellflower, Calif., a suburb of Los Angeles. Outdoors type, almost always appears suntanned. Tall, pretty, dark-haired, slim; enjoys physical activities—tennis, skiing, snowmobiling, horseback riding, golf. Took up jogging last year, subsequently won several local races. Interested in art, does sketches. A good cook (lasagna is her favorite), reads a great deal (The Godfather, Jonathan Livingston Seagull), *enjoys poetry (especially Rod McKuen), likes to sew, dance. A low-key woman who comes on slowly in a group of strangers. Not especially interested in clothes (wears shorts and slacks a great deal). Very articulate and bright, with deep insights into people. Given name is spelled Susanne, but she has always written it Susan and is called Susan by friends.*

It could have happened in your home. It happened in mine.

On the evening of July 15, 1972, my wife Janet and I invited three New York Yankee baseball players and their wives to dinner at our house in the suburbs. I am a sportswriter for the New York *Post*, and it was then the middle of the baseball season—the time at which I had to switch from covering one New York team (the Yankees) to another (the Mets). So this was in the way of a farewell dinner for three of my favorite Yankees couples: Fritz Peterson and his wife Marilyn; Mike Kekich and his wife Susan; Ron Swoboda and his wife Cecilia. Also invited to dinner, by sheer coincidence, was my neighbor Richard Kaplan of *Ladies' Home Journal* and his wife Julie.

It was an unforgettable evening—because on that occasion two of the baseball couples—the Petersons and the Kekiches—embarked on a course that was to result in a bizarre marital "trade" that eight months later surfaced in a storm of headlines. "It really began," says Susan Kekich, "the night we all went to see *The Godfather*. It first got serious the night of your party." In the spring of 1972, Fritz and Marilyn *(continued*

Photographs from Wide World, UPI, New York News, Len Weiss

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Peterson with Mike and Susan Kekich, had attended a movie together one evening. "We had a couple of beers afterwards," recalls Susan. "I don't remember who said it first. I can't even remember how it came up. I just remember the subject of wife-swapping was discussed. All I remember doing about it that night was giggling."

A year later, when the incredible trade of families was revealed, Mike Kekich said: "It wasn't a *wife* swap. It was a *life* swap."

Actually, husband-swapping would be a more appropriate description. Because the husbands—Fritz and Mike—did the instigating, the planning, the moving; they handled the complicated logistics. All parties were involved, however. All parties agreed to the arrangement—at least at first.

"One of the conditions," Susan said, "was that it would be immediately called off if any of the four of us changed our minds."

Marilyn Peterson was always the most reluctant participant—never quite sure, always concerned, always feeling pressured into the husband swap.

"I tried to put it together again," she says. "I begged Fritz to have me back. I told him I would do anything he said, try anything to save our marriage. I told him I would go to a psychiatrist if he wanted, visit a marriage counselor, in order to be a better wife in any way he asked. But he wouldn't have me any more."

The Petersons and the Kekiches had been friends almost from the day Kekich joined the Yankees in 1969.

"Marilyn and I were very good friends," Susan says. "We helped each other through the long, lonely trips when the men were away."

And then came that night last July.

Mike and Susan Kekich arrived first from their home in Mahwah, N.J. Each had a Scotch and Mike kidded Susan about a recent article I had written about her jogging exploits.

"She's impossible to live with," he said, "since she became famous."

The Petersons walked in a half hour later. Marilyn arrived with her long brown hair loose down to her waist. It was the first time anybody but Fritz had ever seen her without her hair hidden under a wig. She looked younger, sweeter, completely different.

Mike actually screamed when he saw Marilyn. "Oh, no," he said. He couldn't believe his eyes.

At dinner, Mike and Marilyn sat side by side; so did Fritz and Susan.

"The party broke up about four," Susan remembers. "We had kidded about 'switching' almost all night. Maybe it was Marilyn's hair, maybe it was the drinks, who knows? It just seemed incredibly funny. I don't think I stopped laughing all night."

Susan was still laughing when the men sealed the switch. They decided that each would drive home with the other's wife. "Fritz wanted to ride with Susan," said Marilyn Peterson. "I didn't see any harm in it. We were all friends. I guess I was a little high so I went along."

They arranged to meet at a diner in Ft. Lee, N.J., about a 20-minute drive from the site of the party.

Fritz and Susan arrived at the diner, went inside and had breakfast. Mike and Marilyn arrived two hours later. They stayed in their car.

"From that moment on," says Susan, "we four were almost inseparable. Some nights I would go home with Fritz and some nights I would go home with Mike."

On October 1, after the baseball season ended, Fritz Peterson moved into Susan Kekich's home in Mahwah with her two daughters. Mike Kekich moved into Marilyn Peterson's home eight miles away, in Franklin Lakes, N.J., with her two sons.

"I had never been sadder and never been happier in my life," recalls Susan Kekich. "I ran the gamut of every possible emotion."

When the giggling stopped

No one seems to remember when the giggling stopped and the serious discussions began.

"I think," says Susan, "it first dawned on me when Mike came home to me one night and said he had fallen in love with Marilyn. I felt affection for Fritz then, but I don't think it was love."

Susan says her marriage was crumbling long before the trade started.

"I always believed I had married for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, till death do us part. I worried about that for a long while. I never could seem to live up to Mike's standards. No matter what I did, he wanted me to do it a little better. I always felt unsure about him, uncertain about myself, a little insecure. Fritz accepted me as I was."

The two men, so alike on the surface, were so very different to Susan.

"Fritz is a good organizer, orderly; you know, there's a place for everything, everything in its place. Mike is more flamboyant; he doesn't worry about today or tomorrow. I sometimes think that way. I really live for today. Mike lives for the instant. Mike has great imagination; he's a mystic, a dreamer. I don't think he sees the world as it is. I think he is a romantic. I think he would have been a classic seventeenth-century knight."

"Fritz seems more realistic," says Susan. "He sees the world as it is. He takes things as they come. I guess there was one trait about Mike that I found difficult it was his impulsiveness. One minute he could be sitting in the kitchen reading a paper, the next minute he would jump up and say 'Let's fly to Montana.' And away we went.

Mike got from Marilyn what he never seemed to get from Susan.

"Mike is extremely affectionate," Susan says. "He needs affection all the time. He has to be told he is loved; he has to be shown it every waking instant. He likes to hold hands, to walk in the woods, to read poetry, to be close and physical at all times. I don't seem to need that. I feel I can express love in so many other ways."

Fritz had been like Susan all along: less demonstrative, less affectionate, more practical, less in need of constant reminders of his depth of feeling.

"What I think won Marilyn over," says Susan, "was Mike's incredible romantic heart. He sent her flowers regularly. He wrote her long, loving letters. He composed poetry for her. It was something that had been in her



eart all along. I just never seemed to espond to it. Marilyn did."

On the night of October 1, all four ecided to change partners for two onths. They would make a final, no-urning-back decision on December 1.

"After that," recalls Susan, "the our of us did everything together. We ent to shows together, had dinner to-ether. By now my love for Fritz had eepened, and so had his for me. It eemed perfect all around."

Now came the part of the trade hat worried all four people the most. hey had to tell their children.

"Fortunately, we each only had one hild old enough to really under-tand," said Susan. "Fritz's son Gregg nd my Kristen."

Fritz was to tell Gregg about the roposed switch, and Susan was to ell Kristen. "Gregg idolized Mike," ays Susan. "I thought he would be the asiest of all to accept it. But it has een the hardest for him."

Fritz tried to explain to Gregg that e would be living with his mother and Mike now. Fritz tried to build Mike up s a hero in his son's eyes. But there as sadness and uncertainty in the boy s he attempted to digest the infor-nation.

"I told him," said Fritz, "that Mike ad a better fastball than I did."

Two Daddies and Mommies

Susan Kekich says that telling Kris-en was the single most difficult thing he has ever done in her life.

"I tried to explain to her why Dad-y would not be living with us any nore and Fritz would. We had all een so close, the children always to-ether, that it hardly seemed strange t all to pursue this course. I told Kristen she was luckier than most hildren. She would have two Daddies nd two Mommies to love her, that he would see Mike all the time, that verybody would always be together. Children seem to understand more han we believe. They are more sensi-ive to situations even without verbal-zing them. I tried to tell her how I elt. I explained to her that each per-on in this world has to have a chance o seek out complete happiness in ife. I told her that sometimes it neant moving or changing schools or even missing her Daddy. I stressed ow much we all loved her, would al-ways love her. I told her that when she grew up she would understand even better. I told her that every per-on, big and little, had to do things n his life that sometimes made her sad and happy at the same time. Nothing ever made me as sad or as happy as this."

When the story exploded last March, Kristen was in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., where the Yankees were beginning spring training. Immediately, the press descended on both families.

"Children of baseball players ac-cept this kind of thing," Susan says. "They always have their pictures tak-en and they always see their Daddies on television. Kristen played nicely through the whole thing. The day the story broke publicly was her birthday. 'Mommy,' she said, 'will this mean you won't have time to bake cupcakes for my party?' "

Susan says all four of the people involved seemd extremely happy with events from the July night of the par-ty through the first actual husband-trade. "It was all so beautiful, so romantic, so perfect for all of us. We seemed to have found perfect mates. All our needs were fulfilled. We kidded about it being made into a movie, *The Summer of 1972*. We wondered who could play our parts."

But while Fritz and Susan grew closer, Mike and Marilyn drew apart. Marilyn grew more and more con-cerned with the eventual public re-action to what they were undertaking, as well as the private stigma she felt she would always carry. "What will happen?" she asked a friend. "Will it come out? What will people say? I don't want anybody to think it wasn't done out of love. Will it be in the pa-pers? How could I explain it? I'm so confused. Nobody has ever been di-vorced in my family before."

The romance seemed to have gone out of the relationship between Mike and Marilyn. "I thought Marilyn and I were perfectly suited," Mike says. "But things developed and we began to butt heads. She worried about being di-vorced and it became too much for her."

As the relationship between Mike and Marilyn deteriorated, Fritz wor-ried about his two sons.

"If Marilyn and Mike don't make it, what happens to my kids? It's hard to think of them with no father, no family; it eats me up. But *(continued)*

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I simply can't go back. I'll never go back."

Fritz and Susan sailed smoothly through October and November while Marilyn and Mike struggled with their problem.

On December 1, the deal was cancelled. Mike went back to Susan and their daughters and Fritz and Marilyn were reunited with their boys.

"We tried," says Fritz, "but by then it had gone too far. Marilyn cried for Mike and I wanted Susan."

Marilyn insists that she didn't want to go back to Mike again at that point. She wanted to save her marriage with Fritz. "He wouldn't have me," she says. "I tried, but he wouldn't have me. He wanted Susan."

Whatever the immediate reasons, whatever the immediate causes, the trade had gone too far. Lives could not be that easily reconstructed.

In an attempt to rebuild their marriage, Mike and Susan had gone back to California. Fritz and Marilyn were in New Jersey. On December 14, Marilyn flew west to rejoin Mike, while Susan flew east to rejoin Fritz. Marilyn and Mike drove north to the state of Washington to spend several days with Jean and Mel Stottlemyre. Mel, the leading pitcher on the Yankees, is a friend of both Fritz and Mike. The Kekiches stayed several days, attempting to gain some solace from the Stottlemyres. But all they accomplished was to enlarge the circle of people who now knew the secret.

At Christmas time, the parents of all concerned learned the bare details of what had transpired. The Monks family took it the hardest.

Those New York things

"We don't understand what happened to Fritz," his mother-in-law, Mrs. Arthur Monks, said much later. "He seems to have changed. We are simple people from the Midwest. We don't understand New York things like that. Yes, it's true Marilyn is getting a divorce from Fritz, but only because he wants one. She isn't living with Mike Kekich. He is only a friend."

In January, Mike was still under a terrible strain. While the relationship between Fritz and Susan Kekich seemed to be working, Mike and Marilyn were struggling. Because the burden he carried was so heavy, Mike began to confide in more and more people. It was not a secret that could be kept for long in a community as closely interwoven as the baseball fraternity. There are 600 major league baseball players. What one tells another on a Wednesday afternoon in New York is repeated Thursday morning in California. There is no such thing as a ballplayer who doesn't gossip. Some gossip more.

"I knew I had told many people," says Kekich. "I felt I owed it to the ball club to tell them. I went in to sign my contract and decided to let the club know."

Kekich told Lee MacPhail, the general manager of the Yankees, that he —Mike—was living with Fritz Peterson's wife and Peterson was living with his. Mike explained that they had fallen in love with each other. MacPhail advised him to attempt to work out the personal problems as best he could, thanked him for informing the club, and urged him not to say another word about it to anybody.

When Peterson first discussed his contract with MacPhail, he made a request he had made several times before. "I want to be traded," he said, "for personal reasons."

MacPhail already knew the personal reasons. He told Peterson the Yankees had a good chance to win a pennant in 1973, that Fritz was an important member of the club, and that he would not be traded to another team. Peterson decided to keep his personal problems at home and try to have a good year with the Yankees.

On March 1, the Yankees opened spring training in Fort Lauderdale. Fritz and Susan had rented a home there, with Susan's two daughters; Mike and Marilyn, hoping to salvage their relationship, rented an apartment with Marilyn's two sons.

A day or two later, a 19-year-old Yankee pitcher named Scott McGregor, who had never met Peterson, and had just barely met Kekich in the clubhouse, asked a newsman, "Is it true about Peterson and Kekich?"

"When I heard about it," said Bobby Murcer, star center-fielder of the Yankees, "I thought it was another of their jokes. Those are two kooky guys. I never believe anything they say."

With almost every newspaper man in Fort Lauderdale sitting on the time bomb with every player down to the lowly rookie aware of the happenings, Kekich decided to act. "I wanted to get it out," he said, "before somebody wrote it with all the facts and made it sound like a smutty thing."

On March 5, he told MacPhail that he was calling the writers together to announce the details of the situation. MacPhail asked him not to do so, but Mike was insistent. MacPhail finally agreed to invite four New York writers to a private briefing, hoping they would handle the story discreetly, or maybe conclude that it wasn't worth writing. When Peterson heard that Kekich planned to reveal the story, Fritz then called a news service reporter, and this man broke the news first.

After the news came out, Susan, Fritz, Marilyn and Mike found themselves being lectured and scorned in the press. They knew they had gone counter to generally accepted rules of marital behavior, but they tried to maintain some semblance of privacy and dignity.

"I only wish for their sake," said Susan, who she had to face the reporters, "that Marilyn and Mike were as happy as we are."

"Sometimes I feel like killing Fritz," says Kekich, "but then I know he is caring for the daughters. I want to be always with them."

Mike protected Marilyn by saying she had left for her parents' home in Rockford, Ill., before the news broke publicly. Actually, she stayed with him in a vain attempt to help him through the most difficult moments of his life. She seemed more concerned with saving Mike's life and career than in protecting her own self-image.

"You can't imagine what this has been like," says Marilyn. "Nobody can." Marilyn finally left Mike and went to Illinois, hoping to sort out her emotions.

"Some of the press and television have turned this into a circus," Susan says. It wasn't something dirty. It was never lecherous. It was never done without the full, mutual consent of four mature adults. It started as a joke. That's all it was, really. The whole thing just developed. It was an accident. After a while, we could not stop it."

Ron Swoboda, the third Yankee star present at my house the night *The Summer of '72* began, said it succinctly for all baseball players: "It just proves we are human."

As strongly as you may disagree with what the Petersons and the Kekiches have done, think of that—the human fallibility—when the next discussion of their moral values comes up. And think of it when you make out your next party list.

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OURNAL DIET

ontinued from page 78

ust to boiling point and immediately remove from heat as yogurt will iquefy if brought to a full boil. Mound meatballs on platter. Serve with sauce. **For dieters:** 1 serving is ¼ of recipe.

MEXICAN CHICKEN

n a skillet combine ¾ cup water, ¼ up lemon juice, 1 onion, chopped, 1 love garlic, crushed, 1½ teaspoons hili powder, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, ¼ easpoon black pepper, and ⅛ teaspoon marjoram. Remove skin from -lb. cut-up chicken. Place chicken in killet and sprinkle with ¼ cup sliced lanched almonds and 2 teaspoons esame seeds. Simmer, covered, for 40 o 45 minutes or until chicken is done. Serves 3 or 4.
For dieters: 1 serving is 3 oz. breast or thigh, drumstick and ¼ cup sauce.

GERMAN PORK SALAD

Toss together well 2 cups cooked loin of pork, cubed and trimmed of fat, 2 cups each diced apple (unpeeled) and sliced celery, and ¼ cup finely chopped onions. Make dressing by combining ½ cup whole cranberry sauce, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 teaspoons mayonnaise, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Toss with salad. Cover and chill. Serve on bed of shredded lettuce, sprinkling with ¼ cup chopped parsley. Serves 4.
For dieters: 1 serving is ¼ of recipe.

ONION-MUSHROOM QUICHE

Prepare 1 (10-oz.) package pie crust mix. Divide dough in half and save half for another use. Roll out half and line a 9-in. pie plate. Sauté ¼ cup chopped onion in 1 teaspoon margarine until golden. In bowl combine 1 cup instant nonfat dry milk, 1 cup water, 3 eggs, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Beat with rotary beater until well blended. Make a layer of 1½ cups (6-oz.) shredded Swiss cheese in pastry-lined pie plate. Pour egg mixture over cheese, then top with sautéed onion and drained mushroom slices from 1 (3-oz.) can sliced mushroms. Bake at 375° for 35 to 40 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Cool. Serves 6.
For dieters: 1 serving is ⅙ of pie.

BEEF MIRABEAU

Brush a 3½ lb. rump roast of beef with ¼ cup lemon juice. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon dried rosemary, 1 teaspoon dried thyme leaves, and 1 teaspoon black pepper. Place in roasting pan and roast at 325° for 2¼ hours or until meat thermometer registers 140° for rare (or cook to 150° for medium). Remove from oven. Arrange 2 (2-oz.) cans drained anchovy fillets in a lattice pattern on top of roast. Slice stuffed olives and place in squares. Serves 6 to 8.
For dieters: 1 serving is 6 oz. cooked beef (3 4x3x¼ in. slices), but no olives or anchovies.

PEPPERCORN STEAK

Pierce a 3-lb. sirloin steak approximately 3 inches thick all over with a two-tined fork at ½-inch intervals. Rub 2 teaspoons unseasoned instant meat tenderizer into all meat surfaces, following directions. Coarsely crush ¼ cup peppercorns. Press into both sides of meat using your hands. Roast 50 minutes at 400°. Serves 6.
For dieters: 1 serving is 5 slices.



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continued from page 123

look at it after it was born. She tried to persuade herself but in the end she couldn't do it.

She had slept on the subway for a while and finally made up her mind to do what she should have done in the first place: face Aunt Penny and Wichita. But she had no money for bus fare. If David would lend her, say, thirty-five dollars, she'd pay him back as soon as—

"If you think I'd pack you off to stay with some loony aunt I've never seen, you must be crazy!"

"Aunt Penny isn't *loony*," Jennie said. "Old-fashioned, maybe, and difficult, but once she gets used to the idea of the baby—"

"What about *me?*" David couldn't seem to keep his voice down. "You're thinking only of yourself. What about *me?*"

"You, David?"

"You're damn right me! Doesn't the man who loves you have any rights?"

Jennie looked up at him in astonishment. "Why, David," she said, "You're not in love with me. You're just sorry for me."

"The hell I am!" David shouted. "I'm sorry for myself. Just what do you think my life would be without you?"

"Well, you could get somebody to come in and cook."

"I want you to shut up!" David groaned. "Oh, Jennie, Jennie," and he took her in his arms. He realized this was what he had been wanting to do from the moment he had opened the door and heard her say, "You're David Fassett, aren't you?"

Was he? Is any man in love the man he was before? Does he merely reveal another face, or is he a different man? Certainly he was not the David Fassett he had always believed himself to be. Jennie's story about her affair with his brother had been proved a fabrication, and it did not matter to him. Maybe sometime in the future she would tell him the truth. Meanwhile this particular David Fassett couldn't care less.

That afternoon, while Jennie was asleep, the bell rang. When David opened the door he could not speak for a moment because he was confronting a ghost.

"Her former landlady told me this was Jennie Parker's forwarding address," the ghost of John York Fassett said.

"It is," David managed to get out. "Come in."

"My name is Jack Bailey," the man said as he sat down and looked about him. "I'm now stationed in Detroit. I was in New York for a while some time ago. That's how come I knew Jennie. Maybe she happened to mention my name."

"In a way."

"Well," Jack Bailey went on uneasily. "Is she here?"

"She's asleep," David said. "I wouldn't want to wake her, but I'll give her a message."

"Who are you?" Jack wanted to know.

"David Fassett."

Jack's eyebrows shot up. "The author's brother?"

David nodded.

"Jeez, you mean she looked you up after I left town?"

David nodded. "Whatever you have to say, you'd better say to me."

It was a logical story. Jack Bailey was a computer operator who had been sent to the New York office of his company for a refresher course. He was a nobody who knew nobody, and New York was a damned lonely town. One day he'd decided to splurge and have lunch at '21, only, of course, the man on the rope wouldn't let him in. And then somebody, the manager Jack reckoned, mistook him for some big shot and bowed him to one of the best tables. The man he was mistaken for, Jack discovered, was John York Fassett, who seemed to be a writer.

So Jack Bailey went to a bookstore to buy one of this guy's books and there was this doll who thought he was Fassett too and asked for his autograph. He suggested they have a drink. He meant to level with her, but she seemed so hipped on this Fassett character that he let it ride. And, well, one thing led to another, "You know how it is, Mr. Fassett? That's about the size of it," he finished.

"The size but not the shape," David said. "I think I can fill you in a bit. It got a little sticky. You didn't know any of John's friends; you didn't even know he had a brother. So you simply split."

"Yeah?" Jack said. "Only there's more to it. I was recalled to Detroit, and that same day I saw in the paper how your brother had passed away. Well, could I face Jennie and tell her the truth then? She'd be all broke up."

"I thought I heard someone," Jennie stood in the bedroom door. "Excuse me, David."

"Jennie!" Jack cried.

"Yes?" Jennie said, looking straight at him without a hint of recognition. "I'm Jennie Parker, but do I know you?"

"*Know* me! Don't kid around, girl. My God, Jennie, you're pregnant!"

"So I am," Jennie said, "but I don't see that's any concern of yours."

"No concern?" Jack blustered. "Yeah, I know you thought I was this guy's brother, but if I'd known you were pregnant I'd never have gone back to Detroit."

Jennie's face was bewildered, as she turned to David. "I never saw this man before in my life," she said.

"I think you'd better go, Bailey," David said.

"Well, good lord," Jack said, "I want to do the right thing. I'm willing to marry her and give the kid a name."

"Such a sacrifice won't be necessary," David said. "The child will have a name. Fassett. Jennie and I are going to be married."

Jack stared from one to them to the other and shook his head as if he had stumbled into a madhouse.

"David," Jennie said, "you don't believe I'd have anything to do with a man like *him*, do you?"

"No, I don't think that would be possible," David said.

"Now I've heard everything!" Jack muttered and reeled out of the room.

"What in the world did he want?" Jennie asked.

"Don't think about it," David said.

She picked up the frame photograph of John and examined it. "They're absolutely nothing alike," she said. "Look at your brother's face—the quizzical look about the eyes, the sensitive mouth." She put the photograph down and turned to David. "They're *not* anything alike, are they?"

David studied her face. She really believed it, he thought. Physically they were remarkably alike, but she could not accept the fact that John was not the man who had held her in his arms, that he had not fathered her unborn child. Jack Bailey was just a mortal; he had been a god, her god, who had deigned to love her.

"No," David said, and glanced at the trusting porcelain face on the table. "You were in love with John York Fassett."

"Well, I'm glad you see that too," Jennie said. She put her arms around David and looked into his eyes. "You know something?" she said. "You look like him. You have the same eyes and mouth, only they're kinder."

We wander in illusions, David Fassett thought. He knew that he bore no resemblance to his brother. In due course John David Fassett was born. He was a handsome child and people unfailingly remarked how much he favored his father. EN



YOU AND YOUR SLEEP

By Bob Gaines

'ND GAMES: You drive north from w York City 20 miles, then up a ep dirt road past stables and a sus- ious guard dog. The building on the of the hill, a large, rambling struc- e, once belonged to Burgess Mere- h, the actor. Now it houses the undation for Mind Research.

Dr. Jean Houston, who with her hus- d Robert Masters directs the Foun- ion, showed me around. There are ual surprises everywhere: carved ddhas and Egyptian gods gaze se- ely from corners, paintings line the lls, oddities like mummy cases or the ened skeletons of large fish lean inst cabinets.

Dr. Houston and her husband are rently studying the trance state and n-chemical techniques that can in- e it. Her techniques range from old- hioned hypnosis to a helmet-like ntraption that fits over the head and fuses you with sound and shimmer- colors.

was visiting with Dr. Houston be- se I had heard that she used these nce states to reach into and explore ams. The technique had proved ful in dealing with children trou- d by nightmares.

Dr. Houston explained that she often ploys what she calls "mind games" xercises using the trance state to plore the inner reaches of the human nd. "We put you in a light trance te and then we take you on a verbal that makes you more aware of your rceptions—either daytime or night- e.

'Kids are very responsive to this d of trip. You just talk quietly to m and before you know it they've e off into a trance."

She told me about 8-year-old Rita, o was becoming a problem in school. e fought repeatedly with playmates. spoke with her and found out that, ong other things, she felt lonely and d nightmares almost every night," . Houston told me. "She dreamt that letons were chasing her."

Dr. Houston sat down with the little l one evening, put her into a light nce state, and then gave her instruc- ns about her nightmares. She was d that the next time she saw the letons, she should say, "Shame on u for running around in your bones. . Houston says you should put on ur bodies and we should play to- ther."

Rita met her the next morning and d she had seen the skeletons the ght before and told them about Dr. uston's instructions. So the skele- ns meekly put on their bodies and ayed with her the rest of the night.

"That's okay now," said Rita. "But at about the giant who tries to throw off the cliff." Dr. Houston thought out this new nightmare character d then advised Rita to let him throw r off the cliff. "Tell yourself nothing ll happen to you if you fall. See what ppens."

The next morning, Rita came to Dr. uston again and said the giant had rown her off the cliff. But his brother as waiting at the bottom, and he ught her. Now he guards her all ght.

"After that, Rita's nightmares diminished," said Dr. Houston. "She had learned to tame the monsters of the night and play games with them, and that helped her during the day." I think many parents could learn something from this. Many kids are scared of the night because of bad dreams. But the night is a great time for children to play mind games. Most kids love the idea of controlling their sleep and dreams, and love the sensation of going along with and enjoy playing the games.

Here's an example of the kind of mind game Dr. Houston is talking about:

Sit with your child at bedtime and ask him to gaze at an object—the eyes of a doll, a slowly moving metronome, a flickering candle, or even his own hand. In a slow, quiet voice, ask him to gaze steadily at this trance object, study its color, the way it moves in the shadowy light. Then say something like this:

"Now because you are looking so hard, you are beginning to feel sleepy. You can feel your toes getting sleepy, and your knees, and your legs. The sleepy feeling is moving up your body. You can feel your fingers getting sleepy, your hands, your head, your eyes.

"You are going to lie in your soft, sleepy bed, and the warm blanket over you is like a mountain, and you've found a dark, warm cave. The cave is filled with flickering lights and shadows. But this is your cave and you are completely safe when you are inside this cave.

"Now at the end of the cave you can see a light, and if you shut your eyes, you can see it clearly because this is your nighttime garden, filled with flowers and soft grass, and the moonlight is so bright you can see pretty birds in the trees. There are rabbits and little dogs and kittens all hiding in the lilac bushes, and all your friends are there in the garden waiting to play with you.

"And if you shut your eyes, you can spend the night having wonderful adventures and laughing all the time; by the end of the night, you'll be laughing so hard you will wake up, and you will be safely back here in your bed. It will be morning and time for you to get up."

(This, I might add, is an abbreviated example of a mind-game narrative, and you can find many longer samples in Dr. Houston's book, *Mind Games* [Viking].)

Dr. Houston feels this kind of trance-inducing narrative can be as soothing as a lullaby and can send many youngsters who are usually slow to fall asleep quickly off for the night. Both parents and child will thus enjoy a peaceful night's sleep and will feel refreshed in the morning.

It also can be useful emotionally. "If you give them [children] a few directions on what they might dream about, or happy thoughts about problems that need solving, you may find that like Rita, they can work out a lot of the things that have been troubling them during the day at night in their sleep," said Dr. Houston.

Fame is a fickle food
Upon a shifting plate
—Emily Dickinson

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ADVERTISEMENT

HAIR HINTS

by Judy Dunn

Help! That's what you need when you can't make it to your hairdresser's. If you need a permanent, or tinting, bleaching or styling, you're in trouble. Because you need your hairdresser's talents for these professional jobs.

But you can **help** keep your hair in shape, between visits to your hairdresser, with some of the products she uses.

For example, **shampooing.** No problem. Just make sure you use the one so gentle you could use it every day, and still not dry-out your hair. It's **Zotos Lipo-Protein Shampoo Concentrate.**

Keeping your hair silky, but with body, isn't difficult with **Zotos Pine Balsam.** Starts where your shampoo stops, keeps hair feeling cleaner, longer. Makes it more manageable. Great fragrance, too.

O.K. Now you've got your hair set. But how to keep it that way? Spritz on **Miracle Finish Invisible Hair Net.** Just a teeny bit, and it holds and holds and holds, like a hair net you can't see.

What about **hair color?** Yours may need refreshing. The color rinse that's especially fabulous for fine hair, the one with the setting lotion built right in (and it really works!) is **Fortissimo Color Rinse.** Livens color, comes in true-to-you shades.

Happily, hairdressers use and approve Zotos hair cosmetics. The ones we've talked about here are a few of the products you may now use at home, helping keep up your hairdresser's good work. So look for these Zotos wonder-workers. They're part of the **Zotos plan for lovelier hair.**

(Remember, your hairdresser should be part of the lovelier hair plan, too!)

ZOTOS

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SECRETS FOR SILVER CARE

By Virginia T. Habeeb

To keep silver looking its best requires tender loving care. If you have a great deal of silver, try to organize a special schedule for keeping it clean. Regular care will help to prevent an excess accumulation of tarnish, which will be harder to clean. And it will not have to be polished as often. Follow these tips for regular care:

- Use your silver as often as possible. This will help it to mellow with use, creating the soft patina associated with fine antiques.
- Wash immediately after use with hot sudsy water and a soft cloth. Rinse in hot water; dry immediately.
- Rotate your flat silver as you use it. This will balance the wear and help it to mellow evenly.
- Store your flat silver in a lined chest or in silver cloths.
- Dust decorative pieces regularly with a soft cloth, and wash often, as above.
- All flatware may be washed in the dishwasher except hollow-handled knives or forks with handles secured with cement. They may loosen. *Never* let them soak in water.
- *Do not* place silver next to or touching stainless steel in dishwasher silver basket. This can cause pitting of the stainless by electrolytic action. Remember most silver knives have stainless steel blades.

Polishing Silver

There are some excellent commercial silver polishes on the market. Study them, read the directions, and decide on the one that seems easiest for you to use. Actually, you will soon learn by trial and error, which is best for your silver. Tarnish-preventive polishes and finishes are available which render silver tarnish resistant for a longer period between polishings.

While *dip polishes* are convenient, especially when kept near the sink for quickie cleanups of flatware, they really *should be avoided* as they may include harsh chemicals and acids which may damage certain finishes.

We also don't care for *electrolytic cleaning*, using aluminum foil, salt, and baking soda in a water base, as in our opinion it tends to dull the finish and remove any oxidation or dark deposits which you may want to retain. Besides, it's too complicated to our way of thinking. The best method is to use a good-quality polish.

When polishing silver, take the time to clean it properly.

Wash it first in hot sudsy water, using a soft cloth. Apply the polish, according to container directions, using a soft cloth or a sponge provided for the purpose. A chamois cloth is also excellent. Rub each piece gently but firmly (never hard). Do not rub in a circular motion or crosswise with the silver. Use straight, even strokes wherever possible. Use a silver brush for cleaning decorative trim and borders.

Caution: Rub gold linings and plated ware gently, as these finishes wear away quickly with harsh treatment. Wash again in hot sudsy water, being sure to remove all the polish. Watch that no polish clings to decorative areas. Polish left on the silver can cause it to tarnish again rapidly.

Special Care of Silver

- Keep air away from silver. The reaction of certain gases in the air will cause it to tarnish.
- Wrap or store silver in specially treated tarnish-proof bags, papers, tissues, or in plastic bags. Or place in tarnish-proof chests and cabinets. There are tarnish-preventing compounds available which, when opened and stored with the silver inside the cabinet, will help to cut down on tarnish. Read the directions carefully.
- *Caution:* Contrary to popular opinion, never wrap silver in plastic film. While this method does retard tarnishing, the plastic that adheres to the silver tightly may damage the finish, creating black spots that are next to impossible to remove. Never use rubber bands to hold wrappings on silver. Rubber can tarnish and corrode it quickly, despite several thicknesses of paper or cloth.

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Now there's no nonsense™ panty hose.



We think our new panty hose is a good product in a simple package at a low price. Please read on and convince yourself.

The Sizes
Instead of one size, we have two sizes. Petite to medium. And medium to tall. Because it just isn't true that one size fits all. If you are shorter or taller or smaller or bigger than average, one size will probably be too big or too small.

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No nonsense™ panty hose has a reinforced crotch. Something you don't usually find on less expensive panty hose. It's so they fit better and don't tear easily. And you can wear them without panties if you want to, and still be comfortable. It also has a sewn-on, instead of a knitted-in, waistband. The advantage is that it fits your waist at your waist, and stays flat, and feels comfortable.

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No nonsense™ panty hose is made of the same smooth, soft, lasting, fashionable stretch nylon they use in panty hose that cost three times as much. So that it fits better and won't wrinkle at the ankles and knees.

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There are six simple, beautiful colors. Black. Brown. Tan. Taupe. Beige. And Nude. And two styles. Regular. And sheer to the waist.

The Package
Our package is not very cute or funny or fancy. But, it can do something most panty hose packages can't do. It can store your panty hose at home or when you travel.

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Our display isn't cute either. It's probably the simplest, most logical, most pleasant place you ever bought a pair of panty hose. It's ridiculously easy to find the style, the size, and the color you want. And you can touch the fabric and see how the colors will look on your legs. It's bright orange, seven feet high, and at the supermarket. You can't miss it.

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SALADS FROM CONVENIENCE VEGETABLES

From the JOURNAL *Kitchens*

A cool salad adds sparkle to any meal year-round. Canned and frozen vegetables that are already washed and peeled give you a head start—a convenient help for meals that must be prepared in advance. Here are some new ideas from our kitchens.

ARTICHOKE HEARTS IN HARD ROLL SHELLS

- ⅓ cup olive oil
- ⅓ cup dry white wine
- 2 tsp. garlic salt
- 1 tsp. dry thyme, crushed
- 1 (14–15 oz.) can artichoke hearts, drained
- 1 (16-oz.) can julienne carrots, drained
- 6 hard rolls
- Boston lettuce

In a medium bowl, mix olive oil, dry white wine, garlic salt, and thyme leaves. Cut artichoke hearts in half, if large. Add the artichoke hearts and carrots, tossing well to coat. Cover and refrigerate at least 1 hour.

Prepare hard roll shells: Slice off a small piece from the top of each roll. Scoop out center of each roll, leaving a thin shell (save tops and scooped out portion for use in another recipe). Line with Boston lettuce. Fill hard roll shells with chilled vegetable

Serves 6.

POTATO SALAD ITALIANO

- 2 (16-oz.) cans boiled potatoes, drained
- 1 (12-in.) stick pepperoni
- 1 cup sour cream
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- 1 Tb. vinegar or lemon juice
- ⅓ cup finely chopped onion
- 2 tsp. oregano
- 2 tsp. garlic salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 4 oz. Parmesan cheese, freshly grated

Dice potatoes into large chun Slice pepperoni thinly. Set aside.

In a medium bowl, combine s cream, mayonnaise, vinegar or lem juice, finely chopped onion, orega garlic salt, and pepper. Add di potatoes and sliced pepperoni. Toss coat evenly. Chill. Serve sprink with freshly grated Parmesan chee Yields 5 cups. Serves 6–8.

SCANDINAVIAN SALAD

- 1 (9-oz.) pkg. frozen French green beans and sliced mushrooms combination
- 1 (9-oz.) pkg. frozen peas and pearl onions combination
- ¼ cup bottled o and vinegar dressing
- 1 Tb. anchovy p
- 1½ tsp. grated lemon rind
- 3 medium tomat chilled

Cook frozen French green beans sliced mushroom combination and zen peas and pearl onions combina according to package directions. D and mix with bottled oil and vine dressing, anchovy paste, and gra lemon rind. Chill thoroughly.

Before serving, wash tomatoes; in half and scoop out seeds and p Fill tomato halves with chilled ve tables. Allow one tomato half serving. Serves 6.

TOSSED SALAD IN YOGURT DRESSIN

- 1 (9-oz.) pkg. frozen cauliflower
- 2 (9-oz.) pkgs. frozen Italian green beans
- 1 cup plain yogurt
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ tsp. garlic powder or 2 cloves garlic, minced
- ⅛ tsp. black pe
- 1 (4-oz.) can pi mientos, drai and chopped
- 1 (3½-oz.) can French fried onions

Cook frozen cauliflower and Ita green beans according to pack directions. Drain and chill.

Combine yogurt, salt, garlic pow and black pepper. Stir in drained chopped pimientos. Chill.

Before serving, toss vegetables the dressing. Garnish generously French fried onions. Serves 8.

BEET-HORSERADISH MOLD

- 1 (16-oz.) can julienne beets
- 1 (16-oz.) can wax beans
- 1 env. unflavored gelatin
- 2 Tb. grated onion
- 1–1½ Tb. horse radish, drained
- Juice and grated rind of 1 lem
- ½ tsp. salt
- Shredded lettuc

Drain julienne beets, reserving cup liquid. Drain wax beans ad more water if necessary to make 1 liquid.

Soak 1 envelope unflavored gel in the beet liquid about 10 min Heat and stir over low heat until tin is dissolved. Add the 1 cup li from the wax beans, grated o horseradish, lemon juice, grated and salt. Stir well and refrige mixture until partially set, abou hour.

Chop the wax beans slightly. Fol beans and julienne beets into the tially set gelatin. Pour into a 5 mold. Chill until set.

To unmold: Loosen edges with a k then dip mold into hot water a few onds. Turn out onto a serving lined with shredded lettuce. Se 6–8.



SMART SHOPPING TIPS

By Virginia T. Habeeb

sewives the country over prepare over half a billion meals a year. sequently, it is becoming increasy more important to know how to o wisely and economically, what n the wide choice of products, the ease in food prices, and the fact food spending accounts for ■ sizshare of your income. A shopping is your best guide to smart shopg. It will help you save time, money, energy.

Keep a market order pad handy ist the things you need. Organize cording to the departments in the rmarkets and arrange it in order ou come to the items in the aisles ne market.

Check the menus and recipes for ial ingredients. Check all your age areas for any missing staples ngredients—refrigerator, cupboards, pantry. Note styles, brands, flavor, other preference of ingredients.

ne Useful Tips:

Study the newspaper ads before make up your shopping list. Check the specials and decide on the ntity you need.

Be an early shopper if you want best choice in meats and produce.

Know your supermarket. Become iliar with its regular prices, so you be able to recognize bargains. p up to date on current prices.

Compare prices. Learn to recog- the best buys . . . compare sizes—etimes the largest or jumbo size not be the most economical. Buy uantity only *if* you can store and that amount; *if* large sizes cost less ounce of food than smaller pack-; *if* lower prices are offered on ntity purchases. In figuring the of food, figure it based on the cost portion. If a roast costs $1.39 a nd, and it will serve six, that means osts almost 24¢ a serving. *Unit ing*, the cost per ounce or pound of items, is a comparatively new hod of price indication. Grocers are oting unit pricing by indicating the e per unit on the package or by laying unit pricing posters with various cost breakdowns or by ining a tag with the price on the ves where the item is located.

Learn to read labels. By law, y can and every packaged food duct must state on the label the net ents (weight or liquid measure), ingredients, indicate whether any ficial flavors or colors have been ed, describe dietary characteristics gar- or salt-free). Labels of canned ducts identify the variety or style the product, for example whole n beans or cut green beans; or if fruit, whether or not it is packed eavy or light syrup; in water or aps in its own juice. The best ers will indicate the number of ings. Look also for nutritional la- ng which gives you the nutritive es of the package's content.

Open dating refers to the date on ackaged food which indicates the day of sale. This, of course, is the omer's assurance that he is buying oduct at the peak of freshness and before it is "pulled" from the store shelves.

7. *Food companies and supermarket chains offer specials* at certain times of the year, sometimes just before the new crop (of peaches, say, or tomatoes) goes for canning. These specials vary from area to area. Try to get the "feel" of your area, the rhythm of your store; watch for the "loss leader," the item on which the store loses money, but does it to lead you to the store.

8. *Make the meat department manager your friend.* If you want a special cut of meat that isn't in the meat case, ask him to have it cut for you. He'll translate unfamiliar names such as "California Roast" which in the East is just the middle of the chuck, or "Newport Roast," which is the first rib cut.

9. *An occasional "impulse buy"* is part of the fun of marketing. But if you don't have a market order and depend only on the shelves and displays to dictate shopping, you won't get the most for your dollar.

10. *Remember that day-old baked goods* are usually sold at considerable savings. They're just as fresh as if you had bought them yesterday and left them on your own shelf.

11. *On Saturdays, an hour or two before closing,* there are often real buys in the produce and bakedgoods department.

END

ight © 1973 by Virginia T. Habeeb. From her "The Art of Homemaking" published by Simon huster, Inc.

LUNCH FOR A SPRING AFTERNOON

It's the tall, chilled bottle of Almadén Pinot Chardonnay, a classic white wine with the look and taste of early Spring sunshine. It's aged cheese you can crumble, fresh bread you can break. It's the supreme delicacy of California avocado, scooped from its pebbly shell, sliced, spread and nibbled between splashes of the sunbeam wine. California avocado and Almadén for lunch.

Because you love the natural, pure and simple.
What simple pleasures.
What a rich life.



Love Food from California

California Avocado Advisory Board

AN IRISH COOKBOOK

Of Soda Bread and Guinness

By ROSALIND COLE

This charming book carries the subtitle: "A picture of Ireland as seen through its people, its places, its traditions, and its cooking lore." It's one of the best ways to become familiar with the Emerald Isle. Here is a sampling of anecdotes, pictures, and recipes.

On the Dingle Peninsula

Wild and unspoiled, the Dingle Peninsula meets the sea with long, silvery reaches of sand. Ringed with sheer cliffs and wind-swept coves, Dingle is a paradisaical place of wild flowers and birds, thatched-roofed houses, ruined castles and quiet country roads.

Time has changed little on the westernmost tip of Ireland. The curragh, *the ancient fishing boat of wood and canvas, is still made, and Irish is the language of the land. It's apparently good drinking country, as well. Brendan Behan tells of "four good pubs" in the tiny village of Ballyferriter alone. He tells of being in a pub that was supposed to close at half-past ten according to the law; however, if you had traveled more than three miles, you could remain until midnight.*

At Paddy Bawn Brosnan's Pub on Dingle

My occupations are fisherman and publican. When I cook fish, I boil it in salt water. You take the fish out of the sea, cut off the head, clean and put it in the pot with salt water. It has a different flavor altogether—no more than a short time out of the sea, that's the story.

Dingle here is very lovely, you know. The movie was made here, *Ryan's Daughter*, and it was very good for the town. Robert Mitchum and the American actors came into the pub here, played darts and knocked around—though they didn't take to Guinness altogether, they stuck to short drinks—gin and the like.

As for the fish, fishermen boil fish, but the fisherman's wife might be from some other part of the country and wouldn't know much about cooking fish, so she'd cook them the way her husband ordered them cooked. You should never cover the top of the fish with water. Always leave the top of the fish exposed a bit because when you take up your fish after it's cooked, you want to take it up whole, not in pieces.



Paddy Bawn Brosnan at doorway of his popular pub in Dingle, County Kerry.

The more water in the pot, the longer it takes to boil, and the fish gets soft. You want it firm, in one piece.

You can get a good soup, a nourishing "eating and drinking" soup, as they say, from Garnet heads. You chop off the heads of the fish, put them in a pot, and boil them in fresh water. You throw pepper and salt into the water and that's all there is to it. It's a thin soup; if you leave it overnight, it's like jelly in the morning, but you just heat it and drink it. It's very strengthening.

Fried fish I like done in the fresh [illegible] butter; it's expensive—but nothing else gives the same flavor.

CRAIBECHAN

- 2 lbs. shin of beef with bone
- 2½ qts. water
- 2 tsp. salt
- 9 small onions, peeled
- 9 leeks, trimmed
- 9 small carrots
- 3 parsnips, peeled and cut into large cubes
- 8 to 10 shallots, peeled
- 1 bay leaf
- ¼ lb. barley meal
- ¼ lb. fine oatmeal
- ½ cup chopped parsley

Wipe the meat, cut it into small cubes. Place meat, bones, water, and salt in soup pot. Bring to a full boil and skim surface. Add 1 onion, 1 leek, and 1 carrot. Cover pot and let simmer very gently for 4 hours. Cool and remove bones. Refrigerate until all fat has come to surface. Remove and discard fat.

Return soup to heat and add remaining ingredients. Let simmer until vegetables are tender. Remove bay leaf. Serve with brown bread and salt butter.

Makes about 8 servings.

Ed. Note: Like all Irish soup, this is more like a stew. For a true soup consistency add 2 cups beef broth.

Copyright © 1973 by Rosalind Cole. From her book "Of Soda Bread and Guinness," to be published by Bobbs-Merrill Inc. Price, $15.

TARA ROYAL POTATOES

- 2 Tb. minced scallions
- ¼ cup minced boiled ham
- 2 Tb. butter
- 2 cups cooked, peeled and mashed potatoes
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 Tb. minced parsley
- 2 egg yolks lightly beaten
- Flour, about ⅓ cup
- 1 whole egg, well beaten with 1 tablespoon water
- 1 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- Oil for frying

Sauté scallions and ham in butter until scallions are limp. Add to mashed potatoes and blend well. Season with salt and pepper. Stir in parsley, then beaten egg yolks.

Dip hands in flour and shape mixture into small cylinders. Dust with flour, dip in beaten egg, then roll in bread crumbs.

Fill a deep saucepan with bland cooking oil to about 3 inches of rim. Heat to 375° F. on a deep-fat thermometer. Fry potato cylinders, a few at a time, until lightly browned. Makes 14 to 18.

COTTAGE CHICKEN AND HAM

- 3½- to 4-lb. chicken
- Juice from 1 lemon
- 1 large onion, peeled and studded with 4 cloves
- 1 lb. uncooked smoked ham, fat removed
- 1 sprig parsley
- 1 sprig rosemary
- 1 stalk celery
- Salt and pepper
- 6 small carrots, scraped
- 12 small white onions, peeled

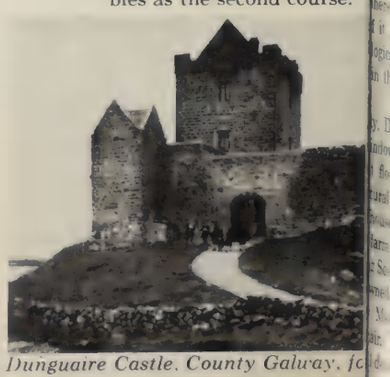
Wash chicken inside and out. Pat dry and rub with lemon juice. Refrigerate 1 hour.

Stuff chicken with clove-studded onion. Place in large stew pot. Add smoked ham. Cover with water and bring to a full boil. Skim surface until clear, then reduce heat, add parsley, rosemary and celery which have been tied together with butcher string to make bouquet garni and simmer for 1 hour or until chicken is tender. Season broth with salt and pepper, add carrots and onions and cook until tender.

Remove chicken and ham and cut into serving pieces. Place in center of serving platter, and arrange vegetables around meat. Spoon little of the broth over surface and serve piping hot.

Serves 4 to 6.

Ed. Note: This is very much like the French pot au feu. If possible, chill the cooked dish. Remove surface fat. Serve broth first as a soup and the chicken and vegetables as the second course.



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T THAT WAS TENDER

from page 93

the orifices in her nose-length something held in her cupped

aven't begun yet?"

ed her head and looked at me. eyes were green but one was w and the whole thing was not as accustomed to.

Marshall, I'm extremely sorry I myself unable to chloroform n."

t, at first, take in what she'd this was because her voice, olling r's and lilting vowels, let bag my ten-year-old self, the had been going to live in a he Islands of the Hebrides, be- by seals, and the confidant of s. When I'd disposed of the that small boy and her words d, I grew cross.

this is a scientific department 's absolutely no room in it for If you're one of those anti- nist—"

ut I'm not, I'm not!" she cried worm, interested, raised up a so of its anterior segments and across her thumb. "Of *course* ve to do experiments and test d things. Of course they do!" then?" I was getting impa- round me I could see butch- inal vesicles, lacerated cere- glia.

st that I *personally* can't kill n. I can feel his bristles on my he said. She might have been g a Night of Love in Acapulco. hing in me snapped. "Perhaps e to go out and look for a worm d of natural causes?"

as not, clearly, a girl sensitive m. "Oh, thank you, Dr. Mar- hat a marvelous idea! Yes, at I'll do."

ith her hand still cupped pro- round her specimen, she left

ole thing rattled me. I went to ny experiment, but what had ike a pretty significant break- in endocrine physiology now ike thirty-eight mice without ries looking less cheerful than ght mice who still had theirs. tely, the Head, Dr. Peckham, t moment to send for me.

s," he said excitedly, as soon ered his study, and his bald bifocals, all gleamed with joy. we're going to make it!"

You mean our University char-

am nodded. "Sir Henry Glis- ming with the whole Glissop ion. They wouldn't send him here was a good chance. Just it, James! The Agricultural, gical, and Art Schools all n the new University of Tor-

. Dr. Peckham made for the ndow, seeing, I knew, not the flower gardens of Torcastle ural College, its unpretentious ouses and whitewashed experi- arm, but a glittering campus, a Science Complex and he him- ned in scarlet, hurrying from Meeting to Convocation and in.

depends on the research side," on. "How's Pringle's turnip?"

"Playing up a bit, sir."

Peckham frowned. "And Blackwater? That new technique for storing seminal samples?"

"Well, sir, you know how it is with Hannibal." I said, and Peckham winced, for Hannibal, our celebrated bull, after fathering some three thousand offspring in all the corners of the globe had quite suddenly gone cold on the whole thing and lounged about in the North Paddock, a seventeen-hundredweight drop-out from the permissive society, wincing when a heifer even passed his gate.

"But your work?" said Peckham hopefully. And then: "Good heavens, what on earth is that girl doing crawling about in that flower bed?"

I told him. Peckham didn't really like it. He didn't, in fact, like it at all.

Sir Henry's visit was timed for the last week of the term, and following Peckham's instructions, the college threw itself into a frenzy of scientific activity. The pigs were put in metabolism cages, the turkeys reserved for the Staff Christmas dinner vanished from their shed and reappeared in a pen marked "Organo-Phosphate Toxicity Trials." Davies doggedly anesthetized thirty sheep, stuck tubes into their stomachs and set up an impressive, if statistically offbeat, feeding experiment. Blackwater began a systematic attack on Hannibal's failing libido, tramping nightly over to the North Paddock with house-sized syringes of hormone extract, and Pringle (though his wife had taken to covering herself all over with cold cream) set up five more languid turnips to respire in a tank.

All in all, it was a surging, forward-looking scene with nothing to indicate that already there was a canker gnawing at its breast.

The Zoology Class the following week was a straightforward dissection of the frog. Killing a frog is simple and painless. All the same, it was with a leaden lack of surprise that I walked past the neatly pinned dissections and came, presently, upon a palpably still-living frog, its bulging, cornered-financier eyes glittering moistly, one webbed foot hanging limply from a space between someone's fingers.

"Dr. Marshall, I'm very sorry—"

"Don't tell me," I said bitterly, "I know. You personally, just at this minute, find yourself unable to kill this frog."

She nodded. "Those spots are really sort of *golden* . . ."

Goodness knows how it would have ended. I walked away and left her, and when I came back the black-bearded Welshman who worked next to her had given her his pinned-out speciment and was preparing another for himself. Sex, as they say, is everywhere.

It was certainly at the Agricultural Society's Ball held in the College Hall the following Saturday. The ratio of men to girls at Torcastle is five to one, so that I was accustomed to seeing girls dragged round like pieces of mammoth by men still sweating from the chase. The worm-saving Miss Hamilton, however, was being dragged round by an entire soccer team, all of whose members seemed certain that time was on their side.

"That's Kirstie Hamilton, isn't it?" said a voice on my left. *(continued)*

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The other student, an Afro-haired Agricultural Engineer, nodded. "They say she's absolutely fantastic. Goes out with anyone, no holds barred."

"Funny, she doesn't look the type."

"Apparently she's going into a convent or something when she's through here. So she's getting it all in now."

She was certainly getting it in. Slightly disgusted for some reason, I steered my own piece of mammoth, a succulent dental nurse called Charline, toward the buffet.

By the time I got back to the ballroom, single ownership of Miss Hamilton had definitely been established. Peering closely at the victor, I saw the sallow face and slicked-down hair of our prize student, Vernon Hartleypool, winner of the Mortimer Ponsonby Prize for the best essay on Silage Utilization, and holder of the Potterton Scholarship in Egg Production.

Agriculturally, she couldn't have done better. But for a last outburst of sensuality before renouncing the world, her choice struck me as odd. Which wasn't to say that I didn't, by the end of the evening, feel extremely sorry for Vernon Hartleypool. For just as the lights grew really dim, the music more and more insistent, I saw Vernon, scowling, leave the ballroom, return with a ladder, climb (among the drunken cheers of his classmates) to the top of the thirty-foot window and release, into the ink-black Torcastle night, a not noticeably grateful gypsy moth.

As mid-term approached and Sir Henry's visit came closer, activity in the college became more and more frenetic. Blackwater increased Hannibal's dosage yet again, and it took two men to carry the syringe. Davies added intestinal fistulas to his already gastrically fistulated sheep, and Pringle (though his wife had purchased a set of hair curlers that would have interested the Inquisition) added at least two feet of significant glass tubing to his turnip.

All the same . . .

"Staff all right, James, do you reckon?" asked Peckham, putting it into words. "Not feeling the strain?"

I said, no, the staff were fine. What else could I say? That I'd encountered Davies, after he'd taken the first-years for Animal Nutrition, staring haggardly at his fistulated sheep.

"James, this is a *useful* experiment? Worth causing a bit of discomfort for?"

"Of course it is."

"I mean they're just sheep. Not happy sheep. Not unhappy sheep. *Sheep.* St. Francis just doesn't come *into* a thing like that."

Or Blackwater, striding angrily into the Common Room. "So the Buddha gave up sex at thirty. So he gave it *up.* Is that any reason why I shouldn't inject Hannibal?"

In a way it was Pringle who showed most fight. "I don't care *what* the new work on plant sensitivity shows," he said, sitting with clenched teeth. "This turnip is *not screaming.*"

"Look, Kirstie," I said, using for the first time her Christian name and removing from her shoulder the white rat she had personally been unable to chloroform, "I understand your feelings very well. But why inflict them on us? You don't need a degree in Agriculture to go into a convent."

"It's not like that, Dr. Marshall, honestly. I just *have* to get this degree. Particularly now that this ghastly thing has come up with Vernon—" She broke off, and to my horror, her piebald eyes began to fill with tears. "Don't be cross, *please.*"

And for some reason, I wasn't. Not till I went to tell Potts, the lab man, that we had run out of formalin and found him, lost to the world, reading *The Little Flowers of St. Francis.*

As one would expect from the Ministry's top scientist, Sir Henry's schedule was worked out to the last detail. He was to arrive at Torcastle Station at 9:15, inspect the Technical College and the Art School in the morning, lunch with the Lord Mayor, and reach Agricultural at 2:00 P. M.

Ten minutes to two on the great day saw us, accordingly dark-suited and, we hoped, scientific-looking, assembled on the steps to greet Sir Henry's motorcade. Two o'clock struck, two-thirty . . .

At ten to three the college secretary came running out of her office and whispered something into Peckham's ear.

"Oh *no!*" I heard him say. "Not today of all days. This really is the end!"

"That was the Torcastle Police," he said, coming over to me. "They've arrested one of our students for kicking a policeman. Get over there quickly, and for God's sake, *hush it up!*"

I was in my car, turning out of the drive, before I realized that I hadn't asked who the student was.

"That's marvelous," I said, storming into the police station an hour later. "You can't chloroform a worm but you can go round kicking policemen."

"I didn't kick him, Dr. Marshall, honestly," said Kirstie. There was a black smut on her nose and between her green and yellow eyes a purple bruise gleamed fitfully. "He was stepping on a pigeon."

"Pigeons," I said, speaking with care, "are birds. They don't get stepped on. They can fly, remember?"

"This one couldn't. He had a bad leg. I was sort of keeping an eye on him. A whole lot of us were guarding this lime tree by the station, you see, stopping it from being cut down, and then the police started making a cordon and one of them stepped back on this pigeon and I just gave him a little shove . . ."

In the pause that followed I wondered just where the breaking point of the average Mother Superior might be expected to lie. "Well," I said at last, "I suppose we'd better try and get you out of here."

"Dr. Marshall, you've been marvelous and I'm terribly grateful, but I don't feel I should leave here till I find out what's happened to that dear old man they arrested along with me."

"Look, Kirstie, you're already in trouble enough."

"But he *helped* me. He jumped out of his car when they started carrying me off and then there was a sort of scuffle and they carted us both off in this van. We had such a *marvelous* talk! You've no idea how wise he was, and how *good.* There was nothing he didn't know about. Albert Schweitzer, Laotse, the *lot!*" Suddenly her face crumpled. "You don't think they're beating him up?"

"For heavens sake, Kirstie, will you stop driveling on about this old man. Why don't you worry about yourself for a change? You don't seem to realize that you're a case of student violence, the kind that has to be nipped in the bud. I'm horribly afraid they're going to chuck you out."

I was right. By the time we got back, delayed by a blocked petrol pump, Sir Henry's visit was over. Peckham thought it had gone well. Though the unexplained delay at the beginning had made the whole inspection somewhat hurried, he felt that Sir Henry had been pleased. Indeed Sir Henry's secretary had confided to Peckham that he had never seen the great man look so relaxed and peaceful.

For Kirstie, however, there was no reprieve. Peckham sent for her straight away and the look on her face as she came out of his study made me long to go and knock his smug, disciplinarian head against the wall.

"All right," I said, when I'd found her at last, sitting hunched and wretched under a clump of birch trees beside the ornamental lake, "now explain. Why does it all matter so much? What's with the convent?"

"I never *said* I was going into a convent. I said I was going where there weren't any *men.*"

"And where's that?"

She sighed. "I don't suppose you've heard of an island called Braesay?"

But there she was wrong. "I have. It's one of the most beautiful islands in the Hebrides. But you can't get on to it. It belongs to a crusty old—"

"My father," said Kirstie. "He doesn't like people all that much."



"Remember that freckled-faced little girl with pigtails who sat behind you in third grade?"

I was silent, thinking of Braesay its gray seals, its white-fringed shore, its fabled, bird-hung cliffs.

"My father's getting old. I'm the child. I wanted to learn about ag ture so that I could go on runnin island when he can't. There's a shepherd, a couple of farmers o North Shore. You can't just sell u turn people out."

"Look," I lied, "this degree's j load of rubbish. All you have to marry some nice, competent—"

"But I've tried and *tried!* You' idea how I've carried on. And I a had Vernon Hartleypool. He didn actly send me but he was absol fantastic about oat smut and b seed and things. He even knew digested *sludge.* And then he turne down because of his *appendix.*"

"His appendix?"

"Well, we have to send up flar get a doctor on Braesay and his a dix grumbles."

She sighed again and a despa silence fell. After a while her without exactly creeping into somehow indicated that it was *th* picked it up, passed my thumb t fro along her wrist. It wasn't didn't see what that worm had be about, it was that I didn't *want* t

"What do you do up there, say, the seal population builds up an gins to interfere with the fishing?"

Her green and yellow eyes lit u

"Well, I put the pups in a boa the mothers swim after us and we them away to another island."

"I thought it might be somethin that," I said. "I just thought it m

Six weeks later, at the beginni the spring term, we received that our charter had come thr Peckham was triumphant, but li men who have battled and won thr he found that victory brought prob

There was, for example, the su curious decimation of his staff. D who was twenty-six, said he felt h getting too old for experimental and left to join his brother on farm in Wales. Blackwater accept offer from a firm of commercial s berry growers, and it was gen understood that I had been called to do conservation work on an i in the Hebrides.

But in a way it was Sir Henry's that disconcerted Peckham mos Henry found himself compelled cline the flattering offer of Torca first Chancellorship. He had, he long harbored a great desire to from the world and end his da prayer and meditation but had himself to remain at his post in to foster those values—respect fo conservation of the environmen so on—without which mankind doomed to perish. A recent enco however, with one of Peckham's students, had shown him how com ly the youth of today could be t to carry on just these ideals. He accordingly, leaving to join the as of Shri Ramananda in Jaipu wished the new university succes

But it is of Pringle that I thi ways, when I remember my last at Torcastle. Pringle, the su crouched over his tank, shielding thing with his hand.

"I want you to understand, Ja he is saying, "that this is a *happ* nip. A very happy turnip *indeed.*"

nued from page 91

ris remarked that some men get for less."

gether, he and Louis Howe set the of fun aboard the *Larooco* during rst winter cruise in Florida waters. s drew up rules that were typed larguerite LeHand, Father's secre- and constant companion.

logging weights and numbers of aught, Louis wrote, "the following s may be used: two ounces make ogbook pound; five logbook pounds 'a large fish'; two 'large fish' make ord day's catch'."

t Louis was less interested in fish- han in making sure that Father's bility didn't ruin his political ca-

At one point they entertained rnor James M. Cox of Ohio, who e 1920 Presidential campaign had he Cox-Roosevelt ticket in defeat. ussions with Cox were important. er was ready to get back into poli- but as a featured player, not a star. nust concentrate on making him- whole again, and he believed that en time—he would walk without s or crutches or hands to help him. and Louis had already sized up ear as another bad one for Demo- , despite the exposure of Repub- scandals following the sudden h of President Harding. Now, with in Coolidge in the White House, highways were being built, auto- iles were streaming out of Detroit, s and washing machines were ging the pattern of domestic living. cannot help feeling," Father said, t Harding's unfortunate taking as helped rather than hurt the Re- ican party."

evertheless, Alfred E. Smith, a olic, a Tammany Democrat, and pen enemy of Prohibition, thought ould be elected President. Father promised to support Smith on the s of his reputation as a progressive rnor of New York. Now, visiting er on the *Larooco*, Cox asked ther he would be available to man- Smith's campaign for the nomina- Father was so bemused that he let one else mix the cocktails, while sy LeHand took care of the tea.

Sexual attraction

issy spent virtually every hour of y day with Father, her fair skin ter-red from the beating sunlight. ssy," Father would say, "if you get more sun today, we can use you to- t as a port running light and save e oil." Missy's strong face would k into a broad smile, showing teeth were slightly overlapped. She and er were partners in work—she e his letters and took care of the —and in play, too. She even joined in the fishing parties that chugged n one of the *Larooco's* skiffs. No one ld have called Missy exceptionally l-looking, but, being five feet seven es tall, and straight-backed in a nsuit, she had considerable sexual action.

uests came aboard for a weekend, a k, or longer, and were quickly ght up in a whirl of activity. Any- who didn't want to fish could help h odd jobs such as painting. After er there were bridge and poker es for penny stakes, and marathon heesi tournaments in which Missy ally came out ahead.

My sister Anna, a dazzling blonde with her thoughts turning toward marriage, came down at the end of one of the cruises, which Father enjoyed for four consecutive winters. Jimmy and I both joined Father occasionally during vacations from Groton. Mother did not go aboard *Larooco* until 1925, when the old boat's days were almost over. The nights spent anchored in some moonlit backwater seemed strange and menacing to her. "I had never considered holidays in winter or escape from cold an essential part of living," she said.

Nothing about shipboard life appealed to Mother. But Father, bronzed by the sun and feeling a tingle in his toes for the first time since 1921, enjoyed every minute. Some of the verses he wrote testified to that:

When they first come on board
they think it's so nice—
With staterooms and bathtubs and
comforts sans price—
Till they suddenly realize that every partition
Sounds intimate echoes of each guest's condition
Of mind and of body—for whispers of details
The wall in its wisdom with great gusto retails . . .
No secrets or thoughts between husband and wife
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(continued)

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The most necessary business that occupied Father on the *Larooco* was boat exercise. Weather permitting, he donned his black swimsuit every morning, leaving his heavy leg braces in his locker. He would swim in virtually any water, even if sharks were known to be around, but he preferred shallow seas shelving up to a beach. "The water," he said, "put me where I am, and the water has to bring me back."

With his massive arms he swung himself down a rope into one of the skiffs. Missy watched and helped, as smiling and relaxed as he was. Father could swim like a seal. In the shallows, he could wrestle with any two of us at a time. More important, he could stand upright in shallow water. He had come a long way in the two years since his discharge from the hospital, when his medical record stated, "Not improving."

Lifelong invalid

His imperious mother had wanted to take him straight from the hospital to the family home in Hyde Park. Sara Delano Roosevelt thought of her son as a lifelong invalid whose dream of becoming President had been ended. Mother also felt that he should put ambition aside. Only Father and Louis Howe had the gall to think that the dream could still be realized.

Father refused to take sanctuary in Hyde Park. He had to be in New York City to earn his $25,000-a-year salary as vice president of the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland; to continue his law practice with Emmet, Marvin & Roosevelt; and, above all, to play politics. So he went from Presbyterian Hospital directly to our New York house at 49 East 65th Street.

Within a day or so he could partially swing himself into a wheelchair by gripping a strap and ring hung from his bedroom ceiling. Granny dreaded the day when the crutches and braces would arrive. She hated to see her son make any physical effort. The connecting doors between her house and ours were constantly opening as she came and went, until Mother, in self-defense, had a big breakfront moved against the entrance that linked the twin dining rooms. "In many ways," Mother remembered, "this was the most trying winter of my entire life."

There were bitter arguments that left Mother fluttering with rage and Granny with her jaw outthrust in indignation. Adding fuel to Granny's anger was the fact that Louis Howe had moved in with us. To put him as close as possible to Father, he was given the big third-floor front bedroom with its private bath. He had a habit of burning incense there in the evenings, in the belief that it eased his asthma. The sickly fumes filled the house, a constant reminder to Granny of "that ugly, dirty little man," as she called him, who personified the political hopes she wanted her son to give up.

Sis, who was 15, was dislodged by Louis' arrival, and had to move to a little back bedroom on the fourth floor, where Franklin, Jr., Johnny, and their Nanny were located. With nowhere else to go, Mother slept on a bed in Johnny's room and dressed in Father's bathroom one floor down.

Granny played maliciously on the situation. Loathing Louis, she suggested to her adolescent granddaughter that she had been wronged—"banished," as she said, to a dark cubicle, while Louis luxuriated in the main bedroom. Sis told Mother that Louis had to give up the room so she could have it back. "You don't care about me any more," she said, weeping.

Mother showed no sympathy. The room arrangements would stand. "It never occurred to me," she said later, "that the time comes, particularly with a girl, when it is important to make her your confidante. If I had realized this I might have saved Anna and myself several years of real unhappiness." Eleanor Roosevelt reached that conclusion in 1937, at the start of Father's second term as President.

Meanwhile Father forced himself into gruelling exercises. He would make himself walk by sheer willpower—if not this month, then possibly the month following; if not this season, then in the one after; if not this year, then surely 12 months later.

By February he was ready for braces to be fitted. The steel in each one weighed seven pounds, and they stretched from hips to ankles. He learned to get up from a chair by first lifting one leg with his hands, then locking that brace at the knee. After repeating the process with the other leg, making them as stiff as girders, he would push himself up from the arms of the chair, hold himself erect, tilt forward, and reach for his crutches before he tipped over into a fall. Without feeling or power in his legs, he could only move like a stilt walker, swinging each leg from the hip. Yet that was enough for him to consider activities that would keep him in the public eye.

I came home from school one afternoon and found Mother sobbing uncontrollably, more pitifully than she had during the crisis over Father's attachment to Lucy Mercer. Unable to comfort her, I called in Louis.

"Come on, now, now," said the little-hearted little man, "Keep your chin up. Things will work out."

She would not be consoled. Her fortieth birthday was at hand, and in her heart she felt that she was a failure. She had failed as a wife, failed to find pleasure in motherhood, failed to make any mark as an independent human being. Polio, she imagined, spelled frustration and misery for Father, too. She felt constrained in a marriage between incompatible people, unloved, and largely unwanted. This surely was the nadir of her existence.

I believe that in the hours of anguish Mother erased whatever pity she might have felt for my father. She would go it alone. In a guarded way she has said at this nearly 30 years later when she wrote. "People have often asked me how I felt about his illness. . . I simply lived from day to day and got through as well as I could." She also embarked on a career of her own, hesitantly at first, then with increasing determination.

"Cut the laughs"

Louis got along well with Mother, to whom he showed patience and understanding. She had to be converted from an outgoing political belle she was to serve Louis' master plan for Father. Trained her to make speeches was one of the first steps. He gave her private lessons which he had her follow phrase by phrase the sonorous of his own rich voice, which emerged like a kind of miracle from his hollowed cheeks. When she delivered a speech he would conduct an inquest afterwards on her mistakes.

"Why did you laugh in the middle of it? There wasn't a reason in the world for laughing just then."

"I know there was," Mother would say meekly.

"Next time, let's cut the laughs, and keep your voice down." Louis believed in being firm.

He pushed her into the women's division of the Democratic Committee in New York state—doing so, in Mother's opinion, so she could "bring into the house people who would keep Franklin interested in state politics."

As she slowly emerged as a political personality, though still in Father's shadow, her physical awkwardness remained. She had an air of carrying the world's burdens on her rounded shoulders. In her sensible tweed skirts and hand-knitted sweaters, she seemed prematurely aged. She lacked the glow

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uality that Father projected, in e of his lame legs. Mixing in a world women, she had only a handful of n friends.

Mother's activities introduced her to rriety of women, married and single, alists and self-seekers, dedicated teurs and hard-bitten professionals nion or welfare work. With Gran- grudging approval, she made Hyde k a gathering place for them. In- nced by her new friends, Mother ned her back on "society," with its parties and afternoon calls, and less and less of her old friends.

he won her first political spurs in 1922 campaign to make Al Smith vernor of New York again. With from Louis Howe, she organized ammoth picnic for Smith at Hyde k, on the eve of the state convention Syracuse. The party faithful milling und on Granny's lawns had the nce to meet Smith—and Father, ring the Roosevelt grin as he was eled through the crowd.

Louis went to Syracuse with Mother l Henry Morgenthau, Jr., who were vention delegates. His telegram to her told the story: AL NOMINATED H GREAT ENTHUSIASM MORGENTHAU YOUR MISSUS LED THE DUTCHESS NTY DELEGATION WITH THE BANNER REE TIMES AROUND THE HALL.

Back at Hyde Park, Father predicted t this would be a Democratic year. instincts were right: Al Smith won dsomely, and the entire Democratic ket was carried to victory.

Concocted tales

Myths sprang up around Father, and let them flourish if they suited his pose. Of all the concocted tales, per- s the most fanciful was that in some sterious fashion polio had complete- changed Father's nature. He was tured as a restless, flighty young n who, losing the use of his legs, reby acquired stability of mind l compassion-through-suffering. The yboy, it was alleged, was trans- med into the statesman, because he uld not jump up from his desk.

People who should have known bet- fostered this notion. Frances Per- s, the sad-eyed woman who became Secretary of Labor when he entered White House, had met him often m 1912 on. Seeing him now at Hyde rk, she imagined that he had under- ne a "spiritual transformation" as a ult of poliomyelitis. Mother herself ped to spread the legend that Father s somehow transformed. His illness, e said, "proved a blessing in disguise; it gave him strength and courage had not had before. He had to think t the fundamentals of living and rn the greatest of all lessons—infi- e patience and never-ending per- tence."

No wonder that historians accepted se platitudes, instead of depicting ther as the man he truly was: a man o, from his schooldays on, grew adily in stature, resourcefulness, and t for power. Throughout his adult e, his was the same consistent per- nality—the mixture, as an observant pgrapher noted, of lion and fox. here was just one difference: after 21, he could not walk.

In the fall of 1922, Father was fitted th new braces and a surgical corset. e set up a daily routine that gave ughly equal time to his treatment, to earning a living, and to political maneuvering. Every day, after he had finished breakfast in bed, he would have Louis Howe in to map out their schedule. Exercises and the sunlamp took another hour or so. Then he was driven to the offices of the Fidelity and Deposit Company downtown. He could swing himself into and out of the car now, and get up the single step into the lobby on his crutches. One morning the crutches slipped on the polished marble floor, and he fell. Quickly he pushed himself up to a sitting position. The smile flashed as passersby crowded around. "Do you mind giving me a hand to help me up?" he asked—as if his fall was nothing to fret about.

The law offices of Emmet, Marvin & Roosevelt were out of bounds, because the front steps at 52 Wall Street were too high. So Missy LeHand waited for him at Fidelity and Deposit, unless it was a day for working at home.

Missy had expanded the job of personal secretary to become his shield, nurse, and outspoken friend. Louis Howe was happy about the relationship. In his view, Missy was the kind of woman Father needed at this point. She had begun to make her life his. At his desk, in a chair, or lying in bed, he could fend for himself; but he had to be helped from one place to another. He could not be left alone for long. Missy quit accepting invitations. *(continued)*

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if they meant leaving Father without help.

"He doesn't need to ask to be waited on—in fact, he never asks," she once said. "I know without being told."

At four o'clock she usually drove uptown with him to the East 65th Street house, where she remained for the evening, taking dictation and instructions, joining in discussions with the stream of callers that Louis and Mother brought trampling into the house. Then Missy would go to her apartment in the Bronx, which she shared with relatives.

Throughout these months Father listened to any suggestion about a cure. He had arranged to charter a houseboat for six weeks, believing that warm seawater and winter sunshine would speed his recovery. When he returned from that first Florida cruise he decided to buy the *Larooco* in partnership with Lawrence.

"Except for the braces," Father reported, "I have never been in better health in my life."

There was another reason for his ebullience, besides the return of sensation in his legs. A medical report on his general well-being stated "No symptoms of *impotentia coeundi*." The Latin translates as "the ability of the male to perform the sex act." The report held true when Father started campaigning for the Presidency ten years later, at age 50.

Mother fumed in silence

As the gap widened between our parents, Granny moved to fill it. She would never admit that she used her grandchildren as a weapon against Mother, and she ignored her protests that we were being spoiled. She gave us money, watches, horses—virtually anything she fancied we might enjoy. Mother fumed in silence.

When my parents concluded that Franklin, Jr., and Johnny must be punished for disobedience by having their pony taken away, Granny bought each grandson his own horse.

Granny's defenses were impenetrable. "I had not realized that you would object, Eleanor," she would say if Mother ventured to disapprove of an extravagant present.

We children recognized the cold war existing between the three grownups, and we exploited it.

Mother's busy schedule left little time for her family. Father spent much of the summer at Hyde Park, and went off to the *Larooco* every winter, always with Missy at his side. Louis Howe worked the rounds between New York, Hyde Park, and the Florida Keys. Occasionally he served as the only channel of communication between Father and Mother.

Aboard the *Larooco*, one season merged into another as the houseboat meandered through the mangrove swamps and sandy bays between Miami and Key West. The ship's log told of guests arriving and departing, engines breaking down and being repaired. Missy picking up mail and laundry. On the top deck, under the awning, Father sketched out a biography of John Paul Jones, and wrote 14 pages of his history of the United States; but that was as far as either manuscript went. "I average ten hours of sleep a night," he said.

Sometime after the end of the 1924 cruise, he could stand unaided in water up to chest height. He believed that water would work a total cure.

Toward the close of the year the ship's cook, Dora Morris, wrote to Missy about outstanding bills, adding, "Our kindest regards to Mr. Roosevelt and you. Miss LeHand. We think of you and Mr. R. Take care of yourself, little lady."

Dora was aware, of course, of a simple fact of life aboard the *Larooco*. Everyone in the inner circle of Father's friends accepted it as a matter of course. I remember being only mildly stirred to see him with Missy on his lap as he sat in the main stateroom, holding her in his sun-browned arms. When Sis and Jimmy on occasion witnessed much the same scene, they had a similar reaction, as I learned when we spoke of it afterwards. It was not Father's way to be secretive in his dealings with us. He made no attempt to conceal his feelings about Missy.

Because we had seen the hostility between our parents, it was no great shock to discover that Missy shared a completely familial existence with Father. What did surprise us, later on, was the knowledge that Mother knew, too, and accepted the fact like the rest of us.

Warm Springs, 1928

Home was much too grand a word for the dilapidated cottage with its paint peeled away by the Georgia sun, but it was the first place where Father and Missy could live with little interruption and with those he felt closest to. The cottage stood forlornly in 000 acres of Meriwether County, miles from Atlanta. Much of the t they were alone there, except for d cleaning help. Later, when they h a cottage of their own, they had services of Father's valet, Irvin Duffie. McDuffie was a hard-drink man, but he was faithful and discr

Warm Springs had been a flourish winter resort in the nineteenth cent Now there remained a ramshackle tel, some tumbledown tages, and a deserted a torium. What mattered Father was the marvel Pine Mountain spring ter, heated in the depth the rock to a constant t perature of 88 degrees, flowing into a natural p Its mineral salts made i buoyant as seawater.

Father first heard a Warm Springs in the s mer of 1924 from Ge Foster Peabody, a New Y banker. Peabody told young man, Louis Jos who had gone to W Springs almost comple crippled by polio. N three years later, he c walk with the aid of ca Peabody had bought a h interest in the place. other part owner was T Loyless, a Georgia news perman.

Father's interest was tured. Joseph's case bore what Dr. Robert Lovett told Father in Boston, w he had new braces fit Lovett urged his polio tients to swim a lot, pre ably in warm waters.

At first Father made pl for a pool to be put in Granny's house at H Park. Mother talked him of that. She wanted a tage built for her frie Nancy Cook and Ma Dickerman, so they coul neighbors. Why not put pool where they could enjoy it? Father agreed, gave Mother a piece of l east of Granny's house was known as Val-Kill, "ley Stream" in Dutch.

The Al Smith campai

He pushed thoughts Warm Springs into the b ground. He had promise lead Al Smith's drive to the Democratic nomina for the Presidency.

The promise did not c easily. The hard work t Louis put in had again made Fath power in New York State, probably pable of delivering the vote of the w state delegation at the national con tion. Father was doubtful about bot Smith and his principal rival, Secret of the Treasury William McAdoo. Adoo, a Dry, counted on support f the unions, the farmers, and t favoring Prohibition. Smith, an u generate Wet, and a Catholic, was s to be opposed in the South and W

Through February and March ther bided his time aboard the *La co*, pretending to be out of touch v events. He and Louis sized



as another black year for Demo-

ther was supporting Smith in her ashion. Her aim was to guarantee e for women in politics. At the crats' state convention in April, Father was still cruising in Flor- Mother tangled with Tammany Charles Francis Murphy. He in- that male party leaders should the women delegates to the con- n. "I have wanted you home for st few days," Mother wrote to r, "to advise me on the fight I am g up . . ."

headed up a committee of wom- bels, who convinced Al Smith of ight to pick their own delegates. she was committed to Smith of Father.

crafty old firm of Roosevelt and guessed that Smith had no e of being nominated. Still, they o put their hearts into his fight; if Al lost, Father—as campaign ger—would have built up his own ng in the party.

the battle for delegates neared its x, Al tried out several orators be- sking Father to nominate him. shall be glad to nominate him," r said privately, "providing I do ve to audition."

practiced for days the awkward ss of getting from the entrance of ditorium in New York's Madison e Garden to his seat among the York delegates, using a crutch his right arm and gripping my er Jimmy's right arm with his left He wouldn't use a wheelchair.

"Shake it!"

his speech, Father had set his on walking to the rostrum. On y's arm, he made his way up the to the rear of the platform. "Go d shake it, will you?" he asked a ate standing nearby. He got only zled look. "Shake it!" he said, his wet with perspiration. "I must if the speaker's stand will bear eight."

let go of my brother's arm, ed his second crutch from him, swung himself forward until he grip the edge of the stand. The roared. He could not let go a to wave acknowledgement of the s; a broad smile had to serve.

e speech was a personal triumph. rom the loudspeakers rolled the g actor's voice that in later years become familiar to all Ameri- Applause interrupted as he ed the climax of his speech in e of Al Smith: "He is the 'Happy ior' of the political battlefield."

ery aisle filled with dancing, yell- delegates. Father was the most ar figure in the Garden, far more an his candidate.

the 103rd ballot—a dismal record stands today—the convention a compromise choice: John W. , a conservative lawyer.

her limited his campaigning to ng one radio speech for Davis. He omething else to think about: Ma- ohn Cohen, publisher of the At- *Journal*, whom he had met at the ntion, was urging him to visit n Springs and test the water.

was October before Father got . Missy was with him, and so was er. The pool looked like nothing ctor would recommend. Indians visited there, stalking around the piazza of the decaying Meriwether Inn. Gypsies showed up, too, along with other ailing wanderers—some with twisted limbs, others with skin afflictions and running sores. Father did not hesitate to join them in the pool.

Mother was glad to cut short her stay and leave Father in Missy's care. He gloried in the improvement he felt from swimming in the warm pool. At last he felt life returning to his toes. Somethink like a miracle was happening: "I walk around in water four feet deep without braces or crutches almost as well as if I had nothing the matter with my legs."

Father quickly responded to Tom Loyless's idea that a way must be found to rehabilitate the moribund health center. He passed on the thought to Louis, whose immediate reaction was to stir up publicity. The Atlanta *Journal* sent a reporter to spend five days in Father's company.

"Franklin Roosevelt Will Swim to Health," said the headline on the story. It was picked up by all the newspapers.

By November, when Father and Missy left Georgia, inquiries from other polio sufferers were arriving at Meriwether Inn. The challenge now was how to capitalize on the situation. To Father, Warm Springs spelled health, potential profits, and most importantly, a permanent haven for himself and Missy. *(continued)*

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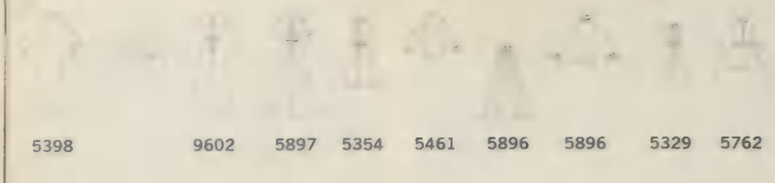
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Pattern Backviews

See pages 83–89



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Page 83 Princess Grace's long Liberty print shirtwaist (Simplicity 5398) is accented with gingham. 10–20; $1. Requires 4¾ yds. 36" fabric. Lining requires 3¾ yds. 48" fabric.

Page 84 A charming eyelet ruffled blouse tops a silk moiré skirt (Simplicity 5896). 10–18; $1. Blouse requires 1¾ yds. 50" eyelet and ⅞ yds. 42" organza. Skirt requires 2¾ yds. 51" fabric.

Page 86 Elegant embroidered Whelfab organza dress (Simplicity 9602), bordered at the bottom with moiré ribbon. 8–16; $1. Requires 3¼ yds. 40" fabric. Lining requires 2⅝ yds. 48" fabric.

Page 87 Flowered Staron silk taffeta dress with bouffant sleeves and full skirt (Simplicity 5897). 8–16; $1. Requires 5¼ yds. 45" fabric. Belt requires 2⅛ yds. 2" ribbon.

Page 88 Princess Grace's strawberry print chintz shirt (Simplicity 5461) in fabric by Brunschwig. 8–18; $1. Requires 1⅞ yds. 48" fabric. Stephanie's matching jumper (5762) is worn over a pink Danskin turtleneck. 7–14; $1. Requires 1⅞ yds. 48" fabric.

Page 89 Mother and daughter checked jumpers (Simplicity 5354 and 5329) appliquéd in felt with flowers of Monaco. 5354—10–18; $1. Requires 2¼ yds. 40" fabric. Belt by Midtown. 5329—7–14; 85¢. Requires 1⅞ yds. 40" fabric.

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The result at the polls turned out as he and Louis had expected. A Coolidge landslide buried Davis. But Al Smith was returned as Governor of New York, grateful for Mother's help.

When Father decided to sever connections with his law partners, Langdon Marvin and Grenville Emmet, he wrote by way of excuse that he would have to spend "the next four or five years" in healing his legs. The truth was that the business of settling estates bored him. He promptly entered into partnership with a tough-fibered young Irishman whose offices were in the same convenient building, with its low front step, as Fidelity and Deposit. Basil O'Connor was ready to guarantee Father $10,000 a year, and to accept his months of absence in Warm Springs.

Van-Lear Black, president of Fidelity, was every bit as patient. He knew that his part-time vice president's political savvy would bring "world-beating" results in the surety bonding business. Certainly in the five years that ended in 1928, the company's New York volume grew from two million to five million dollars. A sizable hunk of that came from Fidelity's share in a New York State issue after Al Smith returned to Albany in 1923.

Swimming back to health

Father went straight to Warm Springs with Missy in the spring of 1925. The place was attracting polio patients set on "swimming back to health" like Father. He and Missy had just arrived when one of Tom Loyless's men reported that "Two people have been carried off the train down at the station. What shall we do with them? Neither of them can walk."

The solution seemed to be to find them rooms in the village. In the morning, Loyless could begin fixing up empty cottages. Eight more cripples arrived before that could be done.

Such a challenge roused the best in Father. The first move was to send to Manchester, the nearest town, for Dr. James Johnson. He was no polio expert, but he knew what the pool could do. Dr. Johnson checked out the new arrivals, and, in Father's words, "guaranteed that they do not have heart trouble or something else from which they would suddenly die."

So here were ten unexpected patients with varying degrees of muscle damage, and no one in residence to care for them—no doctor, no physiotherapist, no nurse. Father took on the first two jobs, Missy the other. Of the ten men and women in "old Doctor Roosevelt's" first class, he taught one man how to swim and all the rest how to exercise by playing around in the water.

They set up an informal clinic, with Dr. Johnson as the visiting physician. Every morning, Father would be wheeled to the crumbling dock, to lower himself over the edge and stand waiting for his followers. "You would howl with glee," he said, "if you could see . . . the patients doing various exercises in the water under my leadership—they are male and female of all ages and weights."

In New York and at Hyde Park, Mother pursued her own vision of a completely separate life. She wanted locks installed on each of the doors connecting our house and Granny's on East 65th Street. She pressed for t building of the Val-Kill cottage Nancy Cook, Marion Dickerman, a herself. She too was seeking somethi approximating her own home—I Hyde Park, where she felt like a lodg or Warm Springs, which was Fathe and Missy's domain, but a haven share with her friends.

In his sympathy for her melancho existence, Louis brought her closer understanding that if she could not a complete wife, she had to allow F ther to have other outlets, so that could lead a normal sexual life. And persuaded Father that no matter h short the family funds, he should Mother have the money for the V Kill cottage.

At first Mother sought bids from co tractors. The figures they came up w struck Father as exorbitant. "If y three women will go away," he wro he and an architect friend would ta charge. They did so, at a $4,000 savi —and Mother got her swimming poo

Granny made her feelings clear Mother with scathing references to t cottage and the two women who wo be its permanent tenants. She cont ued to use my sister Anna as a th to be driven into Mother's side. Sis in a hurry to be married, to escape cold war between Granny and Moth Mother and Father. That Christm she arrived at Hyde Park with h prospective husband, Curtis Dall.

Granny secretly offered to buy apartment for them as a wedding g Sis was not to tell Mother, who wou argue them out of accepting. Sis d in fact, let Mother know, leading her fire off an angry outburst to Father, one of his last days aboard the *Laroo*

"It is all I can do to be decent," s wrote. ". . . Sometimes I think consta irritation is worse for one than r tragedy now and then. I've reached state of such constant self-control th I'm afraid of what will happen if it e breaks."

In any event, Granny had her wa ignoring Mother's fears that misplac generosity would trap the newly m ried Dalls into reliance on handou Granny told Mother, "I love you, de too much to ever want to hurt you and of course I shall give them t apartment."

No shock to Sis

Shortly before the wedding, Moth was still following her custom of sitti up waiting for Sis to come home. In t early hours one morning, she told something of Lucy Mercer's past co nection with Father, and the circu stances of her own failed marria Mother and daughter had never be so close. But if Mother expected shock Sis, she was disappointed. was her father's daughter, as Jimm and I were decidedly his sons. We f completely at ease with him, much l so with Mother.

On April 29, 1926, Father acquir the derelict Warm Springs proper At one point he had precisely $20 667.83 invested in the place. His est was not completely reimbursed ur after his death, and then only from life insurance policy taken out in Wa Springs' favor. The $200,000-plus v more than two-thirds of everything owned. It was the only time he to such a monumental risk.

Father's first thought was to get m ical accreditation for the spring wat

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Why do you smoke?

With what you've been hearing about smoking these days, you probably wonder metimes why you smoke at all.

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Now we don't want to suggest that Vantage is the vest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you'll find.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined hat Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.

Eventually the American Orthopedic Association recommended that a hydrotherapy center be established there.

Father now had a home away from Mother and Granny, where he could enjoy Missy's love and companionship. He drew up plans with her for a new cottage, the first of a group of small houses to be subscribed for by well-wishers. Granny was persuaded to donate $3,000 to build one of them—the full extent of her giving. When Father returned to Hyde Park for Christmas, tanned by the Georgia sun, he set about transforming his private enterprise into a non-stock, non-profit foundation.

A polite fib

Meanwhile, Nancy Cook had come up with the idea that she and Mother should go into the furniture-making business—Nan to provide the talent; Mother, the working capital. Mother used to say that her earnings from writing magazine articles and making radio talks went toward the little factory they built. That was a polite fib. When she took on Val-Kill Industries, she could only invest what she had inherited. Anyway, Mother meant to test her abilities as a manager while Father was trying to make a success of Warm Springs. Perhaps a market did exist for hand-made reproductions of fine chests, tables, and chairs.

Their initial project was making the furniture for Father's new cottage at Warm Springs, including, if I remember correctly, an extra-long bed for him. Some of us in the family still have beautiful Val-Kill chairs and desks, which will last for generations. But the factory never paid its way.

Father's move into his new home with Missy and his valet McDuffie coincided with Mother's spending days at a time in her Val-Kill hideaway with Nan and Marion. She had three jobs: looking after Franklin, Jr., and Johnny, her two younger sons, managing the furniture factory, and working for the State Democratic organization. Yet there was room for other interests.

At this time Marion Dickerman was the assistant principal of the Todhunter School, a private school for girls in Manhattan. Persuaded by Marion, Mother started work at Todhunter as a teacher of American history and American and English literature. Soon Miss Todhunter herself decided to retire. Would Miss Dickerman care to take over the school? She, in turn, wondered whether Mother and Nancy Cook would like to buy the place. A letter sped to Father in Warm Springs.

". . . as you know I'm not keen to get into Warm Springs life at all, as one would have to do if one stayed long or often . . ."

The decision on buying into Todhunter School was reached without argument. Mother would pursue her interests in and around New York. Father would spend as much time as he could in Warm Springs. They would meet when their paths converged, certainly during summers at Hyde Park, and at Christmas.

As the 1928 Democratic convention approached, Al Smith asked Father once again to be his floor leader and make the nominating speech. When the Democrats gathered in Houston that June, my job was the same as Jimmy's had been four years before: to lend an arm in getting Father into and out of the auditorium, and to run messages for him. Missy, of course, came with us. Mother stayed in New York.

There was no need for crutches as Father made his smiling way to the speaker's stand. Warm Springs was working for him. With a cane and my right arm, he *walked* to the platform, no longer crippled, merely lame.

According to schedule, Al Smith was nominated for President on the first ballot. In private, Father shared Louis Howe's conviction that Smith would lose to Herbert Hoover, the Republican nominee. In September, Father took off for Warm Springs with Missy. Mother plowed on with her job at national headquarters, heading up Al Smith's women's division.

Louis Howe expected that Hoover would be elected and go for two terms in the White House. Given four more years of Warm Springs, Father would be walking once more—possibly with a cane—by 1932. That would be the natural year to run for office again, and the Governorship of New York was the obvious choice. On his record, he would be ready for the White House in 1936, when the long run of Republican prosperity would probably be over.

For the time being, it was Louis' strategy to keep Father out of any race, at any level. During the summer, however, newspaper editorial writers and party stalwarts pleaded with Father to run for the Governorship now, as the best way to help Smith. He answered them all with polite but firm refusals, staying with Missy in Warm Springs and standing clear of party plots.

State leaders closed in on the man within their reach, Louis Howe. Louis wired a summary of their arguments to Warm Springs on September 25. Still Father would not budge. Smith, out West on a campaign trip, ordered Ed Flynn, the Bronx party boss, to work on Father by phone. Flynn was a friend, but Father told him no, he would not run for Governor.

Mother dropped a note to him before she went to the state convention in Rochester: "Everyone makes me so uncomfortable. They feel so strongly about your running. . . ."

Her letter was dated Sunday, September 30. On that day Al Smith made his first phone call to Father, who refused to yield. "Well, you're the doctor," snapped Smith.

A torrent of letters and telegrams poured into Warm Springs to urge a change of mind. Smith tried again to reach Father. He was taking his daily workout in the new pool when the call came. Through Missy, he sent back word that he was off on a picnic and would be gone all day. In the afternoon, Smith came to see Mother with John J. Raskob, a General Motors tycoon and party bigwig. They put a key question to her.

"They told me how much they wanted him to run and asked me if I thought it would injure his health," she related afterwards. "I said I did not know. . . . My husband himself once laughingly said that if he lived long enough he might be able to walk again, but progress was slow and I sometimes wondered how much more could be achieved."

An account of the meeting by the Governor's daughter Emily put a different complexion on the conference. Al found, she wrote, "that Mrs. Roosevelt was entirely willing to have her husband nominated."

Boss Ed Flynn had the same impression. It appeared to him that "she was anxious that he should run and that she would be happy if he would consent to it." Her friend Esther Lape believed that "the most wonderful thing Eleanor did was to encourage him to run in 1928, when most people thought he was not up to it."

I believe that Mother could easily have prevented the Smith forces from naming Father. She decided not to, even though she knew that he and Louis were dead set against running. Stubbornness was one factor in her action. Another was her conviction that Father was frittering away his time and his money at Warm Springs in a life of which Mother had no part.

The Governor and Raskob together persuaded her to place a long distance call to Father and ask him to run. Frances Perkins, who was in the Rochester hotel suite with Mother, Al Smith, Raskob, and others, overheard one end of the conversation.



"Hello. My name is Linda. I'm your bunny for the experiment today."

"Yes, I know, Franklin," Mo said, "I told him that, but . . ."

Smith grabbed the telephone need you, Frank. This is why. program the Democratic Party made in this State must go on You've got a great name. We be you are the man to carry the Stat the ticket. We need a big vote to s New York."

Piecing together several contr tory accounts of what happened ne may be said that Mother spoke fo other minute or two with Father, broke off to catch a train for New Y She had Todhunter classes to teac next morning. Raskob took the p from her, followed by Smith. His ing shot was carefully planned.

"I just want to ask you one question: If these fellows nom you tomorrow and adjourn, will refuse to run?" Moments passed Father tried to find a way to say no right. I won't ask you any more tions," Smith snapped, and hung

The following afternoon, a wire Louis arrived in Warm Spr "JIMMIE WALKER [Mayor of New City] NOMINATED YOU AND IT WAS RIED UNANIMOUSLY DESPITE DISPA FROM ATLANTA SAYING YOU DID NO TEND TO RUN BEING SHOWN SMI ROCHESTER. HE MADE THIS REPLY THE CONVENTION HAS THE CONSEN MISTER ROOSEVELT TO DO WHAT IT IT NOMINATED HIM AND HE WILL UNQUOTE . . ."

Louis was outraged. "We are upset," he told his wife, "and are ing that we get licked, but it looks

Mother read about the nomin in the newspapers. To inquisitiv porters she said, "I am very happy very proud; although I did not him to do it, he felt that he had t the end you have to do what friends want you to."

There was no doubt in Missy's about whether she wanted Father Governor. She was beside him a Meriwether Inn when he spoke Mother, Raskob, and Smith. "I you dare, don't you dare!" she rep as he listened to arguments for g into a race he did not feel that h ready to run.

She prayed that he would los election. She knew that if he w would never again have the time t ceed in his struggle to walk.

A haunted house

When we moved to Albany on Year's Day, 1929, the Governor's sion, with its confusion of turrets towers, balconies and chimney st looked to my adolescent eyes li haunted house. The layout of ro morning, music, reception, breal library—suggested a hotel.

Most of the nine bedrooms, each its private bath, were on the s floor. Every room in the house push button for summoning the ants. Mother chose a back bedroo her own. Around the corner and the hall, Father had the imp master bedroom, next to Missy's. T two rooms were joined by a little with clear glass panels, curtaine her side. In view of the role played in Father's life, Mother th that this was a perfectly suitabl rangement.

It was not unusual to enter his s corner room and find Missy the her nightgown. There was *(contin*

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no attempt to conceal their relationship. Everyone within the family had come to accept the fact that Missy was a special part of our family.

I would go in at the start of the day, and the three of us would talk without any embarrassment. It was no mystery to us. Mother had not shared life with Father for more than 20 years. We kidded Mother about her public support for Margaret Sanger when she still had not the least understanding of the techniques of birth control.

Mother rarely traveled anywhere with Father in those days. Only when she was present did the routine vary, out of respect for Mother's public image. Otherwise, Missy sat with Father in the back of the car, a lap robe tucked in around both of them. Mother simply did not care what Father did.

Missy had recently turned 30, and her black hair was developing a silvery sheen. Her gray eyes had a look of disarming candor under their arched brows. She kept trim by breakfasting on black coffee and eating only a snack for lunch. She dined with us, of course, as a member of the family.

"Missy is my conscience," Father used to say, with no sense of irony. I do not think she ever felt that she was his heart's desire. She was too honest with herself for that. But she could serve him as only a devoted woman could. I am certain that she had no fear of sin in their relationship, in spite of her Catholic background. However, his running for the Governorship may have destroyed some secret hope for a different life with him. She took no part in the frantic four weeks of his campaign, which ended in his election as Governor.

Continuing cold war

Mother liked her teaching job at Todhunter too much to give it up simply to become chatelaine of the executive mansion in Albany. She felt that she was a good influence on Father, and she was interested in his career; but the cold war continued.

Every Sunday evening she caught the train from Albany to New York so that she could be at school on time Monday morning. Her last Todhunter class on Wednesday allowed her to catch a train that brought her to Albany. Missy was the accepted hostess on those days when Mother was pursuing her own interests as a teacher, or as manager of Val-Kill Industries.

"Albany was the hardest work I ever did," Missy said afterwards in Washington. She was on call 24 hours a day. Instead of having three secretaries and a trained staff to assist her, as she had later in the White House, there was only one assistant, pretty young Grace Tully. Eventually Grace brought her sister Paula in to help.

Missy liked a five o'clock drink as much as Father did. Albany saw the beginning of the "children's hour," as he called it, when a few intimate associates gathered in his office to talk over the day's business and exchange the day's best jokes. Making a martini was a ritual involving a shaker filled with cracked ice and two parts gin to one of dry vermouth. Sis persuaded Father that three-to-one was more stylish. Then Jimmy, still at Harvard, convinced him that one jigger of vermouth required four of gin. When my turn came to join the drinking club, I protested, "Gosh, Father, you've got to change this. Everybody makes them five-to-one nowadays." Franklin and Johnny got the proportions a notch drier, and Father eventually became a seven-to-one martini mixer.

But he frowned on drunkenness. He told each of his sons as we grew up, "A gentleman learns his capacity and tries not to exceed it. If he must drink to excess, he does so when he has no call to be in touch with anyone else."

One parent a Wet, the other an almost fanatical Dry—that was just one more difference that could not be bridged. Granny was on Mother's side on this question. At Hyde Park, she outdid Mother in dropping broad hints.

When King George and Queen Elizabeth arrived for a visit to the White House one afternoon in 1938, Father had the shaker ready for them in the library. "I thought you might like a drink before dinner," Father said, "though my mother here says you would probably prefer some tea."

The King, the son of another resolute woman, Queen Mary, smiled appreciatively. "That's just what my mother would have said," he murmured as he took a glass from Father's hand.

My brother Jimmy's wedding brought him a check from Granny for $2,000 and the promise of an allowance until he left law school. She had already made him a "loan," which brought a rebuke from Father.

Father had decreed that if my brother wanted a car at Harvard, he must save for it. Jimmy bought a used Ford roadster; a winter snowstorm ruined it, and that Christmas his present from Granny was a new Chrysler runabout. She did much the same later for Franklin, after he wrecked the little car given him on his graduation from Groton. Mother wouldn't pay for a replacement. But Granny told him, "You may go to the showroom and order a new one. It is to be charged to *my* account."

Mother was on the front terrace at Hyde Park when Franklin, Jr., drove up in a new Buick convertible. She stalked in to see Father, fuming. "Franklin, you have got to talk to y mother and tell her that she must do these things. The car must be right back, now." But he wanted argument with Granny, whose mo made his career possible.

I passed a good part of that sum with Father. He was absorbed just t in plans to make cheap electric po the cornerstone of his program for state, and decided to consult pu power officials in Ontario. For transportation he chose the good *Inspector*, a small craft with a g roof, used by state functionaries fo spection trips in New York's canals

Enter, Earl Miller

To while away the time as dawdled along, I played cards some of Father's party, notably wi young roughneck who had been a cus acrobat before becoming a S Trooper and boxing coach at the S Police school. I was down $25 to poral Earl Miller before we go Buffalo.

Miller's muscles were the p qualification for his new job with ther, lending an arm whenever one needed, lifting him into and ou awkward corners. He had been Smith's bodyguard, but with his b barracks-room manner he soon himself more than that within our ceptible family. He was shortly moted to sergeant, and before Fa left Albany for the White House was director of personnel of the partment of Correction, dropping chummy notes to the Governor "Cheerio, and may your coming be most profitable as ever—Your geant Miller."

At first, he operated in Father's bit exclusively, accompanying him most everywhere. Miller was an ex horseman, and he persuaded Fathe try riding again at Warm Springs. included Missy in the riding class— Mother, too, on her rare visits.

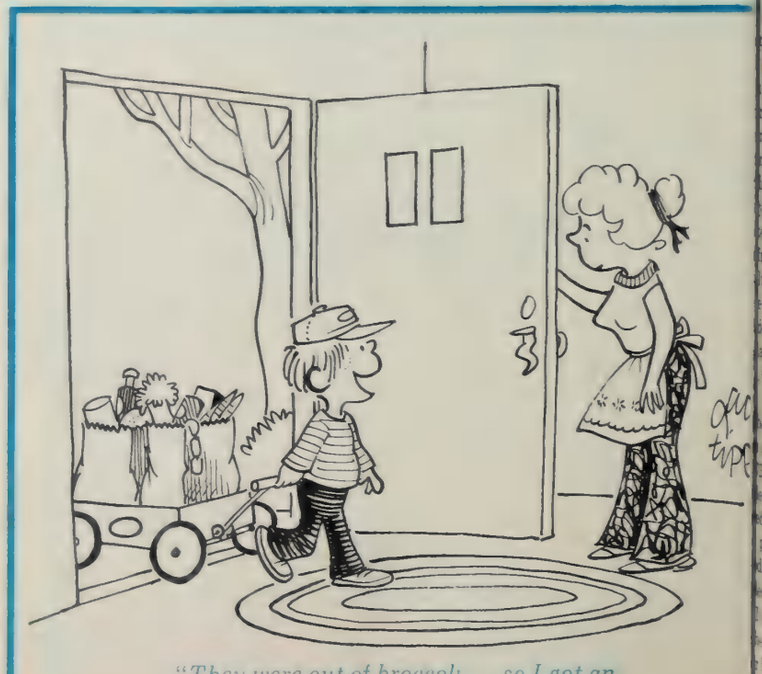
In his prime, Miller was a hands man of abounding energy. His marriage having ended in divorce turned his eyes on Missy. He wa believer in unwarranted subtlety simply made passes. She did not



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"They were out of broccoli . . . so I got an extra jar of peanut butter instead."

discourage him, nor did Father. was free to enter into whatever lships she pleased. Father felt no ssiveness about her, appreciating ne day she might find a man to . The fact that she never did may surprised him.

d Mother shared some of Missy's al pleasure in the attentions of a us male, it would explain her takding lessons. Perhaps there was a deep-rooted drive to compete, n against woman. Only Father have recognized the contest, if s what it was. He went along with asses, trailing through the woods over the mountains, watching improve as a rider, while Mothourage faltered. All this did more than good to his legs, and he went to relying on a hand-controlled obile.

A close male friend

ller took pride in his own physical s, and in his new importance, as w it, to my parents. Because of er's poor driving record, he was ed to travel with her. She enged the friendship that developed, bing from him a touch of the selfnce she lacked. There was no ion that she admired Earl Miller's gth and felt obvious affection for He was the only close male friend ade in those years.

ere Father insisted on Missy as f his living pattern, Mother could with Earl, but more as a doting than anything else. She later d pay for a house for him out of arnings, and she kept a guest room for him at Val-Kill. On visits to York City in the 1930's, he stayed e Greenwich Village apartment d by Mother and her secretary, ina Thompson.

1937, when Mother's memoirs serialized in *Ladies' Home Jour*e had sets of the magazines bound ather for presentation to Father, Malvina Thompson—and Earl Mil-The previous Christmas, Father iven specially bound copies of his te War" speech to Mother, Gran-is children—and Missy. Mother to get even.

was a bridesmaid and I was best when Miller was married for the d time. Mother saw to it that he his bride were invited to Hyde for the ceremony. Father was in n Springs with Missy. Marriage ot change Sergeant Miller's reship with Mother. Neither did ivorce, nor the third wedding cere- he went through some time later. ughout these years, he played up riendship with Mother, with the t that by the time of his final di- it became almost credible that evotion to her was the cause of ck of provision of a home for his Of course, this was grossly untrue.

e voters gave Father a second as Governor with a record-break-25,000 majority. Now there was no eft to doubt that he would be nomd for the White House in 1932. No possibly, except Mother, who in-l, "Franklin did not tell me when cided to run for the Presidency, knew from Louis Howe. . . ."

e next spring Father put aside all business to hurry to Paris, where ny, at the age of 77, was ill with monia. He sailed on the *Aquitania* with his valet McDuffie and myself as companions. It was my first trip outside the United States, and I had only one complaint: Father was even more flirtatious than I was. My shipboard romance was with a girl who had danced in the chorus of a London revue. One day Sheilah Graham would become a Hollywood columnist, but right now she was the sudden object of my affection—and Father's, too.

I was used as a kind of understudy in his flirting with another charming passenger—Rosa Ponselle, the buxom opera singer. The one thing Father could not do was dance with her, so I was brought in as his deputy. One night the ship rolled so badly that, while we danced together on the deck, Rosa and I slithered and hit the rail; Mlle. Ponselle pinned me against it, every pound of her, so that I fancied my spine was fractured.

The companionship of attractive men and women was important to Father, the accent being on women. He was slow to make friendships because, once they had begun, they were expected to last.

Laura Delano—"Aunt Polly" to us—enjoyed a charmed life in the inner circle. Father often visited her estate in Rhinebeck, to pass summer evenings on her terrace. Aunt Polly thought that Lucy Mercer and Father should never have parted, and she saw no reason why they should not begin to meet again. In her scheming over the years, Aunt Polly found an ally in another friend of Father's, his distant relative Margaret Suckley, whom we knew as "Daisy." With Daisy's knowledge, Polly connived to keep Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd more than a faraway memory for Father.

I believe that Lucy and Father met at Warm Springs. I know that they met regularly at the Rutherfurd estate at Aiken, S.C., half a day's drive away, before and after her husband Wintie Rutherfurd died there in 1944, at the age of 82. I am certain that Bernard Baruch, the financier, was host to Father and Lucy at his South Carolina hideaway, Hobcaw Barony. Bernie Baruch made it his business to ingratiate himself with Presidents.

Mother was unaware that, for his first Inaugural in 1933, Father provided a private limousine for Lucy. But Missy must have known.

En route to Chicago, 1932

We all started the day happily—Mother and Missy, bodyguard Gus Gennerich, Earl Miller, Grace Tully, my brother Johnny, and me—bustling out of the executive mansion bright and early in two limousines with an escort of police cars and motorcycles. Albany friends, who had heard on the radio of Father's nomination for the Presidency, had been up since dawn to see him board his chartered plane, a tri-motor Ford, and take off for Chicago.

Only Mother backed away from the rising tide of elation. "From the personal standpoint," she said afterwards, "I did not want my husband to be President. It was pure selfishness on my part, and I never mentioned my feelings on the subject to him."

Father detested planes—commercial aviation was then in its infancy—but he decided to fly to Chicago so that he could deliver his acceptance speech to the Democratic convention without delay. He also wanted to show *(continued)*

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Here's why Northwestern dares to make this unusual guarantee:

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It's a *different* product. Northwestern's Weight-Loss Plan is different—and effective—in all these ways:

First—It's your plan . . . *your* age, *your* height, *your* weight, and how much *you* want to lose . . . these things are all taken into account when *you* select *your* Plan! The truth is that if you need to lose 50 pounds, you need a different kind of diet than someone who needs to lose 10. And you get it.

Second—You choose the foods you like best. Most diets fail because they're so limited or tasteless that you start cheating. Then you get discouraged and give up—or go on a real food binge. Northwestern *expects* you to cheat. *Their* plan *encourages* you to treat yourself to satisfying amounts of such foods as pie with cream topping, pastries, ice cream sundaes, cheesecake, waffles with maple syrup, nutty brownies, mashed potatoes and gravy, creamy salad dressings, milkshakes, creamed vegetables, chili con carne, chow mein, beef stroganoff, and fried chicken!

Northwestern's Plan not only "allows" these diet-breaks—they actually include the special, delicious recipes!

Third—Your diet is automatically "adjusted". . . as your weight goes down. You don't follow a 500-calorie diet or a 1000-calorie diet. In fact, you don't count calories at all! But as you reach your weight goals, you "automatically" eat less—and keep on losing weight.

Fourth—You'll lose . . . without starving! Follow the Plan and you don't ever have to leave the table feeling hungry! You can even eat out or go on a picnic—and no one will guess that you're dieting!"

Fifth—It's inexpensive! You get everything you need to know and everything you need to take for 60 days. Tablets that supplement food and safeguard your health, but play no role in weight loss, are included at no extra cost. And the full price is just $5.50—less than a dime a day!

How much weight you lose and how fast you lose it obviously depends on you, but here are some excerpts from unsolicited, unusual letters. They were mailed to Northwestern with reorders:

Teenager lost 14 pounds
"I am sixteen years old and have been on the diet for two weeks, and have lost fourteen pounds."

'Lost 18 pounds'
"Without the fear of getting off my diet or nervous tension, I have lost 18 pounds. Thanks to you, I look human again."

Lost 13 pounds in 3 weeks
"Your diet plan is wonderful. Have lost 13 pounds in 3 weeks."

'Wonderful list of foods'
"I have enjoyed being on your diet, and the results have been more than I expected on a diet of this nature, that includes such a wonderful list of foods. I was getting desperate, for I found I could not leave food alone. Now I'm back in my size 9 again."

'You don't get hungry!'
"I started 30 days ago. At that time I weighed 197 pounds. Today I weigh 186 pounds. I feel much better and everyone tells me how much better I look.
"P.S.: Your formula gives you so much to eat that you don't get hungry."

Mother lost 37 pounds
"My mother took them for 6 months and is down to 138 pounds. She weighed 175. I would like to order."

'Down to size 12'
"It has done wonders for me. I was a size 18 last year and am down to size 12 now."

'Painless way to diet'
"The first week I lost weight and didn't realize it until I weighed myself and took my measurements. Thank you for a wonderful and painless way to diet."

Lost 30 pounds in 2 months
"I lost 30 pounds and 2 dress sizes with a 2-month supply. It was out of sheer desperation that I answered your ad in the Chicago Sun-Times. Believe me, I will be eternally grateful."

'Easiest way to lose'
"It is the easiest way I ever lost weight. I have lost 37 pounds."

'Shots and pills couldn't help'
"I am extremely overweight, and found that shots and pills could not help me because of my nervousness. I tried your plan, starting September 25th and to this date, October 13th, I have lost 12 pounds. The best thing is I am much happier and more active, with no 'nerves'."

'No ill-feelings, nervousness'
"It has been approximately 2 years since I last took your product. At that time I took it for three months and lost 40 pounds. Never for one minute did I experience any ill-feelings, nervousness or weakness. Having had another addition to the family, I once again need your assistance."

'Weight stayed down'
"I lost 30 pounds in only 12 weeks of following the plan and after four more months I have not gained any of it back. I had tried every other diet in the past 20 years and this is the first time my weight stayed down after losing."

And Northwestern is so sure their Plan will work for you that they won't cash your check 'til *you're* sure. You *can* lose weight—*can't* lose money. Why not fill out and mail the Agreement right now?

466 North Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90004

Agreement

Northwestern, Dept. 87-R, 466 North Western Ave., Los Angeles, California 90004

Please rush my complete 60-day Northwestern Weight-Loss Plan! I'm enclosing my check or money order for $5.50. Do NOT deposit it for 4 weeks AFTER my order is mailed. If, during that time, I send back the unused portion, you'll put my UNCASHED check or money order in the return mail.

(Please print)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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that he was a man of vigorous action, not the semi-invalid depicted by his enemies.

We descended at Chicago through a rain squall, two hours late. By then, Father had put back his leg braces. As the plane touched down a crowd of ten or fifteen thousand streamed toward us. Mother was the first to leave the plane, looking a little dejected in a plain hat and tweed suit. Father came last, making a conqueror's appearance in the doorway, with a hand on my shoulder and his other arm linked with Gus's.

Then came the moment we had feared ever since Father had re-entered public life. The crowd pressed around him, threatening to force him off balance. Once he was down, he might be trampled. We thrust back at the throng to gain a few inches of space for him.

As the police struggled to restore order, I saw my brother Jimmy and his wife Betsey waiting for us, with Sis. Miss Cook and Miss Dickerman had come out to greet Mother. Louis Howe was there to ride with Father. The moment their big car began to roll, he thrust into Father's hands the typescript of an acceptance speech he had written, arguing that it was far superior to speechwriter Sam Rosenman's edited draft. Father flipped over Louis' pages. Finally he snapped, "Damn it, Louis, *I'm* the nominee!"

When he appeared on the platform, the two typed speeches lay side by side on the lectern. He scanned the first page that Louis had written, and decided that the old newspaperman's opening paragraphs were better. Father used that lead as a tribute to the man who, more than anyone else, was responsible for his standing there in triumph. Then, imperceptibly, he slipped into the speech he had brought with him. Almost casually, there appeared in the final paragraph a phrase he had borrowed from Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*: "a new deal."

Father started campaigning at once. One or more of us children went along with him on his speaking trips. "I did not work directly in the campaign," Mother recalled, "but I went on many of the trips and always did anythin that Franklin felt might possibly b helpful."

He traveled 13,000 miles before Elec tion Day, most of them by train. Miss covered many of those miles with hin On Election Day, Father received 22 800,000 votes. Hoover got 15,750,00 At 1:40 in the morning of November 9 Father went to our East 65th Stree house. Granny stood waiting for hir at the door, weeping with pride. "Thi is the greatest night of my life," h said, as they embraced.

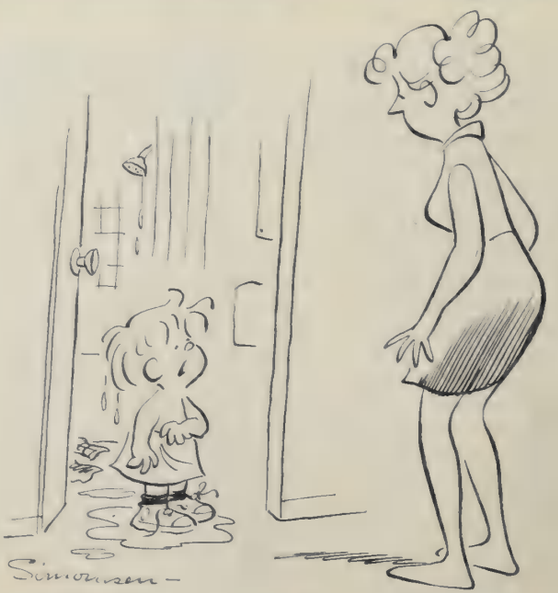
Now that his task appeared to b done, Louis felt uneasy. "I guess I'v worked myself out of a job," he saic In fact, he became *the* Secretary to th President, and remained Father's prir cipal troubleshooter for the rest of h days.

In the White House, Louis installe himself in a cubbyhole across the co ridor from the Presidential study. An visitor who knew the score paid a ca on Louis after leaving Father. As th years passed, he spent more and mo time lying on a cot, surrounded by di orderly piles of documents and letter On the walls, photographs of Moth outnumbered those of Father ten one. The top of the safe, which serv as a bedside table, held a vari gated array of medicine and liqu bottles.

Father's favorite blue

Missy had her own White Hous apartment, assigned to her by Mothe on the third floor—sitting room, bec room, and bath—and the only priva office opening directly into Father oval study on the ground floor. H room was simply furnished, the wal decorated with pictures of Mother, F ther, and some of us children. In h middle thirties now, Missy was alway smartly turned out in high heels ar fashionably cut dresses of gray Father's favorite blue.

She was on call by Father, and on Father, seven days a week, 24 hours day. She handled everything that F ther wanted to keep really confidenti and personal, from matters of state his income tax returns. As soon as was wheeled into his office, Father morning routine was to take a qui



"I had to leave them on. . . . I couldn't get the knots out!"

nce into her office and wave a greet-
g. Then she would come in with Fa-
r's staff assistants to plan the day.
"I generally just listen," she ex-
ained once, "because I have the eve-
gs to talk things over." She dictated
Grace Tully most of the personal let-
s Father signed.

On Father's instructions, Missy was
ielded from the pressure of appoint-
nt-seekers. She accepted incoming
ephone calls only when she chose to.
anyone except Louis had business re-
ing closely to Father, it had to be
ared through Missy.

She was the general manager and
e hostess of the White House. She
esided at the tea table, checked the
nus, and handled the seating pro-
ol at private dinner parties.

Mother treated Missy as if she were
hild in need of mothering, refusing
acknowledge to herself that Missy
d any influence on Father's think-
g. But Missy was, as Father put it,
conscience. Most evenings, after
ner, she would leave the table when
did. They would go to his upstairs
dy to discuss the program for the
ys ahead. He used her as a sounding
rd for many of his ideas. Once, he
ployed her in a gesture meant to
mble Joe Kennedy, our Ambassador
London.

Father had recalled Kennedy for his
quently stated opinion, made early
World War II, that Hitler was likely
defeat the Allies. Prior to that, Fa-
r had urged the founding father of
e Kennedy clan to end his long-term
ationship with actress Gloria Swan-
n. Joe replied that he would be will-
g only "if you give up Missy Le-
nd." Father looked on that reply as
score to be settled. When Kennedy
urned from England in disgrace, his
esident did not send a member of the
binet to meet him at the Washington
rport as custom required. Instead,
re stood Missy, all smiles.

She took to heart Father's admoni-
n to "Speak up, Missy." If some-
ng turned up in the draft of a speech,
nething that she felt was inconsistent
th her ideals, she would quietly
ompt him to re-examine his words,
cause, "It doesn't sound like you." In
r view, politics and government were
entially relations between people.
e had learned that from Father and
e wouldn't let him forget it.

Missy was the unofficial, unrecog-
nized First Lady of the land, filling the gap that Mother had deliberately created. Mother wanted to continue the separate life she had made for herself—at great personal cost in human happiness—as a schoolteacher, writer of magazine articles, amateur publicist, and public speaker. She said as much after Father was elected to the Presidency in a letter she wrote to Nancy Cook. When he heard about the letter, Louis urged Nancy to destroy it.

At that time, Mother tried only once to keep in close touch with Father. The assignment she asked for can only have amazed him, since both of them lived with the memory of Lucy Mercer and the letters Lucy had written—letters that Mother had found unpacking Father's luggage. Perhaps, Mother said, "he might like me to do a real job and take over some of his mail." She pretended that the suggestion was merely tentative. Actually, it was a last, unavailing challenge to Missy's influence.

"He looked at me quizzically," Mother said much later, "and said he did not think that would do, that Missy, who had been handling his mail for a long time, would feel I was interfering. I knew he was right and that it would not work. . . ."

A timeless gift

One more Christmas has come and gone, leaving as a timeless gift the well-remembered childhood scene: the family all settling down by the library fireplace while Father clipped his pince-nez to the bridge of his nose and turned to the opening page of Dickens's *Christmas Carol*.

It is hard to believe that 28 years have passed since his voice was last heard, whispering of pain in his head as his life slipped away in the little house at Warm Springs. It is easier to have memory hear him read to us again, while Mother's knitting needles click an accompaniment and the heat of the fireplace starts Granny nodding. Our family knew no happier moments than those.

The ghost of Christmas Past would send shivers along our spines as he wailed at poor old Scrooge, but he has become a family spirit now, one of the host that grows in number every year. They all return unprompted in the sharp, clear light that the sentimental season can bring to mind.

First, of course, there was Louis Howe, bedridden at Bethesda Naval Hospital. Father had a special telephone installed, ostensibly for Louis to use only during working hours. Louis ignored any such restrictions. Now and again, his calls came for Father in the middle of the night. He fussed over plans for the 1936 campaign, but he had no illusions about being able to take part. "Franklin," he said, "is on his own now."

On April 10, 1936, Louis' body lay in state in the East Room. My parents and some of their sons rode the funeral train to Louis' home in Fall River, Mass. The President's party stood with Grace Howe, her son and daughter, as the remains of the man who had made a President were lowered into the earth.

Would Father's policies have been different if Louis had lived? Probably not. In the first 100 days of the crisis of 1933 Congress gave Father a blank check, one that he could fill in in whatever way he liked to restore the United States to health. When the mood of panic passed, it became fashionable for rich men to denounce Father as a radical who had sold out his class. Actually, he had the instincts of the rich, and was careful to preserve the profit system in their interests. Granny was his eager accomplice. She would call him at the White House and say, "Franklin, I am bringing two banking friends of mine in to see you at eleven tomorrow morning."

"I am sorry, Mama, but I have appointments set up for that time. Perhaps we can make it another day."

"I'll *be* there at eleven, Franklin."

He would sigh, and summon Missy to change his calendar. But the men introduced by Granny were among the most powerful in the land. The bank holiday of March, 1933, was their idea.

Mother was more concerned that Louis' absence would mean that Father would lose touch with liberals, progressive thinkers, members of a dozen and one movements organized to change society. Her guilelessness made her an easy mark. She was flattered by the attentions of a variety of "forgotten" men and women, who used her to gain entrée to the White House. Where Missy acted as a buffer to conserve Father's time and energy, Mother made sure that doors were kept open for her friends.

"I know I shouldn't bother you with these things," she would tell him at dinner, "but it's the only chance I have to talk to you nowadays."

"Let's fix a time for the morning."

"I would prefer to talk now, Franklin."

What did interest Father were Mother's own reactions and *(continued)*



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opinions, not those of people who used her as a kind of usher. He listened to every word when she gave him eyewitness reports of what she had found in an Appalachian coal mine, or in the mountains of Tennessee. But his attention wandered when she would say briskly, "I had luncheon with Bernie Baruch yesterday, and he told me to tell you . . ."

A time of dying

Granny was close to her 87th birthday when she went to Campobello in the summer of 1941. We dismissed the fancy that she was growing frail, because we could only think of her as ageless. Doctors on the island, however, felt differently; they advised her to return to Hyde Park.

She told a visitor, "Well, I know I am getting old and that I will have to die some time, but I hope it won't be while Franklin is in office . . . it will upset him from his duties, and I don't want to be the cause of that." Her fears came true. On September 7, 1941, Granny's life came to its end.

On the same night that Mother stayed by the dying woman whom she had leaned on and rejected, respected and despised, her brother Hall was taken to a hospital. A few weeks later, Hall's funeral service was held at the White House. "It was practically like losing a child," Mother said.

There was another funeral that she attended, of which I heard her say nothing afterward. At a White House party that summer of 1941, before the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor, Missy suffered a stroke. The attack left her partially paralyzed, with her voice slurred and her walk painfully slowed. When she left the hospital to recuperate in the old cottage at Warm Springs, Father followed her. He called on Missy as soon as he got there, and saw her again the next day.

Then his visit had to be broken off; there was news from Washington that war was inching closer. Missy was in tears at his leaving.

She retired to her family home in Somerville, Mass., but more and more time was spent in Chelsea Naval Hospital, Boston. On July 31, 1944, the woman who had given her life to Father died of another stroke. Father heard of her passing in Honolulu, where Admiral Nimitz and General MacArthur were arguing with him over the strategy for defeating Japan. The statement from the White House on Missy's death bore no touch of his hand. "Memories of more than a score of years of devoted service enhance the sense of personal loss . . ." These were the pat phrases of a ghost writer.

In the eight months that passed before the end came for Father, as he sat with Lucy, Polly, Daisy, and the artist Elizabeth Shoumatoff in the Little White House at Warm Springs, he saw no reason to change his will. It provided that, from the $1,940,999 that made up his gross estate, up to half the income should go to paying Missy's medical bills; the balance was earmarked for Mother. I believe he wanted the world to be given some clue to Missy's importance in his life.

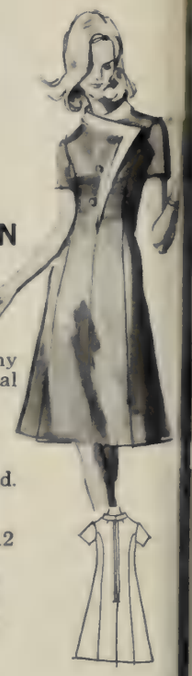
Mother at this time was constantly in motion between one war zone and another, paying her non-stop calls at

(continued on page 150)

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continued from page 146

canteens, hospitals, and military bases at home and overseas. After Missy's first stroke, the White House lacked an official, live-in hostess. The strains of war leadership began to show in Father's face. Sometimes his hands trembled uncontrollably. He had aged noticeably. His doctors urged him to take care, but he was impatient with any kind of pill-taking.

Sis moved in to look after Father as Mother's substitute. She was now Mrs. John Boettiger, the wife of a newspaper publisher, and she brought her children with her. We could not have guessed it, but the effect was to inhibit any chance of reconciliation between our parents in those few autumn years that remained.

Loneliness weighed as heavily on Father as did the responsibilities of being President and Commander-in-Chief. What he missed was someone dear to him with whom he could talk over problems. He had depended on his camaraderie with Louis, his closeness to Missy. Now, with his four sons in uniform and far away, and Mother roaming the earth, his immediate family had been whittled down to Sis.

She delighted in the situation. She vetted Father's appointments, smoothed his personal arrangements, watched over his health. Now it was Sis who talked with visitors Father was too busy to see, passing on to him the gist of her conversations. She was now the one who ran the White House as manager, organizer, and protector, while the rest of the family was occupied with the war.

Lucy again

Four years after Father's death, Mother wrote of Anna's role: "Everything she did was done capably, and she brought to all her contacts a gaiety and buoyance that made everybody feel just a little happier." Mother hid the bitterness she felt when she learned that Sis had concealed the fact that Father and Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd had been meeting again.

Whenever the arrangements could be made at Aiken, S.C., Warm Springs, or in the White House itself, the tired, gray man and the still-beautiful woman spent many hours together. Lucy was once again the woman Father turned to for companionship in the afterglow of a desire that Mother had frustrated more than a quarter of a century before.

In those last few months of his life, Father spoke to me about Mother in a way I had never heard before. Once he said, reflectively, "You know, I think that your mother and I might be able to get together now and do things together, take some trips maybe, learn to know each other again."

He talked at length of her strength of character, her value to him. "I only wish she wasn't so darn busy," he said. "I could have her with me so much more if she didn't have so many other engagements."

I passed on to Mother some of the things he said. The estrangement between my parents had gone on so long that much of their communication was through other people, like myself and Sis. I was delighted when Mother expressed the same desire Father had, that the day would soon come when their workloads could be arranged to give them a chance to spend more time together. "I hope this will come to pass," she said.

"You know that I do," I answered.

It was made impossible because Mother had surrendered the White House to Anna. My Father and Mother had not a single day during which they might have talked away the pain of the past and come to a realization that forgiveness is a necessary part of life, that neither of them could be blamed for what had happened when they were too young to know better. Anna was the one who shared in Father's life during his last days, enjoying an easy intimacy that Mother was never able to achieve.

Not long after his death, I sat again with Mother, talking about him. "He was a very lonesome man," she said. "I wish I had been able to be closer to him, to comfort him sometimes, but I suppose that could not be possible."

Another thought haunted my mind last Christmas. It was the season when sentiment is not out of place and memories may be given free rein. The lines of Whittier seemed appropriate:

For of all sad words of
tongue or pen,
The saddest are these:
"It might have been."

A statement from Elliott Roosevelt

"I feel that the truth is better told than alluded to in veiled sentences."

There comes a time in everyone's life when one must pause and take stock of the true values in his existence. That is exactly what has happened to me. Since the passing of my parents, I have read a steady flow of appraisals of their lives. Some of these books were conscientiously researched by able historians. Others have been written by haters or admirers of one or the other of these personalities. Curiously, I have experienced a feeling that, from all this writing, a kind of cardboard, one-dimensional image was emerging that did *not* in any way tell the true story.

Mother and Father were living, breathing individuals who made the same mistakes, had the same fears, showed the same reactions, that other human beings have. In the years that I was privy to, I knew that both my parents had evolved through terrible, wrenching, soul-searching experiences into very strong individuals, dedicated to ideals in which they thoroughly believed. They both influenced each others' lives, but not quite as has been depicted in at least one book. One did not make the other. They developed as two separate, distinct persons with entirely different ambitions and desires. One was warm, loving, outgoing, and generous to a fault. The other tried desperately to be similar, but because of earlier influences the expression of warmth, love, and an outgoing, generous personality was much less evident. These feelings manifested themselves on occasion, but a wall of reserve made it difficult.

What I am trying to say is that my parents were gallant, brave, lonely, and brilliant humans. *But they were human!* They had their faults; they made their mistakes. Yet, with it all, each moved forward to conquer impossible odds and become truly the most beloved and respected man and woman of the twentieth century.

Some people may feel that I have revealed too much of the inner lives and complications that beset the paths of these two. I feel that the truth is better told than alluded to in veiled sentences. After all, their actions helped to make them strong and to achieve their positions in history.

I am proud and grateful to be their son. I know that they would agree that history should know of the true trials and tribulations to which they were subjected.

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By Jean Herrod

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but one season,
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Turn page for more of the big, bold look



Two more ways to be dari

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BE BOLD IN THE DINING ROC

Just use the rule of one key co the way the Armstrong Interior signers did here. The key colo yellow, accented by a peachy-ora The wall covering, medium yell in a tiny leaf design; the furnitu a paler yellow with a romantic 1 Century bamboo look. (It's our r Allegro II collection by Thomasvil

Overhead is an elegant Armstr Chandelier® Ceiling.

ith The Big, Bold Look.

ere, in the close-up, you can see e detail in our "Santero" design.



ou're like most people, you prob-ly thought you could *never* mix a old floral print with a strong geo-etric print and get away with it. ut here the Armstrong Interior De-gners not only got away with it, ey made it work like a dream. otice how the key color, yellow, is picked up in the floral draperies *and* in the Armstrong Prodigy™ carpet. The secondary color, the peachy-orange, is picked up in expected places—the chair seats and the carpet—and unexpected places—the dinner service and the shades on the chandelier. Five patterns tied together by one key color! Want some more ideas for creating The Big, Bold Look in your home? We have a panorama of "Indoor World®" literature for you. Write to us. Armstrong, 7306 King St., Lancaster, Penna. 17604.

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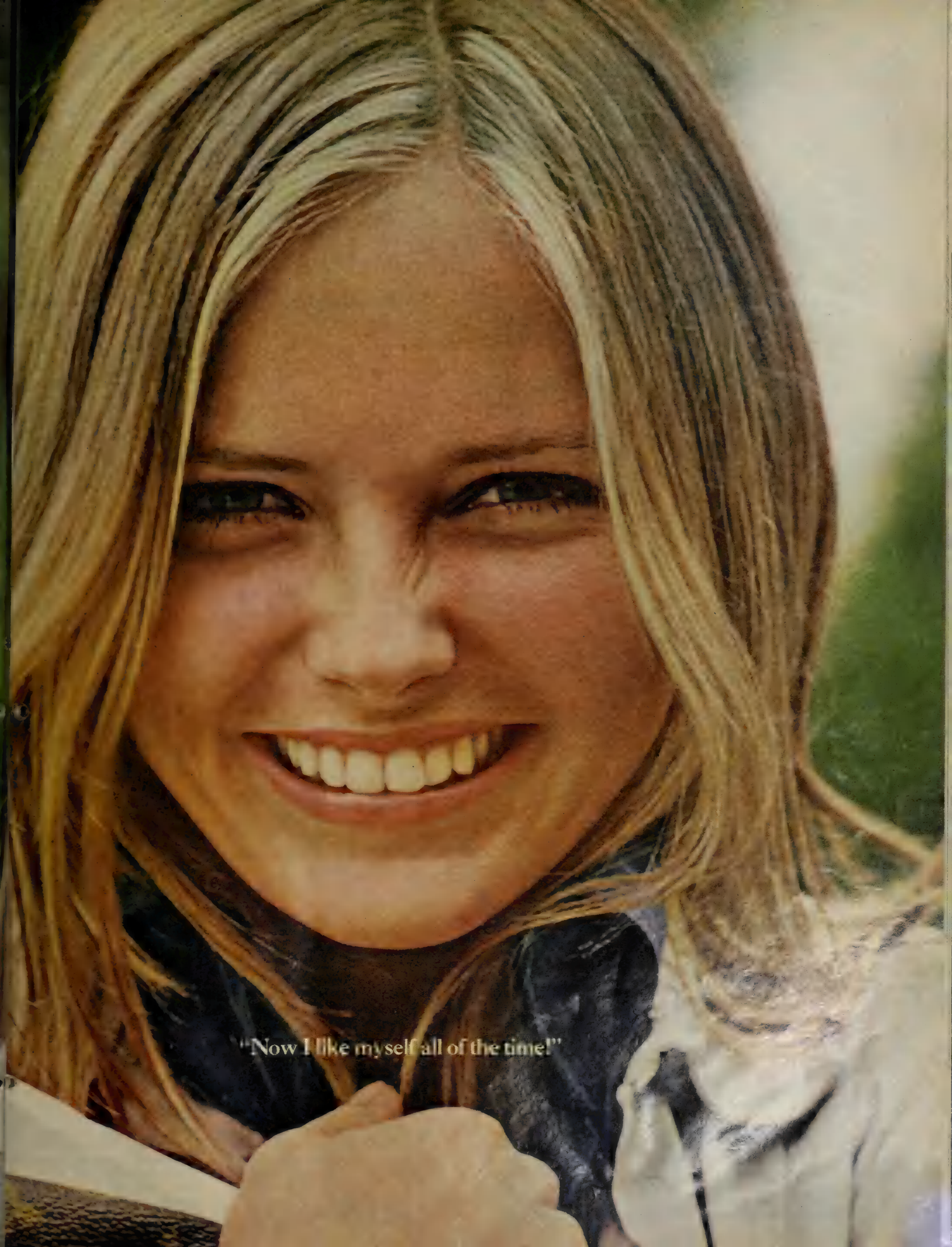
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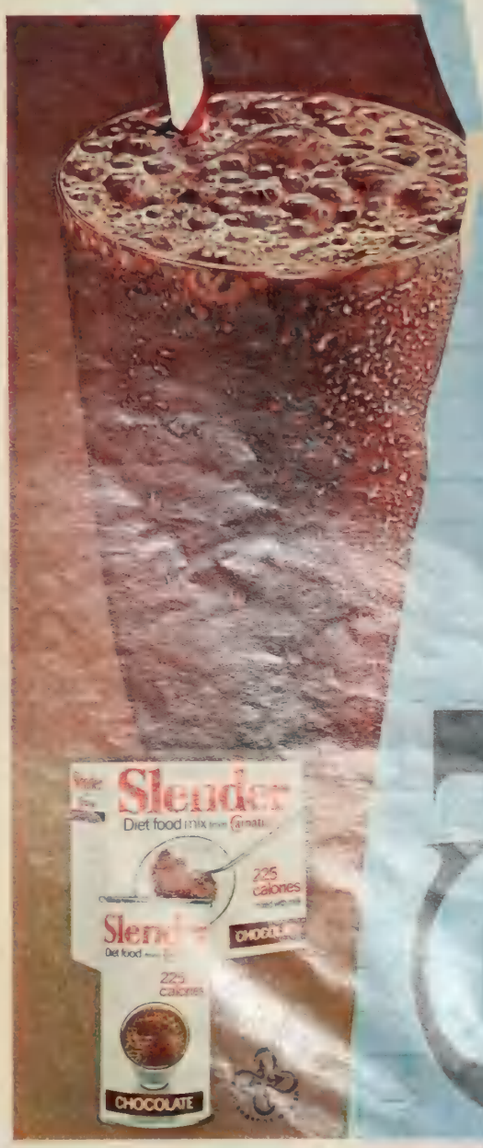
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EDITOR'S DIARY

BY JOHN MACK CARTER



NEW LOOK. *In the March issue, we printed a picture of Howard Hughes' ex-wife and said: "Jean Peters, as she looks today." Actually, it was a photo of the actress made up for an older woman's role in* Winesburg, Ohio. *"I'm not Miss Teen-Age America, but I'm not Grandma Moses, either," says Miss Peters. We agree. Here, Jean Peters as she* really *looks today.*

JUNE... a month of graduations, weddings, anniversaries: most of them joyful. But to our contributing editor, Mrs. Medgar Evers, it marks the tenth anniversary of the death of her husband by an assassin's bullet in Jackson, Miss. "He was the first fallen hero of the struggle for civil rights," said Myrlie Evers on her last visit to the office. "Yet somehow his contributions have been obscured by the other deaths that followed: President Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and then Robert F. Kennedy." To keep his memory alive, Myrlie is now gathering a collection of Medgar's speeches, TV clips, and photographs. However, we might also comment that Myrlie herself is a living memorial and fighter for everything in which her husband believed. She writes, lectures, has run for Congress, and was active in the '72 campaign.



PRESIDENT'S CHILDREN. Perhaps no greater literary storm has been caused recently than by the publication of Elliott Roosevelt's book about his parents, Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, a story the JOURNAL carries a step farther on page 72. In talking to the daughters of President Johnson in preparation for the historic double memoir that starts on page 79, we were struck by both the parallels and the differences in the two stories. Both Luci and Lynda see their parents—if not with total objectivity, then with perceptive clarity. But their pers attitudes of affection, tender ing, and even differences of opi are always balanced with an aw ness of the public achievemen both of their parents.

COPS AND MARRIAGE. D Cameron Disney, pictured belo the woman who is largely res sible for our popular feature, " This Marriage Be Saved?" Re ly, while walking on Sunset B vard in Los Angeles she had the fortune of being mugged. She w us: "My assailants, whom I n saw, snatched my bag and pushed me down a steep incline. Bleeding and bruised, I was taken by taxi back to my hotel, and two young policemen arrived to question me about the cident. I supplied my married na but on request I also gave my mi name. At which the officer wri the report exclaimed, 'Are you Dorothy Cameron Disney writes "Can This Marriage Saved?" for the *Journal?*' I sa was, and it turned out that both licemen were dedicated follower the column; both had suffered s tensions in their marriages; and h wanted to discuss the special m tal problems of police officers. illuminating time was enjoyed the three of us."



Moral? Our editors and contributors just never stop working!



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'LOVE-PAT' BY REVLON





WHAT'S HAPPENING

BY GENE SHALIT

The Movie Screen Scene. There are entertaining films that every member of your family can get a terrific kick out of—but there are other films that you ought to go to the theater and kick them out of. Good family entertainment: *Godspell* and *Tom Sawyer*.

Masquerading as good family entertainment: *Lost Horizon*.

Let's take the good first and leave the bad for last—accent on leave. *Godspell* is a movie musical based on an off-Broadway musical based on the Gospel According to St. Matthew. Ten attractive young performers (five girls and five boys) sing and dance and leap lovingly all over Manhattan—and I mean over, because they spend a lot of time dancing on the tops of buildings as they exult in this jubilation of Jesus. I especially admired Victor Garber as the Christ-like figure; David Haskell in the double role of John the Baptist and Judas; Jerry Sroka, whose hairstyle and moustache make him singularly attractive to every right-thinking individual; and above all an exuberant girl named Robin Lamont who is my very favorite. There are few spoken lines in *Godspell*: it's sing sing sing, dance dance dance, leap leap leap, and smile smile smile.

Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* is an enduring and joyful classic of American literature. Now it has been set to music—and the good news is that it works. Celeste Holm has been cast as Aunt Polly, which is just fine, Johnny Whitaker is a puckish Tom, and Warren Oates weaves wonderfully through the tale as the town drunk whose life Tom saves. The big surprise to me was the score, composed by Richard and Robert Sherman. After their merry start with *Mary Poppins*, the Shermans sank to commonplace la-la-la movie after movie. Now they m a comeback with a bunch of *Sawyer* songs that are perfectly tune with the 19th-century sm town setting. *Tom Sawyer* is not kids alone, so don't let them alone: *you'll* have a nifty time.

There is a huge pinhead of a n ie called *Lost Horizon*. This warning: it is among the most i multimillion dollar thumps of time. Burt Bacharach and Hal vid have packaged the score— between Bacharach's music and vid's words the score is nothin nothing. You may be tempted the cast: Peter Finch, Charles B er, John Gielgud, Michael Y Sally Kellerman, Liv Ullman, Olivia Hussey, but they are all used. So is everyone who buy ticket. Let's hope this is Last H zon.

Once over slightly: Sophia L (mirror, mirror on the wall) is mite, but that's no reason to put in a movie like *White Sister*. T time she is a nun-nurse in a hosp in Italy. There she meets a Com nist worker atheist. He is a pati who is not sick but won't leave. first there is a mutual hostility eventually, their antagonisms t amorous. The film is a disser to nuns, nurses, Communists, w ers, atheists, Sophia Loren, audiences. . . . Lucino Viscont the Italian director who made impressive film about Germa decay, *The Damned*. Now he produced three hours of opu scenery called *Ludwig*. It is os sibly about Mad King Ludwig Bavaria who misruled from 186 1866. Ludwig had a passion building castles of hilarious enor ty, and he had a mouth full of i teeth.

(continued on page





The peppy people of Godspell *(right) romp through a joyous movie musi Helen Reddy (left) spins onto TV after her super record hit,* I Am Wom



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lmut Berger plays Ludwig, Tre- Howard plays the composer hard Wagner, and the movie ys itself out.

The Small Screen Scene: Odd Name Out

was thinking the other day out names parents inflict on their ldren and how unfair it can be. e most famous example comes m Texas, where the late Governor gg named his daughters Ura and a. They survived. They were mil- naires, they became notable phi- thropists, but to the best of my owledge they never married. The vie director Howard Hawks ned his daughter Kitty, and on each in New England one sum- r I met a girl named Beverly lls. I mentioned this to Frank Gee, the host of NBC's *Today*, d told him how lucky he was to ve a nice plain name like Frank, cause when you're in elementary hool and you have an odd first me you discover how cruel other ildren can be. Frank McGee oked at me and said: "But my first me is not Frank. My first name is octor. I spent my childhood keep- g it a secret, but when I went into e Service I had to tell them my l name, so all of my military rec- ds are Doctor F. McGee. And at's not all," he said, "I have a sis- r named George."

Some names are quite grand when person grows up. They add a dis- nction that heightens reputation. t think back to childhood and en infancy: can you imagine lean- g over a table at a three-month-old rgler and wiggling a finger under r chin as you say: "Good morn- g, Edna St. Vincent Millay"?

The hit pop singer Helen Reddy d considerate parents: they didn't me her Roughen. Her smash rec- d *I Am Woman* won her a Gram- y Award for Best Female Vocal erformance this spring, and she is ing flipped to stardom as sum- er replacement for Flip Wilson as st of her own TV series. It will be NBC every Thursday night, fea- ring music and comedy. She be- eves in women. She's a strong oman. Tough minded. Her ac- ptance speech at the Grammy wards had a sentence that happily cked the people: "And I want to ank God because She makes ev- ything possible." Helen Reddy as born in Australia. Now she's ne from down under to over the p. . . . Another woman making it g is Roberta Flack, whose hit rec- rd also won a Grammy—*The First ime Ever I Saw His Face*. Roberta as her own Special on June 19 on BC. She specializes in singing ory-ballads and songs of ethnic gnificance. She will probably do newest hit, *Killing Me Softly ith His Song*. There is certainly poetic strain in titles these days. Whatever happened to *Flat Foot loogie with the Floy Floy*?

Books Bound To Be Read

And books are also bound to be displayed in your home. So here's a ook about what to do with books, ncluding pictures of rooms be- longing to Arlene Francis, Leon- ard Bernstein, Pauline Trigère, Adele Simpson, Isaac Stern, Gordon Parks, and the Chase Manhattan office of David Rockefeller (who evidently has more than bank- books). I'm talking about *Living With Books: 116 Designs for Homes and Offices*, by Rita Reif. She shows you how to put books in kitchens, bedrooms, hallways, foyers—in ev- ery inconceivable place.

This month a mammoth exhibit of the paintings of Andrew Wyeth opens in San Francisco and if you haven't got the air fare to get there you can see all of the paintings for $19.95 in *The Art of Andrew Wyeth* (New York Graphic Society), with 110 color plates, many never before published in color. The editor is Wanda M. Corn of Mills College in Oakland, California. . . . More and more Americans are turning to Americana. This month sees an in- crease in the volume with the ap- pearance of a volume called *Amer- ican Patchwork Quilts*, by Lenice Ingram Bacon, a woman in her 70's who grew up in Tennessee. That's a place where people make quilts, not as an art form, not as something socially snob-appealing, but for warmth and beauty and pleasure and *use*. Illustrated with 32 color photographs *(continued on page 47)*

Coty Says:

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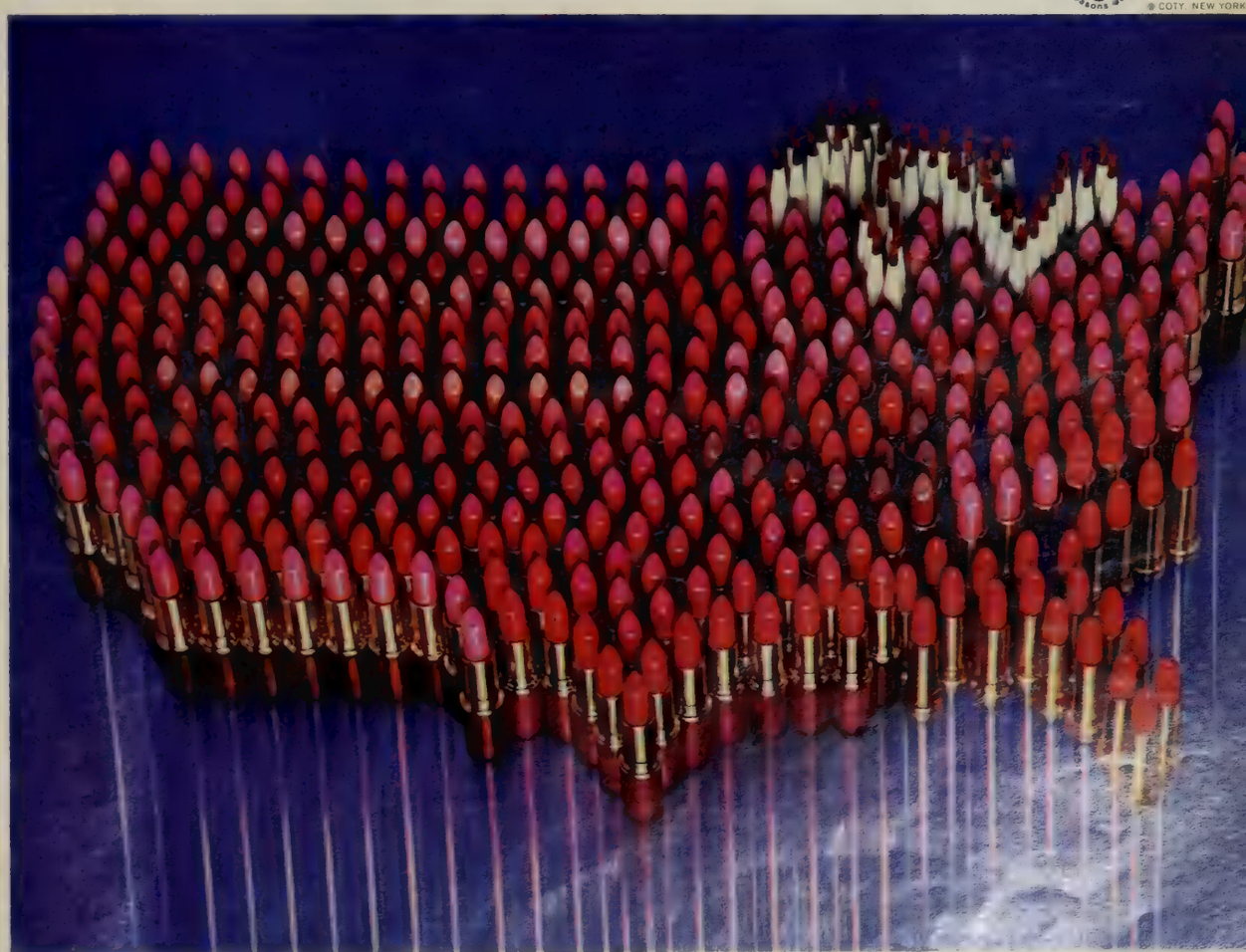
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With the Futura machine, you'll never have to go through the Battle of the Bobbin.

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Decorative stitches. All ready to perform. At the simple turn of a dial.

You don't even have to figure out where to oil the machinery.

It's self-lubricating. Everything is smoothly sealed into the streamlined shape of the Futura sewing machine.

You won't believe how easy it makes things, until you see the new Futura machine in action.

And you can. Because it's here. Now. At all Singer Sewing Centers and Approved Dealers.



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GE explains microwave utensils.

Q. Do I need special utensils for microwave cooking? *Cookbook Writer, Myra Waldo.*

A. No. Glass, china, ceramics, pottery, paper plates and heat resistant plastics can be used if there's no metal in their composition or decoration.

Metal tends to reflect microwave energy away from the food and should not be used unless specifically recommended in the Users Manual and Cookbook.

General Electric markets two complete microwave cooking centers, plus two countertop portable microwave ovens. And GE's Customer Care...Service Everywhere™ goes with every microwave oven we sell.



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GENERAL ELECTRIC



CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

Peter was jealous of his father-in-law. Janna was jealous of her brother-in-law. But neither would admit their feelings to each other. By Dorothy Cameron Disney.

Even the most perfect marriage has some difficulties. But can a marriage that seems to have nothing but difficulties still succeed? Perhaps this is too much to expect. But even when the situation seems hopeless, a marriage can often be put on a sound foundation—provided both partners work in the right direction. Here's a couple who tried it and found out. Peter grew up with an unsatisfactory mother, then married an unsatisfactory first wife. He soon lost all faith in women. Then he married Janna. Peter saw himself as a man's man; Janna was what is sometimes called a "doormat." Naturally, their life together became steadily worse. With counseling, however, they soon began to notice how much their health, their personalities—and their marriage—improved.—The counselor in this case was Dean Smith.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D.,
Founder and Chairman of the Board of Trustees The American Institute of Family Relations

Janna talks first

"Last July I threw myself down a steep flight of stairs to escape Peter's sexual attentions," said 25-year-old Janna, a slim blonde with a freckled nose and a very narrow waistline. "I wasn't suicidal. What I had in mind was to prove to Peter that his behavior was driving me mad. I stupidly hoped to touch his heart. But if Peter possesses a heart, I haven't discovered it in thirteen months of marriage.

"I landed heavily on the bottom step. I guess I was lucky I didn't break my neck, but I did break my right arm. Peter heard my crash landing, and my moans of pain, but he didn't investigate.

"I stayed huddled on the floor a long while before I managed to crawl upstairs and rouse him. But while I lay suffering, he had gone to bed. When I told him that I'd broken my arm, he looked at me coolly, then telephoned the doctor. The doctor arrived and drove me to the hospital. Meanwhile Peter went back to sleep.

"My arm was in a sling for six weeks. My helplessness was awkward for a lot of reasons, particularly financial ones. Peter earns $800 a month as a meat-cutter. It turned out that we couldn't support our particular life style without my paycheck. Peter's youngest brother Chet, who is taking graduate courses at night, lives with us for free. Both guys drink a lot of beer. They are also steak and roast beef eaters.

"When Peter and I were married, I gave up my job as an executive secretary because Peter was jealous of my boss. I signed up with a temporary agency. The work paid well, but coping with a string of new employers was so exhausting that I could scarcely drag through my duties at home. Neither my husband nor my brother-in-law has ever lifted a hand to help with the cooking or cleaning.

"With my right arm out of action, I obviously couldn't handle office work. But we then became so strapped for money that even hamburger was a luxury. It seemed to me that Chet ought to hunt up a part-time job—or, better still, move out.

"Peter had a different notion. He decided I ought to ask my father for an advance on a legacy I inherited when my mother died two years ago. My sisters and I were left $25,000 each. But Daddy is the executor, and he's been in no rush to wind up Mother's affairs. I didn't feel like prodding Daddy. Frankly, I didn't want him to know how badly Peter and I needed money.

"My brother-in-law then stuck in his opinion. Chet is studying for a doctorate in law, and considers himself a legal genius. Unfortunately, Peter is of the same opinion. Chet proposed that I sue my father and demand an accounting—with Chet acting as my attorney. The idea turned me cold with horror. Daddy is a reputable banker. He gave me everything I wanted, and he would never speak to me again if I questioned his judgment. Well, I refused.

"Peter denounced me for brushing off Chet's brilliant advice. For weeks he gave me no peace. During those weeks, strange as it may seem, we had intercourse practically every night. I hated Peter and I despised myself, yet I didn't know how to reject him sexually. I was too cowardly, I suppose.

"Finally, I couldn't stand the situation any longer. I went to see my father. I told him that Peter and I had had a run of bad luck and would appreciate a temporary loan. My father lost interest in my doings when I ran away at sixteen and married my first husband. Now Daddy suspected that I wasn't telling the whole story. I've always been in awe of my father's superior intelligence. As a child I used to be terribly afraid of him. When he started throwing questions at me, I reacted like a little girl. I began to cry, and in no time he discovered that my second marriage was a failure, too.

"At once Daddy decided that I ought to get a divorce. He telephoned a lawyer and made an appointment for me. I didn't keep it. When Peter heard what had happened, he raved and ranted like a maniac. He then hauled me off to bed and we had sex—or, rather, he had sex. After satisfying himself Peter declared that our marriage was okay and I was a fool to suppose I could end it.

"Next day Daddy's lawyer called to find out why I had broken my appointment. I couldn't explain. So the lawyer kept on calling. Chet, of course, had plenty to say about a matter that was none of his business. Daddy's secretary started telephoning every morning to relay his advice. At this point I am so confused that I can't think straight.

"I wasn't a clear thinker even as a child. I spent too much time by myself. My two sisters were almost a generation older. I was brought up like an only child by our cook Nellie. My sisters were away in college. Daddy was usually away on business, and Mother was a semi-invalid.

"As a youngster, I sided with Mother in her many differences with Daddy. But even then I was baffled and hurt by her violent mood swings. In the morning she would hug and kiss me, but when I came home from school in the afternoon she would suddenly get angry at a trifle—maybe I shut her bedroom door too hard—and order me to leave the room. Until I was in junior high I always thought the thermos bottle on Mother's dressing table held medicine mixed with water. Later I learned that the bottle contained straight vodka. Mother was an alcoholic. Eventually she died of cirrhosis of the liver.

"I made good marks all through school, hoping to impress Daddy, but the teachers noted in their reports that I was overly dependent and too passive. It was almost impossible for me to reach a decision of any kind. No doubt I married my first husband to get away from home and be free of both my parents. I wasn't in love with Richard, that's for sure. Daddy wanted me to go to college, Mother wanted me to have a coming-out party, Richard wanted me to elope with him to Las Vegas. So I eloped. Our marriage lasted two years.

"After the divorce, arranged by my father, I attended *(continued)*

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities.



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a fine business college at his expense. Ashamed of being the family liability, I finished at the top of my class and landed a job as an executive secretary. My job was stimulating, interesting, and financially rewarding, but I nearly died of loneliness. By then I was in my twenties, Mother was in a sanitarium, Daddy was living in a hotel, and my sisters were married.

"For a long while I saved practically all my salary. Then, at the recommendation of a real estate salesman, I invested my savings in the duplex apartment where Paul, Chet, and I now live. I hoped that the attractive background might lead me to friendships—and perhaps eventually to love.

"I met Peter in a singles bar two summers ago. When he smiled at me across the room, and then sat down on the stool beside mine, I was overjoyed. He took me back to my apartment hours before the bar closed, another sign of his favor. We spent the night together, probably because alcohol had killed my inhibitions. I tried to tell myself it was love at first sight—love on my part, that is.

"I always doubted that Peter loved me. From the beginning he has used me as an all-around convenience—for sex, as a cook and housemaid, as a hostess to his kinfolk. Ever since we married, his relatives have poured in on us from everywhere. His parents came from the Midwest and stayed a month. His sister and her three children stayed two months. Chet has now been with us a year.

"Maybe if Chet would just move out, Peter and I could make a go of our marriage. Without Peter, I know I will be lonely. Still, maybe Daddy is right. Maybe I ought to get a divorce."

Peter's turn to talk

"Janna can't have a divorce, and that's final," said 27-year-old Peter, a tall, handsome man with thick jet-black hair and remote, pale blue eyes. "Jan and I have no irreconcilable differences. My wife suits me and I suit her, regardless of what she may think.

"Jan needs me. She is much too helpless to make it on her own. The night I first saw her, she was sitting by herself in a cheap bar. I made contact with her in thirty seconds, drove her home, and scored that same night. Yet Jan isn't the pick-up type. She doesn't even like to drink. If I'd been a different sort of guy, she might have been robbed, murdered, or raped. She took an awful chance letting me move in on her that way. Just thinking about it still makes me mad.

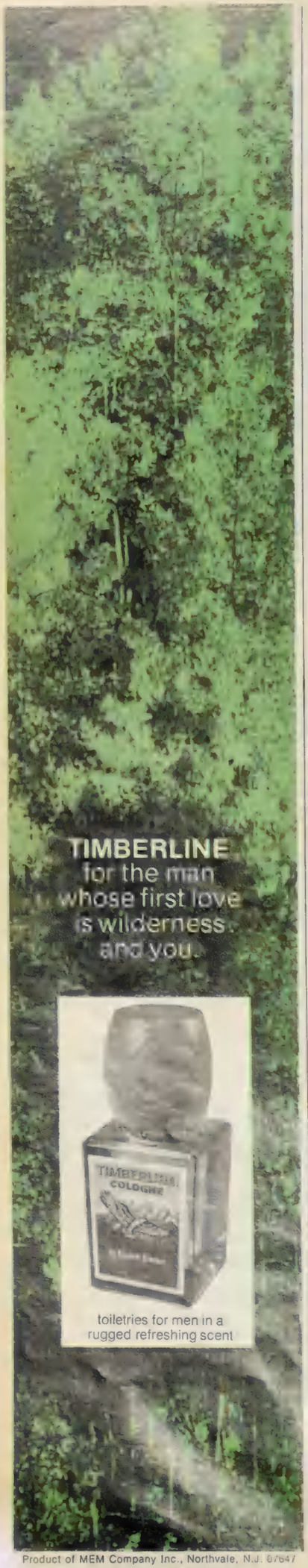
"Like all women, Jan can't be counted on to behave herself. I wouldn't trust her any more than I would trust any other female. When we were first married, she tried to kid me that her boss took no interest in her cute figure because he was fifty-three and had grandchildren. Yet he sent an expensive vase of flowers as a wedding gift. There was no mention of my name on the card.

"I saw to it that she quit that job in a hurry. When it comes to cheating on their wives, old guys are worse than young guys. My Pop ran around when he was in his fifties. So did Mom. To tell the truth I don't trust human beings in general, male or female, except for my kid brother Chet. I sure put no trust in Jan's old man. He has ignored her for years, but all of a sudden he wants her back under his control. It wouldn't surprise me if my father-in-law has gambled away Jan's inheritance in the stock market.

"Jan and I need money now. It burns me up when she listens to her father's advice instead of listening to Chet and me. The other day I found a letter in Jan's purse, indicating that her old man suspected I was plotting to divert her money to my own use. Jan didn't say one word about that letter. I was angry, and I was also sad. I love Jan; I'm her husband and I think she should put my interests—*our* interests—ahead of her father.

"I have no plan to use Jan's money for anything except to improve the future for both of us. I need more education. I married my first wife before I finished high school. Now I am de-

continued on page 134







When you want to talk to the telephone company, here's who's on the other end of the line.

First of all, what you're not going to get is a shuffle from one person to another.

What you'll get every time you call your local telephone company's business office is a service representative.

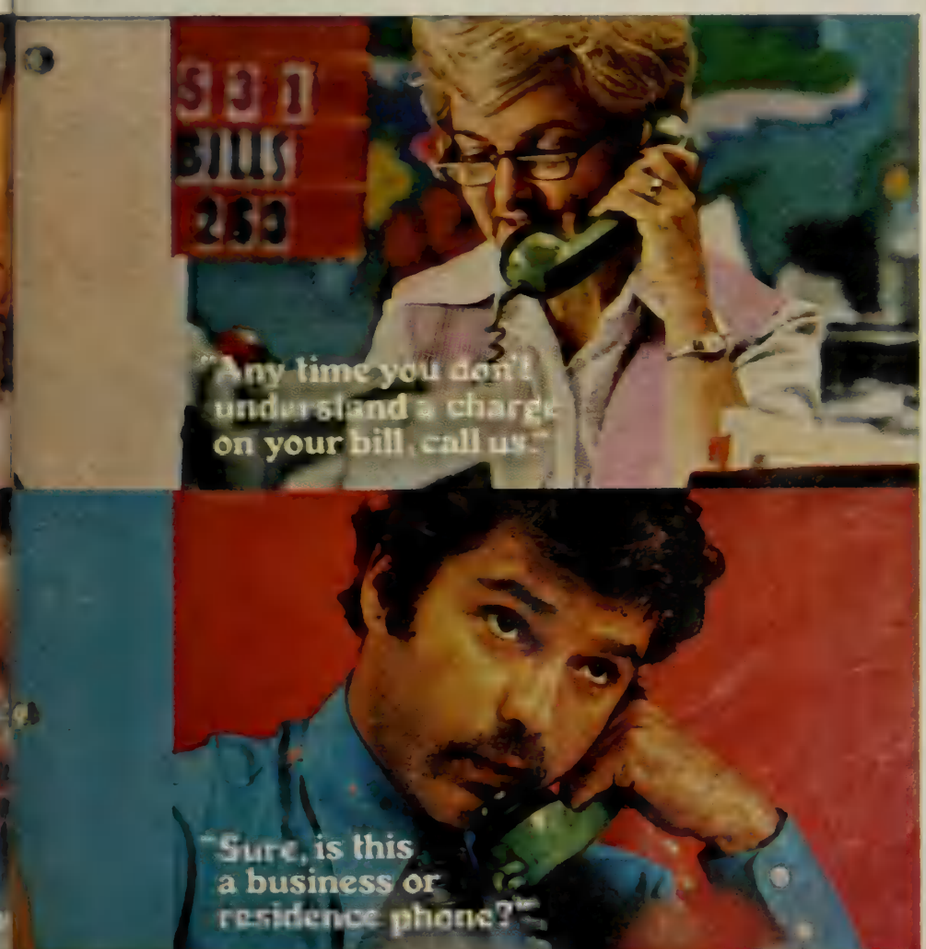
And every service representative has one job, and one job only. To help you get your problem solved. Quickly. Politely. And to your best possible satisfaction.

Naturally, you aren't the only person with something to talk over with us.

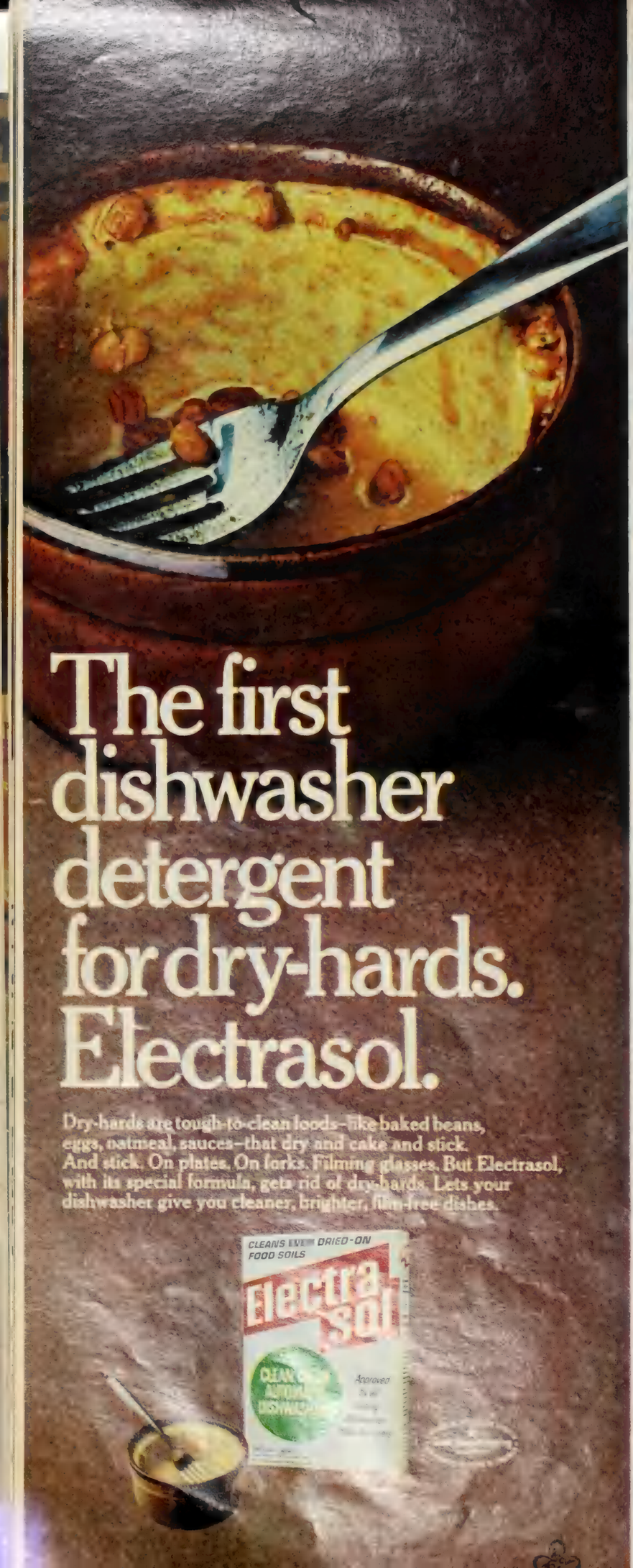
Each month, over 12 million of you call us. So AT&T and your local Bell Company have more than 37,000 service representatives to listen and to act.

(The time and money to train them runs into the millions. But when you consider the job they're doing, every dollar is well spent.)

Even with all these 37,000 people, we can't promise to solve every telephone problem immediately. But we can promise a service representative will try.



We hear you.





POOR WOMAN'S ALMANAC

BY BERYL PFIZER

The only trouble with having a hideaway is that when nice weather comes all your friends want to hideaway with you!

If I eat three square meals a day, that's exactly how I feel—square.

Now that the Yankee Dollar is in trouble in Europe, it's going to be interesting to see how we fare as tourists on our personality alone.

It's a mistake to say you have a favorite color, because people remember it years after you've gotten to hate it.

One good turn deserves another, except when you're driving the car in front of me on the highway.

I used to assume, when I saw the same kind of thing in a lot of antique shops, it meant that kind of thing was very popular. Now I'm beginning to think maybe it just means all the shops got stuck with it!

If I kept a memory book I think it would have a lot of blank pages.

People who go shopping with small children in tow deserve a lot of credit . . . and I suppose that's what they're shopping with!

Reading a good book in brief snatches of your spare time is okay, but it's not nearly as satisfactory as really settling down with it when you should be doing something else.

Most gifts reflect the giver more than the getter.

When you talk about doing "paper work" . . . does that include emptying wastebaskets?

I have to stifle a natural tendency to dislike important people.

There's more politics in sports these days than there is in politics!

I'm the kind of person who c stand listening to people who k telling you "I'm the kind of per who . . ."

Every time you turn around yo facing a crisis—a money crisis energy crisis, an ecology crisis. getting so you're glad to meet with a plain, ordinary *problem*.

I really admire people who can ure out how much to tip with looking as though they're flunkin math exam.

If you address the group as " Gals," count me out.

It's a funny thing, but an hour a I eat Chinese food—I never wan eat again!

The secret of getting housew done is to balance the time was with the time savers.

I hate things that are predictable unless, of course, I'm the one predicted them.

You can tell summer's really when it gets hot enough so they start telling us to turn off our conditioners.

I don't notice as many people " ing it like it is" or "doing their thing" as I did a little while ago

Most of the things I like in life either immoral, illegal, or on the of consumer frauds.

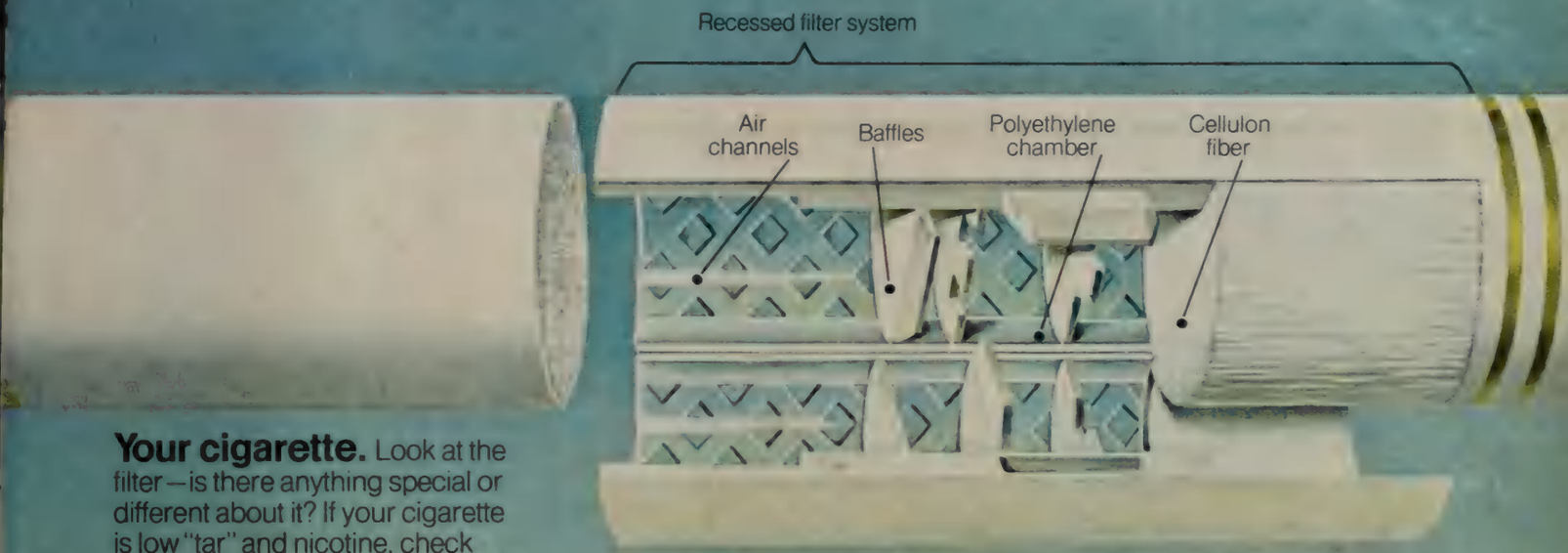
The easiest way to solve the prob of what to do with your spare t is not to have any.

Some women walk as though the using someone else's feet.

No matter how bad I feel about remembering a person's name, still surprised to find out he doe remember mine either.

If the envelope in your mon mail is marked "Important," fo it!

Compare 'em head to head!



Your cigarette. Look at the filter—is there anything special or different about it? If your cigarette is low "tar" and nicotine, check the draw. Is it nice and easy, or do you have to work to take every puff? Finally...how about the taste? Do you really enjoy it—or is it something you just settle for?

Doral. The recessed filter system is unique: cellulon fiber to reduce "tar" and nicotine, plus a strange-looking polyethylene chamber with baffles and air channels. The draw—oh, so easy. And with every puff, you get the taste low "tar" and nicotine smokers swear by. Try Doral. There's no comparison.

"I swear you can really taste me."

Menthol, too!



© 1973 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine. MENTHOL: 15 mg. "tar" 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.

Mustard. Mayonnaise. Ketchup.



A dip. A spread. A sauce.



A spread. Start with ½ cup mayonnaise. Add ¼ cup crumbled blue cheese. Stir in 1 t. grated lemon peel, 1 Tb. fresh lemon juice and cayenne pepper to taste. It's a super spread for ham, beef, turkey sandwiches.

A barbecue sauce. To ½ cup ketchup, add 2 t. fresh lemon juice, 2 t. Worcestershire sauce, 1½ t. prepared mustard, and a dash onion powder. Use to baste chicken, ribs, hamburgers, hot dogs. Terrific.

A dip. Add 3 to 4 Tb. prepared mustard to 1 cup sour cream. Stir in 1 t. horseradish and 1 t. grated lemon peel. You've got a super dip for beef fondue, crackers, pretzels, etc.

The fresh lemon is full of easy little cooking tricks. If you want some more, drop us a postcard: Sunkist, Dept. S-73-24, Box 7888, Van Nuys, California 91409.

Sunkist.

ADVERTISEMENT

BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY'S

Medicine Chest

The causes of body odor . . . how to control perspiration . . . spray and roll-on anti-perspirants . . . good news for people who burn easily from the sun.

Controlling body odor. Even with all the ads and commercials about deodorants and anti-perspirants today, most people know very little about body odor. It's been a cause for concern to people since primitive times. Washing with water has always been basic to controlling body odors. Earlier societies also rubbed flower petals on their skin. Later they added oils, fats, soda and sand to water in an effort to increase cleanliness. Perfume played a role. Finally, soap came into being and body cleanliness took a giant step forward.

Is body cleanliness enough to stop odor? For a while, yes. But a few hours after a bath micro-organisms — tiny bacteria — always present on the surface of the skin start to increase. The odor problem starts to build up when perspiration is present.

Does perspiration alone smell bad? Perspiration is almost odorless and not unpleasant. Its composition is 99% water, less than 1% salt and minute quantities of other chemicals. The odor problem begins as perspiration starts to undergo chemical changes by the micro-organisms on the skin.

What causes perspiration? The source of perspiration—a process that goes on continuously with the human body—is the sweat glands. The body has between two and three million of these glands. They affect all skin areas but vary in concentration from 650 to 2400 per square inch. The highest concentration of sweat glands is found in the palms of the hands, soles of the feet and the underarms. The amount of perspiration a normal person produces depends on the temperature and the relative humidity. The range is from slightly over a pound to about two pounds a day.

A tested method of fighting perspiration. One way to reduce body odor is to fight perspiration. Ultra Ban® 5000 was in ten different tests with the other leading sprays. In nine out of ten of these tests Ultra Ban 5000 was drier—8% to 21% drier than any other leading spray. Ultra Ban 5000 contains not one, but two, anti-perspirant ingredients — aluminum chlorhydrate and aluminum chloride.

Advantages of a roll-on anti-perspirant. It's not possible to put as much anti-perspirant in a spray as in a roll-on type—it would clog the nozzle. Ban® Roll-On anti-perspirant contains more than twice the anti-wetness ingredient than found in any leading spray. Ban Roll-On is a lotion in which the principal anti-perspirant ingredient is aluminum chlorhydroxide.

New development for those concerned about sunburn. Many people worry about burning from the sun, particularly those with a fair complexion. Now there's something to put between you and the sun—something that will help absorb the ultraviolet or burning rays of the sun. It's Ultra Bloc™ sunscreen lotion and contains an ingredient that two leading universities have tested and found effective in helping protect the skin from the sun's burning rays. The ingredient is p-Aminobenzoic acid and is often referred to as PABA. In Ultra Bloc, this ingredient is combined with alcohol and a moisturizer. With an alcohol base, Ultra Bloc evaporates quickly so that it doesn't leave your skin greasy — even sand won't adhere to it. The PABA is actually absorbed into the outer layer of skin, rather than merely staying on the surface. The moisturizer or emollient in the product helps to prevent the skin from drying out.

Dermatologists find PABA superior —the key ingredient in the Ultra Bloc formula. A number of dermatologists and dermatological teams have studied PABA and have found that of all the materials they have studied PABA is one of the most effective sunscreens ever developed to protect the skin from the burning rays of the sun. It helps protect you from burning, which causes flaking, puffiness, peeling tenderness and blisters. And yet, while all this skin protection is going on, you still get a tan. Under laboratory test conditions, a dermatological study reported that PABA tans are darker and last longer than those which follow burning.

Bristol-Myers Company hopes you have found this informative type of advertising both interesting and helpful.

© 1973 Bristol-Myers Co.



MEDICINE TODAY

BY DAVID R. ZIMMERMAN

What kind of exercise is best for your heart? . . . Second thoughts on ovulation-inducing drugs . . . High heels and sore feet . . . plus other news from the world of health.

Hearty exercise. Physical exercise is widely believed to toughen the heart and condition it to resist heart attacks. But what kind of exercise—and how much?

English researchers, who have been studying sedentary, middle-aged male civil servants, find that only vigorous activity for at least 30 minutes daily will help forestall heart attacks. Moderate exercise—playing with the children, for example—won't help. Heart-protecting activities include swimming, tennis, gardening, snow shoveling, brisk walking, running, or fast bike riding, and vigorous morning calisthenics. U.S. experts caution that exercise regimens should be cleared with a doctor.

Cushioned blows. To protect the heads of women patients who are subject to seizures, Dr. Michael Faella of Warwick, R. I., tells them to wear the currently fashionable thick wigs. Protection is greatest, says Dr. Faella, with wigs lined with foam-rubber padding.

Distress cry. When they cry, some sick babies sound like angry cats. Others shriek or squeal like chickens. Such crying sounds can be specific diagnostic clues, asserts Boston pediatrician Dr. Murray Feingold in his audio cassette "Baby Cries—The Differential Diagnosis" (Medcom, New York).

In contrast to the "spine-chilling" sound made by some very sick babies, "the pitch of a normal infant's cry isn't screechy," Dr. Feingold says. "The intensity varies as the normal baby inhales, cries, then runs out of breath. When he's angry or upset, the volume tends to be louder than when he's uncomfortable."

Barren feelings. An obstetrician who pioneered in the use of ovulation-inducing drugs for infertile women is now having second thoughts about the technique. The drugs do work. The women do become pregnant. But the high incidence of difficult labor, post-partum depression, and marital stress that seem to follow have convinced Dr. Walter Herrmann of Beverly Hills, Calif., that the drugs often override a women's deep-seated wish *not* to have babies. "The ovulation-inducers have given doctors the ability make women pregnant," says Herrmann. "Now we're asking if should do it."

Unheard trouble. A long-te study of Pittsburgh school child has demonstrated that hearing te fail to detect many, if not most, he ing problems. As a result, hear specialists and the Federal gove ment would like to see ear exami tions accompany periodic heari tests. One suggestion is that sch nurses be specially trained to lo for physical signs of hearing pr lems.

Life-saving suggestion. Widen public knowledge about mouth-mouth resuscitation is prevent drowning deaths. But, warns an pert, Dr. Jerome Modell of the U versity of Florida, a nearly drown person who has been revived on t shore is not out of danger a should not be allowed to go hon Water in the lungs may interf with the passage of oxygen into bloodstream—sometimes fatally. Modell urges that resuscitat drowning victims be taken at o to a hospital for tests of their bl gas levels.

Estrogens for menopause? Ma women and their gynecologi praise the ongoing use of estrog supplements during and after me pause. A dissenting view is reg tered by *Medical Letter*. The p lication agrees that estrogens used for restricted periods of tim will relieve such physical sympto as flushing, perspiration, and vagi discomfort, but adds: "There is adequate evidence that routine of estrogens is beneficial . . . [promotes either the feeling or pearance of youthfulness."

Healing hurting heels. Wome high-heeled shoes, whether spike platforms, can cause a painful sw ing at the back of the heel call "pump bump." "The higher heel, the more pressure that is erted," says orthopedist Dr. Am ico Savastano of Providence, R His prescription: if you insist wearing high heels, buy slingbac —or wear low heels. The pain bumps should vanish.



Make this your summer to remember

Your laughs seem to linger on sea waves, roll out to deep blue water and echo in the calls of distant ships. That's the way summer should always be; that's the way you'll always remember it.

Laughter, games, fun. And you're always a part of it when you depend on the internal protection of Tampax tampons. To so many girls, Tampax tampons are a natural part of life. They make even difficult days of summer a time to soak up a golden tan in skinny bikinis, to romp and leap and splash with all your energy. Tampax tampons' internal protection gives you all this freedom and confidence as well.

As the crowd grows and the laughter rises, your worries are a million miles inland. Tampax tampons will protect you dependably. So you can really celebrate a summer to remember.



The internal protection more women trust TAMPAX tampons

Dip-wiches

sandwich spreads you make with dips!



Don't yawn your way through another summer sandwich. Get with these exciting new spreads you make yourself. Take a package of FRITOS Green Onion, Taco, or Bean Dip; blend in a few secret goodies and a measure of TABASCO brand pepper sauce, made from a family recipe watched over for more than 100 years, and presto, "Mom, what did you put in the sandwich? I like it. I like it."

SKINNY DIP

1 package FRITOS Green Onion Dip Mix
1 cup sour cream
½ tsp. TABASCO brand pepper sauce
1 cup chopped chives
Juice of one lemon
16 slices luncheon loaf
16 slices white bread
Paper thin carrot strips, optional

Mix FRITOS Green Onion Dip and [illegible]am according to package. Stir in ½ tsp [illegible]CO. Add chives and lemon; stir lightly. Pla[illegible] 2 slices luncheon loaf atop each of 8 slices br[illegible]. Place heaping tablespoon of dip on each. Garnish with carrot strips, if desired. Top with remai[illegible] slices of bread. Makes 8 Dipwiches.

TABASCO®



RALPH NADER REPORTS

When you buy tires for your car, it's too easy to lose your way in a forest of conflicting claims and warranties. Here are some guidelines from the noted consumer advocate.

For years car owners have been in the dark as they shopped for tires. Say a company offers you its "premium" tire. Then there are the first-line and second-line tires. What do these labels mean? Very little. They were invented for advertising purposes and are meaningless if you wish to compare a tire with other brands. For example, one company's premium tire may be equivalent to another manufacturer's first-line tire. The Federal Trade Commission requires tire makers to note in their advertisements that such labels are not based on industry-wide standards, but that still leaves the car owner without guidelines for buying tires.

What about those "guarantees" that tire dealers offer? Does the better guarantee mean you are getting the better tire? Not necessarily. At a tire sale, a car owner in Denver recently bought for $14 each a set of tires usually sold at $20 apiece; the tires came with a fine-sounding 36-month treadwear guarantee. The tires lasted for 18 months! The purchaser brought them back to the dealer who, under customary tire warranty practices, sold him a new set of tires on a pro-rated basis, so that the buyer paid half the price of the new tires. But the price of the tires had gone back up to $20. So the customer ended up paying a total of $24, instead of $14, for tires that were good for 36 months.

Some help for car owners is on the way. If a proposal by the Department of Transportation goes into effect as planned in September, 1974, tires manufactured after that date will be graded for high-speed performance, traction, and treadwear. (The proposal is five years overdue. The National Traffic and Motor Vehicle Safety Act of 1966 called for a tire-grading system to be in effect by 1969.)

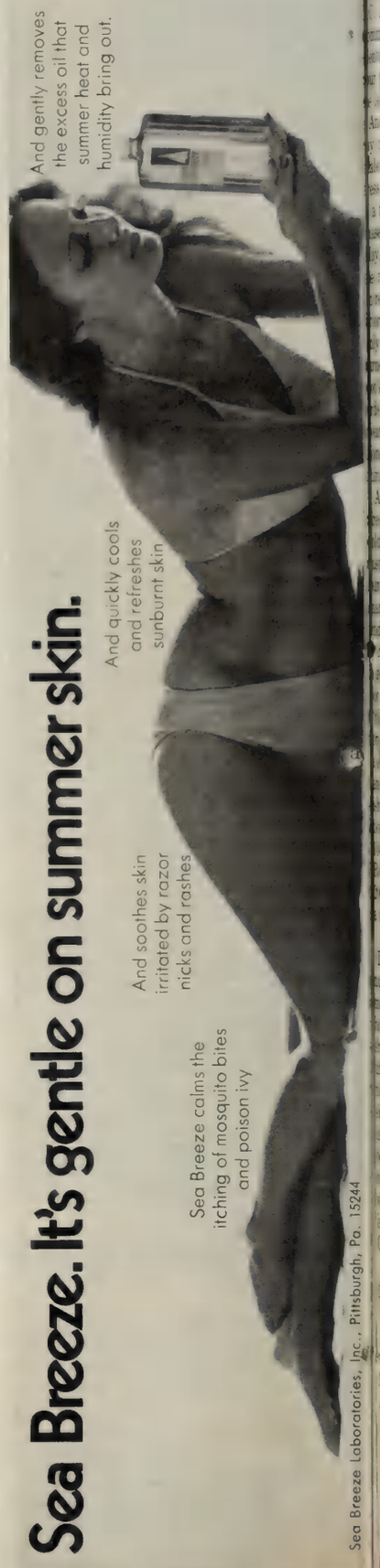
The grading system will enable car owners to shop more competitively for tires, and to know what quality tire they are getting. But it will not solve all their problems. For instance, the grading system will not protect you from the kind of guarantee schemes that victimized the car owner in Denver. These schemes are made possible by the warranties offered by most tire manufacturers, warranties that allow you to take back a bad tire and get a new one for a price pro-rated according to the wear on your old tire. (If half the tread on the old tire is worn, you pay half the price of a new tire.)

Occasionally this warranty does work to your advantage. If your half-worn tire is punctured by a nail in the road, you may be able to get a new tire for half the price, and thus come out even. But some dealers guarantee the impossible; to induce you to buy their tires, they promise a tire tread life unsupported by any test data. When you bring the tire back, you have to pay more for what you thought you were getting in the first place.

The Federal Trade Commission has a guideline that rules out guarantees "that under normal circumstances are impractical of fulfillment or [guarantee tires] for such a period of time or number of miles as to mislead purchasers into the belief that tires so guaranteed have a greater degree of serviceability or durability than is true in fact." So when any dealer offers a tread-life guarantee, you should ask to see his data sheets or test results from the manufacturer. If he has nothing to show you, you have no reason to place any faith in his guarantee.

Another disadvantage is that the cost of a new tire under a warranty adjustment is pro-rated against the full list price, which is generally higher than the price at which the dealer normally sells the tire. So you pay more and the manufacturer, who gets most of this money, covers all or most of

In the last seven years, Ralph Nader, 39, has become America's foremost consumer defender. He is credited with the passage of at least six major laws that imposed new Federal safety standards on cars, meat and poultry products, coal mining, gas pipelines, and radiation from electronic devices. In 1970 Nader founded the Public Interest Research Group, which investigates and researches consumer issues.



cost of offering you the adjust-
it service. The dealer, however,
ietimes loses money under the
ranty; thus some tire dealers are
ictant to offer the service.
You should insist on getting
ther tire when the old one fails
erform as promised. One method
obtaining satisfaction from tire
nufacturers that has met with
ne success is to turn the defective
over to the government. If you
e a defective tire, ask for an in-
tigation by the National High-
y Traffic Safety Administration,
) 7th Street, S.W., Washington,
C. 20590, and the Federal Trade
mmission, Washington, D.C.
ention that you have the tire in
ur possession and send a copy of
letter to the manufacturer.
Another word of advice: when you
y new tires, make sure that the
aler records your name and ad-
ess—so you can be notified in case
a tire recall. Registration of pur-
asers of tires manufactured since
ay, 1971, is now required because
e number of tires being returned
recalls was so low. In one recall
ior to the registration requirement,
ly five percent of the tires were re-
rned. However, many dealers do
t keep scrupulous registration rec-
ds. If a dealer does not record
ur purchase, report it to the Na-
nal Highway Traffic Safety Ad-
inistration.
A final word of caution: blemished
es, called "blems," are sometimes
ld as perfect tires to unsuspecting
stomers. These tires, which have
rely cosmetic blemishes, are
arked by the manufacturer at the
d of the assembly line and are sold
reduced prices. A "blem" may be
good buy, but it is not uncommon
r service stations to buff off the
lem" mark and sell the tire for the
rice of a perfect one. So watch for
spicious buff mark on your tires,
nd if you are the victim of a blem-
hed tire fraud, send the informa-
on to the Center for Auto Safety,
346 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.,
Room 1223, Washington, D.C.
0036; the CAS is gathering data for
report on this problem.
The Center is recording the DOT
Department of Transportation)
umbers of defective tires to deter-
nine whether a particular factory
as produced a batch of tires that
hould be recalled. (Every tire man-
ufactured after May, 1971 has a
ine- or ten-digit number on the
idewall; after the letters DOT, the
ast three digits of this DOT num-
er disclose the date the tire was
manufactured. If you have problems
with a tire, send the information—
ncluding the DOT number—to the
Center. **END**

TO A YOUNG DAUGHTER

By Maureen Cannon

Now you are rounding, gentled into arc
And curve where plane and angle used to be.
Now you are shaped as secrets are.
I mark.
Startled, your sudden sweet geometry.
Come, we are enemies no longer, and
Women must talk. Come, let me take your hand.

Mrs. Smith's humbly announces legitimate competition for Mom's home-made pies.



Three hours ago, this delicious "home-made" apple pie was in a supermarket freezer case. And here it is fresh out of the oven. It's a Mrs. Smith's Natural Juice Frozen fruit pie. Inside that tender, flaky crust are whole fruit chunks that bake in their own natural juices with nothing added that Mom wouldn't add herself.

The only difference between a Mrs. Smith's Natural Juice Pie and Mom's home-made pie is this: all you have to do is take it out of the box and bake.

Now, *that's* what we call competition!



Available in two sizes

We want you to try our Natural Juice pies soon. We'll even refund 25¢ to you on your first one.

25¢ Refund on a Mrs. Smith's Natural Juice Pie

Send this coupon and the picture of the Natural Juice Pie on the back of the package to

Mrs. Smith's Pie Company
Frozen Div.—Dept. NJ2
Pottstown, Pa. 19464

and we'll send you 25¢ in cash

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____
Zip_____

Limit: One refund per family or address. Expires December 31, 1973



YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

BY THEODORE I. RUBIN, M.D.

Can emotions cause fatigue? Why do I dream the same dream? How can I find a good psychotherapist? When should a friendship be ended? The noted psychiatrist answers these and other questions.

Emotions and fatigue

I'm so tired all the time; I have no vitality at all. I'm 35 and I know that I'm in excellent health—my doctor gave me a thorough examination and found no physical reasons for my continual fatigue. He suggested that my tiredness may be emotional in origin. Could this be possible?

Yes. Chronic fatigue is often the result of repressed anger, tension, emotional conflict, anxiety, depression, and just plain boredom. Increased tension and anxiety often cause muscles to contract. This means that people who are tense or nervous hold their bodies stiff, and in doing so, unconsciously expend muscular energy, which produces fatigue. Relaxation usually permits the body to resume its normal pace of muscular expenditure, reduces energy output, and increases one's feeling of vitality.

Dreaming the same dream

Can you tell me why I keep dreaming the same dream over and over again?

Dreams are often unconscious attempts to resolve emotional problems that the dreamer prefers not to face up to when he or she is awake. However, unless the problem is resolved on a conscious (awake) level, the dreams usually continue. The problem may be so deeply buried that a dreamer is not even aware of it. For example, rage at a parent, a son, daughter, or mate is often repressed because we feel guilty about feeling anger toward someone we love. Dreams may also represent a yearning or a wish for someone—or something—and the frequency of the dream would be some indication of the depth of desire of the wish-fulfillment. Regardless of why you dream, if your dreams reach the point where they interfere with your sleep and, consequently, your health, I would suggest you seek competent psychological help.

Finding a psychiatrist

What is the best way to find a competent psychotherapist?

Psychoanalytically trained psychiatrists are best trained to do therapy. Most psychiatrists who have been trained in psychotherapy and graduated by a psychoanalytic institute usually belong to either the American Psychoanalytic Association (Freudian) or the American Academy of Psychoanalysis (Neo-Freudian). These organizations can tell you who their members are in your city.

When to give up friends

My husband and I have friends who have a demoralizing, depressing effect on me. I'm referring to one particular couple who never fail to put me down. My husband agrees that these people are capable of being arrogant and sarcastic, but he feels that it is wrong to terminate a friendship that has been going on for as long as this one has. What do you think we should do?

I think that our first duty must be to ourselves. Just as there is little in life that is as enriching as a good friendship (even though a good friendship is never perfect), there is little in life that is as self-destructive as a bad relationship. I believe that it is just as constructive to terminate destructive relationships as it is to begin new ones and sustain old ones. It is an excellent idea to take stock of friends periodically, reviewing how you relate to them and how they relate to you. Friendships with people who consistently fill you with self-hate, destroy your self-esteem, and make you feel unhappy should be terminated.

What is psychotic?

My aunt is confined in a state hospital where she was diagnosed as psychotic. She is allowed visitors, but I have never visited her. However, my sister has and reports that though my aunt hears "voices" and has strange ideas, she is fairly logical in conversation. I had always been afraid to visit my aunt because I thought that psychotic meant "crazy" in the berserk, ranting, raving sense. Does it?

Very few people suffering from a psychosis exhibit wild, crazy, berserk behavior. If they do, such behavior is infrequent and lasts only a short time. "Berserk" behavior is actually more common among so-called "normal neurotics" who may go through short hysterical periods of ranting and raving. These periods invariably subside without mishap. Psychotic people are often logical, even too logical. They are cut off from their true feelings and, as a result, their feelings often take on an autonomy that produces imaginary worlds, voices, visions, and roles. Your aunt sounds fairly typical of people afflicted with this emotional disorder—which, though serious, does not preclude logical conversation. If you feel up to it, you should visit her. Seeing you may be helpful to her.

Teasing children

My husband teases all children—including our own. When I point out how annoying this is he just laughs and claims it is all in good fun. I'd like him to read whatever you say about grown-ups teasing children—and what it means.

Teasing is a way of discharging hostility and sadism. Some adults will displace feelings of hostility onto children because they feel less threatened by them. Some grown-ups who tease children do so because it is the only way they know to make contact with the youngsters, or the only way they know to show affection. Many adults, especially men, simply don't know how to relate to children on any basis, and they are too embarrassed to make any ordinary or direct display of affection. Consequently, they take their feelings of affection and turn them into a tease—a process also commonly found among teen-agers who, when they are embarrassed by affectionate feelings toward each other, try to hide—yet express—this affection by mutual teasing.

Sadistic surgeons

Do men (and women, too) become surgeons because they like to cut up people?

This is not the first time I have been asked this question. The answer, of course, is no. Such generalizations fit into the same category as: all psychiatrists are *voyeurs*; all pilots have a death wish; all male gynecologists hate women. Such generalizations are oversimplistic and erroneous. However, sadistic surgeons *do* exist, and if you have encountered one, I am sorry. Such surgeons are in the minority, however. People choose their field of work for highly individual and complicated reasons. Their reasons are based on complex psychological needs as well as the intricacies of situations in which they find themselves: economic needs, opportunity or lack of it, parental influences, educational training, etc.

Money as a yardstick

Whenever my husband and his friends get together, they compare notes as to their personal economic status. I usually laugh at this because they remind me of little boys comparing marbles or toys. But when they talk about other men who are not present and use the expression: "What's he worth?" it grates on me. I find the phrase o fensive and dehumanizing. I hav told my husband this, but he onl laughs, saying it is nothing mor than a casual expression and should accept it as such. What d you think?

I agree with you. Nobody use words or expressions casually or ac cidentally. The words we use in variably reveal how we feel dee down inside. It is unfortunate bu true that many men measure them selves and others in terms of perso al fortunes or money-making abilit This concentration on material e istence *is* dehumanizing, and pr vents us from relating to a person more important attributes: sense humor, intelligence, ability to for relationships, etc. When men don recognize the importance of thing besides money, their lives and the friendships are seriously impove ished and usually emotionally fra ile. Feeling emotionally impove ished feeds a man or woman's nee for greater "net worth"—thus com pleting a vicious cycle which mak us increasingly vulnerable to t ups and downs of life.

Paying back money

A friend of mine owed me mone for a long time, but I never remin ed her of it. Recently, I needed th money she owed me, so I simp asked her for it. She repaid me, bu has since been very angry with m Can you possibly tell me why sh reacted the way she did?

Probably because she is emba rassed. You disturbed her idealize false picture of herself. You co fronted her with the fact that she not a responsible, spontaneous pa er-back. You should not feel guil about your action; you were right ask her to repay the money.

Child's changing emotions

Why does my 11-year-old son h me one minute and show hostili the next? Is this normal?

Your son is probably torn betwe his dependency on you and his ne —at his age—to begin to be indepe dent of you. His hostility is bas on the fact that, inwardly, he fee the need to be independent; his hu indicate that outwardly he is afra to make the break. Your son's a tions toward you are complete normal and will invariably becom more placid as time passes and h adolescent development becom more solidified in his own mind. EN

As a regular feature, Dr. Rubin a swers questions on your person marriage, family, and emotion problems. The doctor is a we known psychoanalyst who practic in New York and is the author Lisa and David *and* The Thin Bo by a Formerly Fat Psychiatrist. *B new book is* Emergency Room Dia *(Grosset & Dunlap, Inc.). If y have questions for Dr. Rubin to a swer in his column, please addre them to him in care of Ladies' Hor Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., Ne York, N.Y. 10022. We regret th only letters selected for use in t column can be answered.*



On Father's Day, Virginia Slims reminds you that founding fathers couldn't have been founding fathers without founding mothers.



You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS.

rning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
at Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg."tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'73



Fisherman's Wharf Jambalaya starts with San Francisco's Rice-A-Roni

In 2 tbsp. butter lightly brown 1 pkg. Chicken Rice-A-Roni. Stir in 2¾ cups hot water, contents of Chicken flavor packet, ¼ tsp. each: black pepper and Tabasco Sauce, 1 tbsp. instant minced onions, ¼ cup each: diced celery and bell pepper. Add 2 cups diced cooked ham (or luncheon meat), 1 can tuna or shrimp. Cover and simmer 15 minutes.



New! Noodle Roni Parmesano

Tenderthin egg noodles complete with a delightful sauce of rare Italian cheeses



AMY VANDERBILT

Blind Date

When a man I met on a blind date asks me out again, how can I say "no" without hurting his feelings?

The tactful thing to say is that you are very sorry but you won't be able to accept his invitation, that you are busy. This is a kind "white lie." You can be busy just washing your hair on that evening, but you haven't hurt him by replying in this way. If he should call again, do the same thing. Surely he will then realize that you are not interested in him. Be polite, but try not to show too much regret at having to refuse; otherwise you may have a difficult time discouraging him.

Divorcée's Rings

Does a woman return her rings after a divorce?

No, legally they are her property. Exception: if the engagement ring is a family heirloom, or if the stone has been taken from an heirloom, the considerate woman does return it to the family of the groom or at least offers to do so. The husband, in reciprocation, usually makes some adjustment in the financial arrangements to cover the wife's loss of her ring.

Giving Recipes

If someone asks me for a recipe, must I give it?

Most people do comply gracefully. If you feel very strongly about parting with the recipe, don't do it. However, you may be considered unfriendly.

Showing Appreciation

My hairdresser received many plants upon opening his new shop. His wife says that he doesn't have to write thank-you notes because she thanked everyone in person at the opening. Shouldn't he write anyway?

It would be kind—and good business—for your hairdresser to send brief notes on his business stationery to everyone who sent him a plant.

Offering to Help

Is it polite for people to ask if they can bring something when I invite them to dinner? I don't like the idea.

Many people do make this offer, and I have no objection to it. You are quite free to say that there is nothing you need, while thanking them for their kindness.

Fifth Anniversary

Since we eloped, we forfeited having a formal wedding and reception. Could we celebrate our fifth anniversary with a reception and send out engraved invitations?

Normally, the fifth anniversary does not receive any particular attention, except from the couple involved. But I see no reason why you couldn't have a celebration at that time if you wish. I suggest using engraved fill-in invitations rather than completely engraved ones.

Mother's Cooking

My family went to a friend's house for dinner. We had an oil-and-vinegar salad dressing that was much better than my mother's. How do I tell her this?

Don't tell your mother that the salad dressing was better than hers. Call or write your hostess and ask her for the recipe. Then give it to your mother, saying that you would like to make the salad for her, using this new dressing as a change from her own delicious salad.

Joseph, the Seventh

What do you think of a man using the name Joseph Dent Allen, VII?

This does seem pretentious. I have never really seen it go beyond IV (the fourth).

Knife or Spoon

Should you use a knife or spoon for dipping mayonnaise and mustard?

Mustard is usually taken with a small wooden paddle or spoon, sometimes furnished with the crock or bottle of mustard, but available in any store that sells cutlery. The best ones are made of olive wood. Incidentally, they make a nice little gift. Mayonnaise is usually taken with a ladle or small serving spoon.

Separate Checks

What is the best way to handle the check when a large group (about 25) go out to dinner together?

If such a large group is broken up so that people sit at several tables, check writing is much simpler for the waiter. If everyone is to sit at one table, it is wise if possible to make arrangements beforehand, an tell each person the price of th dinner. Let one person handle th finances. In this case, bar bills a sometimes paid separately.

Dislikes Smoking

What should I do when the perso next to me at a lunch counter smoking and it bothers me?

Ask that person to put out the cig rette or cigar. In such close quarter no smoker has the right to make non-smoker uncomfortable and spo a meal. Usually smokers are quit unconscious of the offense. If yo are polite, they should respon courteously and promptly.

Groom's Family

How may I include my fiancé's fan ily in our wedding invitations?

I find growing interest in this ide Very elegantly, it is done with double engraved invitation—the i vitation from the groom's family the right, that of the bride's on t left. In some cases, it is in two la guages, if the bride and groom a of different nationalities.

More simply, such invitatio combine the names of the bride family and that of the groom on t first side only. It could read:

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bowden Brown
and
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Poindexter
request the honour of your presenc at the marriage of their daughter Caroline
to their son
Marc
on (date) at (time)
(place)

R.S.V.P.
Mrs. Brown (bride's mother)
Address (including Zip Code).

Ms.?

Although you are "unalterab'y o posed" to the use of the title M many American women (includi myself) prefer it. The purpose using Ms. is to provide women wi their own identity and to allow wo en to reveal their marital status on if they are so inclined.

I go much further than you do. I fe that a woman who plans to have career should never abandon h maiden name. Most writers have fo lowed this procedure for many year I do it myself. I am happy with m social title under social circun stances. A survey last fall showe that *Journal* readers were heavil against the use of Ms. Certainly an woman who wishes to use it is fr to do so. The ones who have it thru upon them, however, do have a vali complaint if it offends them. EN

Miss Vanderbilt welcomes questio from readers and answers them this column as space permits.
Now ready for JOURNAL *reader Miss Vanderbilt's new bookle "Large Parties" (open houses, ann versaries, house warmings, showers Also "Letter Writing," "Engagemer and Wedding Etiquette," and "Tab Manners." Send 75¢ in coin for eac booklet to Miss Amy Vanderbil Box 1155, Weston, Conn. 06880.*

In a world of no-nos, Fisher-Price makes toys that say yes.

They say yes-you-can-let-Buster-play-with-it. Because they're so strong, so childproof, that even the little roughneck next door can't harm them.

They say yes-you-can-take-it-to-Grandma's. Because lots of our toys, like our Play Desk, our Play Family Houseboat, and our new Play Family Camper are made to pack up and go.

But most of all, Fisher-Price Toys say yes to a child's way of doing things. To his imagination. His wacky sense of humor. His endless energy.

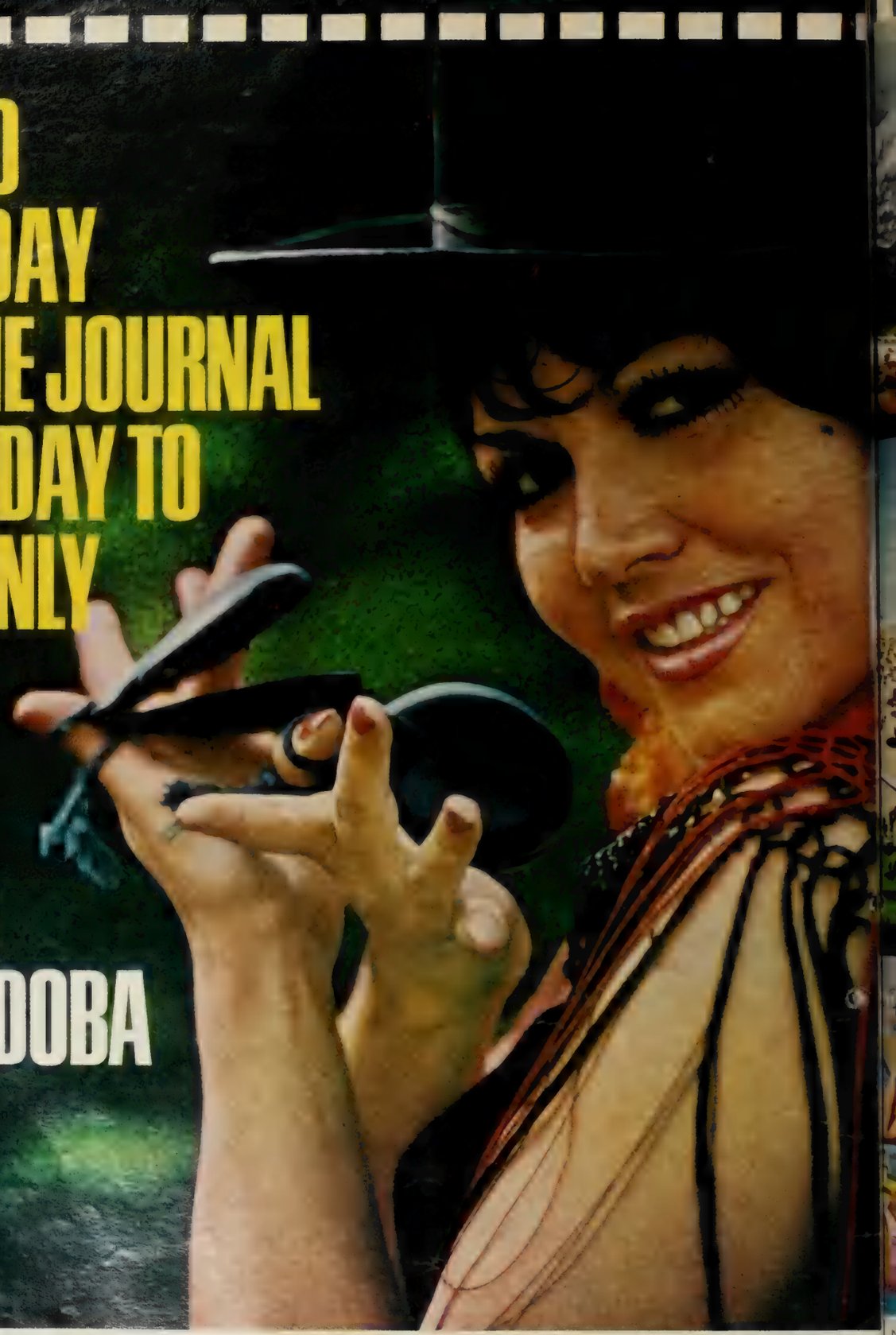
So we put helping handles on our puzzle pieces. And make fat little records for our Music Box Record Player. And no instructions. No frustrations. Toys that give small hands an even chance.

And say: yes, you can.



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"I WANT TO GO ON YOUR 15 DAY LADIES' HOME JOURNAL SUNJET HOLIDAY TO SPAIN FOR ONLY $479* from New York



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- Air conditioned motorcoaches.
- Services of a tour escort throughout.
- All tips for baggage handling and for meals provided for in the itinerary.
- Guest membership to the exclusive El Candado private club in Malaga.

Prices are per person based on two or three in a room. For a single accommodation add $40. Children 2 thru 11 receive a 50% reduction of the air fare portion of the tour price.

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	May	June July Aug.	Sept. Oct.
New York	$479	$578	$515
Boston	$479	$578	$515
Washington	$506	$605	$542
Miami	$585	$684	$631

A charge of $15 for eastbound weekend departures will be made.

THE ITINERARY

Day 1-2. Depart New York (JFK Airport) or other gateways via scheduled Iberia Jet (economy class) overnight to Madrid. Certain departures from New York arrive in Malaga and itinerary is reversed. Enjoy renowned Iberia cuisine and inflight services as you wing to exciting Spain. You will be met by your escort and driven by private motorcoach to your hotel for relaxation. In late afternoon you are off on a sightseeing tour of Madrid. You will see "El Prado," the world famous museum with its masterpieces of world renowned painters, Paseo de la Castellana, the Bullring, Retiro Park, the Toledo Gate, Plaza de Espana and the unique Flea Market.

Day 3. A special side excursion to exciting Toledo with the House and Museum of El Greco, the ancient Synagogue, the cathedral and Ruins of Alcazar as well as an unusual handicraft factory. Lunch is provided.

Day 4. A full day of leisure to explore more of exciting Madrid on your own. Optional tours are available.

Day 5. After breakfast, your motorcoach leaves for Cordoba, one of the oldest cities in Spain. You drive through the picturesque countryside and high mountains arriving at Valdepenas for a leisurely lunch which is included. You continue through the Sierra Morena and arrive in Cordoba in the late afternoon for your overnight stop.

Day 6. A morning sightseeing tour of Cordoba will take you to the Arab and Jewish quarter, La Mosquita, the cathedral, the oldest bull ring in Spain and the Museum of Julio Romero de Torres. The afternoon is free for shopping and more sightseeing.

Day 7. After breakfast you leave for a beautiful ride through the countryside to Seville, Spain's most romantic and beautiful city. Seville is also known for its fine wine, lush orange groves, brave bull, gypsy singers and exciting flamenco. Arriving at lunchtime, you have the rest of the day to enjoy this enchanting city.

Day 8. The morning sightseeing tour of Seville is a memorable experience. You will see the grave of Columbus in the cathedral, the Alcazar, La Giralda, the Moorish Palace, Santa Cruz and the Murillo Gardens. Ample time is left for leisure and shopping.







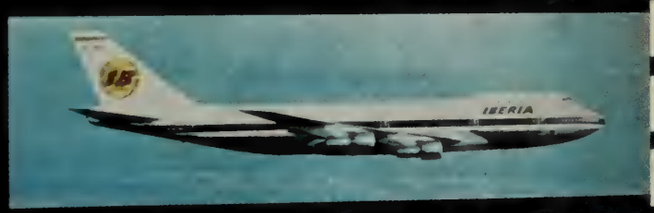






"PLEASE SAVE ME A SEAT"













Day 9. This morning you depart for Malaga on Spain's Costa del Sol. For the next seven days you will live in your own deluxe, fully equipped luxury apartment, ■ Ladies' Home Journal exclusive! A magnificent pool, discotheque and restaurant are on the premises. Your apartment is situated in one of the most exclusive areas with the heart of Malaga just minutes away. Torremolinos is just ■ short bus or taxi ride. Both cities throb with excitement, excellent shops, quaint arcades, restaurants and unlimited sightseeing. Another Journal exclusive is a complimentary guest membership to the luxurious El Candado private club that adjoins your apartment site. Golf, tennis, restaurants are at your disposal. Horseback riding, sailing, waterskiing and ■ variety of optional excursions to Granada and Tangier are available during your sunny holiday in Malaga.

Day 15. With a collection of wonderful memories, it comes time to say goodbye to beautiful Spain. A short drive to the Malaga airport for your comfortable Iberia Jet flight home.

SUNJET SPAIN DEPARTURES

From New York to Madrid or Malaga

May: 14, 18, 21, 25, 28
June: 1, 4, 8, 11, 15, 18, 22, 25, 29
July: 2, 6, 9, 13, 16, 20, 23, 27, 30
Aug: 3, 6, 10, 13, 17, 20, 24, 27, 31
Sept: 3, 7, 10, 14, 17, 21, 24, 28
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From Miami to Madrid

May: 14, 21, 28
June: 4, 11, 18, 25
July: 2, 9, 16, 23, 30
Aug: 6, 13, 20, 27
Sept: 3, 10, 17, 24
Oct: 1, 8, 15, 22, 29

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July: 2, 9, 16, 23, 30
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Mail your reservation to:
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Please save ■ seat for _____ people on the following departure date _____ from the following departure city ☐ New York, ☐ Miami, ☐ Boston, ☐ Washington.

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Please make check payable to Ladies' Home Journal Sunjet Holiday.

☐ Please arrange the lowest possible air fare for me from my home city to the nearest Sunjet Holiday departure city.

The complete tour is described in the itinerary. Upon receiving your deposit and reservation request, you will receive with your reservation confirmation additional information on Spain, clothing, weather, shopping, passports and other pertinent data.

Name of each person _____

_____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

My Telephone number is: Area Code _____



Hair & Beauty · By Joan Clair

How about a New Summer's Resolution: this will be the summer you really pamper and protect your hair, like you know darned well you should. You'll wash out the sand and salt water right away—you'll use all the conditioners you need (see below)—and you'll wear hats and scarves at high noon. Come on, take the pledge. And then next fall, when we're writing about how to rescue summer-damaged hair, you can laugh us to scorn.

1½ oz. of prevention.... Chances are at one time or another you've used *condition*, the beauty prescription for troubled hair.* It works wonders on split ends, brittle texture, and unlovelies like that. But you don't have to wait until things get quite so desperate, to benefit from *condition**. In fact, if you really want to love up your hair, you can use *condition** every week. This means keeping condition beauty pack treatment for regular use, and instant *condition** lotion treatment for quickies.

For clear skin, keep it clean. Don't let dirt come between your skin and the fresh air. If you're really as fanatic as you should be about cleaning your skin, you should try the fun-to-use Skin Machine automatic cleansing brush. It cleans like a washcloth can't. You just press the button and 24,000 tiny bristles whirl around, scrubbing away grease and grime—"pore pollution." And the Skin Machine is also about the handiest makeup-remover ever invented.

When is your comb not your friend? Well, with all the shampooing you do in the summertime, the extra comb-outs can cause broken and split ends. But for heaven's sake, don't give up your good shampooing! Just follow it with a *Hair So New*. That's the easy, spray-on detangler that lets your comb sail through your hair—if not quite like a dream, at least not like a life-or-death struggle. For a 4 oz. bottle of *Hair So New* just send 50¢ to Joan Clair, P.O. Box 1020F, Yonkers, N.Y. 10701.

How does your haircolor look, weeks after you apply it? Not so natural any more? Then you'll want to know about the fabulous "Natural-Wear" formula of *Miss Clairol* shampoo formula. It helps eliminate color variation, unwanted fade-out, and brassy red tones. So for weeks it helps your haircolor look natural longer. The inventors at Clairol sum up all these benefits with the words "improved wearability"; women who use it say "fantastic!"

The best thing since electric rollers is *Kindness* Heat-Activated conditioner. It's a conditioning mist you spray onto each lock of hair before you roll it up on your electric rollers. It adds body—and droop-proofs your set to last longer. Kindness Heat-Activated conditioner is ideal for styling your wigs and falls, too.

Last-minute but not least—when you need fresh hair for a backyard barbecue, use *Psssssst* instant shampoo. You spray in the white mist, wait a couple of minutes, brush out your hair, and go be happy.

The designations italicized above are trademarks of Clairol, Inc., 345 Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.



BRINGING UP CHILDREN

BY DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM

Teaching children that males and females should be complementary, not competitive, often means that parents have to learn the lesson first themselves.

The feminist movement has made us all aware of how women feel—and in truth often *are*—disadvantaged in comparison to men. But competition between the sexes is unlikely to solve the problem, and as long as we continue to view and speak of the two sexes as opposites, there is little hope for lasting resolutions. Yet this pressing problem makes countless human beings, male and female, deeply unhappy because they cannot relate well to each other. Only when we begin to view the two sexes for what they truly are—complementary to each other, not doomed to competitive warfare—will a solution be possible.

Most parents no longer raise a son to become "lord and master," or a girl to be a "meek and subservient vassal." But, without intending to do so, many parents nonetheless set up situations that force the two sexes to view themselves as competitors rather than complements. Such attitudes can be implanted in very young children, even by parents who hold quite opposite beliefs. Our mothers' discussion group witnessed how early in life this can happen with a set of fraternal twins—as well as how easily matters can be reversed if appropriate steps are taken. What seemed a serious problem with the little girl vanished as soon as her parents abandoned their view of the sexes as competitive and replaced it with one that recognized them as complementary.

Three-year-old Kevin is well toilet-trained, but his twin sister Peggy very often wets herself. Peggy's mother has found that it is quite within Peggy's power to keep herself dry all day, but often the girl chooses not to. Peggy's mother wasn't sure, but she thought that the source of the trouble might be that Peggy was jealous of Kevin. As an example of Peggy's incontinence, this mother told about the routine they go through every time the family goes on a trip. She would tell each twin to go to the toilet before leaving. Each twin uses a separate bathroom, but as soon as Kevin goes to the one he uses, Peggy chases after him because she wants to watch him urinate. Then Peggy gets aggravated because Kevin can do it standing up and she knows she can't. Finally the mother has to step in and tell Peggy to down on her toilet and urinate. child complies and off they go the outing. But as soon as reach their destination, Peggy herself. It's as though she stores for such occasions. Her mothe upset because she knows her girl *could* be dry—and because can see that Peggy isn't happy her behavior, either. After she herself, she starts sucking her thu and looks very woebegone.

Peggy's mother went on to that she has no idea why Peggy w but she is sure that wetting doe help Peggy at all. Here I ha contradict her: if Peggy felt t wetting didn't help her, she woul do it. Too often parents and child fail to understand each other, cause each sees things only from or her own point of view. From mother's point of view, Peggy's ting is useless. But how about Peggy's point of view? Why someone who *can* control her blad suddenly lose control? I remin the mother that incontinence in and beast is a natural reaction to vere anxiety, as anyone who handled a badly frightened cat testify. So I asked this mother examples of other occasions w Peggy wets herself.

The mother was pretty well vinced that Peggy's wetting something to do with her brot Kevin is usually pretty success with things; and even when he things unsuccessfully, they end turning out all right for him. For stance, he painted the bathroom with nail polish one day; while parents were appalled, they coul help but admire his artistry. So t joked with him that he'd grow u be a painter, and ever since then decorates things nicely, taking p sure in it, and doesn't paint thi he shouldn't. He seems to have

Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, one of world's most distinguished c psychologists, recently retired a 28 years as Professor of Psychol and Psychiatry at the University Chicago. He is Director of the So Shankman Orthogenic School chronically disturbed children, has written many books about c dren—their psychological devel ment and problems.

tick, the mother said, for moving into itive areas.

asked the mother why she couldn't d a positive interpretation for what ggy does. "Well," the mother an- ered, "Peggy does other things be- es just wetting her pants. She chases vin into the bathroom and then nts to hold his penis for him. When ey get into the bathtub together, e's always after him and manages to ch him as close to his penis as she n. Then he goes into hysterics, mping up and down and screaming."

Peggy has very openly said that e'd like to have both a penis and a toris. She knew all about bodies be- use the parents have always been ry open and matter-of-fact with the ildren—about the fact that Peggy has litoris and Kevin has a penis. The rents didn't want Peggy to feel jeal- s of Kevin, so they were careful to her know that she has something in to her brother's penis. The mother id they had been convinced that ggy would be jealous of Kevin, so ey had tried to prevent it.

These parents had very much wanted fferent-sex twins, although they'd alized that sexual difference would se a problem. Beyond that, the other continued, she was just now alizing that she and her husband had ared an assumption, not of sexual fference, but of deprivation. They id both focused on how they would about consoling their daughter for ot being a boy. Even before the twins ere born, they'd talked about how ey would have to help the girl fight elings of jealousy.

Now it became obvious that the idea at Kevin was better off than Peggy as actually handed to Peggy by her arents, through their very solicitude r her. Many girls come to this con- usion quite on their own, which is fficult enough to deal with. But it es a big difference to the child to nd that his parents are convinced of from the start.

Knowing about these parental views, e might again ask why Peggy be- omes incontinent. The mother was ow able to remember that Peggy also ets when she's alone, or when Kevin doing something she isn't in on. In eneral, she wets in situations where he feels left out or inadequate.

Actually, given the situation, it is to e expected that Peggy would wet hen she feels inadequate. Even be- ore Peggy was born, her parents had ecided in their own minds that she as "inadequate" because she did not ave a penis. Wanting to spare her hat realization, they did everything in heir power to reassure her—and in the rocess managed to convince her of ust how serious they feel this lack s. So what could be more natural than hat Peggy, whenever she finds her- self inadequate in a situation, is re- minded of her "basic inadequacy" and hen expresses herself by wetting? In ddition, Peggy has received very little ympathy and encouragement from her mother—all she has gotten is 'you'll have to cope." But Peggy will hardly find herself in a position to cope as long as her own parents are convinced that being a girl is a dis- advantage.

This mother sadly agreed with my analysis, and wondered why she had never seen the problem before—she'd thought it over many times. It was quite true; she and her husband had been entirely in agreement that men were more adequate than women. She wondered how she could possibly re- pair the damage.

I suggested that first of all these parents take a look at the actuarial statistics—which show that women live longer than men, and are healthier. A mother could truthfully tell her daugh- ter that women are adequate because they live longer than men and they can have babies, something no man will ever be able to do. There's much that can be said positively for either sex, but if the parents themselves think that their daughter is disadvantaged because she's a girl, she will *be* disad- vantaged.

By trying to create an equation be- tween Peggy's clitoris and Kevin's penis, the parents invite a comparison which might not have occurred to Peg- gy, and encourage competition in an area where Peggy can't compete. Sure boys have penises with which they can urinate standing up—and it is this sin- gle detail, by the way, which little girls are most jealous of. At age three the penis is hardly thought of in mature terms, but in terms of the only func- tion the child really knows it possesses: as a urinary organ.

Instead of stressing that each child has things in which he or she is better

(continued on page 135)

It's time you stopped treating your allergy with whatever is handy.



When your hay fever is bothering you, do you reach into the medicine chest for cold pills, or aspirin, or other drugs just because they're there?

Well, these things may be on your shelf, but they simply weren't made just for what you've got.

Some cold pills have extra drugs in them for the fever, headaches, and muscle aches which you normally don't get with an allergy.

And aspirin may work on headaches, but there's absolutely nothing in it for the sneezing and sniffling of hay fever at all.

If you have an allergy, maybe you should take something specifically made for allergy: Allerest.

To our knowledge, Allerest is the only line of allergy products you can buy without a doctor's prescription. Each product was made for allergy. And only for allergy.

There are Allerest tablets which contain 2 antihistamines and a decongestant. They're specially formulated to relieve the sneezing, the itchy, watery eyes and the runny nose of hay fever.

There are Allerest capsules which have a time-release formula to provide long-lasting relief.

And there's Children's Allerest which is chewable and cherry-flavored. So you won't have to fight with your kids to take their medicine.

Why not put Allerest in your medicine chest. Then next time you treat your allergy with something that's handy, you'll also be treating your allergy with something that's made for it.



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It's made just for what you've got.

How America Lives

A collection of special features from our readers edited by Evan Frances

Family of the Month



The Robert Beals are a determined lot. Against long odds, Mary, 42, has just earned a college degree. Now she and her family are closer than ever.

On May 5th, 1973, when degrees were conferred at Texas A & M in College Station, the proudest graduate of all was Mary Frances Beal, age 42, and mother of five. She had reason to celebrate that day, for it marked the culmination of eight years of working toward a Bachelor of Science degree in Elementary Education—the last of those years 350 miles apart from home, husband, and two of her five children. And it was her 22nd wedding anniversary. On hand to clap was the Beal clan, also understandably proud, and happy that at long last Mom would be coming home for keeps—to Del Rio, Tex., two miles from the Mexican border town of Ciudad Acuña.

At what point did Mary Beal change her mind about devoting her total energies to home, husband, and family? She replies, "I certainly filled (not played) the role of happy housewife for several years after Bob and I were married in 1951 and living in Los Angeles. Well past the births of our first two children—Robert Michael (Mickey) in 1954 and Rebecca (Becky) in '55. But gradually, in the years that followed, I came to feel less than a whole person. Shortly after the birth of our third child, David Rock, in '58, I was lunching with a high school girl friend. We'd both quit college after two years—she to be married, I to go to work—but she'd gone back to school and had just taken a teaching position. She was full of ideas on many subjects, while I was suddenly appalled to hear how often I prefaced remarks with, 'Bob says, Bob thinks . . .' I love my husband and agree with many of his thoughts, but was I forgetting how to think on my own?

"Another baby later—this time, Mark, born in '62—a neighbor and I were drinkng one of our many cups of coffee together when our conversation turned to, 'gee, I wish . . .' It turned out we both wished we could return to college. Suddenly we looked straight at each other and blurted out, 'Why not?' We promptly enrolled at L.A. Harbor College, a block away from where we lived. We began an arrangement of exchange baby-sitting and attending classes. That was in late 1965 and a whole new world opened up. Best of all my marriage improved. Instead of discussing trivia of the children's day, Bob and I talked over ideas churned up in my philosophy class or the day's political news. But my delight was all too short-lived—one semester's worth, to be exact."

In April of '66, Bob Beal, who had been a civilian draftsman with the Army since 1952, after serving a year with the Marines in Korea, was promoted to Engineer Technician, and assigned to Laughlin Air Force Base near Del Rio. For Bob, it meant more security, prestige, comforts for the family. And Texas was his home—he grew up in Wellborn. For Mary it was a wrench. But both are active Baptists, and as Mary put it, " 'Whither thou goest' were not just words to us. So in September we moved to Del Rio, 200 miles from the nearest university! I was crushed—it seemed the end of college for me, but to my joy I discovered the Air Force base offered college classes that were open to civilians at night. I enrolled in those night classes while Bob baby-sat."

Soon after, because of a teacher shortage and because Texas at the time permitted the granting of emergency teaching certificates, Mary applied for and was appointed to a job as a substitute teacher. "I found myself working with children in a new way and loving it." For the next four years she continued happily combining teaching, studying nights, and home-making—a schedule "bent but not broken by the birth of our Jon in 1969, thanks to all kinds of household and babytending help from Bob and the older children."

But in 1970 the legislature passed a new law ("a good law, mind you," says Mary) doing away with all non-degree teaching permits. At the rate Mary was going to night college, it would take three more years to earn a degree even if, at the Base, she could get essential pedagogy courses, which was unlikely.

"Under our old way of thinking," says Mary, "we would have said 'too bad about that. You'll just have to find some other kind of work, Mary, or just stay home drinking coffee again.' But a new life-style had evolved for Bob and me and we liked it mightily. We began toying with the idea of my taking a full academic year off from home-making to become a daytime senior student at Texas A & M—at College Station, 350 miles away. First off, it's a great school. Second, I could live at Bob's mother's place in Wellborn, only a few miles from school. In fact, Mom encouraged me to bring Mark and Jon along as well as Mickey, who could enter the University as a freshman after he was graduated from Del Rio High. Finally, Bob cinched the idea by saying he'd come up weekends and build a house for us all side by side with Mom's."

But to gain admission as a senior, Mary had to earn additional credits attending two summer sessions on the main campus in College Station while she lived nearby with Bob's mother. Even more challenging, it involved her completing an eight-week Saturdays course in St. Angelo, Tex., 160 miles from Del Rio, during the winter of '71. Undaunted, the whole family rose at five each Saturday morning to make the long drive there and back. While Mary went to classes, the family would explore landmarks in the area. Laughingly, they called the trek "Getting Mom through school."

Finally, in late August of '72 Mary swung through the gates of A & M. (Mickey, who had just bee married, joined her briefly and the dropped out because he didn't wa his parents supporting two fam lies.) Mark and Jon were enrolle in school, and to defray expense Mary took two part-time jobs nearby nursery schools. Meanwhil back in Del Rio, Bob Beal kept th home fires burning with Becky ar Rock's help. Weekends, sometim with Mickey's young wife, Esthe and their new baby, they drove th 350 miles to Wellborn and back Del Rio in time for school and/ work by Monday morning. "N greater love hath any wife or mot er," says Mary gratefully.

Sometimes playing in their mu cal group, "The Rapture Compan (whose slogan is "Jesus, O Way"), kept Becky and Rock fro making the trip. Whenever it di Becky wrote extra-long comfortin letters to ease Mary's loneline and, adds Mary, "guilt feelings you can bet I had them often."

When the whole tribe did get Wellborn weekends, work on th farmhouse proceeded apace. It wi serve as a holiday house until it b comes a retirement house. In b tween it will house Becky, Roc Mark, and Jon when they take the turns at the university. Mickey, to when he comes back from the Arm

In September, Mary will resun full-time teaching in Del Rio about $7,000 a year. With Bob's in come of $13,000, "the going sh be a lot easier." Was it all worth th effort? Mary answered, "I ofte asked myself, 'Am I a drop-ou mother?' I don't think so. The d mensions of our relationships gre and changed—for the better. An now I can help Bob put five kid through school. Maybe go back t school himself, if he wants to. We' looking forward to a glorious yea under one roof."

Baby of the Month

Christine is the fifth most popular girl's name with JOURNAL readers and Christine Eels of Indianapolis, Ind., makes it to the top for June's Baby of the Month. A miniature look-alike for her mother, she has three older sisters: Kathy, 10; Susan, 9; Rosemary, 7. During her last pregnancy, Alice Eels, with the approval of husband, Walter, decided that if they had a fourth daughter, she would be named "for Christ." As for the name "Eels," the family traces it back to Welsh fishermen—eelers. Watching TV and playing ball, are two-year-old Christine's joys. Reports Alice: "'When she learned the word bus from 'Sesame Street,' all we heard was B-U-S, bus! Now she's waiting for the day the school bus comes."



Christine Eels, of Indianapolis

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Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
For all the right reasons.
Kent.



America's quality cigarette.
King Size or Deluxe 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

100's: 19 mg. tar, 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73

If you don't show your kids California, who will?

The giant redwoods.
See them on an American Airlines Fly/Drive Vacation.

Wouldn't it be a shame if your kids grew up without ever having seen the redwoods?

Or a sunset on the beach at Monterey?

Or Disneyland?

California has so many things for families to see and do.

And this summer, we're giving you a chance to see them.

We've put together what we think are, dollar for dollar, the best Fly/Drive Vacations any airline has ever offered.

They start at $178 and run to $238 for a week. And they all include an Avis or Hertz car with unlimited mileage. (You pay for gas.) Plus 6 nights' accommodations for up to a family of four at Sheraton Inns, Holiday Inns and Hyatt Houses. Air fare, of course, is extra (e.g. Chicago to Los Angeles is $174* for adults and we have special fares for children).

Our $187 vacation, for example, gives you an Avis car for a week and 6 nights' accommodations at many of the Holiday Inns around the State of California.

So you can do as you please, see whatever you please for as long as you please.

If you're in San Francisco, you might drive out to Yosemite for a picnic. And do a little hiking to work it off.

If you're in Los Angeles, you could head out to a movie studio and show the kids what the real world isn't like.

In San Diego, you might drive out to see a man ride a killer whale at Sea World. Or let the kids ride a burro at Calico, a restored mining town.

Why not talk to your Travel Agent. And ask him about our Fly/Drive Vacations, including auto-tape tours, to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. (If you like, you can fly into one city and fly home from another.)

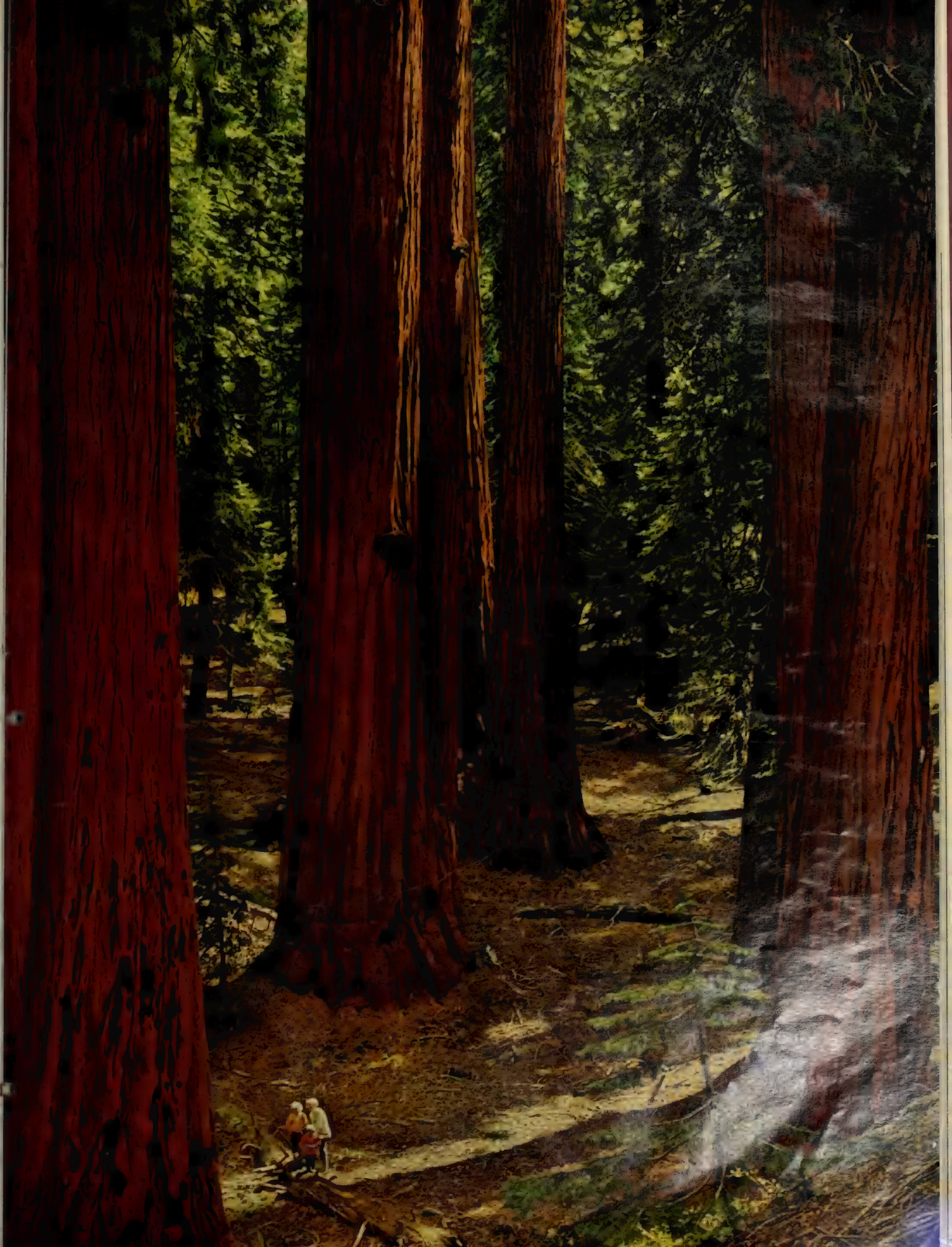
There's nothing we'd like better than to make this summer's family vacation one you'll always remember. And one your children will never forget.



American Airlines
To The Good Life.®

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*Prices quoted are special tour basing round trip coach airfares, subject to change without notice.



How America Lives

WHY CAN'T THEY?

Mrs. Helen Therrien of Marysville, Mich., complains, "You drive 20 or 30 years and never have an accident. You pay close to $300 a year to have your cars insured . . . the first accident you have your insurance is canceled . . . no other insurance company will insure you either."

We contacted a number of state insurance departments beginning with Michigan's and found that although it's true that many companies do cancel after an accident, especially a "first negligible accident," they cannot do so without giving the insured notice—usually from 20 to 60 days.

We discovered, too, that although other companies may refuse to insure a driver whose insurance has been cancelled because of an accident, in most states such a driver can get insurance under what is usually termed assigned risk. This means that all insurance companies, taking turns, must accept such parties, but sometimes penalize them with high premiums.

We found that after a specified time, insurance cannot be canceled in Michigan, Massachusetts, or New Jersey unless the driver's license is revoked, fraud was committed, or the policy's premium unpaid.

A JOURNAL survey of a score of states disclosed that "no-fault" insurance, already in effect or about to be, augurs well for protecting the aforementioned driver against cancellation of an insurance policy after an accident.

Women of the Month



Joni Barnett the new Director of Physical Education at Yale "Our goal is to develop a lifetime interest in physical activity."

Once you remember that Yale University in New Haven, Conn., long a citadel of male supremacy, went co-educational in 1969, it comes as no particular surprise to learn that Yale has a woman—Mrs. Joni Barnett—as its new director of physical education. She was, after all, the best-qualified person for the job in the view of the university's Board of Governors. Mrs. Barnett—trim, petite, and 42—had been director of just women's phys. ed. for two years and before that a part-time instructor in her specialty, synchronized swimming. But it's when you talk with Joni (pronounced Johnny), that you realize what has obviously so impressed others—she has an articulate philosophy about physical education that makes enormous good sense. She is an advocate of strictly voluntary phys. ed. (long a policy at Yale) because "only then can you get young people to develop an interest and proficiency in *lifetime* physical activity. The huge gym complex at Yale is open 12 hours a day on a come-and-go-as-you-please basis: "Students have varying pressures, so should be able to work out when it's convenient for them." Mrs. Barnett favors individual over team sports, activities that students can easily continue as adults—things like tennis, swimming, squash (at the Yalie at last). Mrs. Barnett's husband Jerold is assistant state's attorney for New Haven County, and her two sons are 12 and 15.

The "Fire Ladies" of Louviers, Colo.—Mrs. Jeri Beiter, Chief—is a day-time volunteer fire department of 18 women ranging in age from 29 to 49. Mrs. Beiter writes: "We take our work seriously. Each week we average seven hours of training plus actual fire fighting. We're on duty from seven to five daily and on stand-by at all times."

Why female fire fighters? Mrs. Beiter explains: "Until early '70 when there was a massive cutback in employment here, men were always available. Then, many of the men had to find work out-of-town—as far away as Denver [35 miles]. Nervous about the lack of fire fighters, we women volunteered to take on the job, but no one paid attention until a house burned. Then the District Board of Directors voted to 'give it a try.'" Ever since October 1970, Louviers' wives and mothers scramble at the clang of a fire alarm. They grab up all pre-school children, deposit them with one of two designated baby sitters, and dash to the fire station. The first woman there drives out the 250-gallon truck if it's a brush fire, or the larger 1,500-gallon vehicle if it's a structural blaze. Then, using shovels and water hoses, they douse the fire. Their fire-fighting ability is beyond question.



The "Fire Ladies" of Louviers, Colo. keep the town from burning.

Party of the Month

Iris and Irwin Levenstein of Bloomfield, N.J., celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary with a "film spectacular" and a "First Annual Academy Awards" presentation. Iris recalls, "When friends and relatives RSVP'd our party invitation, we asked them for a few feet of home movie film—any short clip they'd made and saved through the years. Some had none, so Irwin took some footage of them at home. Then he edited and spliced the clips into a movie, and synchronized it with a tape he made of background music and narration. Lest you think he's a pro at it, I assure you he's not—in fact, he's in the hardware business."

On party night, the Irwins ushered guests to their recreation room converted into a theater replete with film-star posters, a movie screen, chairs in a semicircle, and dim lighting. Iris continues, "I handed out programs, popcorn, and drinks, and then Irwin began the film. We knew the movie was a smash when everyone begged for a rerun. After a buffet dinner upstairs, we returned to the 'theater' for the awards ceremony. Our three daughters were the awards committee and had previously screened the film and selected Best Actress, Actor, Supporting Actress, and other 'bests' in 17 categories. Irwin presented each winner with a tiny Oscar and each delivered a speech of acceptance."

Winners were then asked to press a foot into pans of cement—Grauman's-Chinese-Theatre style. Irwin took movies and recorded the whole shebang for next year's "Second Annual Academy Awards Ceremony."

Spare-time Moneymaker



Margie Ayres and Ruth Cunningham both of Richmond, Va. hand-paint and fashion party skirts to order.

A lovely gown with a hand-painted skirt but a too-high price tag ($165), so delighted Mrs. Ruth Cunningham of Richmond, Va., that she determined to copy it. She bought several yards of green voile for nine dollars, sewed the gown, and asked a neighbor, artist Margie Ayres, to do a facsimile of the original by painting butterflies on the skirt. Whenever Ruth wore it, people complimented her, and often asked where they could buy a similar dress. One such night she realized "Margie and I could earn some money by making hand-painted skirts, which we could sell to boutiques in the Richmond area."

After some discussion the new couturiers fashioned five "test" skirts of cotton polyester in bright colors, on each of which Margie painted a different design—flowers, leaves, birds, animals. Somewhere on every skirt she painted a bright butterfly, which became their trademark. An accomplished seamstress, Ruth felt "it was important that all our skirts be made to the same dimensions so that one size fits everyone—the secret's in the use of elastic and little darts."

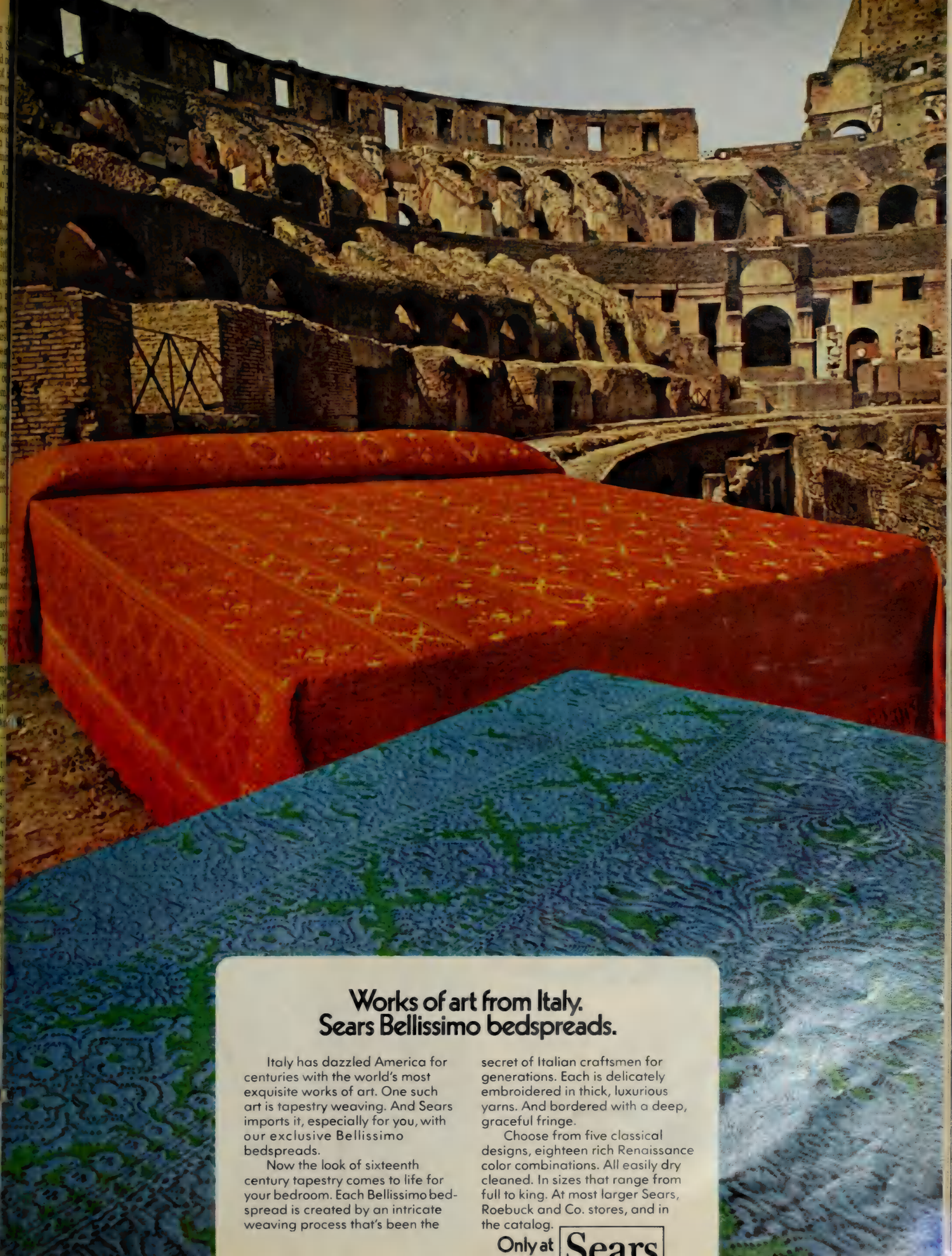
The first skirts sold quickly for $50 each, so it was back to the sewing machine and paint box. "We were experienced now," Ruth said. "I knew each skirt took two and a half hours to sew while Margie needed twice that time to paint a complete design. When we had six skirts ready, we mailed them off to a boutique."

To date Ruth and Margie have made more than 70 skirts. They have given some away for gifts, kept a few, and sold the rest. They netted $1,300 in 1972 and expect to increase that amount this year. Gloats Margie, "The marvelous thing is our skirts sell almost entirely by word of mouth, saving us any advertising expenses."

Though sales could easily increase, this project will remain a part-time moneymaker because Margie loves teaching and wouldn't give it up for anything (her four children are grown and living away from home), and Ruth has eight-year-old twin boys plus a girl of three to mother.

Tom Cunningham, a banker, and David Ayres, a comptroller, are proud of their creative wives. David, who does all their record-keeping as well as their taxes, remarked recently, "Neither Tom nor I are ready to retire but, when we do, we expect you girls to skirt all the bills."

Our "How America Lives" pages are based entirely on letters from our readers. We welcome any and all suggestions you have. Address letters to the appropriate section: Family of the Month, Party of the Month, Spare-time Moneymaker, Women of the Month, Why Can't They?, and Baby of the Month. For the last, send us pictures of your baby, up to two years old, but please keep a duplicate since we cannot return pictures. We'll send an enlargement of all pictures we choose. Send letters to *Ladies' Home Journal*, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.



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Italy has dazzled America for centuries with the world's most exquisite works of art. One such art is tapestry weaving. And Sears imports it, especially for you, with our exclusive Bellissimo bedspreads.

Now the look of sixteenth century tapestry comes to life for your bedroom. Each Bellissimo bedspread is created by an intricate weaving process that's been the secret of Italian craftsmen for generations. Each is delicately embroidered in thick, luxurious yarns. And bordered with a deep, graceful fringe.

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Only at Sears

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Get this handsome salad bowl set...one large serving bowl of high quality glass, four matching individual bowls, and two stunning salad servers. All the bowls monogrammed with your choice of initial in distinctive Old English cuttings. Just $7.95 plus any two Kraft salad product labels. See order form for details.

***Celebrate** a great American tradition, the tossed salad, with the spunky rich flavor of Kraft zesty Italian. Bright red bell peppers, more garlic, more onion, just a whole lot more to celebrate in a great Italian dressing.*

Days are here!



Celebrate *an old family favorite...the gelatin mold with another family favorite, Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. Its special blend of spices adds a touch of difference to everything you do.*

Mandarin Mold—Dissolve two 3-oz. pkgs. orange flavored gelatin in 2½ c. boiling water. Gradually add 1 c. ginger ale. Chill until partially set; fold in one 8½-oz. can pineapple tidbits, drained, and an 11-oz. can mandarin orange segments, drained. Pour into oiled 1½-qt. mold; chill until firm. Then serve with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. 6 to 8 servings.



Celebrate *the goodness of all that is ripe, fresh, and real-tasting with Kraft Real Mayonnaise. Smooth and velvety, with whole eggs and extra egg yolks, to give any dish a rich flavor. Tuna Stuffed Tomatoes—Combine two 7-oz. cans tuna, drained and flaked, with 1 c. thin celery slices, 4 hard-cooked eggs, chopped, ¼ c. stuffed green olive slices, ½ tsp. salt, dash of pepper and enough Kraft Mayonnaise to moisten. Cut tops off 6 medium tomatoes in zig zag design. For each serving, fill bottom of each tomato with tuna mixture; cover with top of tomato. 6 servings.*



Look for the Kraft Salad Man on display at all participating, celebrating grocers!

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MAIL TO: Kraft Salad Bowl Offer, P.O. Box 744, Chicago, Illinois, 60677.

Items come to you postage paid. Allow four weeks for delivery. Offer valid only in continental U.S.A. Void where prohibited or otherwise restricted. Offer expires December 31, 1973.

Why is Rosie pouring her Clorox® down the toilet?



Because it kills more germs than any other kind of household disinfectant.

Rosie knows that Clorox kills bacteria and viruses on *all* her bathroom fixtures. It also cleans and deodorizes. Just pour in ½ cup of Clorox. Swish solution over all the inside surfaces. Let it stand 10 minutes. Then flush. And be smart like Rosie. Do it at least once a week.
(CAUTION: Do not use ammonia or toilet bowl cleaner with chlorine bleach.)



It does more than the wash.

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SYLVIA PORTER

SPENDING YOUR MONEY

Foreign Currency
We are leaving on our annual trip to Europe at the end of this month. How should we handle our money? Should we exchange our dollars for the foreign currencies we'll need before we go? Or should we wait until we get overseas? And what about travelers' checks?

Yes, before you leave exchange the dollars you plan to spend into the currencies of the nations you will be visiting. Find out from a local bank, or from the office of an established foreign exchange firm, your airline, or your travel agent, how much local currency you are permitted to bring into the country and then exchange what you plan to spend up to the limit allowed.

By all means buy travelers' checks in the currencies of the countries you will be visiting, for in most areas these are even more acceptable and safer than currency.

Use your credit cards to pay foreign merchants in their local currencies, not U.S. dollars. Your bills will be translated into U.S. dollars at the rates prevailing when you shopped, and will be charged to you. American Express, Diners' Club and Carte Blanche are three internationally famous cards accepted throughout the world.

Car Financing
Is there any generally acceptable rule on the maximum length of time over which you should finance the purchase of a new or used car? My husband is buying a new one and our son is shopping for a used one, and both plan to finance their cars by time payments.

The rule of thumb I would suggest is a maximum of three years for a new car and two years for a used one. If your auto loan stretches longer than these periods, you'll very likely find that the amount you owe after even a year or so of payments will be greater than the resale value of the car—which would be bad financial management for you *and* the lender.

Cooperative Education
Both our daughter and son are intrigued by the idea of "Cooperative Education" programs in which you work part-time and study part-time. Both our children want to accumulate some job experience as well as college credits and both will need the kind of financial help a paying job would offer. We need to know h much Co-op students earn in th programs.

Students at Boston's Northeast University—probably the best kno of the 300-plus U.S. colleges a universities offering Co-op educat programs—earn an average of $ a week while they are working their Co-op jobs, and the natio average is near this figure. Over 4-year period during which Co students typically work half-ti (after a first year of straight study earnings work out to a total of m than $10,000.

In the 5-year period it typica takes to get a college degree, a s dent also "earns" two years' w experience relevant to his futu career.

Buying a Bike
We want to buy our young son a bi —his first. As we've shopped, have become absolutely lost, and can't find any guidelines at all.

Here are some vitally impo guides for children's bicycles:
- Be sure your child's bike fits. not buy a big—but unsafe—bike t he'll "grow into." Just be sure a r sonable range of seat and handle adjustments allow for some grow
- Check the brake. The bike m have a coaster brake on the r wheel activated by back-pedaling, caliper brakes activated by hand l ers on the handlebars. Don't buy child's bike with caliper brakes u less your child has a big enou hand to use them easily.
- On children's bikes, be wary gear-shift levers placed far back the horizontal bar, "sissy bars" (hi back on seat), small front whee The Bicycle Manufacturers Asso ation has thumbs-downed all the features as hazardous. Beware, t of elongated "banana seats" (unl you prohibit riding double on them
- To save money, buy a used bik but, if it's in good condition, exp to pay 75 percent of the price of new one. A low price for a good u bicycle is a warning that it may ha been stolen. Inspect any used bi with care—or pay a qualified m chanic a few dollars to go over t bike for you.

(continue

Miss Porter welcomes questio from readers. Those of general inte est will be answered in this colun as space permits.



Start fresh with Belair.

Just the right touch of menthol.

Pour out hot coffee anytime with the help of an Insulated Picnic Set by Thermo-Serv. Zippered bag comes with vacuum bottle and plastic mugs. Yours for free B&W coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Belair.



To see over 1000 gifts, write for your free Gift Catalog: Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

• Be prepared to wait until the bicycle you want can be shipped to you. Few bicycle shops have any used ones, and bikes generally are in such demand that your choice may be very limited if you are not prepared to wait.

• After you've bought your child's bike, register it with the local police. Many communities impound unregistered bicycles, and in any event registration increases your chance of recovering your son's bike if it is stolen.

Union Pay

How much more pay does a union member get than a non-union one?

According to the U.S. Labor Department, full-time workers who belong to unions earn an average of 16 percent more than non-union members. Unionized construction craftsmen earn 40 percent more than their non-union counterparts. And the union–non-union gap is wider for service workers.

Food Specials

If I follow your advice (and that of many food economists) how m might I save by shopping for food cials when they are advertised?

The lowest estimate I get from i pendent experts and from food re ers is 15-20 percent from the reg prices of foods, including meats.

But, when you are buying advert specials, make sure the price mar on the package reflects advertised special. An you can't find any pa ages left at the spe price, remind the sup market manager that Federal Trade Comm sion rule requires that vertised specials be a quately stocked at or low the advertised spe prices.

As a routine precaut when buying meats on s cial, watch closely to whether more fat has b left on the meat than other days, particularly beef and pork chops.

If you can afford spend the money at time, and have some st age space in your free look for specials offer case lots and take vantage of them.

Mobile Home Loans

My husband (a gradu student at Princeton) a I plan to buy a mob home to use as a tem rary low-cost residence u til my husband comple his Ph.D. Where is the b place to get a mobile ho mortgage? How large loan can we get? And wh kind of interest rates charged?

Getting a loan to buy mobile home is comparal to financing the purch of an automobile rat than to taking out a tra tional home mortgage.

As a guide, the avera mobile home loan insur by the Federal Housi Administration at lat reporting date was arou $7,300, based on a pu chase price of appro mately $9,000. The inter rate range during this cent period was 7.6 perce to 10.5 percent. The ave age maturity was slight more than 10 years.

Hedge Fund

A friend of ours is tryi to interest my husband joining a group of men w are buying big blocks of "hedge fund." I can't g an explanation that sa fies me, no matter h many times I ask, so I turning to you. Just wh is a "hedge fund"?

Hedge funds began as p vate pools of speculati funds formed by grou of wealthy investors buy and sell stock



ow there are hedge funds for any- who wants them. This type uses unorthodox (for mutual funds) niques as borrowing against their stocks in order to buy more shares, ulating in puts and calls and sell- hares short in order to profit from price declines as well as rises s, "hedge" funds). Their prime tive is capital gains.

llions of dollars were put into e funds in the 1960's and, until some turned in dazzling perform- s. But in the 1969-70 crash many e top hedge funds lost as much as) percent in value, and their repu- ns were seriously tarnished.

dge funds are usually *not* for the teur.

. Taxes

the uproar about government ding and taxes this session of Con- s has me confused. Do we or do ot pay more taxes than citizens of r countries?

are far from the most heavily taxed. are, in fact, among the most lightly d, according to a recent study by Organization for Economic Coop- ion and Development.

ur *total* tax burden takes about 28¢ of each dollar of our national out- (our Gross National Product). y citizens of Japan and Switzerland less—and I urge you not to miss the ificance of those two names. Japan a minimal military budget drain- taxes from her people. And Swit- and is a traditionally neutral land. he following table, excerpted from OECD report, will show you where stand. The first column shows *total* burdens in various countries in ns of cents per dollar of GNP. The nd column shows the taxes you and rs pay, excluding Social Security es.

try	*Total Tax Burden*	*Excluding Social Security*
in the U.S.	27.9¢	22.7¢
den	43.0	34.8
herlands	39.7	25.5
mark	38.7	35.6
way	38.4	29.3
ain	36.6	31.6
nce	36.3	21.8
tria	35.8	26.6
many	34.0	23.2
gium	33.8	24.0
ada	30.2	27.8
y	30.1	19.2
an	19.4	15.8

pliance Complaints

stuck with a new refrigerator that s off inexplicably every few days l stays off. I have complained re- tedly to the dealer who sold me the chine and he simply ignores my plaints. I also have written the re- erator manufacturer twice—and re- ved only a form letter in return. Now warranty is about to expire and se rip-off artists will be home free. y advice?

tify your Better Business Bureau state or local protection consumer ency. Send copies of your letter to onsumer Interest," White House, ashington, D.C.

Write or call (collect): MACAP he Major Appliance Consumer Ac- n Panel), 20 North Wacker Drive, icago, Illinois 60606. Phone: (312) 6-3165.

Give MACAP this information: te; your name, address, and tele- phone number; kind of appliance; model number; serial number; date purchased; dealer from whom purchased (include address); servicing agent's name and address if different from dealer's; location of appliance. Clearly describe problem and service required.

Refrigerators and ranges are the two major appliances most complained about—and one reason surely is that they are such widely owned large appliances in the U.S. today. **END**

WHAT'S HAPPENING

continued from page 13

plus three chapters on quilt care. . . . There's another 70-year-old woman who's being talked about this month, but she's fiction. Her name is Sadie Shapiro and she's the creation of Robert Kimmel Smith, who has plunged her into a comic novel called *Sadie Shapiro's Knitting Book* (Simon & Schuster).

Sadie doesn't know whether she's 72 or 75, but she *does* know from jogging, which she does in her sneakers. She creates 50 knitting patterns, gives them to a third-rate publisher, and he brings them out in a book that makes Sadie a first-rate personality. Advance word in publishing is that this little book will jog up the best-seller list in no time flat already.

Read it, you'll like it. **END**

Now the most expensive haircolor in the world is free.

Preference by L'Oréal is so rich in conditioners, it should make your hair feel better the first time you use it.

So we're going to make it easy for you to use it the first time.

From now until August 31st, we're offering a regular $2.75 Preference kit free to any woman who colors her hair and who does not use Preference.

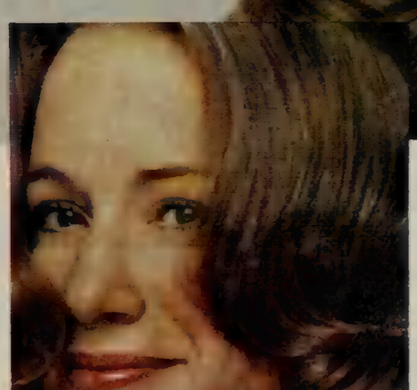
We want you to see for yourself how much more fullness and texture your hair can have.

Preference conditions the hair both on the inside, as it colors, and on the outside, after it colors.

Our unique after-color shampoo has natural conditioners especially developed for hair that's just been colored.

With Preference, your hair should feel better the first time you use it. And it should get better and better with every use.





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To get your L'Oréal Preference free, fill in this coupon and send it to: L'Oréal Offer, Post Office Box 2155, Rock Island, Illinois 61206, with the front panel from any other permanent haircolor you now use.

We will send you the equivalent shade to the one specified on the front panel you send with this coupon. Panels from Preference cannot be accepted for this offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____



PET JOURNAL

Our pet subject for June is love, which works in mysterious ways to bring joy to all. Here are tender tales from loving readers.

My collie, Jack, objected to being ignored after my wedding date was set and I became embroiled in hectic pre-nuptial activities. Each time the postman brought me a gift, I hastily unwrapped it and squealed with delight over the contents. Jack endured this for about a week; then, one afternoon, he snatched a gold brocade pillow from a neighbor's clothesline and with the prize held carefully in his mouth hurried home, dropped it at my feet, and waited. When I told him how beautiful *his* gift was, he wagged his tail madly. Later the pillow's owner told me she had watched Jack's repeated efforts to pilfer the pillow but didn't have the heart to stop "a dog smart enough to select a wedding gift for his mistress."—*Mrs. Julia Netschert, Daytona Beach, Fla.*

Quite often our Persian cat would venture out during a winter storm and get stuck in deep snow. Frightened and cold, she'd stand there and cry until our German shepherd came along. He'd pick her up and carry her into the basement. Once inside, she'd cuddle up between his huge front paws and go blissfully to sleep while he lapped off any snow on her fur.—*Mrs. T.G. Reese, Omaha, Neb.*

Our butcher once gave us two large bones for our young collie, Silver; the dog greeted us in the yard as we came home and was soon happily gnawing on one bone while protecting the other with a paw. Suddenly Silver glanced up and noticed our neighbor's very old, rheumatic dog gazing at him wistfully through the fence. He stopped chewing, picked up the bone he'd been protecting, trotted to the fence with it and, working diligently, pushed the bone through the fence to the older dog, who grabbed the gift and headed home. After a pensive pause, Silver went back to gnawing on his own bone.—*Mrs. R.D. Smallwood, W.Va.*

Mitzi, my cocker spaniel, was so sad last September after my son went off to school that she turned to my 2-month-old grandson, Paul, whenever my daughter brought him to visit. As soon as Paul was settled down on a blanket on the floor, Mitzi ran for her ball, placed it at Paul's feet and waited. She waited patiently through many such visits in vain. Then, one day when Paul was about 6 months old, Mitzi had an idea—with the ball in her mouth, she backed up several feet and somehow tossed the ball, which Paul, cooing and kicking as babies do, inadvertently kicked back to Mitzi. She jumped, caught the ball, tossed it again to Paul. The ball flew back and forth until Paul was weak with laughter and my daughter and I were teary-eyed. Finally Mitzi collapsed at Paul's feet and they both fell sound asleep.—*Mrs. Marjorie Blank, Waukegan, Ill.*

Our six-year-old terrier, Tiny, has a disturbing habit—he growls whenever he's petted. Although our guests are somewhat unnerved by his growls, we assure them that Tin is really very affectionate and love to be petted. You see, Tiny gre up in a houseful of cats and fro his feline roommates he learned t "purr" to show his appreciation human attention.—*Mrs. B. Jan Kulp, Plumsteadville, Pa.*

When our friend brought us a youn rooster, he assumed we'd have it fo dinner. But instead of dining on th rooster, we named him Chick an made a pet of him. Shortly after w gave him free rein in the yard he be gan to terrorize anyone who came t the house when we were away. friend told us that Chick would com strutting from the back yard emit ting warning sounds. Fortunatel this occurred just *before* he flew a visitors. One glance at his wicked looking spurs and they departe post-haste, Chick clucking at thei heels. He even chased our children' playmates away.

Then one day we bought a he and put her down beside Chick. H was so delighted that he stayed ou back at the edge of the woods wit his hen. He treated her to the choi est morsels of food and he didn care who came into the house an more.—*Mrs. Verne B. Benson, Fa mington, Conn.*

Send your anecdotes (500 words o less), along with your name, addres and telephone number, to: Pet Jour nal, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lex ington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022 Send pictures only if you don't wan them returned.

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It was odd that, all of a sudden, several people thought of a red-haired girl they had once known. A short story by MARGERY SHARP

"Now why on earth," exclaimed Charlotte, lowering her morning paper, "should I suddenly think of Babs Docker?"

"Babs Docker?" repeated her husband—but as it were automatically, without looking up from his *Medical Journal*. Even at breakfast James had no time for light reading, in which term he included the whole of the weekday press.

"Well, Beatrice," said Charlotte, "but she was always called Babs. Surely you remember her too, darling? A beautiful mop of red hair, and we all rather went about together—she and us and Peter Ditchfield and Katie Davis and the two Armstrong boys—when we were all in medical sch[illegible]"

"Not that Babs lasted long in medical school," observed James, behind his *Journal*.

"So you *do* remember her!" exclaimed Charlotte triumphantly. "And you're quite right—she dropped out and married a stockbroker. Now that's—good heavens!—at least ten years ago. Isn't it?"

Painting by Howard Terpning

The Echo

should I suddenly think of her
."

m a G.P., not a psychiatrist,"
ed out James. "But is there pos-
somewhere among those Mar-
s and Births you've just been
ng the name Docker or even
nfield or Armstrong?"

harlotte always read the Marriages
Births announcements in her
r as a sort of reassurance after
inevitably upsetting headlines—
ing but wars, racial tension, and
es—as she could bring herself to
ce at.

it now, scanning again the double
mn from A for Allenby to Y for
ngman, she shook her head, and
e the matter dropped and they both
t off on their rounds.

th Katie Davis Charlotte was reg-
ly in touch. They sat not only on
same Hospitals Board but also ev-
other Wednesday on the same
sing Committee.

Do you remember Babs Docker?"
d Charlotte, that same afternoon,
ne committee meeting broke up.
ver the ritual cup of tea and cookie,
ie grinned.

The femme fatale of the dissecting
n? Didn't she get engaged to Tom-
Armstrong?"

Yes, but she didn't marry him," said
rlotte. "She married a stock-
ker."

Bless my soul, so she did!" recalled
ie. "And weren't we all asked to
wedding?"

James and I didn't go," said Char-
e. "James was cramming for exams.
I went home for the weekend."

You missed something," recalled
ie. "Champagne flowed like H_2O.
all got a little tight; anyway Tom
bed on my shoulder all the way
k in the taxi. Poor old boy!"

Actually Tom's since very happily
rried to a radiotherapist," Charlotte
nded her.

I meant Babs' husband," said Katie.
e looked old enough to be her fa-
r. I wonder who she's having an
air with now?"

'Cat!" said Charlotte, but still af-
tionately.

'Well, it's nice being catty for once,"
d Katie cheerfully. "See you next
spitals Board!"

They parted, as always, on the best
terms, and with several other ani-
ting memories revived, but Char-
te remained clueless as to why she'd
ddenly thought of Babs Docker.

The fact didn't so much trouble as
erest her. Indeed, she felt freshly in-
rested in Babs all round, and over a
e supper attempted to engage her
sband's interest too.

"Would you say," proposed Char-
te (having repeated almost verbatim
r conversation with Katie Davis),
hat Babs would still go on having
fairs even after she was married?"

"We live in a permissive society,"
served James, reaching for *The Lan-*

"True enough," agreed Charlotte. "I
ill don't imagine you'd like *me* to
ve affairs."

"Frankly, no."

"Nor I you," said Charlotte com-
rtably. "Anyway for a doctor it's
ways simpler . ."

Actually James could have assured
r that he'd never in his life treated
abs professionally; but forbore.



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There is often a good deal of clannishness about medical students who qualify in the same year. As naturally as she'd heard about Tom Armstrong's marriage to a radiotherapist, so Charlotte heard of his brother Jerry's appointment as Borough Health Officer (or, in medical slang, Head Ratcatcher); and next day in the course of telephoning her congratuations—

"By the way," asked Charlotte, "do you remember Babs Docker?"

"Do I not!" responded Jerry. "She nearly drove my poor brother bats. Why?"

"I don't know, only I've suddenly thought of her," said Charlotte. "Katie Davis remembers her too . . ."

"Well, we all went around together a good deal," reminded Jerry, "until Babs dropped out and married her stockbroker. What a party that was! You ought to have come, ducky. Champagne—"

"I know," interrupted Charlotte, "flowed like H_2O, and afterwards Tom sobbed on Katie's shoulder in the taxi."

There was a slight pause.

"Not Tom," said Jerry. "Tom wouldn't go. He was too heartbroken, poor fool! And it certainly wasn't me, I was too busy watching the meter go up. It must have been James."

"No, because he didn't go either," said Charlotte. "It must have been Peter Ditchfield." *(continued)*

"So it must," agreed Jerry, "and our Katie really *was* pickled!"

"I telephoned Jerry Armstrong to congratulate him," Charlotte informed her husband that night.

"Good," said James. "I'm glad you thought of it."

"He remembers Babs too and the wedding we didn't go to. He says Tom didn't go either, and as he wasn't doing any sobbing himself it must have been Peter Ditchfield. Katie really *did* get tight, if she couldn't tell Tom from Peter in a taxi!"

"A not unnatural result," said James, "of champagne flowing like H_2O. Now that you've had a good gossip all round, can't we forget Babs Docker?"

"I'd still like to know why I suddenly remembered her," said Charlotte. "I mean, it couldn't have been thought-transference. *You* couldn't have been thinking about Babs, if I had to remind you of her."

"Obviously," said James.

Katie Davis instead of telephoning Jerry had sent him a telegram—LOST IN WONDER LOVE AND PRAISE—but Jerry telephoned Katie, and after expressing appreciation of her well-chosen words went on to point out that it couldn't possibly have been his brother who sobbed on her shoulders after Babs' wedding, since Tom hadn't gone to the wedding at all; and as Charlotte said James hadn't either, and as he himself had been watching the meter tick up, it must have been Peter Ditchfield.

"For heaven's sake, you make it sound like a postmortem!" exclaimed Katie. "If you're implying I was tiddly, you're right, but why this sudden anxiety to put the finger on Pete?"

"Well, for some reason or other Charlotte's just thought of Babs."

"I know, she told me," said Katie. "What of it?"

"Actually through the golden mists of champagne I *do* seem to see James there. Perhaps he just told Charlotte he wasn't going and then did out of sheer masochism."

Katie took a moment to digest the implication.

"But James never fell for Babs . . ."

"We all fell for her, love. I fell for her myself; I just laid off because of Tom," said Jerry. "And it just occurred to me—thought-transference and all that—that the reason why Charlotte's suddenly started thinking about Babs is because James has too. And as I'm very fond of Charlotte, I'd be glad to know that anyway it was Pete and not James who went to pieces in the taxi."

"To tell you the truth," said Katie frankly, "it might have been Boris Karloff or the aide in the dissecting room. I was so pie-eyed. Anyway isn't it all—good heavens!—ten years ago?"

"Actually brother Tom's marriage damn' near went on the rocks after eight. One thing one must say for Babs, she's faithful in her fashion."

"Tom wasn't treating her professionally?" exclaimed Katie anxiously.

"No. She simply wrote to him out of the blue—old times and all that, and how sad old friends should never meet. But according to Tom Babs goes to Harley Street for a sore throat; so James wouldn't be treating her either."

"Of course it's all a pack of nonsense," said Katie, "but now you've un-

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settled my mind so, I rather wish he were . . ."

"So do I," said Jerry. "I'm very fond of Charlotte."

This was on the Friday, Charlotte having meanwhile held her tongue on a subject James evidently found tedious. For once, that night, both were thankfully in bed by ten. Each had had an equally long, punishing day, but Charlotte was asleep first. James waited until her shorter, shallower breathing slowed to the rhythm of deep slumber, then quietly slid out of bed, padded to his study, and switched on a light, and unlocked a drawer in his desk, and extracted a brief, pencil-scrawled note beginning *"What water under what bridges!"* and ending *"or can't you forgive yours remorsefully B."*

Undated and in pencil, which does not fade like ink, it might equally well have been written ten years ago, or ten days. In fact James had had it in his possession no more than four, and it was still unanswered. Now he stood turning it between his fingers, making up his mind.

Truly as he loved Charlotte, nothing about her excited his amorous imagination as had that burning mop of hair so easily visualized loose over naked breasts . . .

It still did.

It was indeed quite extraordinary, meditated James, how over a decade that image of a milky breast streaked with red gold continued to haunt him. From a purely therapeutic aspect (meditated James), mightn't it be sensible, by actually grasping, handling, in fact enfleshing it, to exorcise it?

Moreover if he accepted the implicit invitation (and James, unlike Katie, was perfectly familiar with the consequences to Tom Armstrong of answering a letter about old times) he wouldn't risk any disaster to his career. He'd never treated Babs professionally. That any affair with her must necessarily be kept secret was not on account of the Medical Council, but on account of Charlotte.

The last thing James desired was any hurt to Charlotte, but how should she be hurt, the affair kept secret? And secrecy had seemed entirely possible, his abettor in infidelity so evidently accomplished a practioner as Babs—her note, for example, directed to him not at home but at the hospital—so long as there was no gossip?

Now it suddenly appeared that Babs had become a focus of gossip amongst all his and Charlotte's oldest friends.

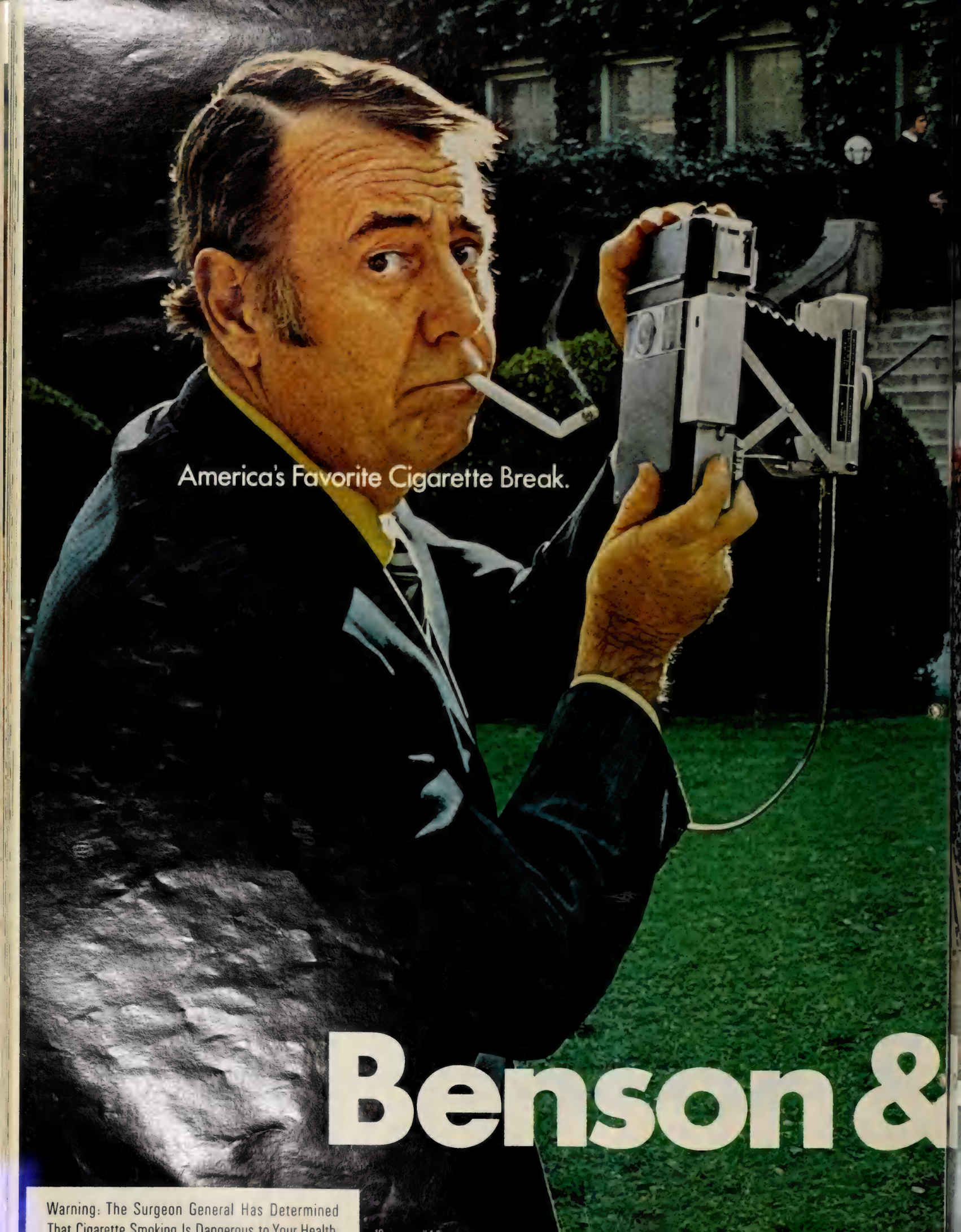
"But only until the next influenza epidemic!" thought James, with fleeting optimism.

For then he came to the nub of the matter.

For what had set that top of gossip spinning but Charlotte's sudden freak of memory, explicable only (no Docker or even Ditchfield or Armstrong in Births and Marriages from A to Z) by the theory of thought-transference indeed? A phenomenon by no means unusual between them, as between how many other ten-years-happily-wedded couples? In fact when James considered how intensely he himself had been preoccupied with Babs ever since the previous Monday, he felt wryly surprised that Charlotte hadn't thought of her sooner.

How then could he possibly hope to

(continued on page 132)


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Sarah and Burt Reynolds in scene from The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing—*the film they were making when her business manager died under mysterious circumstances. Below, Sarah with son Thomas, 5.*

Sarah Miles: The Story Behind the Scandal

She and Burt Reynolds recently achieved unwilling notoriety in (of all places) Gila Bend, Arizona. But what kind of woman is Sarah Miles? Rebellious, passionate, impulsive, sharp-tongued—and misunderstood. By Diana Lurie

President Nixon's daughter, Tricia Cox, guest of honor at British Prime Minister Edward Heath's last December, found that the 10 Downing Street spotlight was not on her or her host—who after dinner conducted a chorus of Christmas carol singers. When applause for his seemingly impromptu performance died down, a beautiful young woman spoke up in a loud and accusing voice:

"That was rehearsed, Heath, and you know it!"

The Prime Minister glanced at his challenger, paused, then burst into laughter—and his distinguished guests followed suit. "Yes, it was rehearsed," Heath admitted "but now I will *(continued)*

Photograph by Clive Arrowsmith



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do several that are not." Heath and the chorus resumed their caroling, but soon found that they had lost their audience to the irreverent, iconoclastic scene-stealer who had twitted the Prime Minister: actress Sarah Miles, 30. All eyes stole to her.

That is one side of Sarah Miles. Another was revealed last February, in the Arizona hamlet of Gila Bend. Again Sarah found herself at center stage—this time unwillingly and, she insisted, unwittingly. The cause: the mysterious death of her business manager, David Whiting.

Sarah's individuality seemed to magnetize Whiting. He met her at the Beverly Hills Hotel in 1971, when she was nominated for best actress in *Ryan's Daughter*, and he came to interview her for *Time* magazine. Neither Sarah nor her publicist, Carolyn Pfeiffer, was impressed by his ebullient abrasiveness. Sensing Sarah's apprehension, Whiting (who kept his own marriage a secret) enshrined the encounter as his fondest memory: "I told Sarah, 'You and I are on the same side. You have nothing to be frightened of.' And," Whiting recalled to me last January, "do you know what she did? She put her head on my shoulder and we were friends."

Whiting's infatuation with Sarah impelled him to turn her into his demigoddess. He quit his job, rustled up a *Cosmopolitan* assignment, trailed Sarah to her Surrey home—and stayed almost a year. When Sarah and her husband, playwright Robert Bolt, asked him to move, he did—to Sarah's house in London's Chelsea district, where she had lived prior to her marriage to Bolt (who says he regarded Whiting somewhat as a surrogate son). Bolt got the younger man a job as a publicist on Sarah's next film, *Lady Caroline Lamb*. When budget problems eliminated Whiting's job, Sarah and Bolt appointed him her business manager.

"I want to marry her"

Ensconced in her Chelsea house, Whiting contemplated his future. "I can make Sarah the greatest actress in the world," he stated. "I gave up my twenty thousand a year job, because, you gotta understand, I believe totally in Sarah. I also," he said, pausing dejectedly, "want to marry her. But she won't leave Bolt. I have to wait until he dies." Whiting brightened. "He's twenty-two years older than I am. Yes, when he dies I am going to be around to claim her." When I ask on what grounds he based his hopes, and what assurance he had of realizing them, Whiting mumbled forlornly: "Life has never meant much to me. I nearly killed myself skiing, and it wasn't as accidental as people think. Sarah is the only thing, I mean person, I want to live for. All my life I have gotten what I want—except Sarah. I didn't even have to try that hard for all the rest." But Whiting cautioned, "Don't ever talk to Sarah about suicide. Her roommate, a girl, killed herself. So did a man she knew. Sarah suffered. She gets really upset. I have tried to kill myself. Sarah was shocked. I could have been brain damaged but I came through. Really, it shook Sarah. I did it because I felt if I couldn't have Sarah, why live? But I am not all that patient; I bet you I won't live the year out."

The pathos of David Whiting's life exploded brutally in Gila Bend's Travel-Lodge Motel, where he was staying the night he died. In that same motel lived Sarah, her five-year-old son Thomas, the boy's nanny Janie Evans, 22, Burt Reynolds, and Lee J. Cobb, Sarah's co-stars in an MGM Western, *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing*. In Gila Bend, Sarah concentrated on her role as a semi-liberated frontierswoman named Catherine Crocker. Fascinated with the sights and sounds of the West, she mixed with cowboys, crew, and co-stars alike.

Whiting didn't want Sarah to dance with the cowboys or wranglers. But she danced and he watched—drinking a succession of gin fizzes. Whiting wanted her to stay at home and, by self-appointment, screened her phone calls. After Burt Reynolds phoned to ask her to dinner, Whiting snarled: "Now I suppose we are going to worry about what long dress we are going to wear."

Perhaps Sarah should have fired Whiting. But she didn't realize that blind loyalty is not always a virtue; she confused friendship with what she should have known to be her inability both to balance a lopsided relationship and to play off-stage savior. She was also painfully cognizant that two people she had known did kill themselves

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Whiting *had* once tried to do so. ried to get David back on the tracks is own life," says Sarah. "Suicide become a part of my life."

ery alone and very frightened, she t with Reynolds to that much-re- ed party on the evening of Febru- 10. Whiting was not invited. At her, Sarah, who is hypertense, dn't eat much, but, always fascinat- by fast cars, she persuaded Lee J. b to drive her home in his powerful Citroen. They had a drink when she got back to the motel, she said goodnight to Cobb, and then went to apologize to Reynolds for having left early. Finding Burt in his room with his Japanese *masseur*, she stayed to watch TV, dozed off, and says she went alone to her bedroom at 3 a.m. on Sunday, February 11. Whiting, relates Sarah, was hiding in an alcove where she hung her clothes. He confronted her, demanding harshly. "Where have you been? Where have you been? Where have you been?" She says she retorted: "None of your business! None of your business! None of your business!" Whiting, says Sarah, threatened to kill her. He beat her to the floor and her screams brought in the nanny, Janie Evans, who tried unsuccessfully to pry Whiting away from the bleeding actress. "Get Burt," Sarah yelled to the nanny, who scrambled for the phone. With a "That will teach you!," Whiting vanished. Reynolds says he shepherded Sarah to his suite, bathed her face wounds, and insisted that she stay the night—although, later, he heatedly denied that anything improper had transpired between them. At noon the next day, Sarah returned to her suite. In the bathroom she found pills scattered on the floor—and Whiting lying dead.

There was a nasty cut on the back of Whiting's head, and scratches on his stomach, chest, and knuckles. The official verdict—death by an overdose of drugs—was given by the county medical examiner at an inquest in Gila Bend on February 27. From there, however, the proceeding evolved into a macabre spectacle. Mrs. Louise Campbell, Whiting's mother, insisted that Miles and Reynolds testify. Her lawyer raised the possibility that Whiting might not have died of an overdose, but as a result of foul play. He asked what —or whom (Burt? Sarah herself?)— had inflicted the cut on the back of the dead man's head. The Arizona Supreme Court ordered that Sarah and Burt testify at a second inquest.

Sarah stated emotionally Whiting was a "dear friend" and also "half-mad." Reynolds testified that he had not beaten up Whiting. Earlier, a pharmocologist hired by Mrs. Campbell had reported that the amount of drugs in Whiting's blood need not have been fatal. Now the justice of the peace adjourned the second inquest to await findings from the chief medic of Los Angeles County. Again the finding was: death by drug overdose. The jury agreed. Left open was whether the overdose taken by Whiting was intentional, and what had caused the marks on his body.

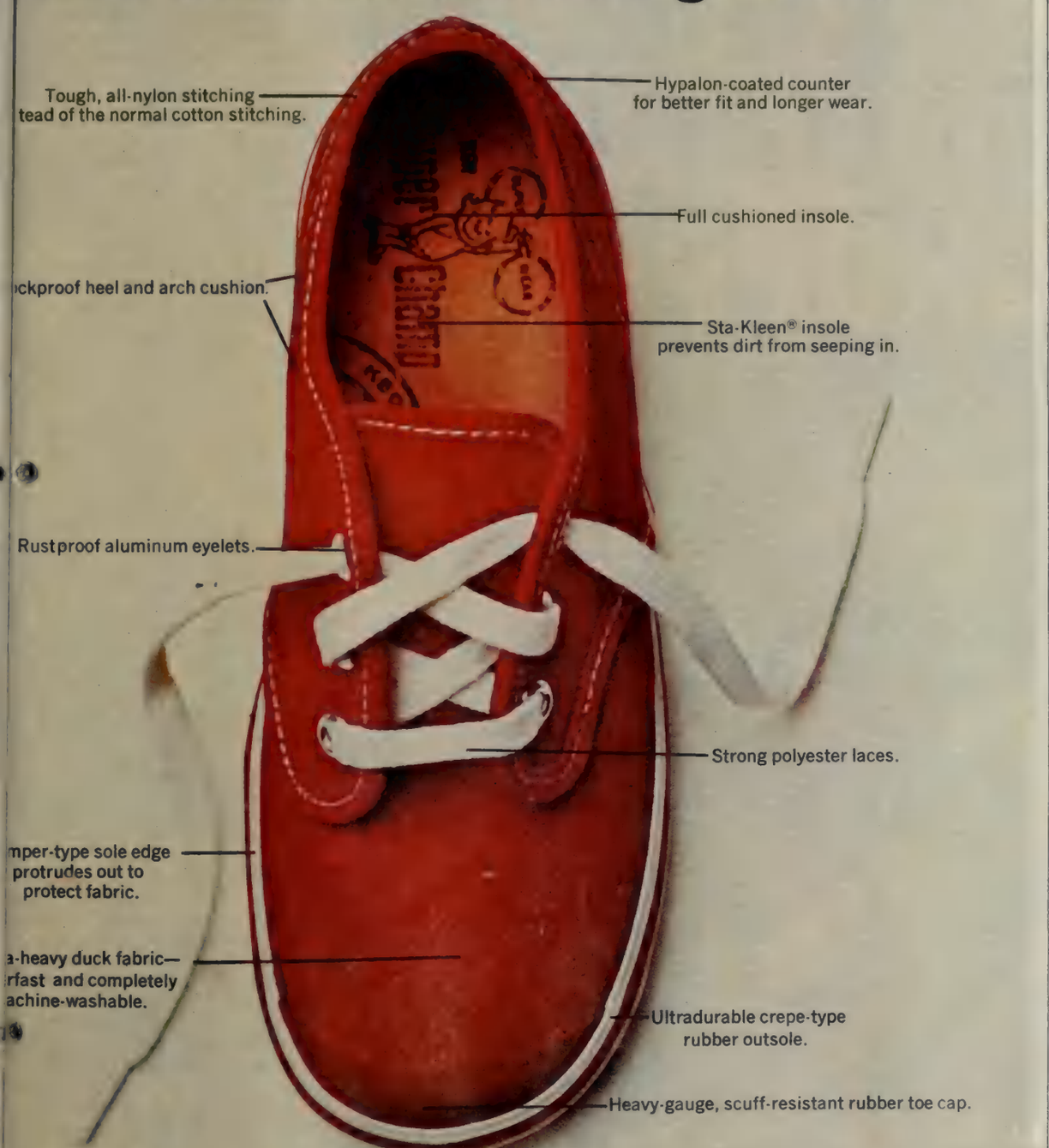
"I am not excessive"

"I am not a man-eater," says Sarah with cold-eyed perception. "I have never been the aggressor with men. I thought making love was glorious from the moment I started quite young—and I have spent a great deal of my life doing it. If you are keen, you can spend an awful lot of time doing it. I still am keen, but I am not excessive, the way I was when I was far younger.

"I wish to God I knew what happened when he left my room. I wake up jolted by nightmares. I see David's face. I think he's alive. He isn't. It's horrible. I try to sleep—then another jolt. God! Am I going to be considered notorious and stalked by sensationalism all my life because of this? I'm a serious actress. I am not what is called a 'pretty face.' I have to work so hard to look even half-way good. It's all such a muck-up. I can't believe it. I wonder about it all, and about life, and I get totally bewildered. Are we all one big mistake?"

There is tremendous confusion and a cauldron of gossip boiling about Sarah Miles. Her family in England adds to the quagmire with conflicting statements. Sarah can exhibit a smartaleck side; on television she once said that if she had to spend the night with one man, she'd choose Hitler. Many people are alienated by what seems to be Sarah's mischievous cruelty and lack of taste. But behind that *persona* is a personality fueled by fear and colossal self-doubt. "I have a horror of going to anyone with my worries," she says. "It isn't self-sufficiency but a fear of being judged. It is dreadful to say I don't *need* anybody, but *(continued)*

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you can't rely on others to make you feel good. Being alive, being married, is very lonely. You can't rely on the other person to whisk away problems. This is what is so rough on Robert.

"I was anti-marriage," says Sarah, who was pregnant when she married Bolt six years ago. "I got married to please Mummy, but soon marriage mattered enormously enough to me to make it work. It is an almost impossible task, which is a good reason for me to make mine succeed. The story books all say that they lived happily ever after. Weird! Marriage is just a start. You can't just pack up because you expect the other person to bring out your fantasies about marriage.

"I am for legalized abortion. I have had abortions and I don't regret them. I am far less in favor of abortion than I am in a more satisfactory form of contraception. For us. For the man.

"I can't bear any form of now-existing contraception. All that bit about: 'Excuse me a moment, I have to go to the bathroom; I'll be back in a moment.' As for the pill, I usually forget to take it. I have a broom handle by my bed which actually hits me on the head when I get out of bed. It reads: 'Don't forget your pill!' I still do—often!"

Sarah Elizabeth Miles is excessive in that she either loves or hates. S gives everything or nothing. She w born on December 31, 1942 to wealthy English family in Essex. S had no desire for *anything* but Pyrenean Mountain dog, which h mother would not let her have, a her horse "Mischief," with which s would sleep in the freezing stable. S had cronies, but she was, in essence, loner. She was described by a memb of her family as "a gargoyle." She h overly large ears that later needed su gery, hair that stuck out, and a gnom like little face. She also stammered. compound these physical deficienci she had two handsome older brothe who teased her mercilessly.

Roedean, a snobbish English boar ing school, was hell for her. Finall after deriding the school to the visiti Queen Mother Elizabeth, and th being rude to the headmistress, Sar was expelled. She eventually wou up at the Royal Academy of Drama Arts, one of the few students admitt on first audition. Repertory theat followed, then, at 19, she became a st playing opposite Laurence Olivier the movie *Term of Trial*. Her nonco formist behavior nearly lost her t juicy film part, which required that h brown hair be dyed blonde. "My ha would fall out if I touched it," Sara retorted. "Not even playing opposi Olivier is worth going bald." In t end, she took part in the film wearing blonde wig.

Term of Trial made Sarah; t critics praised her performance f more than they did Olivier's. In h next film, *The Servant*, cast opposi Dirk Bogarde, Sarah, at 20, gave a other widely hailed portrayal. But th film was the start of her personal d cline, and what drove her deeper dow into numbed depression was the subs quent filming of Antonioni's *Blow-u* Sarah, unsure of the part and herse temporarily lost direction.

"The little madame"

Advertised as a siren by the pres she spent a lot of time in bed—not alo —hoping that through sexual identi she could find total identity. Consi ered "the swingingest chick in Ch sea," she also spent many hours alon cowering behind her door. If she ve tured anywhere, it was to walk h Pyrenean Mountain dog (she had o at last). Invited to a party by a tress Leslie Caron, Sarah decided usual not to go. But her agent arrive at her house, insisted she appear, dro her to the party, rang the bell, an pushed her into the roomful of th crème de la crème of arts and letter "She came in like a ship in full sail recalls Robert Bolt, who had writte *A Man for All Seasons*, *Lawrence Arabia*, and *Dr. Zhivago*. "I though 'What a little madame.'"

The little madame was "scared o of my mind—but I wasn't going to l *my* side down and let *them* know." Sh turned with alacrity to the perspirin man in shirt-sleeves sitting on the so The man? Robert Bolt, who is 17 yea older than she is. "I had been chasin everything in skirts since my wife le me eighteen months before," he admit Later that evening, he took Sara home—stopping off at a club where drunken actor insulted Bolt for makin so much money. Sarah though "Robert just listened to this idiot.

(continued on page 132

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Fruit and vegetables studies in needlepoint; checked background is needlepoint too. The frames come with the kit. Photograph by Ben Swedowsky







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THE WORKING WOMAN

BY LETTY COTTIN POGREBIN

Nobody works harder than women who hold jobs and take care of a family. Here's what can and must be done to make life more bearable for America's working mothers.

Sometimes it seems as though the working mother is the most maligned, most misunderstood member of American society. Everyone has an opinion about mothers who work—from the President of the United States to the Madison Avenue admen to the man in the street—but hardly anyone asks us whether it's based on the truth.

President Nixon vetoed the comprehensive Child Development Act (which would have provided quality child-care facilities for millions of youngsters) because he believes the stability of family life is endangered when women work. (Yet he demands that poor women take jobs rather than go on welfare, even if it means that *their* family lives are disrupted.)

The folks on Madison Avenue tell us that a new housecleaning product or appliance is all a working mother needs to manage her double life.

The men in the street—husbands, boyfriends, co-workers, or legislators—insist on perpetuating such myths as: mothers only take paying jobs to make "pin money"; don't really love their children; and are abnormal because they don't find contentment in the domestic sphere alone.

All this may be expected. What is surprising is the guilt and lack of awareness of many women, including those who live a double life, managing job and family. So let's first learn about ourselves.

Who are the working mothers?

According to the Women's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor, four out of every ten American mothers work outside the home. Over two-thirds of all working mothers are between 25 and 44 years of age, and 12.2 million working mothers have children under 18. Another way of looking at it is that 25.7 million American children have mothers who work.

Why does Mom get a job?

Of this country's 51.2 million families, 5.6 are headed by women, and 53 percent of these women are working mothers. They do not work for "pin money"; they work to feed, clothe, and house their children because there's no one else to do it.

In the other 44.4 million families, there are nearly 7 million husbands who are not in the labor force. Discounting the ultra-wealthy and those families dependent upon relatives, this category still includes 1.5 million working wives and mothers, many of whom are sole support of their families.

In the large remaining group, over ten million working mothers have husbands present in the family, and about two million are widowed, divorced, or separated. The Women's Bureau has the last word on why these mothers work: "Because they or their families need the money they can earn. Some work to raise family living standards above the level of poverty or deprivation; others, to help meet the rising cost of food, education . . . medical care, and the like. *The majority of women do not have the option of working solely for personal fulfillment.*"

Once this reality is stated, we see how absurd it is to criticize the working mother or to deny her child-care centers on the theory that without a place to "leave" her children, she will go back to the home and hearth. Most working mothers have no choice; they *must* work.

But what about those of us who work not because we must but because we seek personal fulfillment? If there is no economic hardship, does that mean we are selfish because we choose to work anyway?

Here, too, attitudes must be changed. Women have been trained to serve others' needs: to be maternal, self-sacrificing, and supportive. No matter how much education we've had, women have all been schooled to assume the roles of wife and mother. When we discover our need to enlarge our horizons beyond housework and children, some of us find volunteer work satisfying. But millions of other women want to use their talents and energies in paid employment.

We have always understood our husbands' many-faceted interests and our children's ever-changing requirements. The time has come for our needs to be respected, too. No individual, national policy, or political administration has the right to tell women they *belong* at home, any more than no one would dare tell a man he *must* be a coal miner or a physicist. Just as many men find diverse gratifications in being loving husbands and fathers as well as productive workers, women also may want to live fuller, richer lives. It is our right as human beings. After all, we only pass this way once.

What are her problems?

Whether we work out of choice or necessity, we compensate for our guilt feelings by tiptoeing around our husbands' egos and by becoming Supermother at home.

"I'm afraid my husband and kids will feel neglected because I have a job," says one mother of two. "So I make the beds, prepare breakfast, get the kids off to school, and even do a load of laundry before I leave for work." Meanwhile, her husband lingers over coffee. He's a fair-minded man who doesn't object to his wife's working—as long as it doesn't inconvenience anybody. There are millions like him, and therefore millions of working mothers must carry two *full-time* jobs singlehanded. No wonder they feel not only defensive and guilty, but also exhausted and defeated.

The practical problems are many: getting the marketing done, keeping the house clean and orderly, having a functioning family unit. Most important of course are the children. If you have older children their after-school hours must be covered; if yours are pre-schoolers, care must be provided for the entire day.

I discussed child-care alternatives in this column in September, 1971. The choices are still few and none are perfect: a relative or neighbor, a paid baby-sitter, family home care, cooperative nurseries, or overcrowded day-care centers, live-in help if one can afford it.

Whatever arrangement the working mother chooses, the point is: if she's not *doing* it all she's *worrying* about it all. Are we paying the sitter enough? Can we really afford it? Can I trust her with my children? If the sitter's ill, where will I get a replacement? Did she remember to defrost the hamburgers, pick up cough syrup, take Janey and Johnny to art class? Who'll stay with the kids during school vacations?

These are the kinds of questions that plague the working mother—because in the last analysis she knows that the buck stops with her.

Possible solutions

The first solution is not available to working mothers who are divorced, widowed, or separated.

☐ *Letty Cottin Pogrebin, 33, is author, wife, and mother of three. During her 13-year business career, she rose from file clerk to vice-president—and she wrote a best-selling book:* How to Make It in a Man's World. *Although Ms. Pogrebin reads all reader letters, she regrets that time does not permit her to respond personally.*

for two-parent working families, a ged view of roles and responsibili- can solve many problems.

ho brings in the most money is not ssue. Both mother and father work, both are parents. There are jobs to one at home for the benefit of ev- one who lives there. The labor ld be divided on the basis of logic consideration, not according to an- e ideas of "women's work." Both nts should take equal responsibil- or arranging child care, for taking aid vacation day at home in an rgency, for housework, chores, pping—and for taking a loving inter- n the children. The father who as- es a full role within his family s the joys of greater intimacy with children and more profound equal- and companionship with his wife.

he second solution addresses the nomic problem. This year, for the t time, the income tax law allowed nsible deduction for child-care ex- ses. Basically if husband and wife a single parent) earned a total of ,000 or less in 1972, they could take eduction of up to $400 per month at-home care of all children under 15. Once again, however, to discour- use of day-care centers, the deduc- n for out-of-home care is limited to 0 per month for one child, $300 for , and $400 for three or more.

f you earned $18,000 or less in 1972, u might have been eligible for the full duction of $4,800 per year. For each lar you earned over that figure, you ducted 50 cents from the allowable duction. Thus, with a total income of 7,600, you might deduct nothing.

This income limitation (and the pen- y for out-of-home care) indicates that the IRS still does not totally accept the working mother. There is *no* income limitation on the business expenses an executive can deduct. We still have a long way to go before child-care expenses are seen as valid, employment-related expenses.

The third solution is the most humane, wise, and sensible. Passage of the Child Development Act would greatly benefit children of working parents, though it would not be limited to those children. Instead of sterile custodial care for the children of welfare mothers, we would have quality health and child development programs—fully integrated across class, race, and economic lines.

Since the Nixon veto, neither the Senate nor the House have acted upon newly proposed child-care legislation. The best of these bills is Congresswoman Bella S. Abzug's proposal (H.R. 250). It would authorize $2 billion dollars for 1974—plus $45 million for training qualified personnel in the first year, $3 billion for operating budgets in 1975, and $4 billion in 1976.

The Abzug bill calls for free services for children from homes with incomes below the standard-of-living budget established by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Families above this level would pay on a sliding scale, according to income. This bill deserves our support.

Until the President is humane, wise, and sensible enough to honor the will of Congress in its national commitment to children, we can be grateful for the initiative taken by some segments of the business community.

The Ford Foundation, for example, gives a $15-a-week child-care expense allowance for each child through age 12 to staff members whose family income is under $10,000 annually. An additional $5 per week is reimbursed if the child is enrolled in a licensed day-care center. Families earning between $10,000 and $20,000 get two-thirds of the full benefits, and part-time employees get half benefits. With 42 children enrolled during the first year, the program cost only $12,500, and Ford is "delighted" with the results.



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The Out Basket

- *I'm Running Away From Home, But I'm Not Allowed to Cross the Street* is an honest, unconventional book by a mother of five. The ways in which author Gabrielle Burton and her husband reorganized their household and their lives may help you rethink yours. Send $3.75 to KNOW, Inc., Box 86031, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15221.
- The *Women's Lobby, Inc.* welcomes suggestions from women about the issues you'd like to have discussed on the national level. The group is now directing its efforts toward child-care legislation and discrimination against women in employment, credit, insurance, Social Security, etc. Write Women's Lobby, Inc., 1345 G. St., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.
- A bibliography entitled *Working Mothers* lists books, pamphlets, and periodicals dealing with our special problems and opportunities. 50¢ from Business and Professional Women's Foundation, 2012 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.
- *Women in trade unions* have organized to fight for equal job opportunities, greater leadership roles for women unionists, fair maternity policies, ratification of the ERA and quality child care. Contact Union W.A.G.E., 2137 Oregon St., Berkeley, Calif. 94705.
- Several books speak directly to the working mother's concerns: My own book *How to Make It In a Man's World* ($1.25, Bantam Books); *The Case for The Working Mother* by Dorothy Whyte Cotton (95¢, Tower Books); *The Working Mother: Sixteen Women Tell How They Successfully Combine Careers and Child Rearing*, by Sidney Cornelia Callahan (95¢, Paperback Library).
- *MOMMA*, the organization with its newspaper for single mothers, is a pipeline for help or work, legal, and child-rearing problems. $3.00 a year to Box 567, Venice, Calif. 90291.

The In Basket

- *Working Mothers Overseas:* Women doctors in England have organized a child-care register to arrange for "shared child-minding" and cooperative nurseries. In the Soviet Union, where women represent half the work force, a study indicates that educated professional women make the best mothers and homemakers.
- A *Department of Labor/University of Michigan* study reveals that women are significantly less happy with their jobs than are men. Also, one-fifth of working mothers with preschool children would work more if child-care centers were available. END



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Jane Lee Salmons is a model who is also the owner of a completely organic farm.

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What make-up does for your face, Make-Up-For-Your-Hair does for your hair.

If nature didn't give you long lashes or rose-blush skin, make-up will. And if nature didn't give your hair rich color, or if she *is* giving you your first touches of gray, make-up can fix that, too.

Make-Up-For-Your-Hair, that is. Happiness® Foam-In Haircoloring by Clairol.

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But the best part is when you look in the mirror and Wow! You really feel good about yourself.

So go ahead and make yourself beautiful—with mascara, and blushers, and lipstick, and Happiness by Clairol.
It's make-up for your hair.

Happiness. Make-up for your hair.

No peroxide. No problems.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

WOMEN OF THE YEAR 1973

This may be the age of the non-hero, but it *is* a time for heroines. Proof: the eight women on the next two pages. Doers, achievers, shapers of our society, they have been selected as recipients of the first LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Women of the Year honors. On the night of May 14th, at the John F. Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., in a CBS-TV network special sponsored by Clairol, they were presented to America—as themselves, and as symbolic surrogates of the total contribution women are making today. Their activities are diverse: their ages span five decades: their backgrounds vary from poverty to privilege. Two are black; one is American Indian. All are *women*. That is the point. That is the significance. That is the glory.

Women of the Year, 1973, were selected by a process representing both popular and specialized opinion. For two months, the JOURNAL asked readers to check or submit their own candidates in eight different categories. These ballots came in by the tens of thousands, were opened, and registered. On April 3rd, a jury of 17 distinguished women met in New York for an all-day session of evaluation and selection, using both the criteria of the popular recommendations as well as their own judgments. There were many close decisions and also some suggestions about improving the categories for next year. But out of the session came a selection that we believe really does represent the Women of the Year, 1973 . . . and also makes a very revealing statement about what is happening to women in our country today.

Perhaps the only problem with an honors program is that it affords no room for recognition of all the unknown women who serve in smaller spheres, or who, with little note or acclaim, nurture their families and their friends with dedication and compassion. And yet in each of these honored women's lives is a message for all women who are looking for answers to the questions, "Who am I? Who can I be if I want to?"

Here, then, are the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Women of the Year, 1973. If you saw the TV show, you know that each of the eight received a specially designed Tiffany award, and a plaque, plus the plaudits of a most distinguished Washington audience and a large nationwide tune-in. You know, from the comments of hostess Rosalind Russell and from the words of the presenters as well as the award recipients, that these honors have now become part of the American tradition, far beyond bathing suit parades and beauty contests. Do turn the page and meet our winners, in eight different categories. Watch their achievements in the year ahead. And, if there's someone you think should be on the list, keep her in mind. There's always Women of the Year, 1974.



SHIRLEY CHISHOLM

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: In 1968, she became the first black woman in Congress. In 1971, she was the first woman of any race to make a serious bid for the Presidency: in this case, on the Democratic ticket. The Honorable Shirley Chisholm received her tribute with a citation for "proving that any individual with the capacity for leadership can rise above both sex and racial labels." Born in Brooklyn, N.Y., which is still her constituency in Congress, Shirley Chisholm studied to be a teacher, and is a specialist in child welfare. She also prides herself on deriving her power directly from "the people." In Congress, she serves on the House Education and Labor Committee. She is married to Conrad Chisholm.



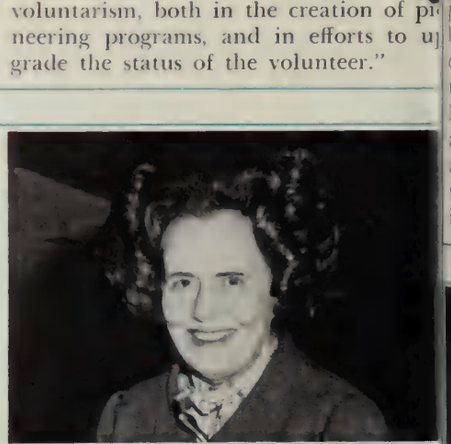
ELLEN STRAUS

VOLUNTARY ACTION: Ellen Sulzberger Straus bridges the gap between yesterday and tomorrow in the field of voluntarism by harnessing the power of contemporary media, and by encouraging the recognition of volunteer talents. In 1963, Mrs. Straus founded WMCA's radio "Call for Action" in New York City, a program that provided assistance to troubled citizens. In 1969, the program was expanded to 50 cities, and in 1973, it became associated with the National Center fo Voluntary Action. Married to R. Pete Straus, President of Straus Broadcastin she is the mother of four children. H citation was "for outstanding service voluntarism, both in the creation of pi neering programs, and in efforts to u grade the status of the volunteer."

LADONNA HARRIS

HUMAN RIGHTS: An active member of the Comanche Indian tribe, Mrs. Harris, who is married to former Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris, has long been involved in minority rights for Indians and other underprivileged groups. In February, 1970, Mrs. Harris founded Americans for Indian Opportunity and served as its first president. She also helped to organize a pilot information program for Indian Community Action Programs. Appointed by President Johnson as a member of the National Indian Opportunity Council, she chaired its Committee on Urban and Off-Reservation Indians. Mother of three, active on many boards, ardent opponent of discrimination in housing, Ladonna Harris was hailed "not only for her contribution to the cause of the American Indian, but for arousing the national conscience in many areas of human rights."





MARY LASKER

QUALITY OF LIFE: Born in Water town, Wisconsin, but known around th world as one of the great private bene factors of our time, Mrs. Albert D. Laske "has enhanced the quality of all our live by her steadfast devotion to the caus of medical research, as well as to th beautification of America." Dynamic people-loving Mary Lasker is presiden of the Albert and Mary Lasker Founda tion, friend to at least four administra tions. Her most recent efforts have helpe to bring about an increased Federal sup port to hasten the conquest of cancer Mrs. Lasker is also a prominent collecto of modern French and American art.

1973



KATHARINE GRAHAM

ECONOMY AND BUSINESS: Katharine Graham is a powerful figure in contemporary publishing, and one of *Fortune* magazine's recent "highest-ranking women in big business." She achieved her position as president of the Washington Post Company "by birth and by death": her father had passed control of the business to her husband, on whose death she took over. But Mrs. Graham's own personal management skills have won her the respect of all divisions of the company which now report to her for top-level policy and financial decisions. Mrs. Graham, who started her career as a reporter, is cited "for her own business achievements, and for inspiring other women toward top positions in American corporations."



NIKKI GIOVANNI

YOUTH LEADERSHIP: She is the black princess of poetry. At twenty-nine, with a personal background rooted in the realities of poverty, she has become a "muted revolutionary" in the fields of feminism and racial pride. Her rapport with college students and young people has made her a campus celebrity, and a popular lecturer with all types of groups. She advises the youth of today to "build up tolerance," and to find out "who you are, what you want to do, and where you want to go." Nikki herself, a small, finely chiseled figure, has published ten books, appeared on the "Tonight" show, and made her way both as a symbol of black awareness and as a young woman rising above her environment to seek the truth and tell it as she sees it.



HELEN HAYES

ARTS AND HUMANITIES: Born at the turn of the century, actress, author, and humanitarian Helen Hayes is an indefatigable symbol of the achieving woman. Her laurels for performances on the stage, screen, and TV are endless. Her most recent book (with Anita Loos), *Twice Over Lightly,* follows in the success pattern of her two other works. Miss Hayes is also associated with polio research, through the Mary McArthur Fund, named after a daughter who died of the disease. Miss Hayes, who returned to the church, is also a leader in the Catholic laity. She was presented the Saint Genesius medal in Rome for her general humanitarian attitudes, and for more specific good works, such as Father William Wasson's Little Brothers of Mexico.



DR. VIRGINIA APGAR

SCIENCE AND MEDICINE: Virginia Apgar, M.D., M.P.H., is an internationally recognized specialist in the problems of newborn infants. She is the creator of the widely used "Apgar Score," a clinical evaluation made within sixty seconds of birth that enables doctors to determine a baby's overall condition and to rapidly predict—and often aid—the baby's chances for survival. Dr. Apgar, formerly Professor of Anesthesiology at Columbia University (the first woman physician to hold a full professorship there), is now Vice President for Medical Affairs at the National Foundation of March of Dimes. She is also Clinical Professor of Pediatrics at Cornell University Medical College, and Research Fellow in Medicine at Johns Hopkins University. In her leisure time, she makes stringed instruments and plays the viola. She is also an ardent gardener, photographer, and philatelist.

I got my blonde hair from my mother, and she got hers from me... last Tuesday.

That radiant honey blonde is Mother. And (I still can't believe it) that girl who looks like the sun is coming up in her hair is me!

Ever since I can remember, I've been yearning to take this self-improvement step. But since I have all I can do to even get my eyeliner on straight, I was afraid I'd goof up the shade.

Well, my mother doesn't give up so easy. Last week, she talked to a friend who's a professional hair colorist and she found out a blonding secret they use in the finest salons. Ultra Blue® Lady Clairol® Hair Lightener. This expert explained that Ultra Blue is the step that lifts the darkness out of your hair. (So you're like an artist starting with a fresh canvas.) Then all you have to do is apply any Clairol toner, and you can get the delicate blonde shade you want.

Well, it sounded good, but



I just sat there looking at my 10 thumbs until Mother came up with the clincher. She said she'd been thinking of lightening her hair, too—as a soft way to hide her gray instead of going darker. So she had a beautiful idea. Why didn't we go blonde together?

Why not? The next day we did. And helping each other, it wasn't hard at all. First, Mother gave me a hand in applying the Ultra Blue lightener. And I did the same for her. Then while it was working, we just sat and had a good t
When we looke
the clock next
was time to put
the toner.

That's all there was t
And you can see the p
shimmery shades we got.

What does it feel lik
be a blonde? All I can say
feel like celebrating
Tuesday as my birthday,
cause it was the beginning
the real me.

And I haven't seen Dad
jealous of Mother like this
20 years.



Mother and me, the day we went blonde.

Lady Clairol: You do it for her. She'll do it for you.

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"There's no instant miracle for summer-damaged hair. The only miracle I know takes a little longer."

Julius Caruso

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The sun burns it, the wind beats it, the water dries it like seaweed. Those quick-down-the-drain rinses just don't make the difference.

They weren't made to help damaged hair.

condition* Beauty Pack Treatment from Clairol is specially formulated for damaged hair.



It's impossible to correct weeks of drying sun, wind and water in a minute.

When I apply protein-rich condition* the hair seems to soak it up immediately. (The way you see a dry plant drink water.)

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But Clairol's condition* can do the impossible in a little longer time.

condition*

The professional treatment for mistreated hair.

Available in cream pack. Or instant lotion for touch-ups.

MISSY

THE TRAGIC STORY OF THE SECRETARY WHO LOVED PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. FROM "THE F.D.R. MEMOIRS," BY BERNARD ASBELL



Missy in 1933: the woman between Franklin and Eleanor.

In last month's *Journal* the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt's son Elliott explored with controversial candor the relationship between F.D.R. and his secretary, Marguerite "Missy" LeHand—concluding that they had "shared a completely familial" life. Elliott's sister and three brothers promptly disavowed the book. Now, here is a different view of the LeHand story—from another book, *The F.D.R. Memoirs*. This book, with an introduction by the Roosevelts' only daughter, offers new, intriguing insights into the woman who gave her life to and for the 32nd President of the U.S.

Here is insight that rings amazingly true to me. Here are vignettes of people and incidents tied into the life and times of this man [F.D.R.] . . . all of which ring true to me, too—though . . . Mr. Asbell and I have agreed that with the death of every human being die certain personal factors about which those left behind can only conjecture."
—Anna Roosevelt Halsted in her introduction to The F.D.R. Memoirs.

Missy is not a pretty girl but, like Eleanor, radiates a charm that gives her beauty. Five feet seven inches tall, she has large, candid, intensely dark-blue eyes and dark hair that already shows speckles of a premature turning to silver. As her hair begins to whiten against the radiant complexion of a young woman, she wears a bun that remains black, providing a striking contrast. Fulton Oursler, the author and editor, is taken with "the lovely throaty voice and quick upturn of her face . . . lips parted in that strange secret smile, compound of cunning and innocence forever baffling." Less lyrically, Grace Tully, for many years Missy's assistant, recalls her "rather large features—a large nose, and teeth a little protruding, but then everybody around Roosevelt had protruding teeth, including me."

Our knowledge of Missy's first three years with Roosevelt—what he may have seen in her or felt about her—is a blank. All we know is that the man is paralyzed, immobile, captive of the chair he sits in, the room that contains him, the people in his presence. He has long known how to make himself the center around whom the lives of others revolve. Now, however, this accustomed attention is transformed to *attending*.

Missy attends him.

In the winter of 1923, Roosevelt needs sunshine and exercise, craves the gentle exertion of swimming and fishing. And he needs to think about his life. Late that winter he rents a small houseboat, *Weona II*, to float around the warm waters of the Florida coast, accompanied by a series of visiting friends.

For the following winter, he buys a run-down but larger houseboat, in partnership with a school friend, John S. Lawrence of Boston. They call it *Larooco* (pronounced La-roe-co) for Lawrence-Roosevelt Company.

During long cruises of two months—February to April—in each of three years, 1924 to 1926, Roosevelt suns, bathes, and fishes, leading a cheerful and loafing life.

Except for one brief visit in the last of the three winters, Eleanor avoids the *Larooco*. Missy, except for a couple of emergency absences, is always aboard.

If Missy's constant presence, and not Eleanor's, for cruises of eight weeks in such close and isolated quarters seems odd, especially for a man of prominence, friends don't mention it—or they cover it over by stretching the truth. John Lawrence recalls some years later, "I spent about a month each year with him on *Larooco*. When neither [of us] had guests, Louis Howe and Miss LeHand were aboard." This is a gentleman's convenient failure of memory. Lawrence never boards the craft until the final month of its third cruise, in 1926. Louis Howe never saw it.

Mama openly objects to the arrangement, but Eleanor accepts it. Eleanor explains in her book that Missy accompanies Roosevelt "to handle his correspondence." The accommodation is more than that, of course. As her biographer Joseph P. Lash puts it, Eleanor is "grateful to the young woman. . . . It eased Eleanor's sense of guilt because she was unable to do more for him."

The story of Franklin Roosevelt and Missy LeHand unfolds more fully at Warm Springs, [the old Georgia resort. In 1924, Roosevelt, convinced that swimming in the natural spring waters would speed his recovery from the polio that had cripped him in 1921, rents a small cottage there].

On April 1, 1925, Roosevelt and Missy LeHand proceed directly from the *Larooco* to Warm Springs, staying there until

Excerpted from the book "The F.D.R. Memoirs." Copyright © 1973 by Bernard Asbell. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Wide World photograph

May, a 15-week absence from
ıor and home. Again, in early
after the *Larooco* cruise, Missy
F.D.R. settle in at Warm Springs.
then on Roosevelt invests all his
for recovery in Warm Springs,
there with Missy twice a year,
rting only for the Christmas sea-
nd the hot summer months, until
-enters political life in late 1928.
on the houseboat, Roosevelt, who,
l his friends and relatives know,
ot bear being alone, requires Missy
him. She occupies a room in his
ge. The arrangement, having
hered Mama's disapproval of it
rd the *Larooco*, and with Eleanor's
ptance of it, is now a way of life.
ily correspondence of the years
through 1928 permits a recon-
tion of just how established a way
e it becomes. In those four years—
weeks in all—Roosevelt is away
ı home more than half the time, a
l of 116 weeks. Of those weeks
y, Eleanor is with him for four,
na for two. Missy is with him al-
t constantly, day and night, for 110
ıe weeks away. Thus Missy is the
adult "member of the family" to
e an aggregate of more than two
rs of the most trying and self-
ching four years of Roosevelt's life.
heir living arrangement at Warm
ings is known and seen by many. It
ıost closely seen by a young friend
Missy's, Miss Barbara Muller, whose
er sister went to high school with
ssy at Somerville, Massachusetts,
l by Barbara's fiancé, Egbert T. Cur-
Curtis was trained in hotel man-
ment at Cornell, and on Missy's
ommendation F.D.R. hires him to
ome manager of the Warm Springs
perty. The following recollections
taken from several hours of taped
ıversation I had with them:

MRS. CURTIS: There was a big liv-
ıg room and three bedrooms, but
ıey were very small. He had done
lot of the designing himself.

MR. CURTIS: In his bedroom, which
e had designed, the only way you
ould open the closet door was by
ıoving the bed.

MRS. C: Missy and I would have to
o through his bedroom to get to the
ath. I'd go through his bedroom the
ame as she would. Of course, any-
ody that has been an invalid for
ıny length of time is used to seeing
ı lot of people in his bedroom—car-
ying on your business in your bed-
oom. We didn't think anything
ıbout it. There was always a lot of
ioking. They had a cook at Warm
Springs, but she didn't sleep in.

MR. C: There were only two peo-
ple in the cottage—him and Missy.

Privy to the dark moments

The conversation further reveals that
ıpparently nobody "thinks anything
ıout it." F.D.R. does nothing to con-
l it. He has arranged what is, even
ır a disabled and dependent man, an
xtraordinary restructuring of his life.
'or at least half of each year, he has
ırgely eased out of his ties with the
ıoman to whom he is married, and sub-
tituted a young companion he em-
loys, whose company he clearly pre-
ers, who serves him not only as secre-
ary and hostess, but shares his fun
uring all his waking hours, is privy to
the dark moments he is so careful not to show anyone else, who gives up all opportunity for an alternative personal life of her own, who shares his homes away from home.

MR. C: There was never any indication of any kind that I can remember that this was in any way abnormal. . . .

MRS. C: He was always having people come down from New York and Chicago and other places, people of considerable means that he would like to interest in Warm Springs and have them give money, like Edsel Ford who was down there with his wife. Missy was hostess, taking the place of—like a wife would, in that sense. Since there wasn't much entertainment, there was more bridge playing than nowadays. We'd be a couple and she and Roosevelt would be the other couple.

MR. C: I'm quite sure they had one rule—that they never drove down together. They always went by train for the very simple reason that a man prominent in politics couldn't afford to be—even adjoining hotel rooms or whatever—if Roosevelt and Missy drove down together, even if there was any truth in it or not, it would be a scandal. Maybe this might have something to do with it: There might have *(continued)*



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HOOVER

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The makers of 18 washers pack Tide coupons in every top-loading automatic.

MISSY *continued*

been lots more talk about it if she had had a room at the Meriwether Inn and was over at the cottage in the evening and working with him or whatever. Then there could be whispering. But she was a member of the family. She was a business member, but also a personal member.

F.D.R.'s daughter, Anna, describes his relationship with Missy this way:

"I think Missy became utterly and completely devoted to this man. . . . You know, many years of illness had to change a relationship—which became a very, very close relationship, because she was with him all the time. . . . She *was* the office wife, quote, unquote. . . . Then, of course, it becomes more personal. And with him—you see, there's a great difficulty that people have to realize, because of his paralysis—many people saw this man in bed. Ordinarily, you'd never see the man you work for in bed. And I think it was, without a doubt, it became—I know Father became interested. She told him all about her family. And I know he was very interested in her nieces. . . . And he became involved in her personal life."

Except for social class, Missy's early life in Somerville has resemblances to Lucy Mercer's [whose relationship with F.D.R. from 1917 to 1918 has become well-known]. It is the not unfamiliar story of a girl from an unraveled family, hardly a family at all, who thus has never learned by example how to make a conventional commitment to a lifetime mate. Her father was a gardener and lawn tender for Somerville neighbors. He was a drinker and lived separately from his wife during much of Missy's childhood. Mrs. LeHand, with two older children to raise besides Missy, took in a couple of Harvard students for extra income. Upon finishing high school Missy left for New York to find a job and make a life for herself. Being Catholics, the parents never considered divorce, and shortly before he died, the father returned home.

MRS. C: Even as a high school girl, she had a certain class to her. I remember one time watching her go around the corner—our houses weren't too far apart—and my mother kind of looked out the window and called my attention to her. She said, "She certainly looks smart." She had a dark suit on to go to high school. She stood out for having a better appearance and being smarter than most.

MR. C: One thing we haven't said, there was nothing stuffy about her. She could get along with anybody. Of course, Missy picked up a lot of things from being close to the Roosevelts. Without making a point of it, she just absorbed it, certain mannerisms and even the way she spoke.

During the summer of 1926, when F.D.R. returns to Hyde Park between stays at Warm Springs, Barbara (soon to be Mrs. Curtis) and Missy go on a Mediterranean cruise, also a visit to Norway and Sweden.

MRS. C: Eleanor Roosevelt gave her a gift of extra spending money, and Missy was very pleased with that. She did a lot of shopping in Paris and got a lot of pretty things, négligées and so forth. We had a good time on the trip, and she enjoyed the attention she got. The cruise director used to keep his bottle of liquor down in our stateroom and he would come down there. Those were Prohibition days, you know. It would be the three of us sometimes, and then there was one man who was engaged and going back to get married, and we'd sometimes be two couples with him. He'd sometimes meet her early in the morning on shipboard to watch the sunrise. It wasn't always the same one, but it was enough for you to see that she certainly was attractive to men. She enjoyed male companionship, but not enough to be interested in marrying. I talked about it at times with my older sister, and we both came to the conclusion that she was just too devoted and interested in F.D.R. She'd never meet anybody that would come up to Roosevelt.

MR. C: You have to bear in mind that she and F.D.R. had a very close relationship and F.D.R. was a man of surpassing charm when he wanted to use it.

One charming gesture that especially touches Missy: Roosevelt spends some idle hours at Warm Springs carving and fashioning a small hanging bookcase for her. She prizes it enough that she will specify it in her will, leaving it to her favorite niece and namesake, Marguerite Jane Farewell, along with her mink coat, diamond wristwatch and diamond ring.

But what is the nature of this "very close relationship" that binds them to one another's presence, day and night for year upon year? Is it love? Is it being "in love"? About F.D.R. we can only wonder. About Missy we can ask: Was Missy in love with "F.D."?

MRS. C: I wouldn't be at all surprised. Would you?

MR. C: I wouldn't be surprised.

If Missy's devotion to F.D.R. is to be called love, it cannot be unknown to him. Of all his sensors, the keenest is for adoration, devotion, love.

The question probes a relationship between a partly paralyzed man and a Catholic girl that developed in the 1920s, before speculation about love inevitably opened speculation about sexual intimacy. Did this man's illness preclude the possibility of a sexual relationship? The factual answer is no. In

COTTAGE-COVERED ROSES

By Eliza Louisa Dawson

The house is not new where gulls fly free,
Where sun-dappled berry thickets grow;
But the south wind blows white duck
Curtains at the windows; and dusk
Twinkles like fireflies in dark woods.

We open the door and the warm orange light
Spills roses of love in the black of the night.

to put an end to rumors that his h might stand in the way of his ng as President, Roosevelt submits complete examination by three ent physicians, the summary of findings to be published. Among hen unpublished details, the last nce reads: "No symptoms of *im-tia coeundi* (impotence)."

ere are two major reasons, beyond oral restraints of the time and the to support doubt that he would be n into a sexual relationship. It is to imagine that this proud man, so tant to intimacy to begin with and crippled, would permit such vul-bility. Extreme fear of and absten-from sex is common among para-s and the suddenly lamed, includ-hose to whom sexual activity may previously been important. Their sical self-confidence is so fragile, as ies on this subject have shown, that t decline this ultimate test of per-hood. For Franklin Roosevelt in icular there is a second reason, im-it in the development of his per-l drives. Everything we know about man suggests conflict and, conse-ntly, repression of sexual drive: his y emotions entwined inextricably n those of Mama, submission to her trol of the choices of female com-ions, his early sensing that interest other girls" was in competition with ma's devotion. To such a boy—this ommon among "mama's boys"—lust a betrayal of the primary source of e. Flirtatious he might become, elic-g and cultivating the attentions of ractive women, thus perhaps earn-a reputation as a ladies' man. But sual lust impinges upon the con-flicts that are sealed off by repression. While a need for conquest may be the central force of his life, it is most likely to be exercised through charm and assertion of power and not through a more direct, sexual form. Such a man commonly chooses, as Franklin does, a sexually disinterested wife. But a devoted wife. One who clearly signals ■ will and a commitment to advance a destiny first envisioned and infused in him by his mother.

Indifferent to sex

The sex lives of figures in the limelight are almost always a topic of speculation and banter by those around them, but not so for Roosevelt. Raymond Moley suggests why: "Everyone assumed he was indifferent to sex. I always attributed this to religion, his class upbringing, and that sort of thing. But he was interested in a different kind of relationship with a woman, friendly and close without being sexually intimate. We're so obsessed today with sex that we can't understand a relationship that doesn't include it. But there's no doubt that Missy was as close to being a wife as he ever had—or could have."

How about Missy? Something during that period of her life affects her deeply. In the spring of 1927, at the age of 29, her youth and marriageability having all but disappeared in the years of her commitment to F.D. [as she alone calls him], this always pleasant, even-tempered, self-possessed young woman falls apart. It happens at Warm Springs. What immediately brings it on is not known. Dr. LeRoy Hubbard, a muscle-rehabilitation specialist whom Roosevelt has enticed to Warm Springs, orders her "hospitalized" insofar as the Warm Springs treatment center is a "hospital" (a designation Roosevelt does not like). The symptoms, while serious, are puzzling. Roosevelt soon writes Mama that "heart action" is "greatly improved, but since Wednesday P.M. she has had a *serious* attack of dysentery or colitis, and is rather low and very miserable."

The disease, as it turns out—in the words of Grace Tully—is "a little crack-up." Miss Tully recalls Missy's gratitude that Roosevelt "took care of her—paid her expenses and all that." Mrs. Curtis, who is at Warm Springs when the collapse occurs, recalls:

> It was a nervous breakdown. . . . She was very ill for quite a while.
>
> MR. C: Dr. Hubbard was the only doctor at the place. . . . Warm Springs was not organized for psychiatric care. She had to be treated there on a more or less emergency basis.

In the fall of 1928, Roosevelt runs for Governor of New York. Elected, he moves into Albany's gingerbread governor's mansion with his family. With more than his family. The household arrangement now brings under one roof the two private lives of Franklin Roosevelt. He and Eleanor agree that Missy will live there, too.

If this new arrangement appears oddly triangular, one is hard put to determine who is the "other woman." Eleanor is gone at least half the time, tending to a furniture-crafting business she has started at Hyde Park with Nancy Cook and Marion Dickerman; teaching at the Todhunter School in Manhattan, which she has purchased in partnership with the same two women; and busy in her work for the women's division of the Democratic State Committee.

In the eight years since her husband was stricken, a yearning for independence—from Mama certainly, and more ambivalently from Franklin—has seized her, releasing deep wells of energy and capacities for accomplishment she did not know she had. Again she is "grateful"—biographer Lash's word—to Missy for living in the mansion, thus enabling her to continue these activities. Lash adds: "Yet it made her unhappy that Missy served as hostess . . . while she was in the city and that he accommodated himself so genially to her absences; she would have liked him to protest."

"Dearest Babs"

The growing separation between the lives of Franklin and Eleanor is not to be misread as the loss of a certain quality of affection. His "Dearest Babs" letters continue during his Warm Springs visits. While governor, he makes a trip to Europe during which she writes him:

> . . . I hate so to see you go. . . . We are really very dependent on each other though we do see so little of each other! I feel as lost as I did when I went abroad. . . !
>
> . . . Dear love to you. . . . I miss you & hate to feel you so far away. . . .
>
> Ever devotedly,
> E.R.

(continued)



MISSY *continued*

So little of each other—on the night of his landslide re-election as governor in 1930, while a jubilant Franklin is surrounded downstairs by politicians and Missy, Eleanor retires early to get to New York and her class next morning. She congratulates her husband by leaving a penciled note on his pillow: "Much love & a world of congratulations. It is a triumph in so many ways, dear & so well earned. Bless you & good luck these next two years.—E.R."

The following year Missy falls ill again. Eleanor, scheduled for a political trip to Maine, takes Missy, working in a restful spot at Newport. Eleanor writes to Franklin more about Missy's health than Maine politics: Missy "smoked less today and I thought seems more ready to sleep tonight. She is eating fairly well."

Lash reports: "Once a friend saw Eleanor go over and kiss Missy goodnight. 'I thought to myself—how could she?' It required great strength and self-control for Eleanor to treat Missy with such warmth and friendliness. It was difficult for Missy, too."

The fragile harmony of this trio requires that each member play his part exactly right. Missy, unlike other women fascinated by Roosevelt, instinctively understands her part. Anna recalls: "You remember my brother Jimmy was married to Betsey Cushing? Mo[ther] felt Betsey was trying to usurp so[me] sort of position with Father. She w[as] perfectly open in saying, 'Betsey thin[ks] she owns him, you know.' I mean, [it] was just *annoying* to her. Betsey wou[ld] come and say, 'Pa says he wants s[o] and-so after dinner.' And Mothe[r's] feeling would be, Well, Pa should ha[ve] asked me himself. And the same thi[ng] happened when Harry Hopkins and h[is] wife Louise moved into the Whi[te] House. Louise would arrange dinn[er] parties and seat the table—my moth[er] would be home. This would annoy th[e] pants off her. This was her *positio[n]*. These weren't people whom she w[as] jealous of as taking her place with F[ran]klin, either of these two. But they we[re] threatening her position. And I don't think Missy ever did this. You see, th[at] is where Missy was a very, very astu[te] little gal."

Even in a Christmas note to "De[ar] F.D.," Missy never forgets:

> You should have a Merry Christmas without anyone wishing it fo[r] you, but with the whole country ris[en] ing up to call you blessed—your cu[p] *must* be full of happiness.
>
> I guess I'm usually too flippant t[o] tell you "Well done" but it sounds so inadequate somehow. However, you must know how proud I am every time you get something accomplished—which is *all* the time—just being with you is a joy I can't express.
>
> I've had a happy year—for all the times I've misbehaved I hope both you and Mrs. Roosevelt will forgive me—that would be my nicest present—
>
> Please let me do things for you—both of you—you are the ones who have my love and *only* real devotion—without that I would have little reason for taking up space, don't you think?
>
> Merry Christmas—a very [r]eal one—
>
> As ever—
> Missy

For Franklin Roosevelt this is a d[ay]

(continued on page 121

The Beltless Feminine Napkin



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Five elegant designs. Only at Sears

Remembering Daddy



BY LYNDA ROBB AND LUCI NUGENT

In a sensitive double memoir, the late President Johnson's daughters offer their own very private recollections . . . and a few fascinating revelations.

Both daughters of the late President Lyndon Baines Johnson, and their mother, have had a long and personal relationship with the *Journal.* Lynda, of course, is our able and active Contributing Editor. Luci writes for us occasionally, and so has Mrs. Johnson. After the death of President Johnson on January 22, 1973, we asked his daughters if they would share with us some of their reminiscences about L.B.J. Here is a sampling of nine hours of conversation with both young women, about whom Lady Bird Johnson says: "He was always as devoted to and as proud of both daughters as they were devoted to and proud of him. His contributions to education, health, and civil rights were certainly a broader legacy, but nothing was a more joyful legacy than our daughters. As Lynda and Luci grew up, they slipped from being just children to being our best friends." *(continued)*



President Johnson and his constant companion, Yuki, in front of L.B.J.'s birthplace in Texas. This photograph was taken in 1971, to accompany Luci Nugent's story in the Journal *about L.B.J. and his dog. Luci now describes the dog's desolation at his master's death.*

Photograph by Julian Wasser

Lynda remembers...

"He wouldn't be here forever . . ."

Daddy had said many, many times to Mother, to all of us: "All the men in my family have died young. My uncle died when he was in his fifties. My father died on his sixtieth birthday."

My mother would say, reassuringly, "Yes, but Aunt Frank [that's really her name] lived into her eighties." But Daddy did believe that men in his family would not live very long. I think he accepted the fact. I am sure he did not look forward to death, but I think he wanted us all to recognize he wouldn't be here forever.

All his life, Daddy had a lot of physical problems . . . and they always seemed to hit him in the middle of crises. But he always appeared to surmount them, and he had a fantastic ability to recover. He'd had pneumonia, kidney stones, gall bladder trouble, and, in later years, diverticulitis. Plus, of course, the heart condition. But still we all felt we were lucky that he overcame so many of his physical trials, and that he had been as well as he seemed to be within the last few months.

This past Christmas, when we were all at our traditional gathering at the ranch—all ten of us: four Robbs, four Nugents, and two big Johnsons—Daddy underscored this awareness of his mortality. He picked up the January, 1973, issue of *Ladies' Home Journal*, in which Doris Day had written an article about how unprepared she had been for her husband's death from a financial point of view. Solemnly, he read us the checklist at the end of the article, and he went around the room, testing our knowledge of family affairs—insurance, wills, and the like. He told us again that night where he kept his will, and whom he wanted contacted at the appropriate time. Mother, of course, was named executor of the will. The ranch had already been given to the National Park Service, with life estate for Mother, which means that she can live there for the rest of her life, if she wishes.

In spite of his farsightedness and careful planning, Daddy had to leave so many projects unfinished. That's because when Daddy didn't have a project, he'd find one. He was so involved and interested in all our lives. For example, he was supposed to be the commencement speaker this month at Chuck's graduation from law school at the University of Virginia. He was so proud of the fact that Chuck was going to be a lawyer, and could give us all professional advice. Daddy had received the invitation from the University without either of us knowing about it—until someone came up to me at a party and told me. I knew Daddy had told one of his assistants, "I want to make the best speech I've ever made." Now Mother will speak in his place.

I think he was always aware he might die young, and I think he was aware that many people were watching him carefully and worrying. But it was rather like the mother of a family, who doesn't have time to be sick because who would take care of the children and the husband while she was ill? Well, sometimes I felt that Daddy kept himself in shape for the same reason.

"These are my people. . ."

It took a lot out of Daddy to go to funerals, but he was a sensitive man, and when he felt he had to be there, he went. Of course, we all went to President Truman's memorial service. And then we went to Rep. Hale Boggs' funeral in New Orleans. Also, around Christmas, there was a service in Austin for 14 young people who had been killed *(continued on page 127)*



"This is Daddy and Lucinda looking at each other shortly after she was born." Lynda says. "Actually, he's sort of flirting with her. From the very start these two had something special!"

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 8, 1968

Dear Lucinda:

I was delighted to receive your letter. You are as thoughtful as you are precocious. At this rate, you may be going to college a lot sooner than your Mommy thinks.

If loving you and hugging you will spoil you, then I think that is something we can both look forward to. For I intend to do a lot of it.

As to discipline, I am glad that your Mother has volunteered to "spank you up the stairs." I never had to do too much of it, nor will she.

You have graced my life, making the here and now -- especially the moments spent with you -- so very precious. Someone once said that no wise man ever wished to be younger. I can add, nor any grandfather.

God bless you, granddaughter.

With love,

"This is the very first letter Lucinda ever received from her 'Boppa.' He had given her a savings bond as a birth present, and I had written a thank-you note in her name. His comment about 'precious moments' came true. All the moments this grandfather and granddaughter spent together were precious."

AUSTIN, TEXAS

My dear Lucinda:

The day your wonderful letter arrived, the [illegible] shining bright and beautiful. As I read every line of Cathy's and your activities -- at home and at the grocery store -- I found myself basking in [illegible] more sunlight, brightness, delight and happiness.

Our house is silent these days without my Cathy and Lucinda's voices. We all miss you so much. Didn't we have fun at Christmastime! Your mommy was smart to take movies of Santa's visit. Can't wait to come see you so we can take a good look at his slender figure, that is if all the goodies at Christmas didn't change his looks by now.

I've had a cold that somehow keeps hanging on but am doing what can be done to get rid of it once and for all.

Glad Cathy's christening pictures arrived. I think your mommy and daddy both look good. Of course, the picture of my two girls is special. I've told the office to send them to all the people. Some have already been sent but others are being held for extra prints.

Write me again soon. Hope your daddy opens the door once in awhile between now and the time his exams are over. Maybe you can get him to help you lick the bowl when baking cookies again. That is a thought. Anyway tell him we all send our best.

Kisses to your mommy, you and Cathy.

Boppa
Cindy

"This letter was written to Lucinda after the memorable Christmas of '71. Yes, Daddy did actually dress up as Santa Claus, and rode in on a little green tractor to distribute toys to all the neighbors' children. It was a wonderful Christmas, and I am glad I did capture it for the future in home movies."

AUSTIN, TEXAS

Dear Cindy:

Down in Acapulco where we enjoy the warm sunshine and the beautiful water, your grandmother and I received the first letters ever written in your own dear young handwriting. We were so proud you would like to write us a letter instead of going outside to play.

All the pictures you have drawn and painted for me, and the letters your mother writes about you and Cathy are kept in the Library archives. When you are a grown lady, and want to know all the delightful things you did as a little girl in Virginia, you may come here to find out.

Today I am in Austin to take care of some business. We will wait until your mother arrives tonight, and then take her back to Acapulco. If you were coming too, I would buy you a Mexican dress.

Be real quiet while Daddy studies his law lessons, and tell Cathy to be a good girl. When you have another vacation you may ride the pony at the ranch again, and I will take you in the cart with the donkeys. Bring some sugar. That is what they like to eat.

We love you and Cathy.

Your Grandfather

Boppa

"Lucinda finally got around to writing—or printing—her own letters, and this is Daddy's answer to the first batch. Those drawings were fun, too. One had been taped on Daddy's bedroom wall just before he died. Many of these 'art works' are now in the Johnson Library."

Luci remembers...

"I hope my Boppa lives to infinity."

One night last January, my family was watching a TV special on the life of President Truman. My five-year-old son, Lyn, was quite disturbed about President Truman's death. I was trying to explain to him that yes, it was very sad, but how lucky we were that a man of that caliber had lived and loved this nation. I was sitting on the floor, with Lyn, next to my father's chair. Daddy was watching the program, and I could tell that he was halfway eavesdropping.

As the commercial came on, Daddy leaned over and started to explain to Lyn that he was the last living ex-President. Lyn was awed and interested, as he always was around his grandfather. Then my father went back to watching the special, and Lyn commented, "Boppa has had several heart attacks, Mama. I'm real worried. President Truman was 86. Boppa's only 64, but he's had all these heart attacks. Do you think Boppa is going to die soon?"

I answered, "Lyn, no one knows. The older one grows, the greater is their chance of dying. I probably will die before you, and Boppa will probably die before me. We just have to make sure that every moment we live with Boppa we live to the fullest."

Lyn gazed at me and said, "Mama, how long is my Boppa going to live?"

I winced at the question, mustered a smile, and replied, "Well, Lyn, I hope Boppa lives to be a hundred." I could see out of the corner of my eye that Daddy was listening to the conversation. I hesitated, then queried, "Don't you hope so, Lyn?"

Lyn looked at me with Johnson determination and said, "No, ma'am." The look on my father's face was one of absolute dejection and horror. I didn't know how to handle it, but felt compelled to continue. "Why, Lyn?"

Lyn's reply was simple. "I hope my Boppa lives to infinity." (I had no idea the word was even in Lyn's vocabulary!)

Well, his Boppa picked him up in his arms immediately and hugged him, and then his Boppa said, "Never has there been a granddaddy who's loved a grandson more than I love you."

"Boy, is that right, Boppa?" responded Lyn tenderly. "I love you with all my heart, too."

So when I broke the news to Lyn on the night his grandfather died, my son looked at me piercingly and said, "Mama, my Boppa didn't live to infinity, did he?"

"No, Lyn, he didn't. But as long as your Boppa lives in your heart, and you try to remember everything he said to you about how to be a good boy, and how to help other people, then your Boppa will always live in you."

In the last few months of his life, Daddy began to feel that he and Lyn had grown somewhat apart. Up until then, Lyn had been a bit like a wind-up toy, always ready to perform. But now Lyn was five, and more than a little independent. And Daddy had a sense of estrangement. *(continued on page 128)*



L.B.J. with his oldest grandchild, Luci's son Patrick Lyndon Nugent—"Lyn"—who will be six this month. "I hope my Boppa lives to infinity," Lyn said as he watched President Truman's funeral on TV. President Johnson, overhearing the remark, hugged the boy tightly. "Never," L.B.J. said, "has there been a granddaddy who's loved a grandson more than I love you." President Johnson died a few weeks later.



In Lynda's words: "Every year, we struggled to get a family picture—trying to get a time that suited both Lyndons and my strong-minded Lucinda. (Luci's daughter Nicole—"Coco"—and my Cathy were more easygoing.) Here's our last family picture, complete with Yuki and the donkeys, Soup and Noodles."

WOMEN AT THE TOP

We've caught them sitting back and looking pretty. But when it counts they're on the move. They are the women at the top, the women who are breaking down barriers in what used to be called a man's world. They have worked their way into key positions of power in business, industry, and education. And they are having a great time while they're at it. Here, in a quiet moment, four women at the top talk about their lives and work. We've photographed them in the long, romantic dresses every woman will want to wear these enchanted summer evenings. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.



Californian **Patricia Preuss** (above), has never let herself be pigeonholed. As a college student she modeled. Equipping herself with a master's degree in guidance counseling, she came East as Dean of Student Affairs at Sarah Lawrence. Recently her fascination with the business world landed her a job at the world's largest advertising agency, J. Walter Thompson, where she handles the account of a major pharmaceutical company. "One can embrace several careers in a lifetime," says Patricia. "It depends on the skills one acquires and a desire for self-realization." Here, Pat relaxes in one of summer's favorite evening looks, the long, sheer shirtdress. Hers is gingham voile with dramatic dolman sleeves. By Morton Myles for Smith and Jones. In polyester and cotton, $60.

Lin Bolen (opposite), N.B.C.'s new director of daytime TV, is probably the highest ranking woman executive in network television. "I didn't just walk in, blink my eyes, and get this job," says pretty 31-year-old Lin. "I wrote, produced, developed, filmed, and taped shows for eleven years." She believes that women are reassessing their place in today's world and predicts that soap operas will be portraying women in many new and important roles. Lin wears a softly flowing shirtdress with a deep border of embroidered roses above a full ruffled hem. By Rizkallah for Malcolm Starr, cotton and polyester gingham, $165. KJL earrings; Michael Moraux for Dubaux beads. Theresa Ahrens flower.





OMEN AT THE TOP

enke Thoman (left), a 27-year-old Wall treet whiz. After orking as a financial halyst for a couple of ears, Wenke decided he best way to get head in Wall Street as to start her own rm. Three years ago he founded Turnbull ay Corporation, hich does pension onsulting for major orporations. Born in Norway, she is married o Rick Thoman, an nternational financial xpert. Eventually the wo hope to work to-ether. Wenke says she s eager to hire other vomen for her com-pany. "The only way vomen are going to get romoted in this busi-ess is by other wom-n. Otherwise it will be a long wait." Here Wenke is wearing a fabulous polka dot hal-ter dress with a plung-ing neckline. The full, gathered skirt ends in an exuberant flounce. By Jane Justin for Don Sophisticates. In Avril rayon and cotton, $55. Alexis Kirk bracelet. Giant poppy by Flow-er Modes.

Juliann Bluitt (right), i a woman dentist (less than 1.5 percent of the people in her pro-fession are). Dr. Bluitt thinks dentistry is ideal for women. She believes their manual dexterity gives them an advan-tage. Six year ago she also started teaching at Northwestern Univer-sity Dental School where she has since be-come an Associate Dean. In private life, she is married to an orthodontist, Dr. Ros-coe Conkling Foster. "I like being Dr. from nine to five," she says, "and Mrs. the rest of the time." She models a softly gathered, square-necked peasant dress scattered with Art Nou-eau flowers. The fab-ric is a gossamer cotton shantung. By Ole Bor-den for Rembrandt, $145. KJL Jewelry. Camellia by Flower Modes.

Photographs by Hal Davis. Hairstyles and makeup by Rick Gillette. Shopping information 122, all prices approximate.







THE 2 SIDES OF THE DOOR

Now, suppose your son, who is neither engaged nor married, advises you that he is bringing home for a long weekend the partner of his meaningful relationship, a lovely girl who is also neither engaged nor married. After you have regained your breath, what do you plan to do? A short story by Libbie Block

"It would be easier, of course, if we were married." The girl in the small car had said what she had promised herself never to say. So she finished, ". . . but nothing is worth marriage." She ground the last word through her teeth like a bad nut.

She was as warmly voluptuous as a Malaga grape, and Jon, driving, felt her furred warmth; he shook his head to swim out of the grassy perfume she wore. She was marvelously mixed, he thought, like Cleopatra heading up N.O.W. Like perfect peace with a whistle blowing. Like an angel with a hammer. And all his.

They had been living together for six months, two weeks, and three days. Now, during spring break, like a good young bridegroom, Jon was bringing Calypso from Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, to Damson, Iowa, to meet the folks. Classic behavior except that there had been no wedding.

Love had brought them together. Love, like the best quality glue, kept them coupled, and if love dried up and they came unstuck, let there be no license pasting them together. They had decided solemnly in many middle-of-the-night parlays that marriage brings the death of feeling. That their love was their child to nourish and protect. But there had not been any talk about taking their love to visit the family.

"Will we sleep in the same room?" Calypso asked. They were now only about fifty miles from Damson. This practical detail had nagged her all the way from Pennsylvania.

"Mom will probably give you Susan's room: Sue isn't coming home for the spring break. But there's a door between her room and mine. . . ." A very good door, which had permitted Jon, two years older, to instruct, browbeat, and despotize his younger sister, who often mistook him for God or the President. "I oiled that door till it was quiet as ice. And you can go through it two ways."

She didn't know why this *(continued on page 117)*

Illustration by Julia Noonan

HELP!

The Great New Shorter Hair & New Makeup to the Rescue

"Help!" cried out a funny, hand-written booklet we received in the mail. On the cover was a drawing of a sad face and a happy face. "Turn me from this to this, please," read the caption. The plea, from Janet Spindler, 30, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, sent us packing. Off we went to Fort Wayne, where Janet, at our request, had also lined up three of her friends to participate with her in our summer makeover story. With us was Peter Green, a whiz of a New York hairdresser, to help us make the biggest beauty point of the season—the new shorter, no-fuss hair. By Sally Obre, Beauty Editor.



Janet Spindler is a slim, soft-spoken woman who helped set up a drug-information center in Fort Wayne. Apart from her many community activities, she loves nothing better than to curl up with a good book. In 1960, Janet's all-American looks won her the title of Miss Indiana in the Junior Miss Pageant. But 13 years later she found herself discouraged with her appearance. "When I wrote to the *Journal*, I'd just had my second baby. I felt drippy; my hair was lifeless. I needed a new look."

Hairdresser Peter Green sized up Janet's long, fine, limp hair and decided it needed some drastic cutting. He promised a slightly wary Janet a casual, easy-to-maintain style that would fit in with her active life as mother and community volunteer. His choice was a side-parted, chin-length blunt cut that would give her hair more body.

Then Peter showed her how to blow her hair dry with a hand dryer, a technique that helps everyone avoid weekly hairdresser appointments. A once-every-six-to-eight-week appointment to keep up the cut is all that's necessary.

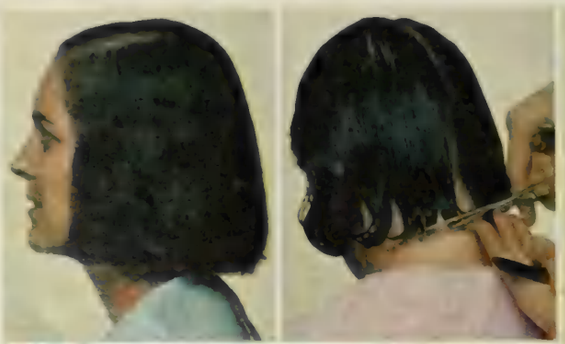
Next Sally created a simple and natural makeup for Janet to show off her delicate skin and large, pretty eyes. The first step was to thin and shape Janet's eyebrows. Then the sheerest cream-colored foundation for her skin. White highlighter was dabbed under the brows, then a light beige shadow on the lids. Under the bottom lashes went a fine line of soft brown pencil, then several coats of dark brown mascara on her lashes, and a glossy plum color on her lips. At the end Janet's husband Bill, who runs his own chemical company, came in to admire the spectacular results.

The basic cut: a one-length style snipped just below the chin. The shorter length added body to Janet's fine hair and provided fullness around her face.

Cut dry, the hair was then shampooed, conditioned, and checked carefully for any wayward strands.

Janet learns how to blow her hair dry with a hand-held dryer. The hair is brushed while drying to smooth it and encourage it to turn under.

For final shaping, electric rollers were put into Janet's hair for about three minutes.









Janet Spindler's photographs by John Vidol; all others by Arthur Elgort. Hair and styles by Peter Green of "La Coupe"; makeup by Revlon.



"You couldn't have called a better person for a makeover," said Carol Gerster. Carol, 32, is the pretty mother of four children. A casual outdoor type, Carol usually wore her hair tied in bunches. Peter found her hair damaged from overbleaching and suggested a short soft cut. Sally lightened and thinned Carol's eyebrows, then added a rosy beige to her cheeks and lips. For her eyes, pale yellow under the brows, aqua in the crease, pale blue on the lid, and brown mascara on her lashes.

Peter lopped off Carol's long hair in a short graduated cut. Carol was nervous about the change; her husband Jon was all for it.

The basic cut—short enough to expose the ears—brought out the natural waves and body in Carol's hair. After shampooing, Peter checked the cut again with his scissors. To maintain, he says, simply blow dry and run your fingers through the hair to fluff up.



HELP!



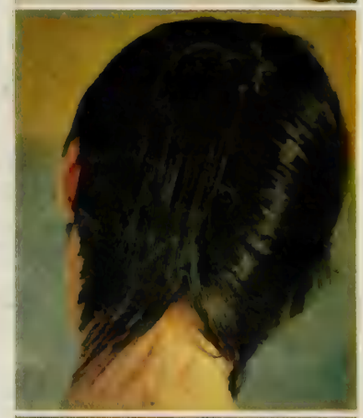
Linda Young is a bright, creative 32-year-old mother of two who loves golf, music and crafts. Her husband Bob manages a data computer service. Hairdresser Peter Green thought Linda needed a short, soft hair style that would do away with a lot of broken ends. Sally thinned her eyebrows, applied a misty rose foundation to her skin, a pink blusher on her cheeks, and a rosy lipstick. To highlight her eyes, she used a bright blue liner on her lids, beige highlighter under the brow, and dark brown mascara.



Peter inspects Linda's long, streaked hair that badly needed a cut and general reconditioning.



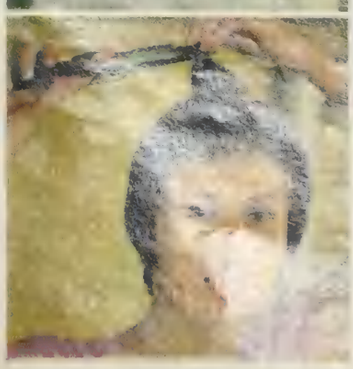
He begins the cut, as he always does, on dry hair. The length: just below the ears, with a graduated line.



After shampooing, Peter goes over Linda's hair thoroughly to recheck the line and snip off stray ends.



Peter blew Linda's hair dry with a hand dryer, brushing it simultaneously to smooth and fluff it.



To provide extra body and a slight curl, Peter instructed Linda in using a curling iron. Her bangs were brushed back to give height in our final shot.



Peter found Carol's hair over-bleached and dry. A good cut and shaping was in order. He opted for a chin-length cut with a center part to flatter her roundish face.

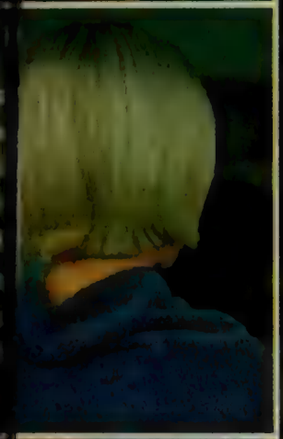
The basic cut, before shampooing. The hair is slightly shorter in the back and even in length.

After the shampoo, Peter checks the cut carefully to make sure the cut is exact.

The finished line of the cut shows a sleek, simple profile.

Carol's hair is brushed, straightened, and gently turned under as Peter dries it with a hand dryer.

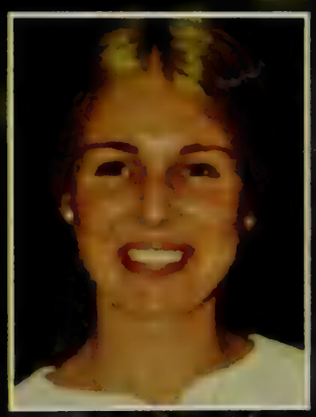












Carol Roberts is a quiet, outdoors type with a liking for the natural, whether it's her environment or her looks. She and her husband Randy, two young children, and a dog live in a modern house overlooking a swift stream in the woods. Carol, a camping enthusiast, wears her hair long and straight and uses little makeup. Peter and Sally decided on an easy, natural look that would enhance Carol's pretty appearance. Peter wanted a softer, shorter style for Carol's thick blonde hair. Sally first thinned and lightened Carol's brows to blend with her hair color. Then came a yellow tint and sheer powder to tone down a ruddy skin. To dramatize her eyes, white shadow went under the brows, silver on the lids, and beige in the crease. Brown mascara and sheer coral lipstick completed her new look.





Choosing Straws

Pick a straw or pick several. It's a winning look in interiors that range from casual country to slick city. Go for the real item woven into almost anything from floor coverings to table tops. Combine it with other straw-colored natural materials: wicker, rattan, cane, bamboo. Use a touch of straw or let it dominate the entire room. The mood can be as formal as a bamboo bergère or as guileless as a big market basket drafted to hold magazines or fireplace logs. Discover how almost any earth-colored organics from dried flowers to fresh bread sticks take on a great decorative dimension in the company of other straw-colored furnishings. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

Left: A fantasy of straw that knows no limits. Steal ideas for any room in the house from this collection of no-color naturals. The furniture includes a wicker sofa to sit on, a trunk that acts as a coffee table, a tall stack of wicker drawers, a charming bamboo-and-cane chest. Also bamboo: the armchair and étagères. On the walls is mock basketry. Elsewhere are real baskets filled with dried flowers, eggs, and other earthy staples. Woven straw serves as a wall hanging and as a floor covering. Looking perfect in such a setting—a scattering of earthenware.

Photograph by Charles Gold. Walters Wicker furniture; Brunschwig & Fils fabric and wallpaper. Shopping information on page 122.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS TODAY

The indefatigable Miss Reynolds, now making it big in "Irene"—her first Broadway show—talks frankly about her children and her happy life since Eddie. By Gini Kopecky

The stage curtain rises on a scene in a Ninth Avenue piano store where neighbors have gathered to await the delivery of the first telephone on the block (it is New York, 1919). "But where's Irene?" someone asks. "Here she comes now," and in strides perky little Debbie Reynolds, carrying a stack of books. Then—oooops!—she slips and falls; the books go flying and the Broadway audience breaks into relieved laughter. This is what they've come for—a good, old-fashioned laugh—and Debbie works hard to give it to them.

"The character of Irene is really that of a sweet, simple girl," she says "but I put as much spunk in her as I can. It's the kind of comedy I love most—you know, physical, baggy-pants humor. It's what I've done all my life and it's what I enjoy—no messages, just fun." It is three o'clock in the afternoon, and Debbie, tiny and thin and surprisingly pale without her stage makeup, is curled barefoot on a sofa in the East Side townhouse she is renting during her stay in New York. She's been awake for a while, but her voice is gravelly and she looks tired around the mouth and eyes. "No, it's not from last night's performance. The singing and dancing and running around keep you in shape—if you're in condition. And, of course, I've studied falls *(continued on page 140)*

THE DEBBIE AND CARRIE BLUE GOWNS

Debbie, relaxing between performances with her daughter Carrie Fisher, 16, who is making her stage debut in the chorus of *Irene*. To celebrate one of the highlights of the show—the song "In Her Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown"—we've designed the gowns shown here. Debbie's has a crisscross halter top and a lightly gathered empire skirt. Simplicity Pattern #5364. In Qiana nylon by Loomskill. Carrie's ribbon-and-organdy dress has a stretch top (made from elasticized ribbon). Simplicity #5508. Logantex organdy, C.F. Offray ribbon. Backviews and other instructions on page 125.

Photograph by Otto Stupakoff





Vegetable Medley with Confetti Dip is one of the most glamorous appetizer or salad courses we know. Vary the vegetables as they vary in price.



Mixed Fruit with Ruby Sauce presented extravagantly in an outsize brandy snifter. Such imaginative presentations are half the fun of serving and eating good food.

78 WAYS TO SAVE AT THE PRODUCE COUNTER

Inflated meat prices may be stealing all the headlines these days, but they are not the sole villains of the piece. Sky-rocketing fruit and vegetable prices are also guilty partners in the food bill scandal. Recent checks at the supermarket suggest that the 2 for 19¢ cucumber has gone the way of the Model T Ford and the 29¢ head of lettuce.

The question is—what to do. Substituting fish, poultry, and eggs for beef, pork, and lamb may take pressure off your meat bill, but there are no equally satisfactory dietary replacements for fruits and vegetables. When it comes to produce, the solution is not to buy *less*, but to buy *better*.

Consumers are in part to blame for their own dilemma. They have come to expect a choice of all varieties of produce all year round without regard to seasonality. Growers co-operate, but naturally at a price. Buyers who demand fresh tomatoes in mid-January ought not be surprised at the sorry, mealy merchandise for which they pay premium prices.

Saving money on fruits and vegetables calls for clever calculation plus common sense. Here are 78 tactics we've masterminded to help you get more for your dollar. By Arlene Wanderman, Food Editor.

1. Cultivate the head of the produce department at a store as you do your butcher. A caring, knowledgeable expert can steer you to both the best buys and the best quality produce. (If he doesn't want to be friendly, find someone else.) And don't be afraid to ask which oranges are the juiciest or whether he recommends plums or nectarines that day.

2. Keep an open mind when you go shopping. A shopping list can be useful, *(continued on page 112)*



Photographs by Charles Gold

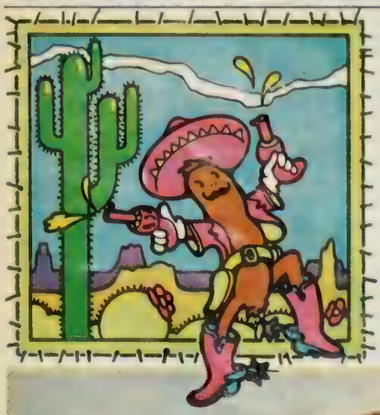
THE GREAT LITTLE HOT DOG COOK BOOK

What would such all-American institutions as the barbecue, the baseball game, or Sunday night supper be without the hot dog? Shadows of their true selves, and probably unpatriotic shadows at that. But relax, the hot dog is in no danger of disappearing. A bachelor cook named John A. Gould has compiled "The Great Little Hot Dog Cookbook" (Doubleday, $3.95), which ought to elevate the frankfurter to new national status. Gould's extraordinary imaginative collection will have you eating America's favorite sausage on any occasion from breakfast time to party time. The recipes are on page 105. Hot dog!





Divine Dogs: "A canine version of one of my mother's favorite recipes." Hot dogs, broccoli, and a creamy cheese sauce.



Taco Dogs: "You need taco shells for this one. They come in a package ready to cook. The sauce, as the ingredients suggest, is hot. Very hot." Combines hot dogs, chili beans, chili powder, taco shells, shredded lettuce, and grated cheese, topped with a spicy sauce.



Irish Setter Stew: "Set her in the oven and let her go." A hot dog stew with onion, potato, carrots, bay leaf, parsley, thyme, and chicken broth. Add a bit of optional white wine if you want an extra-special touch.







Sauced Dogs: "Wee cocktail weenies, for parties." Franks and onion in a sweet-sour sauce.

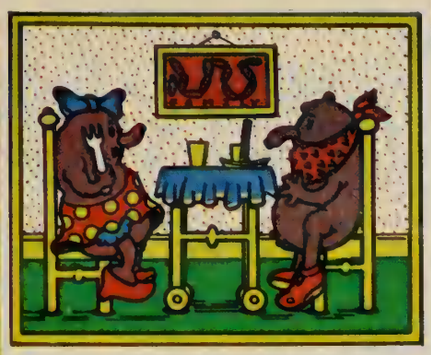






Fat Dog Casserole: "Unless you can find a low-calorie cream cheese, here is a very fattening dish. Like all such dishes, it is also good." Hot dogs cut up, sautéed in a spicy tomato sauce, combined with noodles, cream cheese, sour cream, and Cheddar cheese.





Stuffed Dogs: "A lady I know, asked me to give her a recipe for a huge party. I came up with this. The lady was grateful, but her cook, after preparing 300 stuffed dogs, was ready to sauté me." Stuffed hot dogs wrapped in bacon.





Dog in Foxhole: "Ridiculously easy." Dog-stuffed potatoes.

ot Mandarin
ogs: "Remi-
scent of exotic
sia," with or-
nges, sour
eam, ginger.







Russian Wolfhounds: "The dish is spicy. The sauce? Like Russian dressing."







Chili Dogs: A fast study in Mexican chili. This recipe calls for a sauce of kidney beans, tomatoes, ground beef, onion, and chili powder simmered with hot dogs for about 15 minutes. To serve, fill hot dog rolls with the chili bean mixture and place a hot dog in each one.

Copyright © 1973 by John A. Gould. From his "The Great Little Hot Dog Cookbook," published by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Photographs by Charles Gold; drawings by Doug Taylor.

LOWERING THE LIQUOR BILL

How do you keep your guests happy and the size of your liquor bill down? "Serve delicious and unusual mixed drinks and punches," says Joe Scialom, drink guru of New York's Four Seasons Restaurant. To reinforce his point he proffered the recipes for two of his own specialties, which are included below with some great originals of our own devising. This is just the first of many money-saving tips from Joe and other experts. For more ways to save at your next party and to check recipes for the seven mixed drinks shown, turn to page 110.



Photograph by Arthur Beck

How to travel first class on economy fare.

Add a can of Campbell's to budget meats or fish and you're off to a flying start.





SWEET AND SAVORY MEATBALLS

- 1 pound ground beef
- ¼ cup fine dry bread crumbs
- ¼ cup finely chopped onion
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 small clove garlic, minced
- 1 tablespoon shortening
- 1 can Campbell's Golden Mushroom Soup
- ½ cup drained chopped canned tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 2 teaspoons soy sauce
- Dash pepper
- Cooked rice

Mix beef, crumbs, onion, egg, and garlic; shape into 16 meatballs. In skillet, brown meatballs in shortening; pour off fat. Add remaining ingredients except rice. Cover; cook over low heat 20 minutes or until done. Stir now and then. Serve with rice. Makes about 3½ cups.

FANCY FLOUNDER ROLL-UPS

- 2 packages (10 ounces each) frozen broccoli spears, cooked and drained
- 8 fillets of flounder (2 lb.)*
- 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup
- ¼ cup mayonnaise
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Divide broccoli among fillets; roll up. Secure with toothpicks. Arrange in 2-quart shallow baking dish (12x8x2"). Bake at 350°F. for 20 minutes. Meanwhile, combine remaining ingredients; pour over fish, stirring in liquid around sides. Bake 15 to 20 minutes more or until done. Arrange roll-ups on platter. Stir sauce; pour over roll-ups. Garnish with lemon if desired. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

*If using frozen, thaw completely.



CHICKEN PARMESAN

- ¼ cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 4 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
- ¼ teaspoon oregano leaves, crushed
- Dash garlic powder
- Dash pepper
- 2 pounds chicken parts
- 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
- ½ cup milk
- Paprika

Combine crumbs, 2 tablespoons Parmesan, oregano, garlic, and pepper; roll chicken in mixture. Arrange in 2-quart shallow baking dish (12x8x2"). Bake at 400°F. for 20 minutes. Turn chicken; bake 20 minutes more. Meanwhile, blend soup and milk; pour over chicken. Sprinkle with paprika and remaining Parmesan. Bake 20 minutes more or until chicken is tender. Arrange chicken on platter. Stir sauce; pour over chicken. Makes 4 servings.

Anything worth cooking is worth Campbell's.

THE JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER

Recipe Exchange



Golden California carrots are the basis of this unusually good vegetable ring sent in by Mrs. Sally Markowitz of Marina Del Rey, Calif. Mrs. Markowitz, who manages a department at the Beverly Hills Bonwit Teller, confesses to experimenting with new foods only when she has company. Otherwise, there's no time.

CARROT RING

1 cup shortening
½ cup light brown sugar
1 egg, in 1 tsp. cold water
1¼ cups sifted flour
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. baking soda
½ tsp. salt
2 cups finely grated fresh carrots



Preheat oven to 350°. Cream shortening and brown sugar together until light and fluffy. Beat in egg and water. Resift flour with cinnamon, baking powder, baking soda, and salt into creamed mixture. Beat at low speed until just blended. Stir carrots in by hand. Turn into a greased 5½-6 cup ring mold and bake for 30 minutes in a 350° oven.

Unmold and fill center with parsley or vegetables. Serve with baked ham or roasted turkey. Serves 6.

Danish Raspberry n' Cream Pie is a marvelous [illegible] rich dessert, filled with fresh red raspberries. Its creator, Mrs. Mabel [illegible] of Hamburg, Iowa, is thrilled to have her recipe appear in the JOURNAL. "I've been cooking all my life," she says, "but it's the first time anything like this has ever happened to me."



DANISH RASPBERRY 'N CREAM PIE

1 package [illegible] raspberry [illegible] Danish dessert
1⅔ cups cold water
Baked 9-in. pie shell
2 packages (3 oz. ea.) cream cheese, softened
1 tsp. [illegible]

Stir Danish dessert mix into cold water in a small saucepan. Bring to a boil for one minute, stirring constantly. Chill for 30 minutes; stir [illegible]ly.

Meanwhile bake pie shell using a mix, a frozen pastry shell, or your own recipe.

Beat cream cheese, sugar, milk, lemon rind and vanilla until smooth. Spread



over bottom of cooled pie shell. Gently stir raspberries and lemon juice into Danish dessert mixture. Spread over cheese.

Chill 3 to 4 hours. Top if desired with whipped cream. Serves 6.

Send us your favorite ring mold recipe. We'll pay $50 for those we use. Include with recipe some mention of its origin; we reserve the right to alter recipes used; recipes submitted become the property of Downe Publishing, Inc. Entries must be postmarked by June 30. Send: Recipe Exchange, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.



NEWS OF THE SUPERMARKET

Beef Quiz of the Month: Is a California Pot Roast the same thing as an Arm Pot Roast? Yes_____ No_____ Maybe_____ Forget it, I'll buy chicken_____. If you've ever stewed over the confusion of names for cuts of beef—there are 610 in all—you'll be happy to learn that a research report from the Department of Agriculture is lending weight to the growing demand for standardized labeling of beef. Apparently, all those hundreds of fanciful names apply to only eight primal cuts: chuck, flank, short loin, round, sirloin, brisket, short plate, and rib. Rib eye steak, for example, might be called market steak, spencer steak, delmonico steak, center cut steak, regular roll steak, boneless club steak, boneless rib club steak, or beauty steak. Wouldn't it be simpler—and save time shopping—if the name of the primal cut were specified on all beef labels? We think so, and so does the National Livestock and Meat Board, which has been in favor of voluntary labeling for some time. And so do New York and Massachusetts, two states that enacted legislation to avoid all this confusion.

New Products: ▪ National Little League Week begins Monday, June 11. After a long hot day on the diamond, many a budding young baseball star has a Big League thirst. Quench it with one of the new Welch's grape juices—no longer only "grape" colored. Now there's Red Grape Juice (a blend of Catawba, Concord, and Red Vinifera grapes), and White Grape Juice (a blend of Niagara and White Vinifera grapes).

▪ Give Dad a big hug on Father's Day June 17—and one of Sara Lee's new frozen Decorator Cakes. You'll find five different kinds, packed in 17-oz. boxes and all set to serve when you defrost them.

▪ June 14 is a big day in Osaka, Japan. It's the Rice Planting Festival; tiny rice seedlings are transplanted to the fields of a sacred shrine. Hold your own rice festival with a bowlful of Campbell's newest Chunky Soup—Chicken with Rice. For a touch of the Far East, add a drop of soy sauce and a splash of vinegar.

▪ June 14-23 has been designated National Apricot Week, and we're still trying to figure out why. But we did feel challenged to rise to the occasion—with a whipped Apricot Spread that uses Kraft's new liquid Parkay margarine! Peel and slice three fresh (or canned) apricots. Place in blender container with ¼ cup liquid margarine and sugar to taste. Blend until smooth. Spread on toast or crackers.

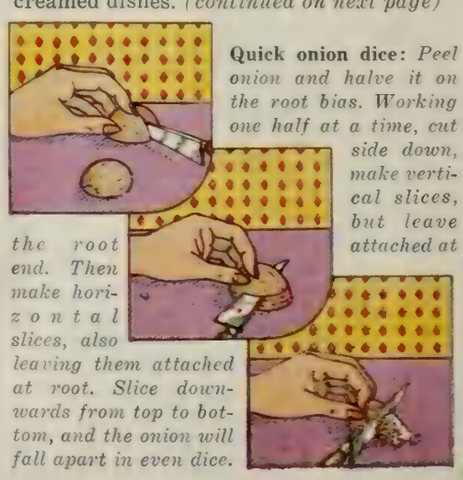
Kitchen Boutique

Snip away at kitchen chores with a pair of sharp stainless steel scissors. Parsley, for example, is easy to mince with kitchen scissors—snip off a scattering for a bowl of clear soup. Chives, the fresh green ones in little clay pots, need regular cutting back. But there's lots more to be done with scissors beyond kitchen gardening:

▪ Trim thin slices of bread into squares and diamonds for party canapes. Snip triangles of bread for toast points.

• Scissor through pizza—it's easier than using a knife.

▪ Snip fish filets into cooking portions; scissor-mince shellfish or chicken for creamed dishes. *(continued on next page)*



Quick onion dice: *Peel onion and halve it on the root bias. Working one half at a time, cut side down, make vertical slices, but leave attached at the root end. Then make horizontal slices, also leaving them attached at root. Slice downwards from top to bottom, and the onion will fall apart in even dice.*

Drawings by Rainbow Grinder. Food Photographs by Michael O'Neill

Love is fun.



We think your salad should be just as much fun as your dessert. That's why we created this clever combination. Avocado Love Salad. Lettuce, cottage cheese and lots of good, fresh fruit. With the special sparkle of a California avocado's sunny flavor. The topping? Kraft French Dressing, of course. Subtly spiced and incredibly smooth, it adds a taste of fun to everything it touches. Try an Avocado Love Salad soon. You'll see . . . Love is Fun!

KRAFT
Division of **Kraftco Corporation**

At Kraft, we think salads ought to be fun!



Love food from California
California Avocado Advisory Board

THE JOURNAL FOOD SAMPLER

▪ Use scissors to open packages, especially those plastic bags in which you cook frozen food.

• A really sharp investment would be a pair of special poultry shears. Whole chickens are pennies less a pound, easy to cut up once you get them home from the store. You can cut whole chickens into halves or smaller, depending on recipe.

CHEF'S SECRETS

Chef Richard Nickerson—known to friends, admirers, and gastronomes as Nick—has presided over some of the most prestigious kitchens in the country and is now the executive chef of Miami's distinguished Jockey Club. (Florida is ideal for Chef Nick, who's happiest in a land of sun, sand, water and—most important of all—boats.) Because he's sure that home cooks can achieve professional status in their own kitchens, he's delighted to share some of his special cooking tricks with JOURNAL readers. Are you ready to "go pro"?

▪ Can you reheat a single portion of meat so that it's still juicy and flavorful? Yes, if you use lettuce. Place a leaf of lettuce in a pie tin, put meat on top, then another lettuce leaf on top of the meat. Add a little water to the bottom of the pan and place in a medium oven until hot.



▪ Can you make a seafood salad for four actually serve five or even six people? If you use bread, you can. Expensive seafood can be extended with small cubes of bread, trimmed of crust and marinated with the salad for at least an hour. As the bread swells, it picks up the flavors of seafood and dressing.

▪ Can you keep your cakes and breads from sticking to their tins? Absolutely. Combine equal portions of oil, shortening, and flour; mix until smooth; and use this mixture to grease your pans.

▪ A great way to make professional looking cake trimming is with colored crumbs. Next time you bake a cake, make a little extra batter, color it red or green and bake it in any pan. Allow the cake to dry thoroughly and then crush into crumbs.

PRODUCTS

EQUIPMENT NEWS

New coffee-makers. One of the great advantages of brewing drip-style coffee is its wonderfully clear, aromatic flavor. One of the big drawbacks is that coffee gets cold fast. We think we've found a new coffee-maker that solves the problem. It's West Bend's Quik Drip, an automatic drip-style coffee-maker that brews from two to eight cups in minutes. You remove the coffee basket and serve from a clear glass carafe, which you then set back on the unit's warming plate to keep your brew at perfect serving temperature without boiling. Quik Drip costs under $30.



Getting a sleek new coffee-maker? Wonderful! But don't throw out your old pot. We've found that metal percolators (with stem and basket) make imaginative toys for tots.

Indoors, preschoolers love pouring their own "pretend coffee" (milk or juice) into paper cups. Out in the sandbox, there's no end to the fun kids can have with this "real" toy.

best bites

What does the word "carbohydrate" do to you? It makes many people think sadly of forbidden things—layers of rich chocolate cake, thick slices of bread, mounds of mashed potatoes, plates piled high with pasta. But amid all the uproar over low-, no-, and normal-carbohydrate diets, we realized that not only was nothing good being said about carbohydrates, but that in fact, most people don't even know what they are.

Carbohydrates, for those of you who are technically oriented, are organic compounds composed of carbon + hydrogen + oxygen; the laymen among us recognize these compounds as sugars, starches, and cellulose.

Carbohydrates are fuel. Both sugars and starches (which body chemistry breaks down into sugars) are sources of energy for us, but what we don't consume as fuel gets stored as fat. Cellulose does not—it is not broken down or stored; it's importance lies in the fact that it adds necessary bulk to the diet, helps keep bowels regular.

Where do you find carbohydrates? Almost everywhere—except for meat, fats, and oil. Even shellfish have traces of carbohydrate. Fruits, vegetables, all the grains, milk and other dairy products contain varying amounts of carbohydrates; and all these foods have important vitamins and minerals as well. Eat them, of course, but choose wisely. If you're avoiding extra carbohydrates, you'll shop carefully. Of the fruits, for example, bananas are much starchier than strawberries. Apples and grapes are relatively high in carbohydrate content. Melons are low. Revel in a variety of summer melons and forget about counting carbohydrates.

Actually, it's the "empty" carbohydrate foods—foods that are all sugar and no vitamins or protein—that pose a problem for most people. Swimmers and hikers nibble candy bars for quick energy; but if you're not active, all those delightfully sweet things you love tend to accumulate around the waist.

FOOD OF THE MONTH

Ripe cherries in June—a sweet harvest to discover one warm day at the fruit stand. Buy too many—there won't be enough—and serve them piled high in a frosted silver bowl. What luxury! When it comes to cooking with cherries, is there anything different to do beyond the however delicious but clichéd cherry pie and cherries jubilee?

Our first "different" recipe is one our food editor created one day after stuffing *cherry* tomatoes. Consider stuffing cherries with an orange-scented cream cheese. Unusual with a glass of wine, and if you have a cherry pitter to take out the stones, you won't mind the extra trouble. Save some to garnish a fruit salad, or fold some into a cherry-flavored gelatin mold.

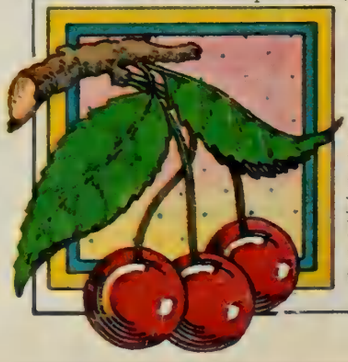
STUFFED CHERRIES

Remove stems and pits from 1 pound Bing cherries. Blend 1 package (3 oz.) softened cream cheese with ¼ cup finely chopped toasted almonds, and 1 tablespoon each light cream and grated orange rind. Stuff cherries, using a #4 plain tube and pastry bag.

While you're nibbling a stuffed cherry or two, take time to put away some of the current crop, layered in sugar and soaked in spirits. Brandied cherries are easy to make, great to serve as an accompaniment to roast pork or duck—or as a dessert topping for mounds of vanilla ice cream. They might very well become your specialty of the house.

BING CHERRIES IN BRANDY

Remove stems and pits from 4 cups Bing cherries. Layer cherries with 1 pound superfine sugar in a wide-mouthed, 2-quart jar or crock. Pour 1½ cups brandy over all. Enclose 1 tablespoon each grated orange peel, whole allspice, whole cloves in a cheese-cloth bag and add to jar. Let stand at room temperature, covered, for at least six weeks—but the longer it stands the better it tastes. Remove bag when ready to use.



DOG COOKBOOK

nued from page 98

pes pictured on pages 98–99.

DIVINE DOGS

dogs
kage frozen broccoli (thawed)
espoons butter
espoons flour
chicken broth
p heavy cream
aspoon Worcestershire sauce
p grated Cheddar cheese
spoon prepared mustard
espoon sherry
aspoon salt
aspoon pepper

the hot dogs lengthwise in Place the broccoli in a cas- e and cover it with the hot halves.
elt the butter in a saucepan. lually add the flour, blending othly. Slowly add the chicken n. Add the remaining ingre- ts. Stir until the cheese s. Pour the sauce over the . Bake at 400° for 20–25 min- Before serving, slosh a bit sherry over the top. Serves 4.

TACO DOGS

dogs
z. can chili beans or a 16-oz. can dney beans with 2 tablespoons ili powder
co shells
o shredded lettuce
os grated cheese

te the hot dogs and mash n together with the beans. t this mixture thoroughly in ying pan. Prepare the taco ls according to the directions the package. Put shredded ce at the bottom of the shell, hot dog-bean mixture in the dle, and sprinkle the grated se on the top.
erve with hot sauce:

p nned tomato sauce
olespoon chili powder
aspoons dry mustard or orseradish
aspoon onion juice or ½ small nion, diced
easpoon sugar
easpoon salt
easpoon pepper

Heat and stir these ingredients a saucepan. Pour the sauce y carefully over the tacos. ves 4.

RECIPES TESTED IN THE JOURNAL KITCHENS

Ruth Lauman, Manager
Jean Aultman
Claudia T. Kinsey

IRISH SETTER STEW

hot dogs
rge potato, peeled
rge onion
carrots
an chicken broth
ay leaf
sley
me
t and pepper

t hot dogs into 1-inch chunks. ce the potato, the onion,

(continued on page 109)

Flavor.

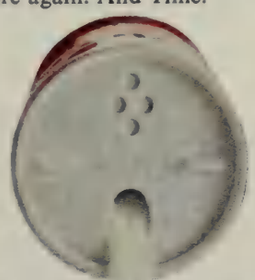
Nature gives it. Nature takes it away. Accent® helps restore it.



Who puts the good, natural flavor in food? Nature.

But, who takes away some of that flavor on the trip to your kitchen?

Nature again. And Time.



After creating a dilemma like that, you'd think Nature would be kind enough to help provide an answer to the problem.

She has. It's called Accent.

Accent is Nature's own flavor enhancer and helps restore the flavor in dozens of foods.

Most foods lose some natural elements that heighten flavor during the trip to your kitchen.

Accent actually helps restore one of the most important of those elements. In fact, this flavor enhancer, Accent, is actually derived from natural food sources.



Accent works flavorful wonders on many foods—meats, poultry, vegetables, salads, fish—frozen, fresh, canned. Use Accent to help restore the good flavor that Nature and Time took away.

Try it on many of the foods you prepare (see suggestions below)—and taste the flavorful difference.

HOW & WHEN TO USE Accent

Let Accent do its job in new ways for you, as suggested below:

Meats. Before cooking, sprinkle Accent generously on all sides of meat. Use on roasts, chops, steaks, hamburger—use on beef, pork, veal. Mix into ground meat.

Poultry and fish. Before cooking, sprinkle generously on all sides and in the cavity. Or, mix Accent into coating or breading.

Vegetables and salads. Sprinkle Accent over cooked vegetables (fresh, frozen or canned) after draining; over salads before adding dressing.

Casseroles, gravies, soups, stews, and sauces. Mix in Accent during preparation.

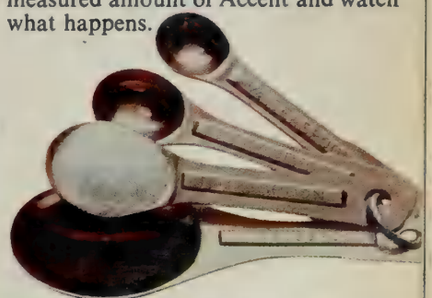
Table usage: Keep Accent with the salt and pepper. Individual preferences may call for a few sprinkles more.



Remember to keep your Accent within easy reach when preparing meals (right next to the salt and pepper is a good idea).

And remember to use enough to bring out the good, natural flavor of the food you cook.

Measure according to the directions on the package for best results. Use a measured amount of Accent and watch what happens.



Better flavor happens.

And other nice things.

Like compliments.

And people saying, "Hey! This is really good!"

And you feeling proud.

Accent. It's Nature's own flavor enhancer.



Take a good thing.



And top it.



1. Lettuce, iceberg wedges. Serve 'em with your own fresh dressing. Combine 1 cup mayonnaise, ¼ t. curry powder, ½ t. grated lemon peel, 3 Tb. fresh lemon juice, and 1 beaten egg yolk. Stir over low heat until thick.

2. Tomatoes, fresh sliced. Go from plain to fancy. Quick. Combine ⅔ cup salad oil, ⅓ cup fresh lemon juice, 1 Tb. dried basil, 2 Tb. fresh chopped parsley, 2 t. fresh grated lemon peel and ½ t. pepper. Drizzle over tomatoes.

3. Cucumbers, crisp cartwheels. Combine 1 cup sour cream, ½ t. salt, ⅛ t. pepper, ½ t. grated lemon peel, 1½ Tb. fresh lemon juice and ¼ cup snipped chives. That's cool.

4. Avocado, creamy ripe slices. All they need is a sprinkle of salt and a squeeze of fresh lemon. Fantastic.

Want some more fresh lemon tricks? Drop a postcard to Sunkist, Dept. S-73-32, Box 7888, Van Nuys, California 91409

Sunkist®

30 MINUTE MENU

Teen-agers' Party: Back to the Fifties for a rock'n roll session complete with Elvis posters, "You Ain't Nothing But a Hound Dog," and Davy Crockett buttons—guaranteed to make a hit with kids of any decade. Serves 6 to 8.

- Set 2 (5-quart) pots on the stove with 3 quarts of water and a tablespoon of salt each. Place a large heat-proof platter or bowl in a 200° oven.
- Prepare the Mexican Bean Dip next. Place 2 cans (15½ ounces each) of Mexican chili con carne with beans, an 8-ounce package of cream cheese, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ to 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper, and 2 cloves of crushed garlic in a heavy saucepan. Whip briefly. Place over low heat, stirring frequently. Arrange 3 bags of taco-flavored tortilla chips on a platter with a series of garnishes in small bowls, including a 3½-ounce can of sliced pitted black olives, bunch sliced scallions, a 4-ounce package of grated Cheddar cheese, and ½ head of shredded lettuce.
- The pasta: pour 2 packages (12 ounces each) of bow-tie noodles into the boiling water and cook according to directions. Split and seed 2 green and 2 red peppers, cut into julienne strips, and sauté in 2 tablespoons salad oil until tender.
- While the noodles are cooking, wash, hull, and slice 3 pints strawberries and place in a serving bowl. Toss with ⅓ to ½ cup light brown sugar.
- Drain cooked noodles and rinse under very hot water. Return to a large pot. Toss over medium heat with drained peppers, 3 packages (3½ ounces each) sliced pepperoni, ½ cup butter or margarine, and ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese. Turn onto heated platter.
- Dessert is a do-it-yourself course. Supply 3 packages (10–11 ounces each) frozen waffles (toasted), and 2 cans (7–9 ounces each) of whipped topping with the strawberries.



Photograph by Michael O'Neill

T DOG COOKBOOK

tinued from page 105

d the carrots. Place these ingredi-s in a casserole and cover them h the chicken broth. Add the sonings. Bake at 350° for about our. Serves 4.

riations: This can also be stewed top of the stove about the same gth of time. Add some white ne after stew has been cooking three-quarters of an hour for a easant surprise.

SAUCED DOGS

os. cocktail franks
small onion, diced
tablespoon butter
cup water
tablespoons cider vinegar
tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
tablespoons brown sugar
cup ketchup
teaspoon salt
teaspoon pepper

uté the franks and the onions in e butter. Add the remaining in-edients and heat for 15 minutes. rve with toothpicks, hot, in a afing dish if possible.

riation: If you don't have any cktail franks, use 1-inch chunks of ndard dogs.

FAT DOG CASSEROLE

hot dogs
tablespoon butter
oz. can tomato sauce
teaspoon garlic powder
teaspoon sugar
teaspoon salt
cups cooked noodles
oz. package cream cheese
cup sour cream
cup grated Cheddar cheese

ut the hot dogs in half-inch hunks. In a skillet, heat them, ong with the butter, the tomato uce, the garlic powder, the sugar, d the salt over a medium fire.

Place the noodles in a greased sserole dish. Mix the cream eese and the sour cream together ith a fork, and spoon the mixture ver the noodles. Add the hot dogs nd the tomato sauce. Finally, sprinkle the top with the grated cheese, and bake for 30 minutes at 350°. Serves 4.

STUFFED DOGS

1 small onion
¼ green pepper
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
5 stuffed olives
4 hot dogs
½ cup grated Cheddar cheese
4 strips bacon

Dice fine the onion and the green pepper, and sauté in butter or margarine for 5 minutes. Chop up and add the olives to the sautéed vegetables. Gash hot dogs lengthwise and fill them with the mixture. Then cover stuffing with the grated cheddar cheese.

Wrap each dog with a strip of bacon, securing the ends with a toothpick. Broil the dogs until the bacon is brown and crisp. Serves 2.

DOG IN A FOXHOLE

2 large potatoes
2 hot dogs
Sour cream

With an apple corer or a paring knife, cut a "foxhole" into each potato. Stick the hot dogs into the foxholes and bake for 50–60 minutes at 350° until a fork enters the potatoes easily. Serve with sour cream. Serves 2.

Variations: You can *(continued)*

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Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

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A. 3 WINNERS—AMERICAN MOTORS HORNET HATCHBACK, AIR CONDITIONING, RADIO, BUYER PROTECTION PLAN.
B. 5 WINNERS—ZENITH PORTABLE COLOR TV SET, 14", SOLID STATE.
GRAND PRIZE: ALL 12
THE ONE YOU PUNCH PLUS ALL THE OTHERS TOO!
C. 16 WINNERS—COMPLETE SET OF THE GROLIER NEW BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.
G. 41 WINNERS—HOHNER CONTESSA ALL WOOD CLASSICAL GUITAR, 6-STRING.
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I. 126 WINNERS—SAMSONITE "BONGO" FLEE BAG, WATER-RESIST DENIM.
J. 126 WINNERS—IMPERIAL MAGIMATIC™ INSTANT-LOAD CAMERA KIT.
K. 351 WINNERS—BING BANG BOING™ GAME SET BY IDEAL.
L. 1205 WINNERS—PUNCHY WATCH.
HAWAIIAN PUNCH • PUNCH THE ONE PRIZE YOU WANT TO WIN
HAWAIIAN PUNCH • PUNCH THE ONE PRIZE YOU WANT TO WIN
HAWAIIAN PUNCH SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL RULES. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.
1. Punch the prize you want to win. Then on the official entry blank below, or on plain 3x5 paper, write the letter of the prize you punched.
2. Hand-print or type your name, address and zip code on entry and include picture of "Punchy" cut from label of any 46 oz. can of Hawaiian Punch, or print "Hawaiian Punch—True Fruit Punch" on plain paper.
3. Enter as often as you wish, but designate only one prize per entry. Each entry must be mailed separately to: SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 31, New York, N.Y. 10046. Entries must be postmarked by July 17, 1973 and received by July 24, 1973.
4. IMPORTANT: You must write the code letter of the prize you punch on the outside of the envelope, in the lower left-hand corner.
5. Winners will be selected in random drawings by an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. First qualified entry drawn will receive the Grand Prize. One of each of the twelve prizes.
6. A total of 2000 additional prizes will be awarded as follows: 2 cars, 4 TV's #D2905C, 15 book sets, 25 tents #02711, 30 bikes #T-1610/20, 30 fishing kits, 40 guitars #HG-14, 50 radios #RWD-90, 125 bags #448208, 125 cameras #X50MK, 350 games #4863-7, 1204 watches.
7. Prizes may not be transferred or exchanged. One prize per family. Winners responsible for any taxes. Sweepstakes open to all U.S. residents, except employees and their families of RJR Foods, Inc., its subsidiaries and affiliated companies, and its advertising and judging agencies. Void in Wash., Ida., Mo., Ga., Fla. and wherever else restricted by law. Subject to all federal, state and local laws.
9. For winners' list, send stamped self-addressed envelope to SWEEPSTAKES Winners' List, P.O. Box 68, New York, N.Y. 10046.
10. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received.
OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK
PRIZE I PUNCHED
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____
HAWAIIAN PUNCH® SWEEPSTAKES
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Fleischmann's Margarine helps make many of your favorite foods up to 69% lower in saturated fat.

Now serve your family delicious meals significantly lower in saturated fat and cholesterol, simply by using Fleischmann's Margarine instead of butter. Fleischmann's is high in liquid corn oil, and low in saturated fat. And it contains no cholesterol...absolutely none. Prepared and served with Fleischmann's, many of your family's favorite meals can be lower in saturated fat.



Fleischmann's Margarine
It makes sensible eating delicious.

LOWERING THE LIQUOR BILL

continued from page 100

More tips from Michael Aaron, nephew of the famous liquor mavin Sam Aaron, both of Sherry-Lehmann, in New York.

1. If you are having a large party, 40 people or more, a bartender is worth his weight in gold. He can control size of drinks, spillage, ice, clean glasses, etc. Instruct your bartender carefully. If liquor can be returned, make certain that new bottles aren't opened before the others are used up.
2. Don't be over-generous when pouring drinks. The ice melts, the drink becomes watery, and guests put down their unfinished drinks and return for fresh ones.
3. Order liquor by the case for a 5–10 percent savings.
4. Plan ahead. Buy quantities of liquor at sale times, usually during February, March, July, and August. (Not all states allow cut-rate prices.)
5. Know your guests' likes and dislikes. Don't overbuy on liquors that aren't popular. Generally speaking, Canadian and blended whiskeys are more popular than Scotch or bourbon in New England and Pennsylvania; Scotches are particularly popular in the Eastern states, California, Colorado, Texas, and Louisiana; bourbons are sold largely in the Southern states, California, Kansas, Missouri, and Illinois; cordials and liqueurs are most popular in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Michigan; brandy accounts for 1/8th of all distilled spirits sold in Wisconsin and is also popular in New York; gin sells more than vodka in New Yo New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Eastern North-Central states. H ever, vodka sells more than gin in Western North-Central and South lantic states.
6. More from Joe Scialom of the F Seasons: Use less expensive brands liquor and pour them into decant
7. Here is an economical way to set a self-service bar: 1 bottle each Scotch, bourbon, gin, vodka, sweet mouth, dry vermouth, 2 bowls or pi ers of punch, 2 containers of ice, an pyramid of glasses; a small table ne by for dirty glasses. Keep a bottle dry sherry and dry white wine un wraps in case it should be needed. place bottles as necessary.
8. Buy soda mixes, ginger ale, c soda, etc., in the large sizes.
9. A few guests may prefer a daiqu Margarita, stinger, or mai-tai, so rat than buy a fifth each of rum, tequi Triple Sec, white crème de ment brandy, etc., plus all the mixers a garnishes, you can cut down on y initial expenditure by buying a sel tion of 1/5 pint (6-8 drinks at ab $2.09) or 3/4 quart (12-16 drinks about $3.83) bottled cocktails. You also buy 8-oz. canned cocktails about .93¢.
10. Premix the most popular cockta such as martinis, Manhattans, sours. You will not have to display l expensive brand name bottles in fr of the guests. There are several less known brands of vodka available t cost about $3.50 per fifth as compar to about $4.65 per fifth for more exp sive brands.

HOT DOG COOKBOOK *continued*

make more than one hole and either cut the hot dog in half or use more than one. Make a potato-hot dog sculpture.

HOT MANDARIN GINGER DOGS

6–8 hot dogs
¼ cup orange juice
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ground ginger
1 can mandarin orange sections
¾ cup sour cream

Slice the hot dogs in half lengthwise, and lay them in a frying pan. Pour in the orange juice, and sprinkle the dogs with the salt and the ginger. Then cover them with the orange sections. Simmer for 15 minutes. Remove the pan from the heat; pour the sour cream over the top; and broil for a couple of minutes. Serves 4.

Variations: Try using pineapple instead of or in addition to the orange. Great without the sour cream, on rice.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS

½ small onion
¼ green pepper
Butter
4 hot dogs
2 tablespoons sour cream
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
1 tablespoon cocktail sauce
1 teaspoon water

Dice the onion and the green pepper, and sauté them in butter until the onion starts to brown. Slice the hot dogs in half lengthwise and then in half across their short axes. Mix the sour cream, the mayonnaise, the cocktail sauce, and the water.

Lay the dogs in a baking dish, cover them with the onion and green pepper, and pour the sauce over them. Bake for 15 minutes at 300°. Serves 2.

Variations: The main variations occur in the sauce. Ketchup and horseradish can be substituted for the cocktail sauce. Or you can leave the sauce out altogether, for a milder dish.

CHILI DOGS

½ small onion
½ lb. ground beef
2 tablespoons butter
4–6 hot dogs
8-oz. can tomatoes
Small can (10-oz.) kidney beans
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon (more or less) chili powder
4–6 hot dog buns

Dice the onion, and sauté it, together with the ground beef, in the butter. Add the hot dogs, the tomatoes, the beans, the salt, and the chili powder. Cover and simmer for 15–20 minutes. Sometime during the cooking process, taste the mixture to see if you have used enough chili powder.

To serve, partially fill each bun with the chili bean mixture. Then place a hot dog in the bun. Serves 2–4.

Variations: You can cut the hot dogs into chunks and serve the chili in a bowl with crackers over rice. Incidentally, green pepper is good in chili.

END



The Chicken Kiev on the right, made with Fleischmann's Margarine instead of butter, is 53% lower in saturated fat.

CHICKEN KIEV Pound 8 large pieces boned chicken breasts very thin. Pl 1-1/2 tbsp. Fleischmann's Margarine in center of each breast. Combine 4 t chives, 1 tsp. salt and 1/8 tsp. pepper; sprinkle over margarine. Roll eac breast and overlap sides so that margarine mixture is completely enclos the flesh will adhere. Beat 4 egg whites and 2 tbsp. milk together. Roll chicken in bread crumbs, then in egg white mixture and again in brea crumbs; coat well. Refrigerate at least 20 minutes. Deep fry in hot (370° corn oil until well browned, 8 to 10 minutes. Drain well. Serve hot. Makes 8 servings.

Fleischmann's Margarine



The broccoli on the right, erved with Fleischmann's Margarine instead of butter, is 69% lower in saturated fat.

)CCOLI Buy 1 bunch dark green, firm broccoli, with no trace of yellow. e well in cool water and cut off stalk bottoms and leaves. Separate into erettes. If stems are thick, quarter lengthwise up to flowerettes. Stand verettes up in small saucepan. Cover stems with water. Add 1 tsp. salt. ng to boil and cook about 10 min. or until tender crisp. Drain well and serve topped with 2 tbsp. Fleischmann's Margarine. 4 servings.

Fleischmann's Margarine
It makes sensible eating delicious.

100 proof vodka can be obtained ghtly more than 80 proof vodka, t; add 20 percent tap water and proof will be 80 proof.

hose miniature bottles of liqueurs a good buy if you are not likely up the balance of a large bottle n a reasonable length of time. END

CRANBERRY COOLER
(pictured on page 100)

(6 oz.) frozen cranberry-orange e, thawed
blended light whiskey
espoons lemon juice
espoon superfine sugar
bes
(12 oz.) club soda

cranberry-orange juice, whis- lemon juice, and sugar with ice s in a glass pitcher. Add club Serve in all-purpose wine es. Makes 5 drinks.

KENTUCKY CHAMPAGNE
(pictured on page 100)

ce (2 Tb.) bourbon, chilled
nces sparkling grape juice, chilled
ge rind

bourbon into a chilled cham- e glass. Add sparkling grape and a twist of orange rind.

EARLY-MORNING FIZZ
(pictured on page 100)

riation of the milk punch theme.

ce (2 Tb.) vodka
up light cream or milk
g white
blespoon lemon juice
blespoon lime juice
spoons superfine sugar
aspoon orange extract
ubes
soda

Shake vodka, cream or milk, egg white, lemon and lime juices, sugar or rock candy, and orange extract well with ice cubes. Strain into a chilled glass. Fill glass with club soda.

JADE PUNCH
(pictured on page 100)

At last, a punch men will like.

1 can (46 oz.) grapefruit juice, chilled
1 quart vodka, chilled
4 ounces (½ cup) green crème de menthe
1 bottle (30 oz.) non-carbonated mineral water, chilled
Fresh mint leaves
Ice ring
2 oranges, cut into half cartwheels

Pour grapefruit juice, vodka, and crème de menthe into a punchbowl. Stir until mixed. Add mineral water. Before serving add ice ring to punch bowl. Float cut mint leaves on top of punch.

Serve in 7-ounce old-fashioned glasses with crushed ice. Put half an orange slice horseback on glass rim. Makes about 20 drinks.

EGYPTIAN 75
(pictured on page 100)

A gin variation of the French 75, which is champagne and brandy.

1 ounce (2 Tb.) gin
1 ounce (2 Tb.) brandy
1 teaspoon Rose's lime juice
Dash aromatic bitters
Ice cubes
Chilled ginger ale

Pour gin, brandy, lime juice, and bitters over ice cubes in a highball glass. Stir. Add ginger ale.

BLOODY BULLDOG
Half bloody Mary, half bullshot.

1 cup tomato juice
1 beef bouillon cube
1 teaspoon light brown sugar
⅛ teaspoon curry powder
Ice cubes
1 ounce (2 Tb.) tequila
Lime wedge

In a small saucepan, heat tomato juice, bouillon cube, brown sugar, and curry powder to the boiling point. Cool.

Pour tomato juice mixture over ice cubes. Stir in tequila. Add a lime wedge.

MANDARIN PUNCH
(pictured on page 100)

Patio or picnic, this punch somehow says "outdoor party" to us.

2 cups superfine sugar
1½ cups water
24 whole cloves
2 cinnamon sticks
1 can (6 oz.) frozen orange juice, thawed
¾ cup lime juice
3 drops peppermint extract
1 cup dry gin
Ice ring
1 can (12 oz.) club soda
Mint
Flowers (optional)

Combine sugar, water, cloves, and cinnamon in a saucepan. Bring to a boil; simmer for 10 minutes. Strain and cool.

Pour syrup, orange and lime juices, peppermint extract, and gin over an ice ring in a punch bowl. Add club soda. Decorate with mint leaves or flowers. Ladle into all-purpose wine glasses. Makes 8 drinks.

PINEAPPLE DAIQUIRI
This refreshing drink is about as close to a frozen daiquiri as you're likely to get.

1 package (12 oz.) frozen pineapple cubes
2 cups crushed ice
1 cup light Puerto Rican rum
2 tablespoons lime juice
1 tablespoon superfine sugar
Strawberries
Mint

Blend pineapple cubes, ice, rum, lime juice, and sugar in an electric blender for 10 to 20 seconds. After ingredients are thoroughly blended pour frappé into chilled cocktail or champagne glasses. Before serving garnish with fresh strawberries and mint. Makes 6 drinks.

CRÈME DE MOCHA
A delicious make-your-own liqueur. Use it as you would any coffee liqueur—in a Black Russian, as a topping for ice cream, or served straight with a thin layer of heavy cream on top.

⅓ cup freeze-dried espresso coffee or ½ cup instant coffee
1 cup boiling water
2 cups superfine sugar
2 cups brandy
1 vanilla bean

Stir instant coffee into boiling water. Add sugar, stirring until dissolved. Cool thoroughly before combining with other ingredients. In a large pitcher, combine syrup with brandy and vanilla bean. Cover loosely with plastic wrap; let mixture stand undisturbed for several weeks before storing in a tightly covered bottle. Makes 1 quart.



The apple pie on the right made with Fleischmann's Margarine instead of butter, is 69% lower in saturated fat.

APPLE PIE Combine 2 C. unsifted flour, 1 tsp. salt and 2/3 C. Fleischmann's Margarine in a bowl. Add 6 tbsp. ice water; mix thoroughly. Chill. Roll 1/2 to fit 9" pie pan. Put in pan. Combine 6 C. sliced, fresh apples, 3/4 C. sugar, 1/4 C. flour and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Turn into pan. Dot with 2 tbsp. margarine. Roll out remaining pastry. Place over apples. Seal to bottom pastry, shape edge. Cut 6 slits. Bake at 400° F. about 50 min. or till done. 8 servings.

Fleischmann's Margarine

continued from page 97

but don't let it box you into an expensive corner. When making up your list avoid specifics like "green beans"; make instead a notation for "vegetables," and buy whatever is most reasonable that day.

3. Implicit in the above is the recommendation that you never shop for produce in a hurry—in fact, don't do any shopping in a hurry. You need time to find the best bargains.

4. Absolute cost apiece or per pound may be an indication of value, but the true test is to figure cost per serving. This way, a Persian melon at $1.29 may actually be a better buy to feed four than would a quart of strawberries at 79¢ (lasting one meal).

5. Avoid almost without further consideration a produce counter that looks wilted and sad. This bespeaks a lack of caring, and probably poor quality.

6. Always buy produce in person; never order by phone. It's not really safe to let others in the family buy, unless they really know what and how.

7. Buy locally – produce grown in the area and sold through supermarkets, or at farm-fresh roadside stands.

8. If possible, always buy in season. To learn what's in season when, follow Government information in your local paper, or send for any of these booklets. "Selection and Care of Fresh Fruits and Vegetables, A Consumer's Guide", $1, from United Fresh Fruit & Vegetable Association, 777 14th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005. "How to Buy Fresh Vegetables" Home and Garden Bulletin No. 143, 15 cents. "How to Buy Fresh Fruits" Home and Garden Bulletin No. 141, 15 cents. The last two from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.

9. Plan menus with an eye to seasonality; limit out-of-season luxuries.

10. Make a point of trying unfamiliar produce: escarole, ugli fruit. Everything has its season and these unknowns may be the best buys.

11. Convenience aside, frozen and canned fruits and vegetables are sometimes better buys than fresh—especially when it's out of season. Foods are canned at peak seasons, and the price generally fixed accordingly. Don't forget, when you're making your unit price comparison, there is no waste with frozen or canned: no pea pods, no peach pits—both of which you pay for when buying fresh.

12. Every produce counter has a marked-down section of day-old or blemished goods. While poor quality is generally no bargain, you may find some big bargains at the mark-down rack: bananas for banana cake don't need to be in top shape; mushrooms for a stuffing don't have to be lily white.

13. In general, buy only what you need for a day or two (with the exception of potatoes, onions, etc.—things that store well). Spoiled produce in your refrigerator is the worst extravagance.

14. Don't pinch produce. Eventually, it's you who will pay for bruising and damage.

15. No list such as this is complete without the warning to watch the scale—it may only be an accident that the clerk's thumb is on the scale, but you never know.

16. If you buy pre-packaged produce, *always* have weight rechecked, or do it yourself before buying.

17. Make certain that prices marked on bags are clear, so that the checkout person can read them. If the price is an advertised one—carrots 19¢ a bag—keep that figure in mind to check at the checkout counter.

18. Some produce is bought to add color—the red of tomatoes, the green of bell peppers. When these things are expensive (as they often are), use something else: radishes for red, scallion tops for green.

19. Pre-packaged produce is a mixed blessing. One way it almost always saves money is with staples such as potatoes and onions. For most families, it makes little sense to buy any other way.

20. Pre-packaging makes no sense if it makes you feel obliged to take the quantity packaged. If you only want one pound of green beans or two tomatoes, feel no obligation to take a package that holds more. If the clerk won't break the package, take your business elsewhere.

21. If there is any doubt in your mind about pre-packaged produce being fresh, ask to have it unwrapped so you can inspect it.

22. In many areas, it pays to watch your local paper for ads from orchards and truck farmers suggesting you come pick things yourself—strawberries, apples, string beans. It's not only cheap (especially for people who can or freeze), it's a nice family ou

23. Never let leftovers go to was you don't want to serve them meal, purée them for soup, sauce baby food.

24. Always plan menus with the paper at your elbow, so as to tak vantage of sales.

25. Follow the papers and TV for of unexpected freezes or other wea disasters in such places as Florida California, sources of so much of produce. This is boun mean future price incre so buy now and get you of things that come these areas. You won able to afford them late

SALAD GREEN

26. Look for crisp, b greens, free from blemi No need to be put off sand or dirt (this wa right off) if they are ot wise fresh looking.

27. It's the accommod produce man who will large bunches of green which you have limited —escarole, parsley, etc.

28. When you get the gr home, wash and store t you'll be using the same do not wash any you w be using right away—th keep longer. Store in crisper section of the ref erator or wrap loosely plastic wrap. Handle c fully to prevent bruising

29. Always tear greens r er than cut them wit knife. Cutting darkens edges, making salads un pealing—and uneaten.

30. Don't be too quick throw away outer leaves greens—they are the n nutritious and with a li trimming are fine.

31. Get to know *all* the sa greens, leaving yourself f ible to make a salad of wh ever is the best buy. Jus a starter, do you know w romaine, bibb lettuce, c ory, endive, escarole, dandelion greens all ta like, and how to use them combination?

32. Check iceberg lett for brown streaks at the b —this probably won't h the taste, but your fam won't like the looks of it a it will go to waste. Best bu are firm heads.

33. Boston or bibb lett should be used as soon possible—the same day if y can. If you do keep it ov don't refrigerate; just wrap in da paper towels and put in a bag. Refr erators are too cold.

34. Parsley is not a garnish alone. can be an integral part of salad casseroles and is a bargain source vitamin A.

35. Parsley keeps well in a covered in the refrigerator. If it wilts, trim the stem ends, place in cold water an hour. If parsley is a good buy, b extra and freeze it. Store in plas bags and snip off when needed.

36. Tops of radishes, beets, celery, a carrots are delicious in salads don't throw them out. *(continue*



or people who can't leave well enough alone, ook what you can do with a Banquet® Fried Chicken Dinner.

Fried chicken dinner. Banquet makes it good and Banquet makes fast and if you want it fancier, Banquet can help out there too with is easy, delicious recipe:

Take one Banquet Fried Chicken Dinner from your freezer. Sprinkle icken with paprika, thyme, grated Parmesan. Heat for 25 minutes aving foil sealed. Then combine peas with fresh sauteed mushrooms and ions. Add butter and parsley to potatoes. Remove foil, heat additional minutes, then serve with fresh fruit. Banquet. Great food, plain or fancy.

anquet Foods Corporation, St. Louis, Missouri 63101



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*Magnolia® or Dime® Brands may be used.

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NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

Please allow 4 weeks for delivery. Offer valid only with Borden Sweetened Condensed Milk labels. Continental U.S. only. Void where prohibited or otherwise restricted by law. Offer expires December 31, 1973. LHJ-6

37. All parts of scallions are good. Tops are perfectly fine in salads, stuffings, stews.
38. Try spinach salad next time lettuce is too expensive.
39. More fun than money saving, but still . . . grow your own chives in a pot on the kitchen window sill. The more you cut, the more they grow.
40. If you don't know it, try Chinese cabbage—it's one of our favorites, and it's often reasonable. Makes great salads.
41. We love watercress, but it's often too costly. Try substituting dandelion greens; they're much cheaper and have a similar zippy taste.
42. Cabbage—salad green or vegetable? Both, of course. As a salad green, don't limit its use to slaw. Cabbage is usually a good buy and mixes in nicely with other greens, making them go farther.
43. We don't feel pre-shredded cabbage (for slaw) is a good buy. Most of the nutrients are lost in the process.
44. With greens such as lettuce or cabbage *always* pick the biggest and heaviest if they're being sold by the piece and not the pound.
45. Save all vegetable and green trimmings—ends of celery stalks, potato peelings, etc. Wash and store them in a plastic bag in the refrigerator till you've accumulated enough to start a soup pot.

VEGETABLES

46. When buying vegetables, it's often hard to know how much to buy. We find that ⅓ to ½ pound per person depending on amount of pods, husks, etc., is about right.
47. Follow these storage tips to keep vegetables in best shape: keep hard-skinned ones in a dry, dark, cool place. Wash others gently and quickly and store in plastic bags in the refrigerator.
48. Fresh vegetables are worth what you pay for them only if you cook them properly, and that means just until done and in very little water. This saves vitamins, etc. And if you're into soup-making (and we think everyone should be), save those dibs and dabs of cooking water for soup stock.
49. Mushrooms keep longer if you store them in a shallow pan covered with a damp towel so the air can circulate. Use the complete mushroom—stems, if your recipe doesn't call for them, are fine in soups and gravies.
50. Tomatoes are one of life's great pleasures—in season. We have little use for the hothouse variety out of season—they are usually tough and tasteless. If it's a spot of color you want, try the tastier, more economical cherry tomatoes.
51. You're throwing away the most nutritious part of the cucumber when you peel it. Just scrub it well.
52. Artichokes—buy the biggest you can (they're usually sold by the unit). And don't discard the stem—boil till tender and use in stuffings or salads.
53. Asparagus stems are delicious; cook separately if you wish or slice and stir-fry as the Chinese do.
54. Fresh peas—in season, nectar of the gods. Out of season—forget it. They are rarely a bargain, so indulge yourself. Purée pea pods for soups or gravies.
55. Large beets may not be quite as tender as smaller ones, but they're usually cheaper. Bake them for best flavor.
56. Broccoli stalks are [illegible]; fore cooking, make several lengthw slits at the bottom so stalks will co along with tops. They'll still crunchy, but in nice contrast to t tops.
57. Carrots are one of the great unde used fresh-vegetable bargains. Che your favorite cookbook for such thin as carrot pudding, carrot pie, carr salad, etc. Get your nutritional money worth from carrots and peel only if yo must. A good washing is all they real need.
58. Potatoes are almost always chea er in 5- or 10-pound bags. They kee well; don't be afraid if some growth a pears—just pinch it off. Don't ev throw out cooked potatoes—mashe baked, whatever. All have second use
59. Fresh corn is worth money onl when reasonably farm-fresh, whic means within a day of picking. Keep husks until cooking time.
60. Canning and freezing fresh vege tables can be a money-saver, if you d it in season; but the principal value in your own accomplishment.
61. All-purpose onions . . . the cheape can be mild enough to eat raw if yo soak in cold water for 15 minutes.

FRUITS

62. Learn the difference between su face blemishes and real bruises "rusty" patches on oranges, for in stance, mean nothing; apple blemishe are often just on the surface. Knowin this lets you pick up some bargains.
63. Choose citrus fruits that are heav for their size—they're juicier.
64. Apples will keep for several week in the refrigerator, so buy when th price is right. Look most carefully a

Here's Janet Bell's Jell-O Fruit Parfait Recipe.

If you follow the speed-set directions be low, you can serve great parfaits in abou an hour. Just pick your favorite flavor o Jell-O® Brand Gelatin and your favorite fruits or other ingredients. Then use this recipe as your basic guide.

Ingredients

1 pkg. (3 oz.) Jell-O Orange Gelatin
1 cup boiling water
2 cups ice cubes
1/2 cup orange sections
1/2 cup chopped apples
1/2 cup prepared Dream Whip Whipped Topping
Makes 5 servings.

1. First dissolve gelatin completely in boiling water.

2. Then to speed set, add ice cubes and stir constantly until gelatin starts to thicken—3 to 5 minutes. Remove any unmelted ice.

3. Start with a layer of gelatin. Then add a layer of fruit. Next, add a layer of gelatin.

4. Add whipped topping. Then another layer of gelatin. And a final layer of fruit. Chill 1 hour. Why not make this exciting dessert for your family tonight? It's not only fast. You know you'll end up with something great. Because you started with Jell-O Gelatin.

To prepare Jell-O Fruit Parfaits with strawberries or miniature marshmallows or any of your favorite ingredients, simply substitute equal quantities for the fruits in the above recipe.

GF GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

Start with Jell-O.

Jell-O and Dream Whip are registered trademarks of General Foods Corp.

3–5 pound bags of apples, rather
t those shiny, red beauties . . .
em for the occasional fruit bowl.
ocados often vary in price so
e afraid to buy green ones when
ice is right—they ripen at home
fully.
y bananas only as you can use
If you break a bunch, be sure to
f part of the main stalk. No need
r throw out a banana—use in
, cooking, etc.
rries of all kinds tend to be lux-
od, so get your money's worth by
ng carefully: don't be afraid to
have berries dumped out for you
k; watch for stained containers
re sign of spoilage. Also remem-
at whatever the berry—a few go
way.
herries with stems on keep better,
re more expensive if you buy by
t. Small cherries are just as good
ones and usually cost less.
ranberries require no processing
to freezing. Buy extra when in
(late September through De-
r) and freeze in unopened bag.
rapes in wide variety are often
ble year-round and can be a good
especially if you try to remember
hard) that a few go a long way.
you have a thing about pink
fruit and it's more expensive, just
kle some grenadine syrup on the
. Never throw out grapefruit peel
so simple to candy it, and so good.
emons—use the complete fruit.
e or after using the juice, grate
eel for various uses. Freeze it if
ave no immediate need.
Melons—with the larger, more ex-
ve varieties (including water-
n), telling quality and ripeness is
fficult that we recommend buying
s or quarters—if they've been
cut. It's eventually cheaper.
Don't be afraid of small oranges.
're often cheaper and are juicy.
Buy only ripe peaches—they don't
n well at home. It's also cheaper
e long run to buy them individu-
not pre-packaged.
Pears are surprising—there are
dable varieties available almost
-round. Look for them.
If pineapple is being sold by the
pick the biggest, but try to pick
that will be ripe within a day or
-otherwise it will spoil quickly.
Large strawberries are generally
as good a buy as smaller ones—
sweet. Wash just before using.

VEGETABLE MEDLEY WITH CONFETTI DIP
(pictured on page 96)

nchy fresh vegetables and a
rful dip. Elegant and low in cal-
s for guests at cocktail or salad
e. The symmetrical arrangement
es just minutes. Vary the in-
dients to take advantage of "best
s."

een pepper, finely chopped
mato, finely chopped
ch scallions, thinly sliced
ackage (8 oz.) cream cheese, oftened
cup sour cream
easpoon dry mustard
easpoon salt
teaspoon black pepper
head cauliflower
head broccoli
ucumber, cut into 10 slices
talks celery, cut into 2-inch pieces
int cherry tomatoes
reen peppers, seeded and cut vertically into 5 slices each

In a small bowl combine chopped green pepper, tomato, scallions, cream cheese, sour cream, mustard, salt, and pepper. Blend well. Place in serving bowl and chill for a while in refrigerator.

Cut off tough stems of cauliflower and broccoli. Separate into 10 flowerettes each. Arrange flowerettes with remaining vegetables on wooden skewers and serve with dip. Serves 10.

Rubbermaid Food Keepers. They keep things fresh. And more.

Rubbermaid Food Keepers have a unique lock-fresh seal that does just that. Locks in freshness.



And more.

As you can see, Rubbermaid Food Keepers have see-through sides. So you can tell the olives from the onions at a glance.

They even look nice enough for the table.

What's more, they come in a variety of shapes and sizes, so you can keep just about anything you want to keep.

And another thing you'll like about Rubbermaid Food Keepers.

In the refrigerator, they stack to save space.





Rubbermaid®

We help around the home.

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MIXED FRUIT WITH RUBY SAUCE
(pictured on page 97)

The secret of so many recipes is in the presentation—in this case a handsome brandy snifter . . . a dramatic and practical notion. Vary the fruits, of course, according to price.

Currant-Port Wine Sauce:
1 jar (10 oz.) currant jelly
¼ teaspoon ground ginger
¼ cup port wine (or water)
Red food color (optional)

Fruit Bowl:
1 papaya, peeled and seeded
5 large strawberries, cut in half
1 pound seedless white grapes, stemmed
2 bananas, peeled and sliced
1 pint blueberries
6 nectarines, pitted and sliced into sixths
1 canteloupe, cut in half and seeded
1 honeydew, cut in half and seeded
mint

To make sauce: Place jelly and ginger in a small saucepan over low heat. Stir until jelly is melted: do

not allow to boil. Stir in port wine or water and remove from heat. Add a few drops red food color, if desired. Chill. Makes 1⅛ cups.

To prepare fruit bowl: Cut papaya into lengthwise slices. Arrange in bottom of a large glass bowl or brandy snifter. Place a strawberry half between each papaya slice. Add grapes, banana slices, blueberries, and nectarines in succeeding layers. Scoop out canteloupe and honeydew halves into balls. Add to fruit bowl and garnish with mint. Pour sauce over fruit or serve separately. Serves 8-10.

MAKE-YOUR-OWN SALAD

The do-it-yourself salad bar is the thing in some of America's steak houses. Guests seem to love it. It's economical, too.

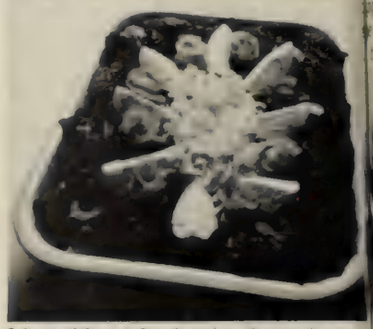
1 head chicory
1 head Chinese cabbage
1 head escarole
1–2 bunches leaf lettuce (depending on size)
2 bunches radishes with tops
2 cucumbers, scored and sliced
2 bunches scallions, sliced
½ lb. fresh mushrooms, washed and sliced
3 cans (2 oz. each) rolled anchovies with capers
2 cups seasoned croutons
1 pint cherry tomatoes

Thoroughly wash and trim the cl... ory, Chinese cabbage, escarole, l... lettuce, and radish tops. Shake ... in a salad basket or dry thorougl... on paper towels. Make radish ros...

To arrange the salad for servi... tear the greens and place each ty... in a separate group in the sal... bowl, arranging the radish tops ... the center of the bowl. Arran... cucumbers, scallions, mushroon... anchovies, croutons, and cherry ... matoes in small separate bow... around the greens. Serve with choi... of dressings—vinaigrette, thousa... island, blue cheese, etc. Serves 10-1...

SPINACH A LA RITZ

This can serve four as an entrée ... six as a salad course.



1 bag (10 oz.) fresh spinach, washed, trimmed, and dried
1 head Boston lettuce, washed
8 slices bacon
⅓ cup chopped shallots
½ cup red wine vinegar
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 hard cooked eggs, quartered
1 cup grated Cheddar cheese

Trim and clean the spinach and let... tuce under cold running water. ... Shake dry in a salad basket. Plac... spinach and lettuce in serving dish...

Fry bacon in a large skillet until ... not quite crisp. Drain on paper ... towels. Reserve ¼ cup bacon fat. ... When cool, wrap bacon around ... finger to form bacon curls. Set aside.

Sauté shallots in ¼ cup bacon ... fat until lightly browned. Add the ... vinegar, sugar, and salt. Bring to a ... boil. Pour over greens and toss lightly to coat. Garnish with quartered eggs and bacon curls and sprinkle with Cheddar cheese.

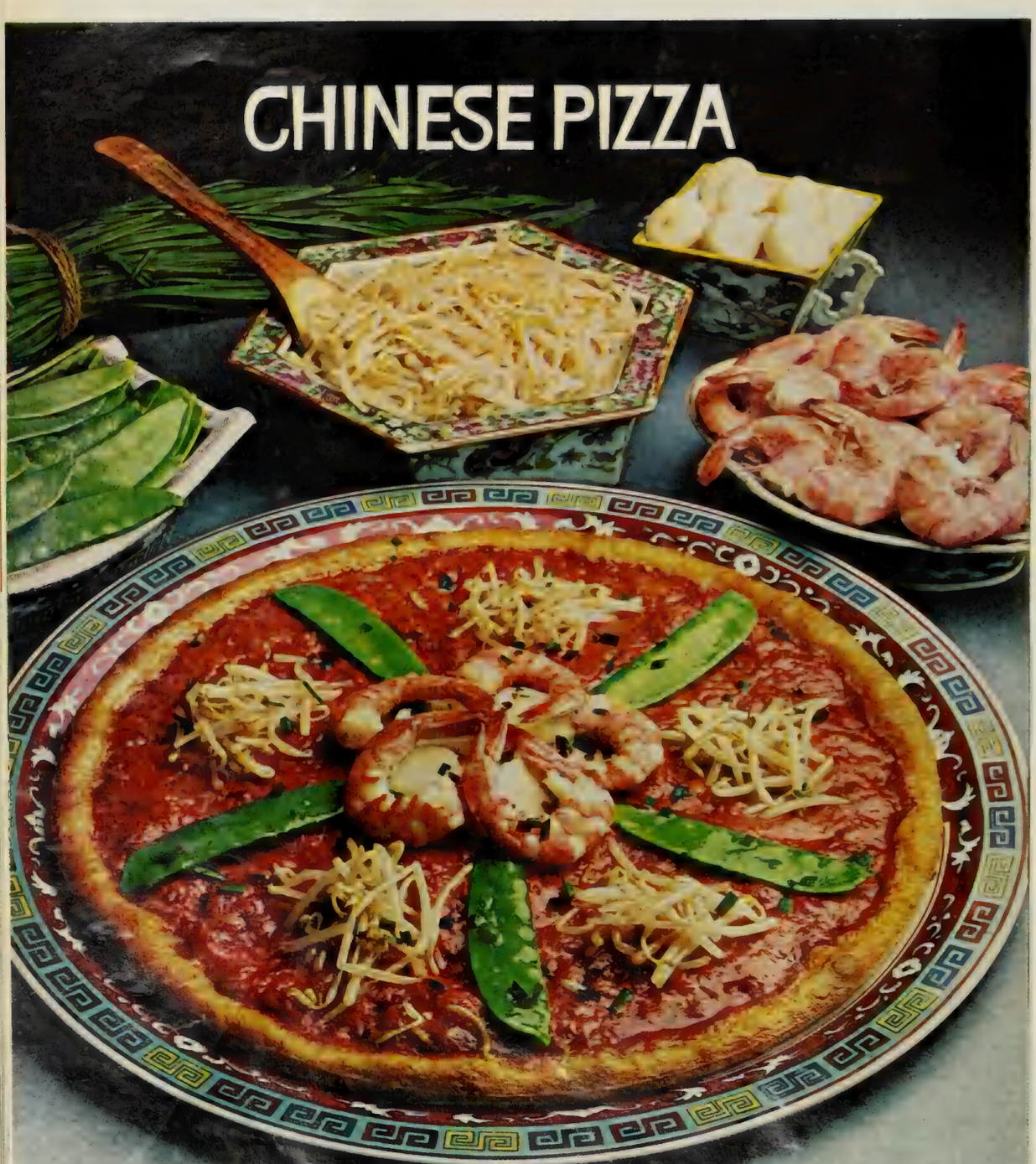
STIR-FRY VEGETABLE MEDLEY

All the work with this Chinese-style recipe is in the cutting, which can be done well in advance. This is a good "go-with" for barbecue.



¼ cup cider vinegar
¼ cup peanut oil
4 cloves garlic, crushed
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper
4 ears corn, cut into ½-inch pieces with heavy knife or cleaver
3 small zucchini, cut into fans*
3 small yellow summer squash, cut into ¼-inch slices
½ pound mushrooms, quartered
1 bunch scallions, sliced

CHINESE PIZZA



... has to tell you how great ... Especially when you make ... Chef Boy-ar-dee® the world's ... ar pizza mix.

... ing about the freshly baked ... the rich pizza sauce and tangy cheese ... s enough to make anyone hungry. And you can vary Chef Boy-ar-dee Cheese Pizza Mix in so many ways. Just make it according to directions and in the last five minutes of baking, vary the toppings.

You can make Chinese Pizza with cooked Chinese snow peas (available frozen), cooked shrimp, bean sprouts, sliced water chestnuts, chopped chives and a dash of ...

Spanish P... Top it with sliced cooked ... sausage, green pepper strips (browned lightly with sausage), canned minced clams, sliced stuffed olives and a sprinkle of crushed red pepper spice.

American Pizza: Add ½ lb. ground beef and 1 chopped onion to the pizza sauce and top in the last five minutes of baking with grated cheddar cheese.



Chef Boy-ar-dee. The world's most popular pizza mix.

a large skillet heat over high
e, vinegar, oil, garlic, soy sauce,
, and cayenne pepper. Add vege-
e and fry for 5-7 minutes, stir-
gently and constantly. Serve
ediately. Don't worry about
to eat the corn; this is finger
d. Serves 6.

Note: To make zucchini fans,
each zucchini in half vertically,
n cut each in half horizontally.
e each piece and cut 3 or 4 ver-
l slices about three-quarters of
way up to the rounded end,
ving the end intact. They will
ead like a fan when pressed gent-
after being cooked.

VEGETABLE FANTASY

*elegant first course or a vege-
le accompaniment for a cold
per. We consider the dressing
of our more inspired creations
the month.*



1 medium-sized eggplant
1½ pounds string beans, ends removed
½ head cabbage, thinly sliced
1 onion, sliced
1 tomato, sliced
Dressing:
½ cup olive oil
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup wine vinegar
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon ground fennel seed
½ teaspoon celery seed
½ teaspoon ground coriander
½ teaspoon crushed thyme
½ cup pine nuts
½ cup light raisins

Cut eggplant into halves lengthwise; then cut it crosswise into slices ¼-inch thick.

In a large saucepan bring 2 cups of water to a boil. Simmer the eggplant, string beans, cabbage, and onion with cover on tightly for 8-12 minutes or until just tender. Remove to serving platter with slotted spoon.

Arrange eggplant around edge of platter, then mound green beans on top of eggplant, and cabbage and onion in the center. Cook tomato in same liquid for 2 minutes. Drain off liquid (reserving for soups and gravies). Arrange tomato in center of vegetable platter.

While the vegetables are cooking, prepare dressing by combining oil, lemon juice, wine vinegar, salt, fennel seed, celery seed, coriander, and thyme.

Pour dressing over vegetables. Sprinkle with pine nuts and raisins. This may be served warm or marinated for at least 2-3 hours in the refrigerator and served cold. It is absolutely delicious with roasted lamb. Serves 8-10.

PINEAPPLE JUBILEE

Looking for a show-off fruit salad? This is it!



Dressing:
2 tablespoons sesame seeds
¾ cup superfine sugar
⅓ cup vinegar
1 tablespoon onion juice
1 teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon dry mustard
1 cup salad oil

Salad:
1 medium pineapple
¼ cup sugar
Boston lettuce
1 pound Bing cherries, washed and pitted

Preheat oven to 350°.

To make dressing: Toast sesame seeds for 5 to 7 minutes. Meanwhile combine the sugar, vinegar, onion juice, salt, and dry mustard. Slowly add salad oil, beating well with an electric mixer until thick. Stir in sesame seeds. Use at room temperature. (Refrigerate leftover dressing. This will cause the dressing to become thick. Bring to room temperature.) Makes 1¾ cups.

To prepare fruit: Cut whole pineapple, leaves and all, lengthwise into quarters. Trim leaves slightly to make a neat appearance. Carefully cut the fruit out, leaving a wall of fruit about ½-inch thick inside the shell so that it will hold its shape. Remove core and cut fruit into ¾-inch wedges (yield about 4 cups). Toss pineapple chunks in a bowl with sugar; chill.

At serving time, arrange pineapple shells on crisp lettuce on a platter. Heap the pineapple chunks and cherries pyramid style in shells. Pour about ½ cup dressing over all. Serves 4. **END**

IE TWO SIDES OF THE DOOR

ntinued from page 87

s not an answer to her uneasiness.
lease don't leave me alone with
ople," she said like any bride.

"Relax! Everyone's going to think
u're the greatest."

The wipers conducted the orches-
ation of rain, the tires hissed, and
e cement ribbon guided them
rough green-breaking fields. "As
r leaving you alone," Jon said,
n problem is—I can't."

How will this house look to her?"
leanor Abbe stood like a stranger
the wood and leather living room
her home on one of Damson,
wa's good streets. Here she would
ceive the daughter-in-law who was
t married to her son. She paused
efore the open fire housed in red
one. When they come I must try to
ake them feel happy and comfort-
ble, Jon as well as Calypso. I must
ever, never ask why Calypso, said
be so beautiful, is willing to tend
ny man—even my own Jon—in and
ut of bed without the security of a
arriage license.

And how am I to introduce her?
s my son's—what? Girl friend?
irl? Or, plainly, friend? Not fiancée
—that indicates they intend to mar-
y—they'd hate that. Sweetheart?
Roommate?

She laughed at her own scene.
Eleanor Abbe was a pretty woman,
her forehead white and unlined, her
ose a chisled scoop. An unworn
man with a husband out gleaning
her living. With two good children
who had grown like good fruit on a
good tree planted solidly in the soil
of Iowa.

I'm not going to worry about
them, she thought. The generation
is spaced out, freaked. Lovable but
frightening. Bananas. She stood,
waiting, looking out the window at
the short tidy drive.

At Christmas Jon had told Eleanor Abbe, "I might bring Cal out this spring. Calypso. Told her so much about you. OK?" Casual, watchful as a plainclothes detective.

Eleanor's sharp and pretty nose caught the scent of smoke while the fire was still miles away. "Who is Calypso?"

"Cal and I are—sort of—together."

"Well, bring your friend of course," she said. *Together?* In a Glee Club? Protest group? Sensitivity setup? "How are you together?" She pursued the clue as it traveled downstream in the conversation.

"We live together," Jon said with a kind of relief. "We have an apartment—off-campus."

Warren Abbe came in, just then. He carried garlands of Christmas lights, but he stood still and said, "Who do you live with, Jon?" He was a man of few words but usually had the last one.

"With a girl named Calypso."

"I don't suppose you live together to save rent?"

The younger man seemed a souvenir of the father. Warren Abbe a promise of the boy. They had long, well-shaped heads, shy smiles, indecently curling eyelashes, and bodies on which clothes hung well. "I really love her, Dad," Jon said, furiously blushing.

"Not enough to marry?"

"Enough to die for. I love her too much to marry her."

"Are you engaged?" Eleanor asked.

"No futures," Jon said cheerfully. "Love, from day to day."

Later he risked detailing some of his life with Calypso. "We share everything," he said.

Everything, as they heard him describe it, was what he meant: from colds to nail-clippers; all expenses—rent, gas, phone, food, and lights; and indigestion. They were fascinated by

(continued)



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the revelation of their son's life. "I vacuum, she dusts and makes the bed." The bed. Singular.

He expected them to understand how it was. But Eleanor did not understand at all. She considered what she had heard: they lived together. They slept together. They loved, flamed, and subsided, and made glorious explorations of each other. This was the fabric of living together, but was it love?

Gently, thinking of the girl who "dusted" and the boy who "vacuumed," Eleanor said, "We'll enjoy having Calypso visit at spring break; I'll write and tell her so."

Neither of the Abbe parents dared ask Jon not to tell Susan about his new life-style. But they were fearful. Because what Jon did, Susan would do.

Susan didn't come home from Southeastern until three days before Christmas. She and Jon talked half the night, and the next morning she showed up in her parents' room carrying a cup of coffee. "Isn't it just great about Jon and Calypso?"

"I hope so," Eleanor said.

"Well I've heard all about it and it's wonderful." Susan had hair like Eleanor's, she wore it long and free, a curtain of amber. Susan was eighteen, a freshman at a small private college. She had yearned to go east to a man's school newly turned coeducational. But Warren and Eleanor had wanted her close to home; they did not like what they heard about the atmosphere of colleges on either coast. Susan had agreed to Southeastern.

The girl stretched out on the flowered bedroom carpet, coffee cup on her chest. "Imagine the freedom of loving each other, living together—and no permit!"

Eleanor said seriously, "But Jon didn't say much about love."

"It's love all right. Jon's stopped blinking and I think he's gained a couple of pounds."

That was love? An end to nervous habits and a weight gain? Eleanor asked no other questions; to ask too many times "Yes, but is it love?" is to sound as if you belong in an old candy box.

How distant from each other were their trains of thought. Susan said, "I hope Calypso and Jon don't louse it up by getting married."

"Just what do you have against marriage? The marriage you've seen around here is good as most peoples'."

With the tenderness due adults whose feelings are hurt, Susan said, "Marriage is lovely for you and Dad—companionship and all. But young people have to face each other in freedom, in love without chains."

"Wow," said Eleanor. She was considerably worried by Susan's enthusiasm. For she knew that down at Southeastern College there was a boy named Bart. Susan, wildly admiring her brother, might decide to try living with Bart. Would the college permit it? Eleanor longed for the old days when schools permitted nothing to interfere with studies, not even sex.

Two days after Christmas, Jon went back to Pennsylvania to join Calypso. Much as she loved him Eleanor was relieved that Susan would not be subjected to more descriptions of his great, free relationship. Perhaps she could use the remainder of the vacation period to convince her daughter that the old square ways were best. "Let's not even argue in front of Susan," she said to Warren.

"Let's not, honey."

"I want Susan to realize we are ideally happy because we *are* married."

"Hear, hear," Warren said, grinning. Eleanor remembered all the times they had not been ideally happy. The winter she'd been an irritable hag and stayed too long at her parents' in Chicago. Maybe that was when Warren had started to drink. Their marriage had begun to crumble and sink like a broken cracker in soup. They had hung on, fished their relationship out of the broth: they had learned to be careful and feeling of each other. Eleanor put her cheek on her husband's arm, "We are ideally happy because we stuck it out. And we wouldn't have stuck it out if we hadn't been married."

Susan remained unimpressed. "I don't feel the way you do about things," she said to Eleanor. This warm winter's day they were returning from an errand. Susan drove.

"I think it's a crime for a girl to be any man's old woman—doing the dirty work, without any of the advantages," Eleanor said.

"You don't consider it an advantage to live with the man of your choice without being hog-tied to him? Only a piece of paper makes it worthwhile? A piece of paper like a check? Well, Mother dear, that era is over. We are not afraid." She sped through the slush, she tossed her head, she was Joan of Arc at the wheel of the fa back. She was the Brave New World jeans.

That was after Christmas. Throu the late winter Susan's letters arriv as rarely and randomly as messages bottles. She was busy. She was so but she would not be coming home spring break. She stopped writing e tirely after a note that said, "I'll se you my new address in my next lette

Early in March Eleanor phon the dormitory at Southea ern, where someone a swered the phone and, li a pup fetching a ball, eve tually brought Susan ba to the hall phone. She w firm and sweet as rock ca dy, "I can't talk now, Mon she said.

"What's this about a n address? When are y moving? Where? Are th allowing you to move out the dorm? Has all this an thing to do with *Bart*? W can't you talk about it?"

In Susan's voice was t sound of a key turning the lock of a drawer. "A this will have to wait til see you."

"But if you're not comi home for spring break when, Susan?"

"Maybe summer."

What it meant to Eleano fearful and dispirited, w that Miss Susan Abbe wa embarking on a life of s and didn't want to answe any questions whatsoev about it from anyone.

Now, while she regard her pleasant street throug her clean window, a c came up the drive an stopped. Eleanor's hea racketed in its cage, sh fle into complete unreadiness t meet the moment.

It was Warren. "I though I'd come home and lend m support," he said.

"You're really a wonde ful man," she said happil and clung to him.

"OK, maybe not so won derful. Just curious."

In the drive a horn sound ed, brakes grunted. Eleano reached for Warren's han and they stood welded, ye slightly apart, like a coupl on a wedding cake.

The younger couple hel hands, too, on the other sid of the arch. With the fre hand, each carried a bag They stood blinking in th shady house, as attractive a pair a ever came home to meet the folks.

"Mom, Dad, this is Calypso." He held up her hand as the referee migh display the winner in the ring.

Winner she is, Eleanor thought, ceiving—as from a painting—a total im pression of beauty, dark, glowing and fine. The girl was smiling slightly—a social smile Eleanor guessed—scared t death. The true self of such a girl, like a pearl in a pond, escapes capture. Calypso might be anything, a saint, a witch, a genius, a treasure, a bitch. I'm staring, Eleanor thought and she said warmly, quickly, "Calypso, we're glad

Fresh vegetables put a brand new crunch into Lipton California Dip.

Serve your guests a different kind of dip. Start with Lipton California Dip. Then add something else good to it. Lots of things are good with it. Like seafood. Or cheese. Or fresh vegetables, as in this recipe.



Vegetable California Dip
2 cups Lipton California Dip:
Blend 1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix with 1 pint dairy sour cream.
1 small green pepper, chopped
1 medium tomato, chopped
¼ cup of chopped celery
2 teaspoons chili powder
In medium bowl, blend Lipton California Dip with green pepper, tomato, celery and chili powder. Chill. Makes about 3 cups dip.



're here. Let me take you to your
n in case you want to freshen up."
leanor carried Calypso's small bag
made talk up the stairs to Susan's
n. A nice room, beige, white, and
cock blue. Susan's taste. There
e twin cane-backed beds, a dressing
le set out with the flowers Eleanor
l arranged. A brave claim that the
of the house had brought home a
ventional young woman for a con-
tional visit.

"Take your time," Eleanor said.
nd if you need something, just ask."

alypso stood, unmoving, while Jon's
ther left. So well had Jon kept it
ed that she did not even hear the
or between the rooms open. "Hi,
ghbor," he said and came to her, put
arms around her, rocked her like a
. "Wasn't so bad, was it?"

"Your mother is nice. And pretty
," Cal said. She did not add what
e felt, that Jon's mother probably
nd this visit awkward and that may-
she wished she had bolted the fa-
us door to keep the arrangement as
nocent as it looked. There wasn't a
oment of her life with Jon—not in
six-plus sweet months—that she
uld return for credit or exchange.
t outside the tight little star they
d made for themselves was a galaxy
rmed over thousands of years. And
at they could not touch—Calypso
ew it if Jon did not. It seemed to her
metimes that he was her innocent
ild. She never discouraged him by
ord or sigh, just let him go on beat-
g up that old devil marriage while
e stood by.

From downstairs they heard sounds
arrival, surprise, and joy.

"What is it?" Calypso whispered.

She clung to him, they listened as
et came up the stairs, light and fast.
he door opened and Susan Abbe came
n.

"Hi!" she said, "you must be Ca-
pso." Then, her cheek out for her
rother's kiss, "And you must be the
reat Jon Abbe."

"Why'd you come home?" Jon asked
ritably. Cal had escaped from his
rms.

"To annoy you," Susan said. She
lanced like a sunbeam on a curtain,
utting a duffle bag near one of the
ellow-spread beds, a small makeup
ase on the dressing table. Moving in.
"Is everything you need here, Calyp-
so?" she asked, the sudden hostess.
"Have you seen Jon's room?"

She had not, Cal said, and Susan
moved her, like a good general, through
the well-oiled door to see the red and
brown cell, much smaller than her own
with its one large bed and desk.

"Jon and I used to spend half the
night talking, sometimes," Sue said.
"He fixed the door so the folks
wouldn't hear it open, but I always did.
I always do." She smiled happily.
"Well, see you at dinner," and flashed
out and, with faint rocker sounds, down
the carpeted stairs.

The celebration at dinner included a
roast of beef and good Burgundy. Lots
of talk from the Abbes, very little from
Calypso. She was lovely as an irides-
cent dove, Eleanor thought, though far
more silent. "What's your major, Ca-
lypso?" she dragged the stock question
from her hostess bag.

It was Jon who answered. "Cal's
changing majors."

Cal said, "I wanted to be a film di-
rector . . ."

A film star, more likely, Eleanor
thought. The girl had a flushed and
downy quality, as though she were al-
ways just awakening.

Susan smiled directly into Calypso's
eyes from across the table, "You gave
up your plan because there wasn't
really time for all the extracurricular
hours film-directing needs?"

Gratefully Calypso said to Susan,
"Those hours kept me away from, uh,
more important things."

"Like housekeeping. Like getting the
food in and the garbage out." Susan
said sternly. "Like taking care of a
guy."

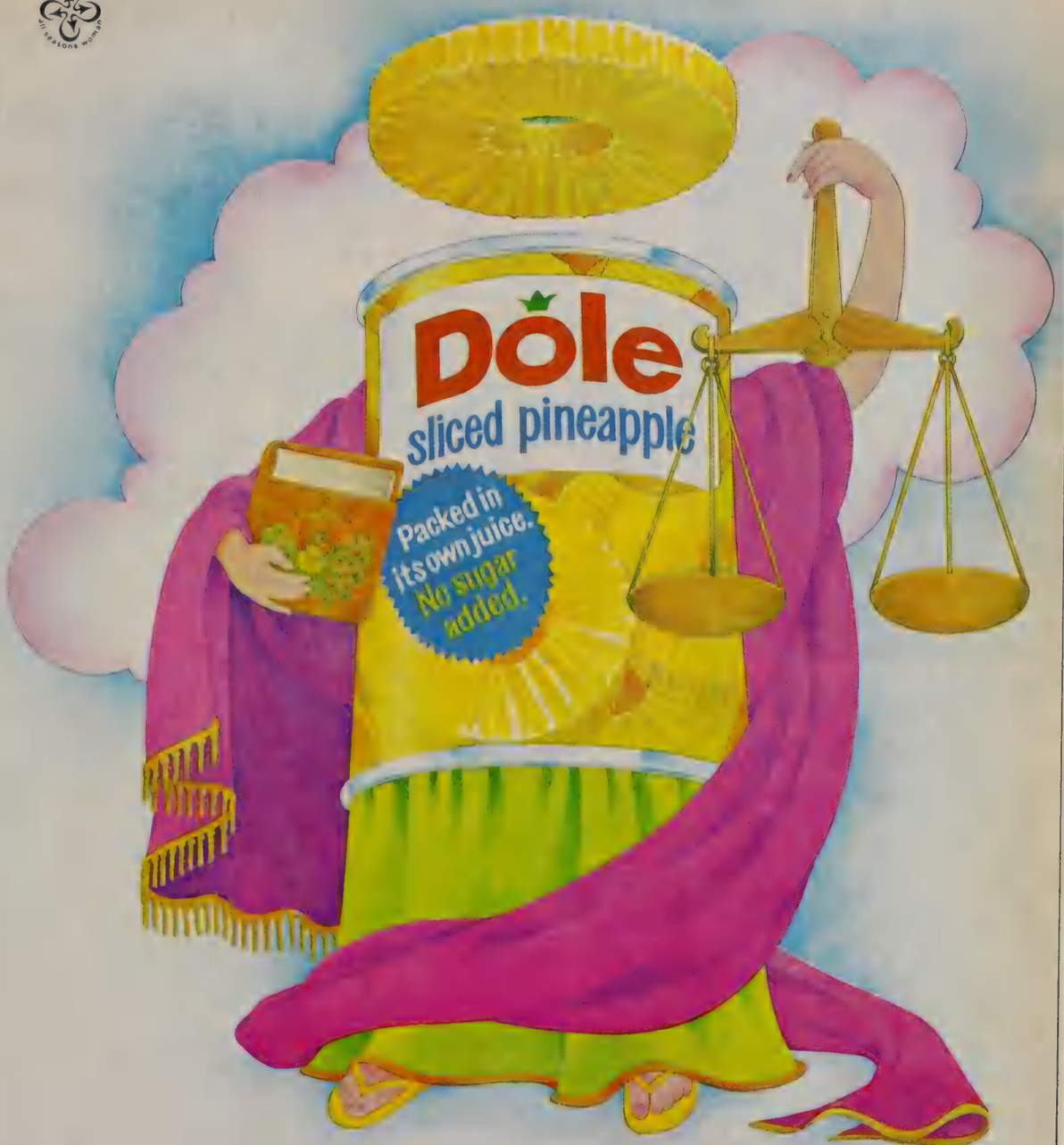
For some reason this silenced every-
one, left them hung up in a towering
silence. With a strange and somehow
alien impatience, Eleanor thought Jon
ought to see to it that Calypso had her
chance.

They played Scrabble. The promise to
Cal to drive around town and watch
the sidewalks come in at ten did not
materialize. Eleanor signaled to War-
ren. Like a couple of good elders they
left the parlor to the young. Some-
thing twisted within Eleanor. Kids no
longer need the parlor when they have
the bedroom.

As she left, Eleanor heard Susan say,
"Cal, since we're roommates we can
really get acquainted." *(continued)*

Dole® T.M. of Castle & Cooke, Inc.

all seasons woman



Honest pineapple.

No sugar added.

Just the best part
of the fruit in its own juice.

And that's the truth.



"I used to think we couldn't afford steak."

"Steak? Love it! But it was a battle between the mortgage and the butcher. We just couldn't afford steak until I tried Adolph's Meat Tenderizer—and the less expensive steaks.

"At first I was reluctant to try Adolph's because I thought if it tenderizes meat, what does it do to my stomach? But then I found that Adolph's is actually made from the papaya melon. It's a pure food product—as natural as orange juice.

"I began by tenderizing round steak. Adolph's made it tender enough to broil. Round steak cost me less per pound than other steaks, and it's all good eating meat—very little fat and bone. I got a lot more for my money. We're eating more steaks now—and it's costing a lot less."

Lean cuts are better for you

Cuts like round, flank, and sirloin tip come from parts of the animal that get the exercise. That's why they're lean. And tough. And less expensive. But, pound for pound, the lean, less expensive cuts have more protein, less fat and calories. That's why they're better for you.

Tough-to-tender in a jiffy

With Adolph's Meat Tenderizer, it takes only minutes to turn tough into tender. Just moisten the meat with water, sprinkle Adolph's evenly on both sides of the meat, then pierce deeply with a fork at ½ inch intervals ... and you're ready to broil.

Gourmet treat—marinated steak

For a flavor change-of-pace try Adolph's Meat Marinade. It works in just fifteen minutes to give steaks deep-down flavor and juicy tenderness. You'll find it at the meat counter.

The mother turned her head to trace the quick look of alarm that went from Jon to Calypso. What to do with little sister? Some problems never change.

In her dressing room Eleanor creamed herself, peacefully, a kind of meditation in beauty. Then, in a pale yellow robe, she crossed the upstairs hall. She was a victim of the "Did I really turn it off?" disease who always felt driven last thing at night to check the stove, the lights, the doors.

From Susan's room, as she passed the door, Eleanor heard her daughter's bright voice going on and on.

In the kitchen, Mrs. Abbe found the coffee urn still attached. She drew herself a cup and sat at the plank-topped table reading cookbooks. Tonight she studied the technique of Beef Wellington. She'd never make it, her family wouldn't even enjoy it, but like poetry, cookbooks need not be useful.

Jon opened the door between the bedrooms, thrust himself through it with no effort to be quiet. "You're keeping me awake," he said, looking at Susan, male as a rooster at dawn.

"I can lend you some ear-stopples," Susan said, her eyes very clear, as she inventoried her brother from graduation bathrobe to bare feet.

"I don't want ear-stopples. I want you to shut up and go to sleep." He surveyed the girls, each in her pretty bed, lamplight glowing over their clean, shining faces.

"Why must I go to sleep?" Susan was defiant. It was a new attitude: usually her brother carried her with him like a wave. "Cal and I want to talk."

"Do you, Cal?"

"You've told me so much about Susan, I'm very glad to know her."

Angrily, he backed out of Susan's room as she called vigorously after him, "Close the door!"

He slammed it.

When, after an hour, Eleanor came softly up the stairs again, Susan was still talking. Well, Mrs. Abbe said to herself, it's funny how there are things you never think of and sometimes they happen. Suddenly it struck her, I *like* kids!

Next morning Eleanor came in from the back garden, where she had been sniffing the perfume of approaching spring. Calypso was the first young one downstairs—she wanted to help.

Then Jon came in, cranky as an electric can-opener. He asked his mother, "How long is Susan going to be here?"

"I don't know dear, she hasn't said."

He put his coffee mug on the table as though it were a fateful object. "Come on, Cal. Take a walk with me."

Cal wore jeans, too. They were trying to be alike, the man and the woman, or they were trying to be halves of one whole. Not quite unisex; they were very attractive as they went out the front door.

When they left, Eleanor went upstairs with coffee for Susan. "Here!" she said to her daughter. "Wake up and talk."

"I talked all night," Susan growled. "Why did you stay awake all night?"

Susan came awake, crusty as a bun from the oven. "I'm mad at men. I'm mad enough to . . . to . . . spoke my brother's wheel." She took coffee to depth.

It is dangerous to ask questions of the young, Eleanor knew. They follow up their secrets and run. Still, she must treat her daughter like an adult since that was what she now was. "Why are you mad at men?"

Susan said, "I guess you know I was going to move in with Bart. We found a cute place. Sort of furnished. But when we got to talking about the deal . . ."

"The deal?"

"You know. I pay half, he pays half. The deal was I do the cooking and housework. Everything. I guess he planned to change the light bulbs. So I said, no deal."

Eleanor sat tight.

"Mother. Bart acted like my real reward would be going to bed with him. I felt like a nonperson. Just a useful fixture."

Eleanor thought. I don't know whether I want to kill this Bart for hurting her or kiss him for making his terms too tough for her to accept.

Susan said, "So I decided to be a person. Not somebody who 'sort of' wanted to be a film director, like poor Calypso."

"I wouldn't feel too sorry for Calypso," Eleanor murmured.

"I'm not going back to Southeastern. I want to go to a heavy school, make something of myself."

"Okay," Eleanor said.

"I don't want to be a bra-burner. Or to compete in beauty contests. I just want my whole self."

"Okay," said Eleanor. She thought if you don't have your whole self, what have you to give away? "Your Declaration of Independence is noted and filed; you are even free to go back to sleep."

They stood facing each other on the sidewalk down the street. Two trees behind them on the neighbors' parking strip repeated their slender shapes, unleafed and young.

"Will you marry me, Cal?" Jon said.

"Why?"

He put his hands on her upper arms like the handles of a vase. "When that door closed you away from me, I knew we had to make it for real."

"But it is for real," she said, wonderingly. "We have each other, no locks or keys." She thought of moments she had never troubled him with—the ache of seeing an exquisite bridal gown, the ridiculous yearning to be called Mrs. "I still don't see why last night changed everything," she said, simple as the spring air.

He said urgently, "I suddenly got it. You weren't mine. You could split. Anytime."

"So could you. That was the idea."

"Well, a better idea is 'happily ever after.'"

His idea then; his idea now.

"I love you, Jon," she said, "and thank you, but no thank you. I've decided I don't really want to change my major—not yet."

He was flat as a cookie man and gently she kissed his cheek.

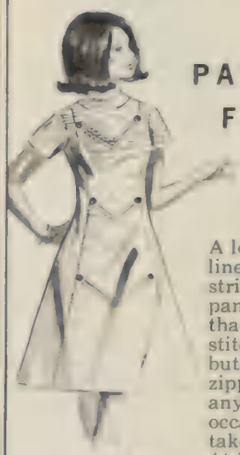
Maybe he hadn't known that he believed marriage was the ultimate golden gift. Calypso thought and decided she would give him that benefit—a benefit that was not retractable. She loved him. "Maybe later," she said, "later."

END

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SOME TIPS ON PAINTING

By Virginia T. Habeeb

on't believe what they say. Unless u're a miracle worker it is not ssible to paint a room in the orning and have guests at night. ut it is possible these days to paint room very quickly—one or two ys—and get it back into working der with comparative ease. Newer ints, better equipment, and a great al of enthusiasm will help to ac-mplish the job with dispatch. Here e a few good tips to help the job ong:

1. Repair any cracks or holes in e plaster. For the more simple es you can do the job yourself. To a hairline crack or small hole, y a pack of patching plaster at y paint or hardware store or an pecially prepared commercial oduct designed expressly for the b. Follow the directions—usually plying it with your thumb or a utty knife.

2. After all the cracks and holes ve been filled, dust the walls, ceil-gs, and windowsills. If your walls nd surfaces are heavily soiled with ease and grime, they should be ashed thoroughly.

3. If you plan to use a brush, buy nly those of a good quality—either ure bristle or synthetics such as ylon. They will last longer and do better job. Besides the bristles will tay in. One of the worst problems ou will face in the middle of a paint b is to pick out tiny hairs from reshly painted walls!

4. You will need several brushes —a 4″ flat paintbrush which you can lso use for enamel; a paint and arnish brush for all areas (3″ wide or a woman, 4″ for a man); a flat rim brush, 3″ wide; and an all-pur-ose 1″ paintbrush for finer detail work.

5. We mentioned above that qual-ty brushes have sturdy bristles and hat is true. However even the best ew brushes have a few loose bris-les. You can remove them by re-volving the handle quickly between your palms or by tapping the bris-tles sharply against your hand.

6. Soak a new brush in linseed oil for a couple of days, then squeeze out the oil and comb bristles straight.

7. To use the brush, dip it into the paint to a depth of about 2″. Avoid overloading it. Tap out excess paint against inside of the can. Apply paint with bristles flat against the surface. Don't push ends into cor-ners. Hold the brush firmly but lightly and don't force the ends into corners. Never allow a brush to stand on its bristle ends.

8. If you plan to use a brush for several days, suspend it overnight in linseed oil to keep bristle ends from touching the bottom. As for cleaning your brushes, it is a good idea to ask your paint dealer what to do as the procedure may vary with the type of paint. Many new brushes can be rinsed off with wa-ter. There are special brush cleaners you can purchase at the paint store. Follow the directions. When brushes are dry, comb or straighten out the bristles and wrap them in aluminum foil or plastic wrap to keep out air and moisture and to help them keep their shape.

9. For painting with a roller, fol-low specific directions for both paint and roller for best results. Direc-tions vary with different types of rollers.

10. Roller painting is really very easy. It allows you to work quickly and continuously and produces pro-fessional results. Always keep the paint flowing so that the edges won't have a chance to dry and leave overlap marks. After you have spread your paints with crisscross strokes, finish with long, vertical ones. This will help compensate for any unevenness in your paint coat. When you finish painting, clean both the brush and roller immedi-ately according to directions. If you allow them to dry you cannot use them again.

Note: Remember to cover all your furniture with plastic drop cloths, as well as the floor areas around the walls.

END

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Wash chicken and pat dry. Cut each chicken into quarters; place bone side down on grill. Grill 5" to 6" from medium coals for about 30 minutes. Meanwhile in small saucepan melt butter; stir in remaining ingredients. Turn chicken and grill about 30 to 40 minutes longer, turning and brushing occasionally with butter sauce. Season to taste.

A taste of the Country

Y *continued from page 76*

n exquisitely designed. It is a
lete giving—on the terms available
larred by assertion of prerogative
t of emotional demand or person-
rusion, any of which might cause
an to turn away.

1932, Roosevelt is elected Presi-
of the United States.

the White House, "while the oth-
retaries keep office hours, the ad-
s come and go, Missy is there—
s there." The observation is Doris
son's in a *Saturday Evening Post*
ait of Missy. "No invitation is ac-
d by Missy if it means leaving the
dent alone. . . . Missy is attuned
s moods, knows how to keep him
pany both with conversation and
silence." A *Newsweek* piece on
y in 1933: "She knows when he is
d before he realizes it himself . . .
an tell when he is really listening
interlocutor and when he is mere-
ing polite—which no one else can—
she sometimes even senses when
beginning to disapprove of some-
g that he still thinks he likes."

race Tully: "She'd sit with him in
evening when he was reading or
ing with his stamps. Sometimes
d sit with him while he was doing
. He liked somebody around in case
anted to say something. He didn't
t to talk to the air. He liked to
k out loud, and if he thought out
he wanted somebody to listen.
etimes she had things to do—she'd
t to wash out some things or some-
g like that in her own apartment.
she was there and if he wanted her,
e had to do was pick up the phone
tell her to come down."

nd from Lillian Rogers Parks, a
ite House maid: "Now that it is
over, and Missy and the President
both gone, I can say that Missy
more than a secretary—she was
arm-hearted listener, the boon
panion, a sort of mother substitute
the President. She was the one who
ried about drafts and got excited if
appeared to be catching cold. . . .
was the one who shared his private
es; the one who first learned of his
as, and the one who applauded them
hout reservation.

Ego-building boost

She kept *his* hours, eating dinner
h him in his office, when the First
dy was not around. . . . She even
nt swimming with him to keep him
npany, though it was common knowl-
ge that she hated the water. . . . Mis-
gave him the companionship, the
pt attention, the ego-building boost
at men sometimes find in their wives.
rs. 'R' was not the kind of woman
o would give blind praise or blanket
proval. For that kind of warm sup-
rt and recognition, no matter what he
d, the President turned to Missy.
here was definitely no question of
ything improper. It was a spiritual
achment, although Missy built her
hole life around him and never mar-
ed. . . . Backstairs, we used to wonder
Mrs. 'R' wasn't a little jealous of
Miss LeHand, but she never seemed
be."

A glimpse of the family flavor of re-
axation at the White House is recorded
the journal of writer Fulton Oursler.
Missy is about to serve the Ourslers
rink in the President's second-floor
val study just as Roosevelt returns
from a Saturday afternoon of fishing.

"Why not let me mix it?" he says.

Missy replies, "Oh, but we are having martinis."

"Oh, no we're not." By phone he orders new fixings, gin and orange juice, meanwhile boasting of his day's catch. He mixes and serves the concoction, which Missy refuses. "She insisted on scotch and soda. There was a little tiff between them because she declined his cocktail and he at once offered to make her a martini. She insisted that she would have the scotch and soda and nothing else."

Oursler compliments Missy on her light-blue evening dress, mentioning to her embarrassment that he has seen her in it before.

"She told us that she did have another dress but that it was at the cleaner's, and laughed very heartily and blushed a little, and the President did not seem to like the trend the conversation had taken.

"I could not help thinking, too, how odd was the whole arrangement. The President admitted that he did not know where Mrs. Roosevelt was that night. . . . His only companion was Marguerite LeHand." During a supper that followed, "not once was the name of Eleanor Roosevelt mentioned."

One puzzled reference

In the first year at the White House, the year of Presidential adviser Ray Moley's greatest closeness to Roosevelt, Moley hears only one puzzled reference to the peculiarity of the relationship with Missy. He is riding in a car from Hyde Park with Marvin McIntyre, F.D.R.'s appointments secretary. Mac, irritated by F.D.R.'s having consulted Missy on some matter while holding Mac at arm's length, blurts, "What goes on there anyway?"

In her personal record keeping, Missy is as circumspect as she is in her daily behavior. Of the thousands of file boxes of White House papers at the Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park, Missy's virtual anonymity is broken by merely a single thin folder marked with her name: a letter to a department store urging it to change her mailing address to the White House, her will, copies of her reminders to F.D. of a Roosevelt child's birthday, her Christmas notes to her boss. There is, however, one personal item she decides to file as a memento. It is a note scrawled in pencil by the President:

M.A.L.
Can I dine with you or will you dine with me? 7:30
FDR

Missy's interest is still courted by other men. "Even the most ardent swain," says *Newsweek* in 1933, however, "is chilled at the thought that, to invite her to a movie, he must call up the White House, which is her home. The bachelor Prime Minister of Canada, Richard Bennett, seemed quite taken with Missy when he visited Washington last spring." "Ambassador [William C.] Bullitt was very much in love with Missy at one time," says Barbara Curtis. "He used to telephone her lots and lots of times from Paris. When he'd come to Washington, he'd take her out. But after a while she'd get bored. She just didn't seem to be *(continued)*





MISSY *continued*

interested in anybody—enough to marry them."

On all this, Eleanor, too, has something to say, perhaps born of slight envy as well as admiration for Missy's skill at serving Franklin's purposes:

"Some of the people who worked closely in the administration with my husband . . . were brought in through Missy LeHand's efforts. . . . I think none of them ever meant a great deal to Franklin. I also think they exploited Missy's friendship, believing her more interested in them personally than in what they could contribute to Franklin's work. In that they were mistaken: . . . though occasionally someone fooled her for a time, I always waited for enlightenment to come, with confidence born of long experience."

Missy, says Sam Rosenman, is the "frankest of the President's associates, never hesitating to tell him unpleasant truths." Yet she never stirs the President to resentment as Eleanor does. For some reason, Missy's challenges bestir affectionate fun. One day she takes a noontime stroll in a park near the White House and comes upon a palmist who has set up shop under a tree. Submitting her hand to the fortuneteller, Missy is told, "My dear, you can have a future. You have ability, but you must also have confidence in yourself. You must learn to speak up." Carrying this revelation back to the office, Missy brings forth an uproarious laugh from the President. "Now she feeds him the awful truth in large doses, he protests, he doesn't know that he could take it. Thereafter, there is a new running White House joke: "Speak up, Missy."

Her method? Something in her experience makes it as natural to her . . . Roosevelt's early life with Man makes it necessary to him: avoidance of confrontation.

Firm but pleasant

Rosenman: "She could read the President's mind correctly and anticipate his wishes. . . . She would suggest that certain people be invited to tea or dinner who she thought would have helpful ideas about problems he had on his mind. When the strain of the daily work and grinding routine became too tough, she would get his permission to ask some of his friends to come in for cocktail pleasantries or a game of poker in the evening. And when sometimes he would seek to put off some decision or some action, she would stand there firmly but pleasantly and keep reminding him to do it.

"She frequently would hold up a letter the President had written in anger and beg him the next day not to send it. In most cases the President's anger had subsided overnight and the letter would be torn up. If he persisted, I have known her to put the letter away in her desk again and try once more in a day or two."

In 1944, Raymond Moley, whose emerging differences of philosophy made it impossible to continue with Roosevelt himself, writes: "Marguerite LeHand would have been amused and startled, had anyone attributed statesmanship to her. She had little concern with ideologies. . . . Politics, public life, and government, to her, were pe-

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PAGE 82: SMITH AND JONES voile shirtdress available at Lord & Taylor, New York; Sanura Post, Florida and Georgia; Pogue's, Cincinnati; Joske's, Houston; The Broadway, Los Angeles; Joseph Magnin, California, Nevada, Colorado, Hawaii.

PAGE 85: MALCOLM STARR gingham shirtdress available at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.

PAGE 84: DON SOPHISTICATES halter dress available at Lord & Taylor, All Stores; Burdine's, Florida; Charles A. Stevens & Co., Chicago; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Maison Blanche, New Orleans; Battelstein's, Houston; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Makoff, Salt Lake City, Utah.

PAGE 85: REMBRANDT flowered dress available at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.

CHOOSING STRAWS

PAGE 92-93: Wallpaper, Vannerie #868, and fabric, Montreal Toile # 17J403, 54" wide cotton (used to cover cushions on loveseat), are both from Brunschwig & Fils*. Furniture: Tuxedo loveseat #53448; Chippendale plant stand with metal liner; Marx 4-drawer chest; folding screen; Mr. 6-drawer chest; Chippendale arm chair, and wicker trunk, all in natural wicker, reed, rattan, cane or peel shades from Walters' Wicker Wonderland, 991 Second Ave., N.Y.C. Rug of natural and brown sisal, approx. 4½' x 7½', from A. Morjikian*, 150 E. 58th St., N.Y.C. Mounted animal horns (they're fiberglass facsimiles by Decorative Crafts): Lesser Kudu, 32" x 15" wide, and Alaskan Mountain Ram, 11" x 41" wide, each $75, and available at Ethan Allen Stores. Lamp, model 1418, natural terra cotta base with pleated brown and white gingham shade, $82.50 by Phil-Mar. Lion plaques, reproductions of an original by Joan Bonazura, 15¾" x 8¾", #JB-8, approx. $30 ea. by Museum Pieces, Inc., 15 W. 27th St., N.Y.C. Broom, its handle a crooked sapling with the bark still on, made in Appalachia, $7.50, from Weg Pottery, 1142 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. Split bamboo bird cage in the shape of a church, $75, from The Phoenix, 793 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. Giant baskets (we used the one at lower left upsidedown as a table), 17" high, 24" dia., $18, and 14" high, 18" dia., $12.90, from Country Floors, 300 E. 61st St., N.Y.C. Coolie hat, $4.95; basket (holding breadsticks), 10¾" x 14½", $2.75; small market basket (filled with French loaves), 10¾" x 19" x 5½", $5.95, and reed blind for window, 36" wide x 72" long (only one size available), $7.95, are from Azuma, 415 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Round straw basket (holding mushrooms), 14½" dia., $6, and oval openwork willow basket (holding potatoes), 16" x 20", $8, from Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. at 59th St., N.Y.C. Brown and natural baskets with handles were purchased in France. Items for which no source is given are privately owned.

*through decorators

in their relations with each other. Her influence was vastly greater than that of most of those who believe are statesmen.

Hundreds of people kept their contacts with the President almost solely through 'Missy.' But this was not her major service. She knew by intuition that almost everybody favors reform, the mood in which it is presented is calm and reasonable. . . . Her immense influence on those with whom she worked was in the direction of seeing that the 'lesson' was 'more kindly.' Her quiet observation to the President that a sharp passage 'doesn't sound like him' smoothed many a ruffled front." It is odd that this younger woman should be fated to occupy a place in history in the kind of juxtaposition to that of Eleanor, and for reasons, at least in part, determined by Moley. After all, who more than Eleanor respects being "calm and reasonable," is "more kindly," more receptive to "smooth many a ruffled front"? What makes them opposite, however, are not their qualities of manner but the quality of their personal expectations as of Franklin. A woman who has witnessed more than her fair share of personal weakness and failure—a father, two uncles, and a brother destroyed by indulgence—Eleanor has learned to live by a rule of righteousness. It is a code that permits no compromise. Late in her life, trying to understand an interest by her friends in psychiatry, even befriending two psychiatrists, having long talks with them to plumb what they are about, she turns away from the idea. Why can't a person just *do* the right things? Why can't they live by the straightforward ideals she found in the courtship letters of 20-year-old Franklin to which she responded: "But what ideals you have to live up to! . . . I must say I wonder how many of 'we poor mortals' would act up to that!"

It is this uncompromising righteousness, imposed upon herself, which, when projected upon her expectations of her husband, prevents her—binds her—from comprehending the style of his life. At one time she discusses with Rex Tugwell what he calls "confusing traces of the young man remaining—[Roosevelt's] quick smile . . . in the many other ways he seemed to admit people to his confidence." He *did* give people, Tugwell reports her as saying, false impressions, "but this was a deliberate use of an early training in manners that had become 'second nature.'" Then she added ruefully that when she "was not quite certain about the 'first nature.'"

The difference is that Missy seeks and finds the interior Franklin, the "first nature," accepting the "second nature" as an essential outer form. She accepts all the compromises of political life. What Eleanor read as weaknesses Missy accepts as necessities—to his person as well as to his politics. It is part of what must be loved if one is to love Franklin Roosevelt.

Her speech was gone

In June 1941 there was a party at the White House for the staff. Toward the end of dinner Missy, looking strangely drawn, told Grace Tully she felt ill. She refused, however, to go upstairs to bed before the Boss left at about 9:30. A few minutes later Missy slumped to the floor, unconscious. Dr. McIntire rushed her to her room. The signs of a stroke were unmistakable. Her left arm and leg were paralyzed. Her speech was gone. The constant vigilance and care she required was difficult at the White House; after some days Missy was taken to Doctors Hospital and, after a few weeks there, at her request, to Warm Springs, where she could get both medical attention and rest.

The visit by F.D.R. to Warm Springs in late November was awkward and painful for him. It would have been for anyone, but especially for a man who could scarcely bring himself to talk of illness, let alone be in its presence. Worn now by the immense tensions of impending war, he could barely endure the ordeal of trying to cheer Missy—the old cheery, talkative, loyal Missy—who could now say without great effort only a single word, "Yes."

He took Grace Tully along. "You had to have at least two people," explains Egbert Curtis, "so you could talk across Missy to the other person. Suppose I could only say 'yes—yes,' it would be very difficult for you or anybody else to talk with me. She could only participate by listening, maybe by small signs of her face. And, you know, people who have had strokes are very prone to cry easily."

It was minutes after that ordeal that Roosevelt heard of the threatening Japanese maneuvers and *(continued)*

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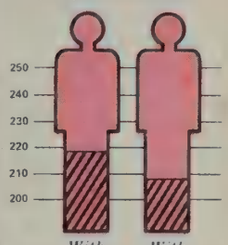
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How can Promise Margarine help lower cholesterol? Because it's so polyunsaturated. Polyunsaturated foods can help reduce cholesterol levels when they replace saturated fats in your diet. That's why many doctors say replace some saturated fats with polyunsaturated foods.

Many doctors recommend the following points to reduce your risk of heart attack:

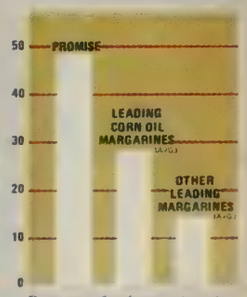
- Replace some saturated fats with polyunsaturated foods.
- Reduce, if overweight.
- Stop smoking.
- Exercise regularly.
- Avoid stress.
- Have regular medical checkups.

And Promise Margarine is far more polyunsaturated than any leading margarine. Even the 100% corn oil brands.

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Promise.



Percent of polyunsaturates in leading margarines.



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Address

City

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continued

to return to Washington immely. Roosevelt began now to do had to do, what he had learned by example from his mother to blot the unpleasant out of his usness: blotting out Missy's illven Missy herself. This requiref his personality was reinforced all-consuming demand of war.

in Washington, on the night of ible Sunday of Pearl Harbor, elt sat with his Cabinet, as tense ave a meeting as any Cabinet er held. During the meeting a me from Warm Springs. Grace not put it through. Instead she out on a note what she knew ler was struggling to convey:

December 7, 1941
10:05 P.M.

ORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

issy telephoned and wanted to with you. She is thinking about and much disturbed about the . She would like you to call her ht. I told her you would if the erence broke up at a reasonable —otherwise you would call her e morning.

G.G.T.

eks later, Eleanor, whose conover Missy never supplanted a erly protectiveness, asked Frankhe had called to greet her on tmas Eve. Perhaps he resented trusion, perhaps the discomfortbligation. (Trying to sustain a rsation on the phone was agony.) ritably replied that he had not as not planning to do so. Eleanor, ould always override her feelings end to an obligation, could not m Franklin's incapacity to do so. s later, still resenting him for it, old friends that she "could not rstand that."

anklin had his own ways of doing he had to do. He altered his will ovide for Missy's medical expenses 50 percent of his estate, the reder being left to Eleanor.

anklin Roosevelt, at the nucleus world at war, could bury his lones. But how could Missy? That ed cottage at Warm Springs was like a berth in a speeding, hurtling train suddenly stopped. She had lived at the power center of the nation, the world; the great names of her time, waiting edgily for an audience with the greatest name of the time, would stop at her desk-side chair to chat. What the great did not know, what the man inside would not tell them, he would often confide to her. To the fortunes of this man, to his responsibilities and to his person, she had committed her life. While never to have him, she had as much of him as anyone, and for that she had long decided to have no one else. Now that whirling, exciting life was suddenly stilled. And the man was not with her. It could never again be as it was. She knew that. At 41, now *she* was crippled. Without speech. It was all over.

One night—in the middle of the night—the telephone rang in the home of Dr. C.E. "Ed" Irwin, medical director of the Warm Springs foundation. He dressed and left quickly for Missy's cottage. Before dawn he returned weary and puzzled, saying to his wife, Mabel, "I don't know what I'm going to do about Missy. I think she tried to kill herself tonight." Then, shaking his head in disbelief, in distress over this old friend, he added, "Tried to do it by swallowing chicken bones."

Over a cup of coffee, the doctor and his wife speculated on *(continued)*

TTERN BACKVIEWS

pages 94–95



5508

yardage for size 10, without nap.
MPLICITY #5364 Dress, 8–16; $1. Re- es 4½ yds. 45 fabric. Our version has uffle on the bottom and the bodice is made lasticized ribbon. The elasticized ribbon uld be joined in strips to fit your measnents, using elasticized thread in the bob- of your sewing machine. The yardages this are listed below. This same design d be charming with ■ white piqué bodice ■ same ribbon-plaided organdy skirt.
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le stole requires 15 yds. 72" tulle; folded gthwise in 8 layers of 18" width and nered.
terns are available in stores from coast to st. To order by mail: Send money, size pattern number to Simplicity Pattern Inc. (Dept. LHJ), 200 Madison Avenue. York, N.Y. 10016. (Prices slightly high n Canada.)



NEW

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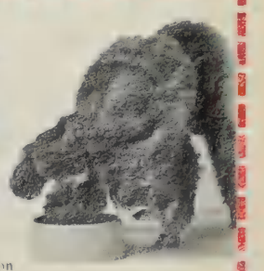
New MIGHTY DOG from Carnation wears this brand ...pure beef. Most canned dog foods contain by-products. But new MIGHTY DOG is pure, tender beef. No by-products. Only his vitamins and minerals added. Wait till you see him eat new, pure beef MIGHTY DOG. Single-serving cans, no left-overs.

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PURE BEEF,
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To Grocer: This coupon is redeemable for 10¢ (plus 3¢ handling) through Carnation salesmen or if mailed to CARNATION COUPONS, Box 171, Pico Rivera, California 90665, provided it has been used for the purchase of MIGHTY DOG in accordance with this offer. Any other use constitutes fraud. Invoices proving purchase of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented for redemption must be shown on request. Void if use is prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted by law. Limit one coupon per family. Cash value, 1/20 of 1¢.

10¢ LH GOOD ON ALL 4 VARIETIES 10¢

the bizarre occurrence, and agreed that perhaps Missy was going berserk.

Missy was soon brought back to the White House, to her third-floor apartment. Three nurses were assigned to her care around the clock. A favorite White House maid was called from retirement to look after her dinner, then sit in her room all night. During those long nights, Missy, unable to sleep, needed someone to talk to her, and someone to listen to the words she would struggle to form.

A speech therapist was brought in to teach Missy, as one would a baby, to speak again, but progress was slight. The worst of the suffering is that a stroke-damaged brain, while having lost the memory of how to form words, while sometimes in a mist of disorientation, has its periods of clarity and understanding, of awareness of events and people, of despair and desire—and a surging need to express. Yet she was dumb, looked dumb, *knew* she looked dumb. Those who came to see her—Grace and F.D. himself—although knowing otherwise, were hard put to treat her except as dumb. Bracing himself for the evening visits, F.D. would assemble in his mind a string of the day's tales, then, setting his face in a wide smile, wheel into her room. Spurred by her eager eyes, he'd unreel his monologue complete with self-propelled laughter. Suddenly there were no more stories to his string, no response to egg him on. They'd look at each other. Before silence could shatter the masquerade, another cheery smile—"See you tomorrow!"—and he'd wheel around. Gone.

Keeping up with things

What she could not speak she could yet in ways communicate. The all-night maid once told her daughter, a White House seamstress, that Missy knew she was dying.

"Because she could read," says Grace Tully, "I used to bring her the State Department decoded messages that used to go across her desk and now went across mine. I thought she'd enjoy knowing what was going on around the world. I wanted her to feel that she was keeping up with things. I don't know how much she took in of it, but she seemed to appreciate my bringing them before I sent them back to the State Department."

And she could write, too. She began to write letters to people who had been close. Passages in the letters were manic, tormented outbursts of fantasy of a life she had not permitted herself to live. "The letters," says an informant not wishing in this connection to be named, "told of this one being in love with her, and that one wanting to marry her. Everyone realized that she could no longer be trusted with important information. These friends and the family drew together to get the letters out of sight, to hush up Missy's lapse."

The White House was clearly not a good place for her to be. Missy was sent to Somerville, to the house on Orchard Street from which two decades earlier she had set out for New York in search of excitement and a career. According to Grace Tully, she wanted to go: "She felt there was nothing for her to do, she was getting depressed and thought, well, she'd go up to her family, her two nieces and a sister. She was very fond of those two nieces, although she couldn't care less about the sister who would go out and charge everything to Missy that she could lay her hands on."

In July of 1942 the Curtises visited Missy, and Curtis wrote cheerily to the President: "She is certainly improving. She has gained twelve pounds, they tell me, since she has been home and is now able to walk with a cane." A few months later, in the morning of the Congressional election, Missy sent a wire to F.D. at the White House which was forwarded to him at Hyde Park: AM FIGHTING FOR YOU LOVE MISSY.

In February 1944, as Eleanor was preparing for a tour among Americ troops in the Caribbean and S America, she discovered that M had been invited to visit the W House during her absence. This the period when Eleanor was annoyed that other women—Mrs. kins and Jimmy's wife, Betsey—assuming prerogatives she felt solely hers. She wrote Missy to post the visit: "I was away last week when C and Franklin arranged for you to come dow the 7th of March. I am terribly sorry that did not realize that I want to be here when you c . . . I am very sorry that they did not consult me b making plans but it is hard to get everyone together I have been away for a few days at a time."

On the tenth anniversary of Roosevelt's first inaug tion, Justice Felix Frankfurter, always a close stu of how to touch F.D.R. most personally, took a mo from Supreme Court business to send a note: "W day. If only Missy were also here to rejoice!"

Missy slumped over

On the evening of July 30, 1944, Missy went t movies. "As I recall being told," says Ba Curtis, "she saw a newsreel of Franklin sevelt and was shocked at the wa looked and the way his voice sounde home, she went to bed and was lo at some old pictures. Her arm tha been useless was moving and jun just like this, and they thought tha was coming back. They thought she wa ting better. She called her sister in, and Missy slumped over."

The President was aboard ship, just ha departed from Honolulu where he had ferred on the Pacific campaign with Ge MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz. A radio sage arrived from the White House:

July 31,

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT: REGRE INFORM YOU THAT MISS LEHAND DIED IN NAVAL HOSPITAL AT CHELSEA, MASSACHUSETT 9:05 A.M. TODAY. ADMIRAL SHELDON, OF THE REAU OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY, STATES THAT CAUSE OF DEATH WAS CEREBRAL EMBOLISM. LEHAND WAS TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL AT O'CLOCK THIS MORNING. ADMIRAL SHELDON SHE HAD ATTENDED THE THEATER LAST EVE AND THAT THE CHANGE FOR THE WORSE WAS EXPECTED. HAVE NOTIFIED MRS. ROOSEVELT MISS TULLY. AWAIT INSTRUCTIONS. WILL STATEMENT IN THE PRESIDENT'S NAME AND SEND TEXT TO YOU FOR YOUR INFORMATION.

Grace Tully, recalling his return to W ington: "I naturally said to him, 'You I lost a very dear friend.' And he about to cry and so was I, and he 'Yes, poor Missy.' But he never lik talk about those things because he well, being a man, he didn't want to any emotion. At least I never saw him any."

Franklin Roosevelt, lover of the sea and s found his own way of arranging his pers salute. On March 27, 1945, on the eve of hi parture for what was to be his last visit to W Springs, the White House dispatched a nigh ter to the Ingalls Shipbuilding Corporatio Pascagoula, Miss., builder of cargo vessels:

MRS. ROOSEVELT AND I SEND WARM GREETING ALL WHO ATTEND THE LAUNCHING OF THE S MARGUERITE A. LEHAND IN THE HOPE THAT A C WHICH BEARS SO HONORED A NAME WILL MAKE MA SAFE JOURNEY AND ALWAYS FIND A PEACEFUL HARBO FRANKLIN D. ROOSE

Genealogy: An account of on descent from an ancestor who d not particularly care to trace h own.

—Ambrose Bier

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19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB '73

us accident on their way to a
t retreat. As painful an experi-
s he knew it would be, Daddy
d to attend this funeral. We
him to spare himself, even
n he knew that all of these chil-
were from a part of Austin that
lways been very good to him.
e looked at us and said, "When-
needed these people, they were
They were my people. I want to
re now that they need me."
I was leaving Texas after Daddy
uried, a woman came up to me
airport and said, "My daughter
on that bus. Fortunately, she
die. But I want you to know
much it meant to everyone that
father came to that service."
at's what he kept saying so many
: "These were my people." And
why his own funeral ceremonies
so inspiring—you had the feeling
all the people he cared about so
, and for whom he'd worked so
cared about him, too.
e official funeral arrangements in-
d lying in state both at the
ry in Austin and at the Capitol
nda in Washington. He had the
tional military honor guard, but
y of his friends who wanted to be
him also stood around the coffin
ugh the night. However, this per-
l as well as the military honor
d was all male. Warrie Lynn
th, my dear friend who'd lived with
n the White House, said, "He was
an who liked women, too. I think
e should be some women standing
e keeping vigil." Warrie Lynn
kly found a group of us, and so
en joined in paying their respects.
know Daddy would have liked the
of women as mourners. I wrote
a letter once telling him about
I was going to participate in a
nal conference about women and
. In response, he wrote an amus-
but sincere letter telling me that
had always "given women credit."
thought the women in his family
a lot of ability, and he always en-
raged us to use it. He didn't think
should be handicapped by our sex.
er he died, I received a letter from
a very prominent woman in public life. She told me that it was my father who had believed in her and encouraged her to go on with her work. And I know he was very impressed with many of the women now involved in politics. When Yvonne Brathwaite Burke and Barbara Jordan were down at the Civil Rights symposium held at the L.B.J. Library in Austin on December 11-12, 1972, he told us how proud he was of these young black congresswomen.

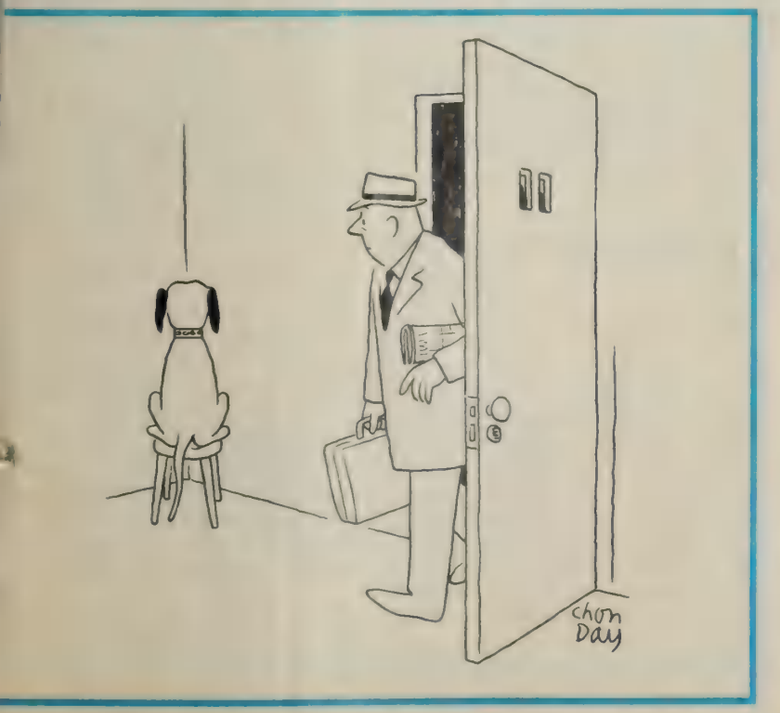
One of my most moving memories of the Washington services is an incident that took place as I stood in the front pew of the Christian Church. The services had just concluded, and the military guard had shouldered the flag-covered casket. As I looked over, I caught a glimpse of a strong black Marine marching in perfect cadence with the other bearers. On his cheek there was a single tear. I shall never forget it.

"I feel sorry for the Secret Service men . . ."

Few people realize how much Daddy depended on his Secret Service men, and how close he was to many of them. The agent in charge of Daddy's detail had been driving around the ranch with Daddy the morning he died. When he asked Daddy how he felt, Daddy said he never felt better. The last thing Daddy did was to ask for him. But it was too late. I know nobody could breathe life back into Daddy, but that agent tried, and so did two others. One of the agents helped to resuscitate my daughter Cathy last August when she almost drowned in the ranch pool. But this time he wasn't successful. I feel great sadness for the agents because they loved Daddy, too. And they were so helpless. He was already gone.

"They were just a great partnership."

I don't think any marriage is idyllic. But my mother and my father had a great partnership. They depended on each other so much. They had their differences, but they didn't fight. Sometimes Daddy would say things that would hurt Mother's feelings, and he'd be sorry and come back later and say something sweet. *(continued)*



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LYNDA REMEMBERS *continued*

Daddy pushed my mother to do a lot of things. Everybody thinks she's so career-oriented. She's not really that way; she was pushed into it by him. He pushed us in the same way. He always thought that women ought to be able to take care of themselves: to survive and stand on their own feet.

My mother has always been more tightfisted with money than my father, who was always more willing to spend it. He was constantly teasing her about her economy. One of the last things he did was to take her to San Antonio to look at Norman Norell dresses—which are pretty expensive. He told her that he'd buy her two if she'd treat herself to one. She'd never spend that much money on a dress, ordinarily. And so she got three. They had separate bank accounts, too. Once, when I told her that I had a joint checking account with Chuck, she said, "I wouldn't have a joint checking account with the Angel Gabriel!" Daddy also used to tease her because she always said she would give a certain number of dollars to a beautification project, and when the bill came around, Daddy usually paid it.

But they both needed each other very much, and they both loved each other so much. They were—and I know it sounds sentimental—soul mates. They complemented each other. In some ways, she was more sophisticated than he was. Sometimes I don't think he realized how much his farmer's vocabulary could make her wince. He didn't use earthy words for shock value. They were just a fact of life: *his* life on the land.

But Daddy was always so proud of my mother and everything she did. He teased her an awful lot about planting trees and beautifying highways and all the other things, and years ago he used to tease her about watching James Arness on *Gunsmoke*. But he always was extremely proud of her. And he always loved her. They were just a great partnership.

"He was very religious . . ."

I think my father deeply believed in God, and in a hereafter. And he believed a man had responsibility to his fellow man. I think he was ecumenical, and he prayed a lot.

He never had any kind of religious prejudice. He was surrounded by people of all religions. He'd go off to the Episcopal Church with Mother, and he'd take his good Jewish friends off to Father Snider's Catholic church, and so on all along the way. Daddy had no racial prejudice, either. I think he felt very close to black people. In fact, I can think of only two prejudices he had. Very tiny ones. He did not like the color purple. And he did not like pleated skirts on women: he thought they made women look fat. In fact, when we wore dresses made of a heavy material, he would say they looked like saddle blankets.

"God is in Texas with Boppa."

My daughter Lucinda just didn't know her Boppa—her grandfather—was President. At Christmas, we talked about President Truman's death, and she could understand that. Lucinda will be five in October. But she went to Daddy's funeral in Washington. Later when Lucinda was at the home of another little girl, Linda, she vividly described the funeral to her friend. Linda's mother tells me that Lucinda then gave a pretty accurate report of how we had gone to the Capitol and had stayed at the guest house, and how it was so cold, and how she was in "a parade." Then Linda's mother, in a gentle way, explained to both little girls that both of their grandfathers—Linda's and Lucinda's—were now in heaven with God. And Lucinda said, "No. God is in Texas with Boppa."

"There never really was but one."

There is no more L.B.J. Luci and I are married, with new initials.

Mother was never really L.B.J.—actually, her real name is not Lady Bird but Claudia Taylor Johnson; Little Beagle Johnson, the dog, is gone.

But there never really was but one L.B.J.—Lyndon Baines Johnson. And now he's gone. But we have many wonderful memories to sustain us. **END**

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talks way into the night abou and d fishing, dogs, and the special thi that only grandfathers and grands can share. They did it every night d ing the Christmas holidays. Sometin Daddy would get very disturbed t on occasion Lyn would go to bed ea —and go to his own bed, not Daddy When that happened, the situation w easily alleviated to the great pleasu of all concerned by my moving a sle ing grandson into the waiting arms yearning grandfather.

"No more rabbits in the hat . . ."

I was first notified of father's final illness by husband Patrick. He t me that my Aunt Ma Rather, Daddy's devot and able secretary who w like a member of our fami had called with the messa that my father had be taken to Brooke Army H pital in San Antonio. At t point, we knew nothi more. The first thing I was to gather my children the bedroom. There we kn and prayed, because we lieve in the power of pray because Daddy treasured and because it was the on thing we could do.

When Mother called tell of my father's death, s calmly said, "Baby, this tir we didn't make it." Som how, we always felt Dadd would live forever. He'd su fered several serious hea attacks, as well as innume able other illnesses. A though he tried to prep us for the death he kne was coming, we felt he'd a ways pull another rabbit o of the hat. But this tim there were no more rabbit

I have no doubt in m mind that he had a prem nition of death. But wheth he had a premonition of in minent death is somethi about which we can on speculate. My father spe the last four years of his li trying to get his business order. He wanted us all be able to understand an appreciate what our famil business situation was lik He gave us all oral examina tions, testing and checkin that we knew what w owned and what our re sponsibilities were.

"The glorious good-bye . . ."

The day before his deat was the most glorious day that yo could possibly imagine. My husban Patrick was about to make a serious de cision concerning his business future My father was interested in persuad ing him to come back to join the fa broadcasting operation.

The Saturday night before he die Daddy called us at home and aske "Where are you? I thought you wer coming out here. We need to be to

LUCI REMEMBERS

continued from page 81

I told him, "Daddy, Lyn does love you." To which he replied, "I don't think he loves me as much as he did." I said, "Oh, no, Daddy, he does. But he's not a baby any more. I'm not one to tell you what to do, but I think it would be helpful if you could have a relationship that was especially yours—one thing that you would like to talk about, or things that you would like to do together."

So Daddy and Lyn would sleep together in the same bed, and have long

The direction in which education starts a man will determine his future life. —Plato



her, Luci. You don't know when
l ever get together again." And I
. "Well, Daddy, we had talked
ut coming on Sunday, and I didn't
ize you wanted us on Saturday."
e said, "Oh, no, no. Tomorrow will
kay; tomorrow will still be enough
e." And it was. Barely.

o we went out to the ranch early
day morning. And Daddy spent the
talking to us, and listing many of
reasons why he thought Patrick
uld come back into the family busi-
s. He felt if you had a family busi-
s, it was ultimately more satisfying
e working in it, instead of exerting
your talents and energies for an-
er employer. In order to illustrate
beliefs my father literally capsul-
d his life, from the very beginning to
present. Daddy urged Patrick to
e his judgment independently, but
ught in many forceful arguments.
e thing he repeated, for example.
s the old adage that you can't really
derstand a person's problems until
u've walked in their shoes—which is
y he was anxious for Patrick to ex-
rience all sides of the cable tele-
ion business. My husband and my
her had been in quite a few cable
evision ventures together during the
t years; Daddy told us how grateful
was to have come to know Pat not
ly as a son-in-law but as an able
sinessman who shared his values.
He was very flattering to both Pat-
k and to Chuck. He said that if he
d been able to choose a committee of
tstanding persons whose judgment
'd trusted in many fields, and if they
d submitted candidates from all of
e young men available, and if Daddy



had set out to find a husband for each of his daughters, he couldn't have come up with a better choice.

It was a glorious day, and we didn't leave the ranch until nine or ten that night. My father was on the telephone, in a conversation that didn't seem likely to terminate soon. Mother was concerned about the time, since the children were with us, and she urged us to leave, saying that she would say goodbye to Daddy for me. So I walked out and got into the car. But as Patrick started the motor, I said suddenly, "Patrick, I just can't. Would you wait another minute?" And I went back in. Mother appeared surprised and irritated over my reappearance, so I justified my presence by saying, "Mama, I'm sorry. No one can say good-bye to Daddy for me. Not even you." I sat by my father's side until he finished the phone conversation. And then I said, "Daddy, I want you to know how much I love you and how much I appreciate everything you've done for us, but especially today." He held me long and lovingly, and said, "You've never let me down, baby. I'm the proudest Daddy there ever was. But you must stop trying to solve all the problems of the world at once!"

Those were his last words to me. How ironic it was that a man who had pushed himself constantly, at great personal expense to his health, should be so distressed at a young woman overextending herself. President he was, but he never stopped being Daddy. Later that night, Patrick called Daddy and told him his decision. He had decided to stay with the family.

"The one person Mother couldn't face."

The evening of my father's death, we helicoptered back to the ranch. I sat across from my mother, searching my soul to find something that I could say. I felt that it must be extremely painful for her to gaze across the land that he had loved so much.

As we disembarked, she looked at me and said, "There's just one person I don't feel I can face, Luci. I honestly don't know if I can face Yuki." (Yuki was Daddy's dog.)

I asked, "Why, Mama?"

And she said, "Because he'll know, honey. And there's nothing that I can do or say for him. You and I can talk and comfort each other and recall the wonderful memories we all had together, we can make these moments easier to bear. But Yuki's going to be all alone now." We went into the house and Yuki looked at Mother and started to whimper. Then he did something very strange. When my mother sat on the couch, Yuki jumped up onto it and deposited himself in Mother's lap. Now, never in my father's lifetime would Yuki have done that. Mother is not a big animal lover; she and Yuki weren't exactly soul mates. But she looked down at him, took his little head and just nuzzled it as if she was the animal lover of all time. Yuki used to be my dog, and after Daddy died I offered to take Yuki back. But Mother said no, not now. She didn't want to give him up.

"Would Daddy Have Turned Catholic?"

Many people often inquired if Daddy was going to become a Catholic. I suppose the question stemmed from my conversion and his subsequent frequent attendance at Mass with me. Frankly, I don't know if Daddy ever considered converting. God was important to Lyndon Johnson. He was always very religious in his own way, but I think he felt a deeper closeness to God from the moment he stepped into the Presidency. Somehow, in that awesome position where the buck does stop, he needed to reach out to someone greater who could sustain and assist him in making the right judgment. I can't say he would have converted: I can't say he wouldn't have—to second-guess Lyndon Johnson in life was foolish, and in death it would be ludicrous. I do know he was the most ecumenical man I ever knew. One June night in 1966, my father called me and said, "Luci, I figure if there's a church in town open, you'd know where it is. I need to go to one tonight. Can you find me one?" I assured him that I could, in fact I believed I could make arrangements with some Dominican friends of mine whose chapel was near the White House. Daddy asked me if Pat and I would be interested in going, and I told him of course, we wanted very much to be with him. It was only after the Secret Service men had closed our car door that Daddy revealed the burden he was bearing. That June night, fighter bombers were being sent over Hanoi and Haiphong for the first time. The consequences of this most difficult of decisions were to come. In the hours of waiting, my father turned to prayer. We held each other's hands throughout that night until morning brought the answer to our prayers—every one of our men had returned.

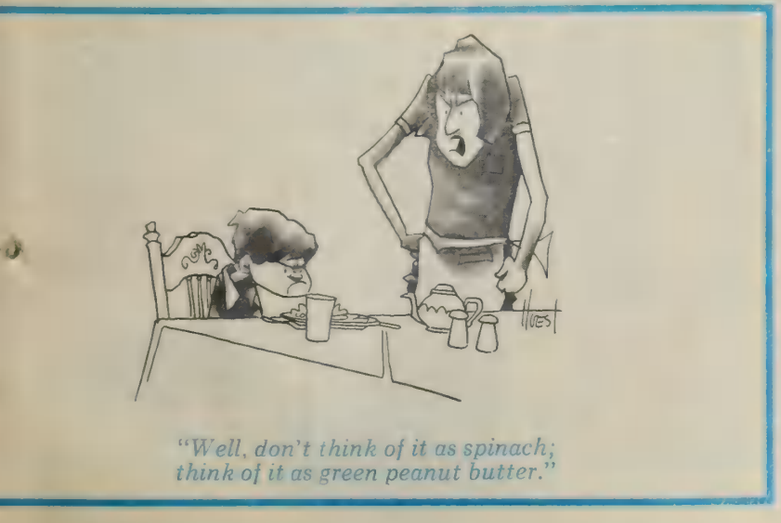
"The Library of the people . . ."

The Lyndon B. Johnson Library was a great source of pride for my father, and we felt that if he was to lie in state in Texas, he ought to lie in state at his Library—actually a library that he felt was not his alone, but a library of the people. He wanted it to be a learning center. He especially wanted the young to come and understand the vantage point of his Administration, appreciate the challenges, benefit from his experiences, his mistakes, his achievements. One young man, whom you might say looked very "hippie"—with long, curly hair and blue jeans—walked through and looked my mother in the eye, kind of winced for a second, clicked his heels in almost military fashion and said, "Mrs. Johnson, I didn't understand him. I do now. And I apologize."

There were those who only lately had understood; but there were thousands whose understanding had been linked for a lifetime with Lyndon Johnson. A 93-year-old black man came through and climbed the steps with his grandson. I reached out to shake his hand, and I said, "Sir, you know how much my father loved you."

He looked at me and said, "My dear child, he showed me. I can eat in a restaurant, I can sleep in a motel, I can have a sense of dignity, and my great-grandchildren can get an education. And this is all just because Lyndon Johnson passed this way. And a great tree would have had to have fallen on my head to have kept me from coming here today." *(continued)*





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know, the tragedy of it all is that
ır so much praise and affection
erson *after* he dies. Daddy was
some of that because of his
ttack in '72. It was so very
that we received thousands of
He was able to read many of
letters, and I think receive a
ense of comfort from them.

**ıe did know that peace was
d."**

Sunday, the day before he died,
d that he had talked with the
House. Daddy said something to
ect that, "It's my understanding
y belief that the end of this very
l experience for all of us is
ent. And I pray that it is, and
must pray that it is." He didn't
o get his hopes up too much, but
s so hopeful for President Nixon.
t relief and joy at the prospect of
ır ending.

took the war in Vietnam very
ıally. He felt that he had done
ıe had to do, yet each one of those
vas a very personal friend. He'd
wo sons-in-law over there. He
what it was like to be a parent of
young men. He told Patrick on
rous occasions that he felt Pat-
ıad gone so that Lyn wouldn't
to go. Daddy felt very strongly
f a man said that he was going
nd behind his fellow man he had
e up to his commitment. And he
hat that was the situation in
am.

ll go dying for what I lived for."

ere was never any doubt in my
that he would be justified in my
me. But my concern was that it
in his. I believe that there had
a beginning, and I think he shared
belief. His actions indicated it.
ng the last few months of his life
was a special spirit, a lift and
n him, that hadn't quite been pres-
before. It started with a speech at
renowned Scott and White clinic
mple, Texas—a speech concerning
elief in his people and his country.
ntinued to generate until his last
great speech at the Civil Rights Symposium at the L.B.J. Library December 12, 1972. How appropriate for his final public address to concern his passionate fight for civil rights! I think at that point he felt there was going to be a greater recognition of what he had tried to achieve. My father felt very strongly that you couldn't rest on your laurels. That's one of the reasons why he was so determined to deliver his civil rights speech that day. He wanted to share his ideas about how to complete in the 70's the struggle for human rights that had begun in the 60's. He wanted to see some of the old civil rights leaders—Roy Wilkins, Hubert Humphrey, Clarence Mitchell—join with some of the new—Barbara Jordan, Yvonne Burke. The doctors told him that morning that under no circumstances should he make that speech. They just forbade him. And he said, "Well, if I go and die on the platform, I will go dying for what I lived for."

"Going to the well"

My father used to relate an old frontier story that said a true friend is a man who will "go to the well with you," *i.e.*, one who cares enough to face the enemy in order to help you get water. That's why he persevered for the causes he believed in—civil rights, environment, and, yes, the war—even when they were unpopular. For loyalty to what and to whom you believed in was of paramount importance to Daddy. That is why two of his last public appearances were at the funerals of his beloved friends Hale Boggs and Harry Truman, two men who had always gone to the well with him.

Since Daddy's death, we've received an outpouring of mail that has been like a window on America—from the great and the mighty to the poor and the lowly—all who loved Lyndon Johnson and whom he loved. To the thousands who wrote, to the hundreds who volunteered to help us answer the mail, to the countless numbers who helped with Daddy's funeral, to all those who went to the well with him, we will always be grateful. **END**



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keep any serious, or even semi-serious affair from her probing intelligence? No, James corrected himself, Charlotte would never deliberately probe; but simply . . . become aware, and suffer hurt.

It wasn't too simple. It wasn't worth it.

He struck a match and applied it to the paper's edge, and watched the small flame eat up past *yours remorsefully* to *under what bridges* almost with a sense of relief.

The nearest ashtray handy was an abalone shell fished up by Charlotte on their honeymoon in the Channel Islands.

As soon as all was consumed James opened a window and consigned the blackened particles to the night, and then gave a rub with a fold of his pajama jacket to restore the shell's interior luster before padding back into bed beside his wife.

As she had slept first, so Charlotte woke first, and at once became housewifely active. She had a bad habit, which she recognized, of thrusting each day's newspaper into a magazine rack until its contents overflowed and had to be transferred to a cubby-hole under the stairs whence when *it* overflowed a Boy Scout came and collected the lot for some Boy-Scoutish purpose.

Tackling the preliminary chore, Charlotte now discovered even the cubby-hole so full that she needed to smooth and re-fold each additional issue to get it in—among them that of the previous Wednesday.

And even so her eye only subconsciously registered the headline about a dockers' strike. **END**

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would have kicked him in the par and hard. But Robert, no. I was o come by the sheer kindness of the n

"Robert, good old Robert, he very persistent," she goes on. "He the next morning and said he was ing for lunch. I lied: 'You can't—I guests.' He came anyway. There no guests. I always invented then keep people away." They were ried in 1967.

It was Sarah's mother, Mrs. Cla Miles, who had always wanted he act. But only after *Ryan's Daug* did the star-struck Mrs. Miles t fully confess her hidden ambit "Mummy has so many barriers all I could think was, 'This is the time I have seen her cry.'" says Sa "My mother rarely took me in arms. There was no intimacy, no g into bed with Mother in the mor for a cuddle. I wish to God I ha childhood like Thomas. Thoma probably cuddled too much, bu think it is probably better being Th as than me.

"I can't teach Tom values, guide him. Always answer his q tions: never push him far into area: don't try to take steps for H He is an extraordinary little fellow. has got hold of me in a way nob ever has. I am beginning to rely Tom. To make me laugh. To me, ting a laugh out of anyone, se them cry with laughter, is utter That is beautiful. I can do that Tom and he is able to do that for as well.

"Tom is one of the blessed. W he was two, he was whacked h across the neck by a small boy wit bamboo stick. Tom, who was learning to walk, went up to the c and kissed him. I was amazed thought: 'He's going to be worse his father!'"

When she is off camera, Sa doesn't turn into a wisp of smok play the prima donna or become character she portrays in this filn that. She is "trying to be more c fortable with *me*. I am not an ex vert, and it is only my fault pe get that impression. I am, I supp more introverted. It is not good th have felt obsessed, until almost n to put on a powerful *persona* of landish behavior." Her plain life home—she frequently wears blue je and an oversized sweater—expres some solid virtues. The Bolts ra entertain—and, when they do, it often at the kitchen table.

Sarah's innocence is surprisin real, and when she is at ease, wa into a womanly blend of innocence compassionate realism. She feels e tion deeply, but can rarely expres openly in her personal life—exc with her son. She hopes for resp but constantly belittles herself. has a goal and is battling toward it. would love on my deathbed to fe have been a good wife, a good moth and a good actress," she says. "But put anyone through my cooking is p sadism!" E

There is no excellent beauty tha hath not some strangeness in th proportion. —Francis Baco

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ver 50 years we've all been brainwashed into think- at the only way to lose weight was to cut calories. a hoax!" says Dr. Robert C. Atkins. We all know lucky person who can "eat like a horse" and never pound — what has she or he got that you haven't

Now we know! It's FMH (the Fat Mobilizing Hormone).

is a substance that signals your body to start "living s own fat." It was isolated in pure form only a years ago, and it was just a medical curiosity until tkins discovered how to make his body – your body body's body – produce FMH on command!

n to his story:

y 10 years out of medical school I was already a fat 40 pounds overweight, with 3 chins! Yet I have no ower – even the idea of hunger scares me. I knew I not follow a low-calorie diet for even a single day." d about FMH, and by using his own body as a atory, discovered that he could command it to make miracle hormone whenever he wished. The FMH hed his body engine over to a different "fuel" – it ed to burn fat. He continued to eat all he wanted – ever felt hungry, and at the end of six weeks, he had 28 pounds! And the diet revolution was born.

Why the Diet Revolution works.

Atkins found a simple test that would tell him when body engine was burning fat. And 65 employees at T agreed to try it. Every single one lost as much ght as he wanted – yet not a single one was hungry! n the news got out – and thousands, many of whom e 50-100 pounds overweight, flocked to Dr. Atkins' ce for treatment.

t any wonder celebrities like Roberta Peters, Buddy kett and David Susskind have told the world about miracles this diet works? Is it any wonder his diet made news in magazines like Vogue, Town & Country, mopolitan, and Woman's Day?

Read these incredible true stories!

m size 18 to size 8! Beatrice G had been taking diet s since she was a fat 9-year old! Yet when she came to Atkins, she still weighed 166 pounds and wore size Now she's size 8 and still losing! "The best part is now I'll never have to go hungry again!" she says.

s 85 pounds in 17 weeks. Herb W weighed 367 nds at the age of 32. He had tried diet pills and started and quit Weightwatchers several times. After four months of Dr. Atkins' diet, he had lost 85 pounds – yet he was never hungry. I'm losing, but I'm not on a diet. I'm eating up a storm," he says happily. "It's fantastic!"

WHICH OF THESE DIETING MISTAKES DO YOU MAKE?

1. Do you have nothing for breakfast but high protein cereal with skim milk? "WRONG," says Dr. Atkins. "Have two fried eggs and all the bacon you want!"
2. Do you try to get by for lunch with nothing but a piece of lean ground beef with a little ketchup on it? "WRONG", says Dr. Atkins. "Have two cheeseburgers instead."
3. Do you skip lunch entirely and nibble a tiny box of raisins? "WRONG," says Dr. Atkins. "Have some chicken kiev dripping with melted butter!"
4. When you eat out, do you go off your diet? "No need to," says Dr. Atkins, and tells you how to enjoy Chinese food, French food, Italian food right from the menu.

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The Diet Revolution tells you everything you need to know.

Why diet pills are bad news (p. 88)
How to start your body producing (FMH) – the fat mobilizing hormone that flushes out and burns up your excess weight (p. 16)
How to test yourself and regulate your rate of weight loss (p. 126-130)
How to tell if brand name foods and diet drinks are okay – and which to beware of (p. 163)
Why calorie counting and starvation diets are a hoax (p. 94)
The 4 simple things you do to start (p. 123)
. . . and 94 pages packed full of luscious meal plans, food lists and recipes – and you can eat every one!

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After completing his medical education at the University of Michigan and Cornell Medical School, Dr. Atkins interned at Strong Memorial Hospital, and served his residency at Columbia University Hospitals, and St. Luke's Hospital. Specializing in cardiology, he knew that obesity is one of the primary reasons for heart trouble.

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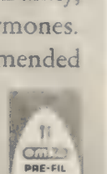
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continued from page 18

termined to upgrade my line of work. I earn my living as a meat-cutter in a supermarket, and in recent years I have come to despise the job. A lot of people think I'm dirt because of my occupation. I would prefer to follow a line of work where I will be paid attention to, maybe respected like my kid brother. I want to be a professional man like Chet. I'll admit I'm a late bloomer, but now that I've acquired ambition and incentive I want Jan to admire me. I can't think of a better way for her to invest her money than in me. Many wives are glad to support their husbands through school. I can't see why Jan should be any different just because she was lucky enough to inherit money.

"Back in Nebraska where I learned the meat-cutting trade, I didn't appreciate the value of higher education. I wasn't smart like Chet. Pop ended his schooling in the eighth grade, and so did Mom. All my folks knew how to do was fight and produce kids—I had six brothers and two sisters. Pop used a stick to encourage all of us to start earning our groceries, the sooner the better. I worked after school from the age of seven and turned every penny over to Pop. But he still said I ate too much, that I was one mouth too many at the supper table.

"One Saturday he insisted on taking me along on a hunting trip. I played sick that morning, but he dragged me to the car and off we went to a stretch of deep, lonesome woods. When I got a look at that big shotgun of his, I was petrified. I spent most of the day hiding in the bushes. I imagined—mistakenly, of course—that Pop had taken me to the woods so he could shoot me and save on food.

"At the age of fourteen, three friends and I ran away from home in a beat-up car. We were caught and put in jail for stealing gas. The sheriff placed long-distance calls to our parents, who refused to bail us out. My Pop said he would lose no sleep if I rotted behind bars.

"Luckily, the daughter of the jailer took a fancy to me—girls have always seemed to like me—and she turned us loose. I was gone for two weeks, but my folks didn't even miss me.

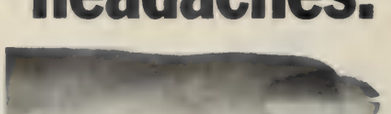
"Nor was I missed when I left home at seventeen to marry my pregnant girlfriend. Molly and I had two kids, a boy and a girl. I loved those kids more than I've ever loved anybody else in this world. Even now I sometimes dream of them, particularly my boy.

"Molly worked in a dry-cleaning shop while I went to school to learn the meat-cutting trade. I enjoyed my work as a butcher in my home town. I was somebody. I belonged to the Elks Club. I went fishing with the local merchants. I said 'hello' to everybody, and they said 'hello' to me.

"I should have been suspicious when Molly began to work nights. But she explained that we could save her earnings and buy a good home for the kids. Anyway, I got a kick out of sitting with my kids while Molly went to work. I feel at peace with young kids. They are pure and innocent and not out to [illegible] you in the back.

"I should have guessed that Molly [illegible] the other man was the owner of the dry-cleaning shop.

No more splitting headaches.

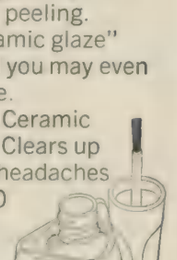


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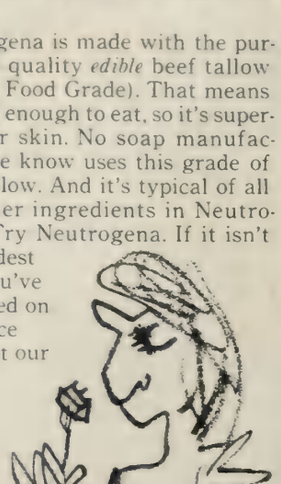


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Edible quality beef tallow. One of the pure reasons people with sensitive skin won't be without Neutrogena.

When I learned the truth, I went [illegible] I beat the guy to a pulp. In fact, I [illegible] ducted myself in such a shoddy [illegible] that I had to get out of town. M[illegible] got a divorce and married the ot[illegible] guy. He even adopted my kids a[illegible] the local judge decided that I was [illegible] unfit parent.

"At the time I met Jan, I no lon[illegible] believed in marriage. But I now rea[illegible] Jan isn't at all like my ex-wife. S[illegible] is sweet and generous. In some wa[illegible] she has been generous to kinfolk [illegible] mine who don't deserve kindness. S[illegible] put up with Mom and Pop for a sc[illegible] month. She cooked, cleaned, wash[illegible] their laundry, and even did the ironi[illegible] She put up with my oldest sister a[illegible] her three spoiled brats for two mont[illegible] until I lost patience and made th[illegible] move. Yet now Jan is complain[illegible] about my brother Chet, the one pers[illegible] I admire and who admires me.

Jan should be proud to have Ch[illegible] as our guest, and pleased to have [illegible] follow in his footsteps. I hope you [illegible] help her understand that I'm [illegible] really a bad buy. She ought to st[illegible] with me."

The counselor's turn

"Peter had blocked off practica[illegible] all his feelings," the counselor sa[illegible] "Except for his kid brother and [illegible] children, he reacted to others like [illegible] man of iron. Janna was the comple[illegible] opposite. In her hunger for love s[illegible] had opened all her feelings to t[illegible] world and, consequently, had becor[illegible] over sensitive to small hurts. To w[illegible] affection, she turned herself into [illegible] doormat.

"A collision between Janna a[illegible] Peter was inevitable. Their bac[illegible] grounds were as dissimilar as the[illegible] personalities. In one respect, howe[illegible] Janna and Peter were alike. Both we[illegible] unwanted, unloved youngsters wh[illegible] grew up unable to give love.

"Janna was far too needy in h[illegible] longing for affection. Like a greedy a[illegible] olescent, she yearned for constant c[illegible] resses, compliments, and reassuranc[illegible] Although Peter considered himself se[illegible] ually sophisticated—his unusual goo[illegible] looks attracted feminine admirers—h[illegible] also took pride in being a man's ma[illegible] In his tough, masculine role, he saw n[illegible] sense in wasting time on hugs an[illegible] kisses, and he rushed through inte[illegible] course like a fireman racing toward [illegible] five-alarm fire.

"In short, Peter was a 'lousy lover[illegible] as Jan put it. This information cam[illegible] as a shock to him, but he was willin[illegible] to learn how to be tender and conside[illegible] ate to Jan. At the same time, she trie[illegible] to make herself less clinging and de[illegible] pendent. She was fairly successful, an[illegible] the couple's sexual relationship im[illegible] proved rapidly.

"Because of his all-encompassin[illegible] and quite understandable distrust o[illegible] the human race, Peter believed Ja[illegible] would be unfaithful unless he watche[illegible] her every minute. At my suggestion[illegible] Peter enumerated the many difference[illegible] between Jan and his ex-wife. Gr[illegible] ually he learned to conquer his foolis[illegible] jealousy. Once this occurred, he bega[illegible] to break down the walls that closed o[illegible] his feelings. He became less self-cen[illegible] tered and selfish.

"Peter realized that it wasn't fair t[illegible] saddle Jan with his kid brother a[illegible] a permanent guest. Peter asked hi[illegible] brother to seek other accommodations[illegible] Chet found a job and moved. Life the[illegible]

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became much easier for Jan, who had resented Peter's fawning admiration of his brother.

"As for the inheritance, I advised Jan to authorize her father to manage her inheritance as long as he felt wise. I advised Peter to keep quiet about this matter, which was strictly Jan's affair, and to see that Chet kept quiet, too. Then, when Jan's inheritance was finally paid over, I suggested that the money be invested in her name alone. At some future date, perhaps she and Peter could agree to use her money to buy a home or other property of mutual interest.

"Peter's desire to further his education and change his occupation might be laudable but, after all, he was twenty-seven years old. It seemed wiser for him to stay with his job and pay his own way through night school. Peter followed my advice.

"When I last heard from the couple, Peter had completed a night course in salesmanship. He expected to quit the supermarket any day and branch out as an insurance salesman. Indeed, he'd already received several job offers."

END

BRINGING UP CHILDREN

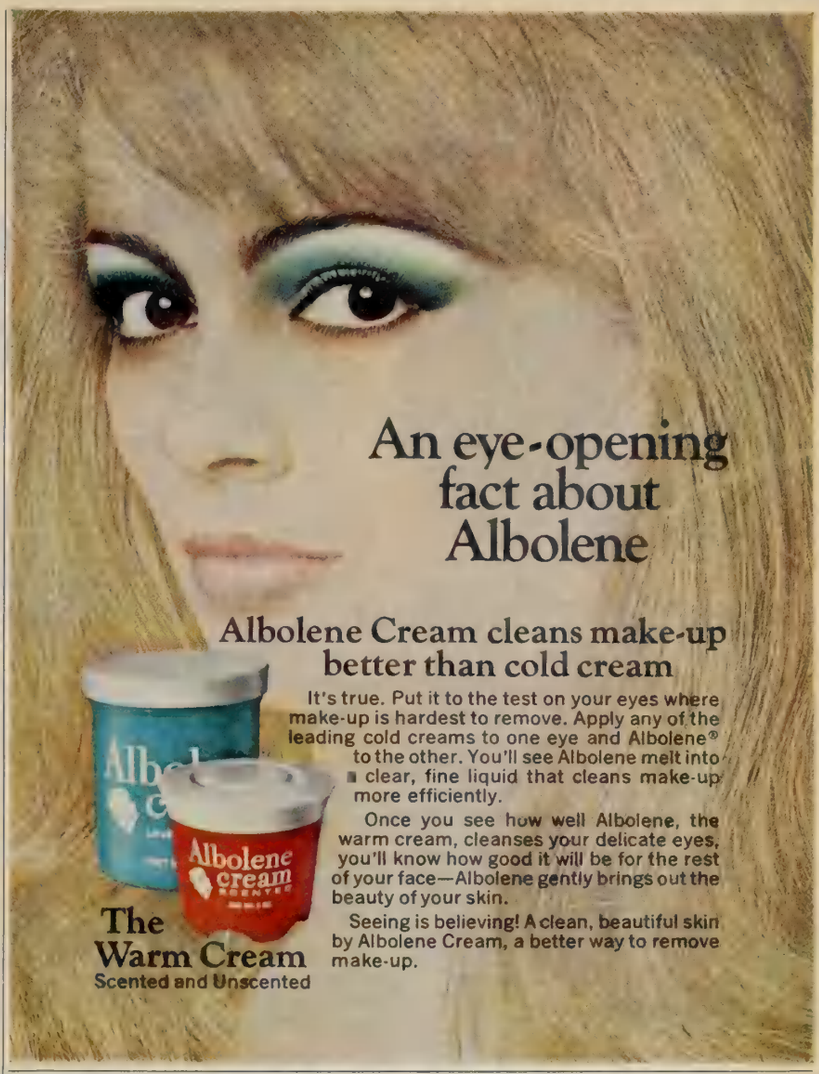
continued from page 35

than the other, and that they do not have to compete in the same areas, these parents usually accentuated the competitive element. In this way they continually reinforced their daughter's feelings of inadequacy. Also, Peggy's parents failed to consider that since she already felt disadvantaged by her sex, she had little incentive to go to the toilet since she is then reminded of that harsh reality by taking off her pants and sitting—not standing—to urinate. We adults should be able to look at things from the child's point of view as well as our own—that is the advantage of being grown up. Unfortunately, not many adults use this advantage as well as they might—but if they fail to do so, they lose their adult superiority and the child's respect.

Four weeks later, this mother reported back to the group that Peggy's wetting problem had been solved: she now keeps herself as dry as Kevin. This mother had talked things over with her husband, and from then on, both parents did a lot of things differently. For one thing, they stopped bathing the twins together, so that Peggy no longer had to see, and feel jealous of, Kevin's organ. Then they had a talk about food, with the mother explaining how some people like one kind better than another, but that different tastes don't mean better or worse—only different. The children got the point immediately, and began discussing their own likes and dislikes. When the twins were bought new toys, Peggy for the first time got the same thing that Kevin got—a toy truck. After playing for twenty minutes with her truck, she wandered away and picked up a doll she'd never played with before.

The parents have started to try very hard to be equitable in their praises and encouragement of the children, and many small problems have resolved themselves. In fact, a week ago, Kevin came up with the stunner of an idea that he wants to be a big girl when he grows up!

END



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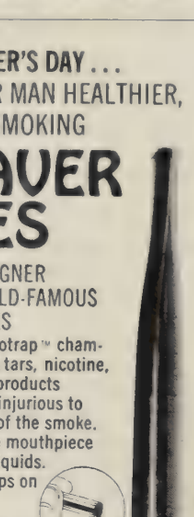
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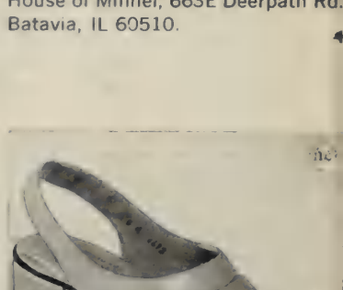


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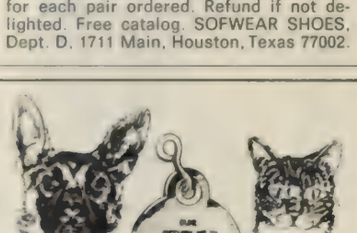


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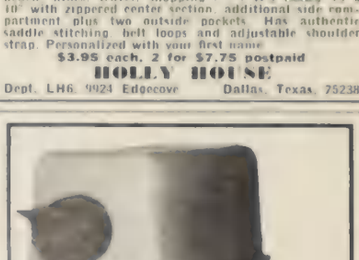
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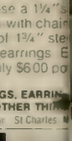


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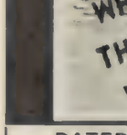
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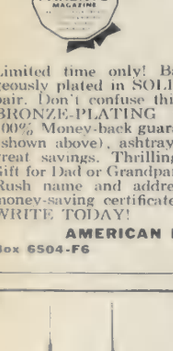
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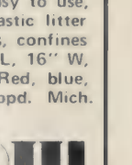
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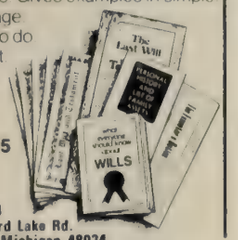
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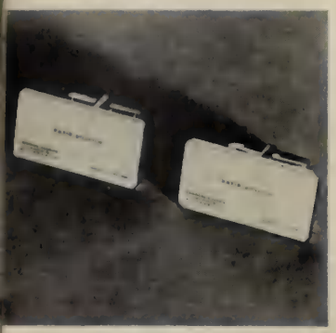
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THE WORLD'S FASTEST, MOST SUCCESSFUL WAIST SHAPER EVER



"I lost 6 inches off my waistline in only 21 days



doing just one five minute exercise–and didn't even have to give up eating the foods I love."

"I never thought it would happen to me...but it did. I got fat.

"As a former fashion model, I'd always taken pretty good care of myself because if I didn't look good, I didn't work. But when I got married, and didn't need a job, it was a different story.

"For about 5 years I neglected my body, and ended up a mess. And worst of all, I looked about 10 years older than I really was. So I decided that it was time to do something drastic. I tried a few of those 'effortless exercisers' but, of course, they didn't do a thing.

"Then I heard about Joe Weider's 5 Minute Slimming Plan. After just 21 days on the plan, my weight dropped from 143 lbs. to 129. And my waist went from a sloppy 31" to a nice, trim 25", just about what it was when I was modeling. I can't thank the Weider 5 Minute Slimming Plan enough. It gave me back my youth." **Aleta Hopkins**

What is this ingenious 5 minute waist shaper plan?

It's based on a patented 1 pound waist slimming exerciser. You lie on your back on the floor, wherever and whenever you wish – even while watching TV. And doing just one enjoyable, rhythmic, continuous movement only 5 minutes a day, you are able to work all your body muscles in one coordinated movement. That's all there is to it.

The Weider Plan is much safer than strenuous gym workouts and is designed to produce a slimmer waistline faster than time-consuming jogging or any other sport.

How much can you expect to lose in 14 days?

You can lose up to 4" off your waistline and about 10 pounds of excess weight in just 14 days. You see, your waist area performs the least work of your body. And because it is usually the most neglected, fat easily accumulates there, giving you a flabby, weak, distorted midsection.

But the rhythmical, continuous movement of the 5 minute Slimmer makes up for all the years you have neglected your body. This concentrated exercise speeds up your body's metabolism, and utilizes your reserve fat to create an oxidation process that burns up excess fat in your body cells. It also helps to release excess water trapped there, too. The results are fantastically rapid waistline losses and a younger looking body for you.

And remember, the Weider 5 Minute Slimming Plan also strengthens your heart, lungs, and helps improve your digestion and stamina. It delivers a lot for just 5 minutes of enjoyable exercise.

HERE'S WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

"Doctors have always known, exercise done while lying on the back, virtually eliminates strain while slimming and reshaping the body. Yours is the finest Body Shaper Program on the market." RICHARD TYLER, Chiropractor

"Beats jogging and working out in gyms — and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days." JIM HANLEY, famous athletic coach

"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 32 lbs. of excess weight using it." PIERRE GRAVEL, D.C.

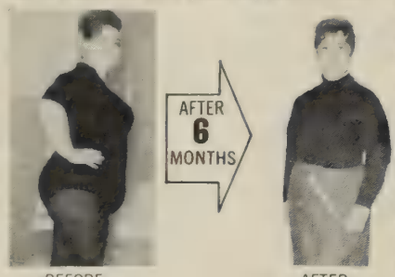
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Reader's Digest (September, 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree ... there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... **you must work the inches off!**

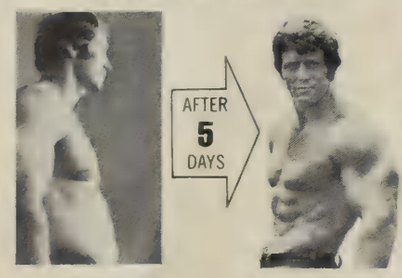
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The Figure Shaper that *Works*

NO GIMMICKS, NO CATCHES MONEY BACK GUARANTEE OFFER

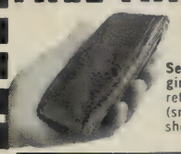
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continued from page 95

for years, so I never get hurt. I get black and blue, but never break-a-bone hurt. It's just that I haven't yet recovered from being on the road. I need to put on some weight: I'm down to around 100 pounds. But now that we've opened on Broadway, things will settle down."

Irene is a sweet, happy musical about a charming but poor piano tuner who captures the heart of a rich, handsome bachelor. It is Debbie's first Broadway play. "Oh, I guess I thought about it before, but I was really too busy until now. And the kids were too young to travel. But now they're grown."

As to whether or not her venture into plays signals the end of her movie career—well, that's up to the film industry. During her 25 years in the business (she started when she was 16) Debbie has never pretended to be anything more than a wholesome, hardworking comedienne. The problem is that at the moment there isn't much of a demand for wholesome, hardworking comediennes. "I'm not what you would call a hot property for films right now. Partly because of my professional image and partly because of my attitudes."

The professional image is something Debbie would change if she could. "It's very hard to grow up in peoples' eyes. You know, a producer may have worked with me when I was seventeen or eighteen. Now I'm forty-one. But to him I haven't changed. He's grown older, but I haven't. Maybe it's the way I look, or the name Debbie [she was born Mary Frances Reynolds], but it's happened to other people, too. We get put in a slot and left there; it's tremendously unfair."

But even if she could change her professional image, there would still be few movie roles Debbie is willing to do. "I really don't like the direction films are taking. I think there should be something for audiences to go see besides pornography. I mean, there are some wonderful new talents. I love Woody Allen; he's very good. But I'm talking about films for ten- and eleven-year-olds and up. The only thing for them to see is a Walt Disney movie, which gets to be a very similar product after a while. For example, my daughter Carrie is sixteen and very bright. She doesn't want to watch deer running through a park; but neither should she have to see dirt. And if I were offered a good dramatic role that I found too revealing, I wouldn't do it."

And just what does Debbie mean by "too revealing"?

"Well, you don't have to watch someone throwing up to know that people throw up. I want to go to the movies to be entertained. I want to use my imagination, not have everything the same as in real life."

So until *Irene* came along, Debbie was quite busy and quite happy, thank you, doing her show in Las Vegas. "I do what I call a vaudeville-variety review. It's different from a Broadway show because I'm not acting; I'm being myself, so I can ad lib and just whoop it up. I do impersonations and I sing and dance. I like to get right down and work with the audience—sit in people's laps, talk to them. Everyone has a good time, and I think many people are pleasantly surprised. They come not knowing what to expect. So they just come and stare."

One of the reasons they stare is that, whether she likes it or not, to many people Debbie is still the sweet young wife Eddie Fisher abandoned—with their two babies—when he fell for Elizabeth Taylor's more obvious charms. But that was 14 years ago. For the past 12½ years Debbie has been happily married to wealthy shoe manufacturer Harry Karl. In fact, to show just how long it's been, Debbie is the first to mention her ex-husband Eddie's name. "We're friendly. I think it's ridiculous not to be, when children are involved. Who knows what could happen? Tomorrow I cross the street and get killed, and the children have to go live with a parent they've been taught to hate? It's a very horrible thing to do to a child. I would never raise my children to hate their father. I'd never raise them to hate anyone, much less their father. You cover up for him for a while. But they grow up and find out what the story is, and they form their own evaluations. Eddie sees the children when he can. He travels a lot, so it isn't often. But they write. He and Harry get along well, and we visit. Of course, not every night . . ."

The fact is, if people are looking for juicy gossip, they might as well look elsewhere. Because when she isn't performing, Debbie Reynolds leads a very traditional, very unsensational life. First, of course, comes the family—her own two children Carrie, 16, and st Todd, 15, her three stepchildren f Harry's previous marriage to the la actress Marie McDonald, Harry mother (who Debbie adores), her ow parents and brother. "I really do b lieve in the concept of family," sh says. "It's out of style right now, an that's sad. I think that's one reaso why so many people are unhappy. She also believes in the old-fashione concept of religion. "I was raised Naz arene; my children ar Presbyterian. I think it's im portant for them to believ in a Being more powerfu than themselves. I know m faith has helped me.

Carrie has already decid ed to follow in her mother singing and dancing foot steps. "She has a marvelous voice," says Debbie. "It Eddie's gift to her." (Carrie has a part as one of the chorus girls in *Irene*. It' easy to spot her—she's th shortest—next to her moth er.) Todd is more interested in building model cities fooling around with elec tronic equipment, and playing with the poodle pup his mother gave him for his 15th birthday. (Recently, while fooling around with a cowboy gun, part of Debbie's collection of movie memorabilia, Todd accidentally fired a blank cartridge into his own thigh. He was treated at New York Hospital. Fortunately, the wound was not serious.) "Carrie and Todd are complete opposites," says Debbie. "He's a Pisces, she's a Libra. She loves to read; he hates to. She loves school; he can't stand it. Nothing in common but their love for each other. They've always been very close. Because of him, really. He's very sweet and patient. Carrie sings in my Vegas show, and Todd accompanies her on the guitar."

Will it be back to Las Vegas when the year with *Irene* is up? Debbie sighs. "Oh, who knows." She'd like to take *Irene* to London. "They really appreciate a sweet, simple story there." But she does have contracts to fulfill in Las Vegas, so probably she will be heading back. It seems so utterly incongruous. Debbie Reynolds, amid the glitter and gambling. "I always start my show by thanking those people who lost the toss—the ones who wanted to see the nude review across the street." But there she will be, with all her clothes on, doing what she loves best—making people laugh. END

What Doctors Prescribe Most For Pain-Stiff Joints When Arthritis Acts Up

A twinge of pain flashes through your elbow as you reach around to pull on a belt. Your fingers are all thumbs handling a zipper. Little things suddenly become a difficult chore for anyone with arthritis.

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Doctors who specialize in arthritis know that treatment must do more than relieve pain. It must also reduce inflammation of the joints and surrounding tissues. So, as you would expect, the pain medication doctors prescribe most for arthritis also has a most effective anti-inflammatory action.

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All seasons world

BRRRRR

By Suzanne Douglass

Summer is full of days that are lovely,
But winter weather is mostly shovely.

